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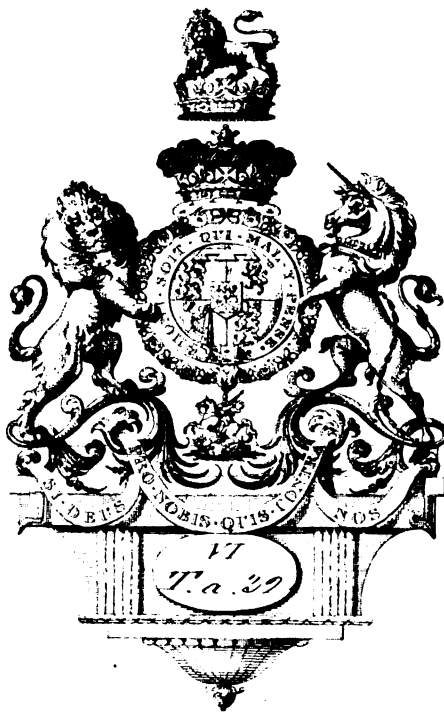
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MONSIEUR GEORGE
DE SCUDERY
Gouverneur of NOSTRE ~DAME
de la GARD

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

A NEW *Novels*

ROMANCE:

THE

WHOLE WORK

(IN

Five Parts,

DEDICATED TO

MADemoisELLE *de* LONGUEVILLE.

The FIRST PART.

Magdeleine de Scudery, Sister of
Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*,
Governour of *Nostredame de la Garde*.

LONDON,

Printed and are to be sold by H. Herringman, D. Newman,
T. Cockerel, S. Heyrick, W. Cadman, S. Loundes,
G. Marriot, W. Crook, and C. Smith. 1678.

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THE
AUTHORS DEDICATION
TO
MADEMOISELLE
DE
LONGUEVILLE.

MADAM,



*Is a Maid that Rome ador'd, which now spying
a neerer approach to Divinity in You, trans-
mits all her Honors, and submissively bows to a
brighter Beauty. She comes to tell you, that if
this age pay'd a just respect to Vertue, we had
long since Dedicated an Altar to your Highness,
where every Generous Heart would have ambition'd to be a sacri-
fice. And though there are few Princesses, whose veins wear so
rich a purple as yours, yet you derive greater Ennoblements from
your Merit, then extraction. Many Pillars of State have been
carved from your Illustrious Stock; but those Excellencies which
singly adorn'd your Ancestors, are all Centred, and comprehended
in you, not abridg'd, but bound up in one Fair Volume: Persons of
your Quality are often dazzell'd with their own Splendor, and abus'd
with the false Elogies of others; but nature hath given you the
best antidote against Flattery, I mean to transcend it: for that
which applyed to others would be complement and Hyperbole,
when addressed to you, is frigid and poor, and falls beneath the
sublime truth. Your Glorious example has made goodness the Fa-
shion at Court; and 'tis yet a Problem, whether that profound
Veneration which all render you, be more attracted by that Royal
blood which you possess, or allur'd by your Exalted Vertue; Permit
me Madam peculiarly to admire your clemency and condescension,
when you teach your Eyes so low a flight, as with humble Raies
to warm and cherish your inferiors: In this you resemble the Mo-
narch of Cœlestial Bodies who ingrosses not his Treasury of Light,
but communicates his Beams, and illustrates the World. All
that*

The Authors Dedication.

that have beheld you will attest, that a more accurate Idea of Beauty never sprung from a raptured fancy, then you really enjoy: Never was any informed with a clearer and more vigorous Spirit: never were these perfections crowned with a sincerer Goodness: 'Tis here, Madam, that Clelia takes sanctuary, and that fair Roman, whose courage scorned the swelling pride of Tyber, (when she submitted her delicate limbs to the waves, and rode upon that Trydent, which sways the liquid Empire) now crosses the Ocean, to tender you a Legitimate duty: I shall oblige her to blend my interest with hers; Since I have had the Glory to be esteemed by Madam your Mother, and the Count of Soissons your Uncle; And your Highness knows best my eminent engagements to Madam de Longveuille and her Family; I value it as no small honour, that some of my alliance have been numbred in your Retinue; In fine, I my self have intirely compleated seven years under the command of my Lord the Prince of Carignan your Uncle, in the Arms of the Great Charles Emanuel his Father, whose affection I must ever esteem as the choysrest largess of my Fortune. These encouragements (Madam) have made Clelia presume your shelter: she promises her self a lustre from your shadow; which though you vouchsafe; my felicity will not be compleat, except you add the permission of being all my Life,

Madam

Your Highnesses

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant.

De SCUDERY.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADemoISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*,
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Printed and are to be sold by *H. Herringman, D. Newman,*
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TO THE LADIES.

Is to the Altar of your perfections (*fairest Ladies*) That the Incomparable Courage of the noble *Clelia* flies for Protection; nor doth she fear you will prove less kind to her than the Rapid streams of a deep River, or the devouring flames of those *fiery mountains* wherewith *Italy* abounds: But 'tis not so much the Remembrance of her dangers past, as the Consideration of her pains willingly taken for your *beautiful Sex* in passing the Seas, and changing not only her *Language* but her *Country*, that invites her thus cheerfully to cast her self on your Mercies, and earnestly desire your kind acceptance, however that you may not think she comes *empty banded* and expects *entertainment* meerly upon *charity*; Survey her with an indifferent eye, and you shall find

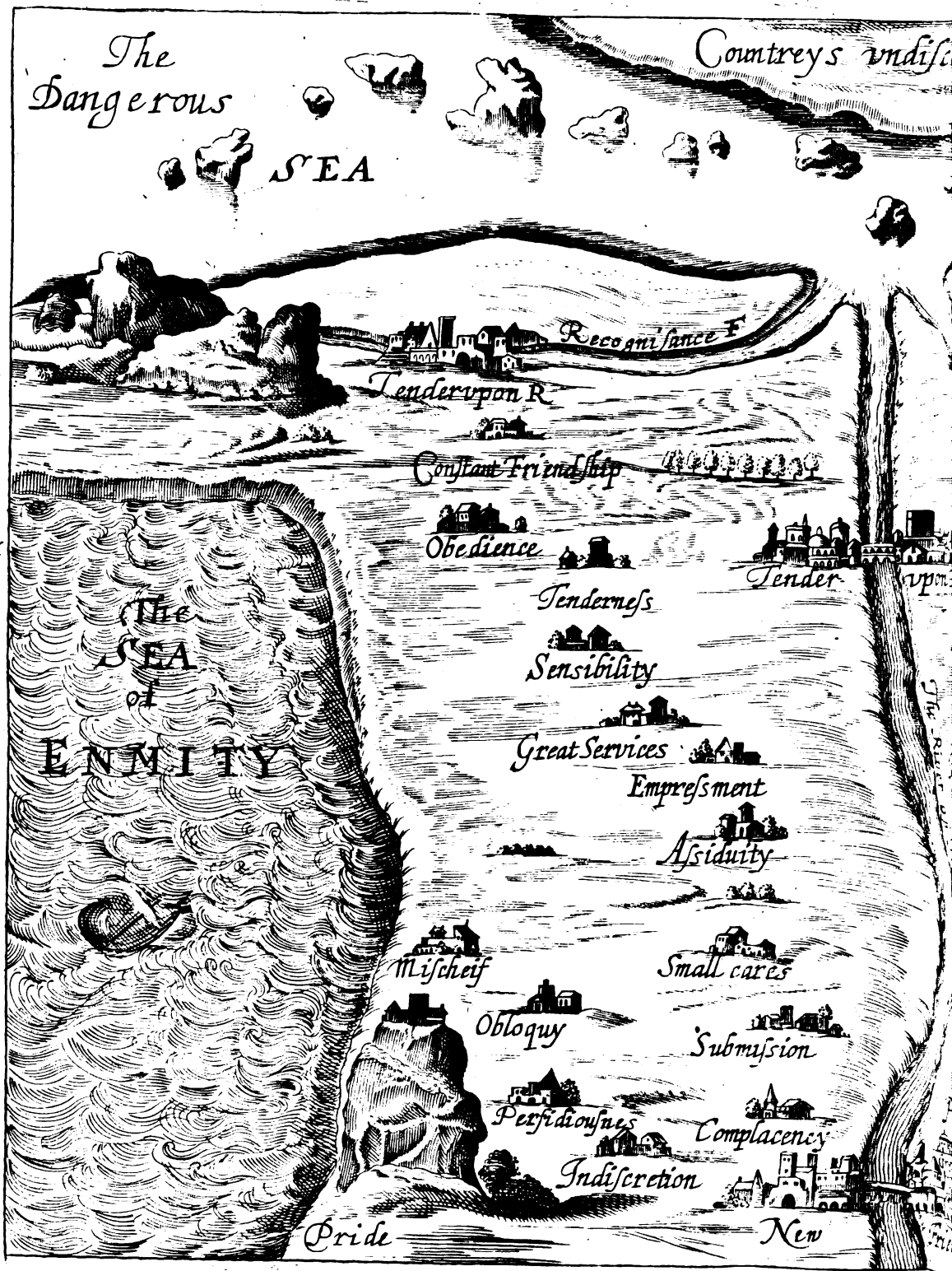
To the Ladies.

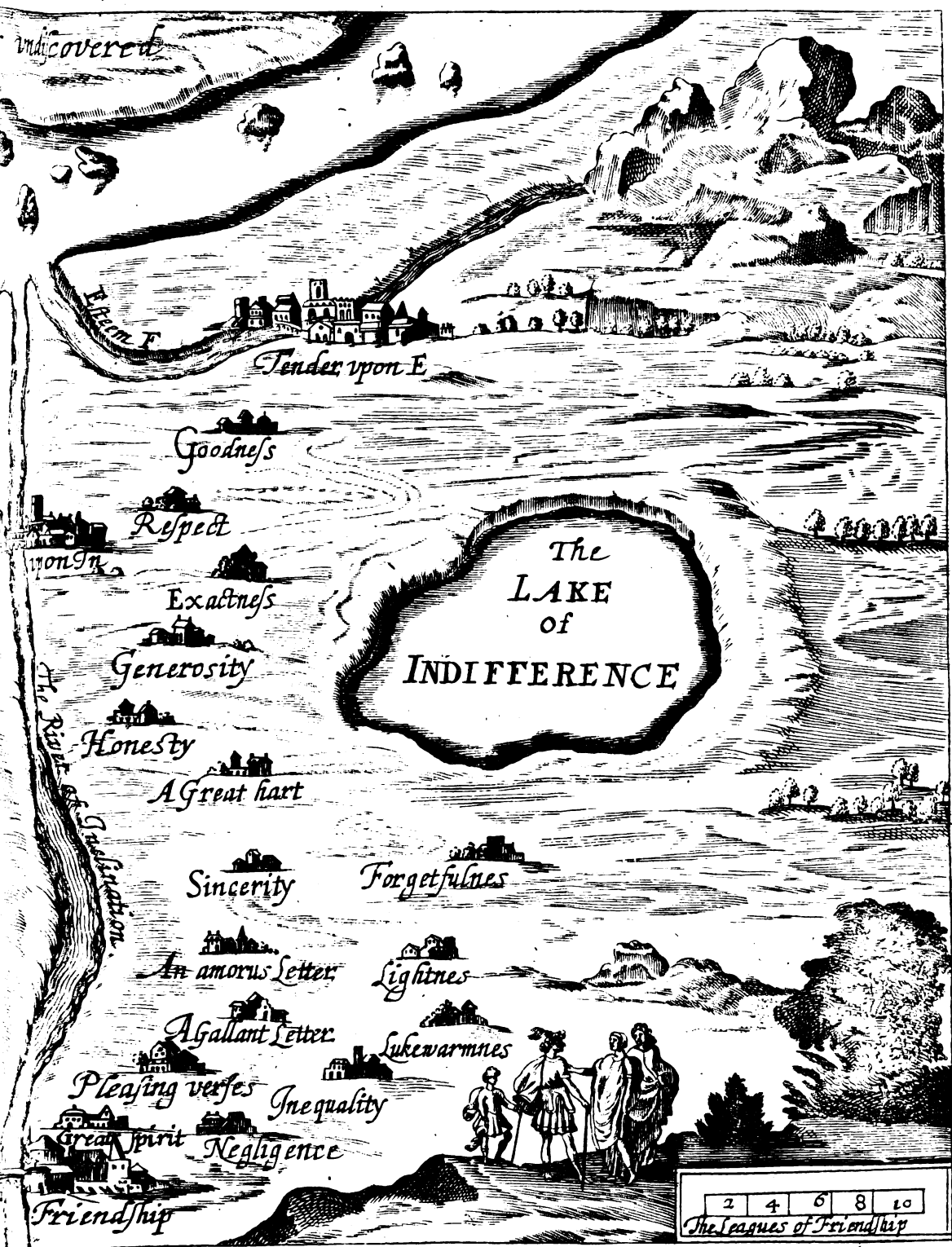
her abounding with such *Variety of Delights*, as will easily defray her charges: For my part (*Ladies*) the Grand Inducement I had to bestow those few vacant hours (I sometimes enjoy) on this work was chiefly to pleasure you, and withal to endeavor to render the *admirable Clelia* as neatly drest in English, as her Famous Author Monsieur *de Scudery* hath set her forth in French. Compare *Mandana* with *Clelia*, the *Princesses* of the *Medes* and *Persians* with an *Illustrious Roman Lady*, and you will perceive in both so many, but withal such different Adventures, as shall by the *Truth* of *History* and *Illustration* of *Fiction* satisfy both your *curiosity* and *delight*.

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CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK I.

NEver was there a fairer day, then that which should have preceded the Nuptials of the Illustrious *Aronces*, and the Admirable *Clelia*; and since the Sun first did crown the Spring with Roses and Lillies, it never cast more pure beams upon the fertile Fields of the delicious *Capua*, nor display'd more Luminous Radiations o're the Waves of the famous *Vulturnus*, which so pleasantly watered one of the fairest Countries in the World: The Heaven was Serene, the River calm, all the Winds were laid asleep in those dark Caverns, whose Intricate *Meanders* they only were acquainted with, and the gentle *Zephyrus* could do no more than fan the fair hairs of the Incomparable *Clelia*, who being now on the point to complete the felicity of the most perfect of Lovers, made it appear by her Eyes that the Elements enjoy'd no more tranquillity than she had in her Soul. As for *Aronces*, though he was more joyful then *Clelia*, love being more predominant in him, yet was he not without many Inquietudes, which produc'd a certain agitation of Spirit, thinking with himself he should not sufficiently testify the greatness of his passion, if the only hope of being absolutely happy the next day had entirely satisfied him; he murmured much against the length of the days, though it was one of the first in the Spring, and he now numbred the hours as Ages; This pleasing anxiety proceeding from an amorous Impatience, did nothing discompose his usual temper sometimes clouded by most strange Distractions of his Spirit, which perswaded him some doleful accident might intervene whereby his happiness might be retarded as formerly it had been; for e're this he had Espoused his Mistress had not the River on whose Banks was situated a stately House wherein *Clelia* resolv'd to consummate his Daughters Nuptials, with such a sudden violence exceeded its prefixed limits that 'twas impossible to solemnize any Feast there during this terrible Inundation, the Waters continually increas'd for the space of twelve hours, the Wind, Lightning, Thunder, and a dreadful Shower of Rain so multiplying the horror of this fatal Deluge, that there was generally fear'd a total ruine and desolation: the water of the River seem'd to reach the Skies, and conjoyn'd, with that the Heavens pour'd down, agitated by those impetuous Tempests, roar'd as the

swelling Billows of an angry Sea, or the falling of the most rapid Torrents: this violent eruption of the River, much disordered this Region of delight; for it demolish'd Buildings both publick and private, rooted up Trees, covered the Fields with Sand and Stones, levell'd Hills, furrowed the Plains, and changed the whole face of this little Country, but when it had wholly spent its fury, 'twas evidently seen that this inundation had in some places, unburied the ruines of divers Tombs, whose Inscriptions were half effaced, and in others it had discovered great Columns of Marble, with many other precious Materials; so that this place in stead of being deprived of its former beauty, received a more additional lustre from those new acquired Ornaments. 'Twas nigh those inestimable ruins that *Aronces* and *Clelia* (conducted by *Clelius* and *Subpicia* his Wife attended by a small select train, which should be the next day at the Nuptial Ceremonies of these two Illustrious Lovers) walked with much pleasure and delight. *Aronces* not now remembering the former Impediments of his Rivals, all things as it were smiling at his approaching happiness, and *Clelia* so complying with his desires, that it was impossible the remaining rigour of his destiny should wholly silence his excessive joy, though 'twas sometimes intermixt, as I have formerly told you with some Inquietudes; therefore to acquaint her with the sweet transportments of his Soul, he led her ten or twelve paces from the agreeable company which followed him, imagining what he said to her when she was alone, would make a deep impresson in her mind, but after a general, when he would have proceeded to a particular Conversation, and turned his head to see whether he could be heard by any but *Clelia*; he saw appear at the entrance of a little Wood the gallantest of his Rivals called *Horatius*, accompanied by some of his Friends; this sight without doubt much surpris'd *Aronces*, but much more *Clelia*, who fearing there might happen some sad accident, left *Aronces* to go to her Father, to oblige him to intercede between *Horatius* and her Lover, that there might arise no contention between them: scarce had she gone five or six paces, but a terrible Earthquake, which is usual in this Country, began so suddenly with such impetuosity, that the Earth opened between *Aronces* and *Clelia*, roaring like the mutinous Waves of the disturbed Ocean;

B

there

there issued from it such an horrible flame, that it deprived them from entertaining their eyes with their beloved Object, *Aronces* only seeing himself surrounded with waving flames, which assuming as many various forms, as are sometimes seen in the Clouds presented to his view the most terrible Object any Imagination can fancy, their blew colour interweav'd with red, yellow, and green, winding themselves in many different manners, rendred the sight of those flames so dreadful, that any but *Aronces* had certainly fainted in such an occasion; for this Abyfs which was opened between *Aronces* and *Clelia*, and which had so violently separated them, represented such an horrid spectacle, that it cannot be limned by the most exactest Pencil, and a black smoke having darkned the Sun and obscured the Air as if it had been night; there sometimes issued from this Infernal Gulph a great quantity of tumultuous flames, which afterwards dilating themselves in the Air, were carried as Whirl-winds of fire by the winds which now rose from all places; but he was more surpris'd when he heard all places resound both with Celestial and Subterranean Thunders, which by terrible Convulsions of the Earth seemed to shake the Center of the World, and to remit nature to its first Chaos, a thousand burning stones flung from this flaming Gulph were shot into the Air with fearful hissings, and fell again into the Fields, either nigher or further, according to the impetuosity which carried them, or their own weight made them fall, in some places of the Plain flames boyled as springs of fire, and there exhal'd from these fires such a sulphureous Odor, that it almost suffocated all which were nigh them, and in the midst of all these fires from many parts their flowed divers Torrents which in some places extinguished the flame, and many others were themselves consumed by the fires which opposed them: And to finish this desolation there issued from that Abyfs such a prodigious quantity of burning ashes, that the Earth, Air, and River were either entirely fill'd or cover'd with them. In the mean time as the Earth shook more and more, the house where the Solemnities of *Clelia's* Nuptials were to be kept, was wholly everted, the Hamlet where it was situated, buried in its own ruins, many Flocks were destroyed, and many men perish'd, and there was never heard of such a dreadful disorder, for those which were on the Land sought little Boats to put themselves on the River, thinking to be safer there, and those which were on the River speedily landed, imagining there was less peril on the shore; those in the Plains fled to the Mountains, and those in the Mountains descended into the Plains, those which were in the Woods endeavoured to gain the Fields, and those in the Fields to shelter themselves in the Woods, every one imagining that the place where he was not, was safer than that where he was.

In the midst of this horrible Earthquake, of these terrible flames, of these dreadful Thunders both Celestial and Subterranean, of those terrible flames, of those Impetuous Torrents, of this sulphurous Odor, of those burning Stones, of that Cloud of flaming ashes which destroyed so many men, and so many Flocks where the Earthquake did not Extend; in the midst, I say, of such an eminent Peril, *Aronces* who saw nothing living but himself, entertained his thoughts on nothing but his amiable *Clelia*, and fearing more her destruction than his own, he endea-

voured by all means possible to overtake her: but he was not Master of his own Actions, for when he would have gone on one side, the Earthquake cast him on the other, so that he was forced to leave himself to the conduct of his fortune, which had freed him from such an Imminent Peril; but when this great storm was o'r-blown, those burning flames extinct, the Earth re-stated, the noise silenced, the darkness dissipated after it had lasted the remainder of that day, and all the night, *Aronces* found himself when *Phœbus* rose from his watry Couch on a Mount of Coals and Ashes, from whence he might take an exact survey of this sad Country: but he was much astonish'd when he saw neither the house where he lay, nor the Hamlet where it was, to see a Isle of the Wood quite overturn'd, and all the field spread with men or dead flocks; so that fear now possessing his Soul more than hope, he descended from that Hill of ashes, but as soon as he was descended he saw come forth of one of those Tombs that the over-flowing of the River had discovered, *Clelius* and *Saryna* which were retired thither, for by a fortunate Casualty the Earthquake had not destroyed them, at first *Aronces* much rejoiced to see them, hoping *Clelia* would have followed them from this Tomb, but when he had seen five of their friends, two men and three Women come out of it, he speedily advanced towards *Sulpicia* to whom he was nighest; I pray, said he, tell me what is become of *Clelia*; alas, answered this afflicted Mother, I came to demand the same of you, for I knew nothing but that at the same time as she left them to come to her father, I saw *Horatius* followed by those which accompanied her Majesty towards her, and I saw nothing afterwards but Whirl-winds of flames which forced *Clelius* and I to shelter our selves in those Tombs with those which were the nighest to us, *Sulpicia* had hardly pronounced those words, when *Aronces* without looking upon either *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, or those which were with them, sought amongst those great Mountains of ashes without precise knowing what he sought for, *Clelius* and the rest did the like, to see whether they could find any sign of the life or death of *Clelia*; but the more they sought the more they encreased their grief, for they found one of *Clelia's* Maids stifled under those burning coals which fell upon her, and nigh her Body they saw one of her Lovers which partaked of the same Destiny: This lamentable, though sad Object obliged *Aronces* to wish the fate of that unhappy Lover, since he had the advantage to finish his dayes by his Mistress. But as these two persons needed not any ones assistance, they did not stay there, after *Clelius* had ordered two of his Domesticks he accidentally found, to take those bodies from under the ashes, and to remain there till they heard further from him; whilst they were thus seeking what they could not find, there came many persons from all places, both from the neighbouring woods, from the ruined houses, and from those new Concaves of the earth, to seek for their friends or kindred, for this Accident had dispersed all Families, some wept for their Fathers, others for their Children, some for their ruined houses, others for their Flocks, and most for the fear only to have lost what they sought for; for though Earthquakes have been very frequent in this delightful Country, their grief was not the less abated, but amongst so many misfortunes which o'r-spread this unhappy Country,

try, none equalled that of the unfortunate *Aronces*, his affliction was the more powerful because it tied up the Organs of his Speech, and 'twas easie at this time to discern the difference between the grief of a Father, Mother, and a Lover, for though *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were much afflicted for their Daughter, yet *Aronces* his grief incomparably exceeded theirs; but in fine, seeing their hopes frustrated in not finding what they sought for; they believed *Clelia* might be escaped by a fortunate Accident as well as they; feeding themselves therefore with this fancy a year, they thought nothing more requisite than to return to *Capua*, to see whether some one had not brought her thither, and fortune propitious to their designs presented them the means to perform their intended Journey, by supplying them with an empty Chariot, which the Earthquake having only overturned, they easily disengaged from the ashes, and finding a man who knew how to guide it, they mounted into it, after the least afflicted of the company had given order to carry the bodies of those two Lovers to *Capua*, and obliged the rest to take a short repast at the first convenient Habitation; for 'twas remarkable in this Earthquake, that it extended but from the Town where the Nuptials of *Aronces* were to be kept to *Nola*, and from thence to *Capua*; it had only endamaged some places by the fall of the burning Cinders: the grief of *Aronces* much encreased when he arrived there, and heard no news neither of his dear *Clelia* nor his Rival, but a little after he knew *Horatius* was not dead, being advertised by one of his acquaintance, that an intimate friend of *Horatius* called *Stenius*, had read a Letter that morning from him; so that incited both by a curiosity and Eyes of passion, he went to his house, where not finding him, but being told he was gone to breath himself in a spacious Field behind *Diana's* Temple at *Capua*, he went thither, *Stenius* as soon as he saw him received him with much civility, though he was his friends Rival, so that *Aronces* hoping he would not refuse to satisfy his demands, thus civilly saluted him: I am not ignorant *Stenius* said he to him, that you are more *Horatius* his friend than mine, neither would I propose you to betray the secret he hath confided to you, but being certainly informed you have received a Letter from him this day: I come to pray, and earnestly beseech you to tell me whether he doth intimate unto you that *Clelia* is living. I demand not, said he, whether he goes, or where he is now, for I know honour forbids you to tell it me, so it doth not permit me to demand it of you, and I have such a good opinion of you, that I am perswaded if I should request such a Courtesie of you, you would easily grant it me; but I would not have the grandure of my affection force me to propound any unjust proposition; but *Stenius* all that I desire is, that favouring an afflicted Lover, you only tell me whether *Clelia* is living, without informing wherein *Horatius* intends to carry her, and to oblige you thereto: pursued he, if you do not satisfy my desires, I shall rest in the opinion that *Clelia* is not dead, but retained in my Rivals power; therefore I believe without infringing your fidelity to *Horatius* you may consent to my propositions: I do not deny, replied *Stenius*, but I have this day received a Letter from *Horatius*, and I confess I have it now about me, but I am much surpris'd at your strange demands, which I ought not to satisfy, and that I believe you

would not your self do, if you were in my place; if I demanded any thing which might prejudice your friend, replied *Aronces*, you would have reason to use the said expressions; but that which I desire of you is to console an unhappy Lover, without any way prejudicing his Rival, and if you have ever loved, you would have never refused it me: I know not what I should do as a Lover, replied *Stenius* arrogantly, but I know as *Horatius* his friend, I ought not to acquaint you with any thing wherein he is interessed, and I account it an unworthy action of you to ask a thing which I cannot perform without violating the Laws of friendship, because you shall do it honourably, replied *Aronces*, putting his hand to his Sword, you must as well sustain your fidelity by your valour, as your wilful obstinacy, and you must defend the Letter of *Horatius*, since he will not tell me whether *Clelia* is living; at those words *Stenius* retiring some paces drew his Sword, and before any would separate them, *Aronces* had not only disarm'd and vanquish'd *Stenius*, but had taken from him *Horatius* his Letter, after which he speedily retired to *Clelius* house, where he view'd his Rival's Letter, which contained these words.

Horatius to Stenius.

AN Earthquake having put the Rigorous *Clelia* in my power, I intend to reside at *Perusia*, where send me all things which be that gives you the Letter requires of you, and to augment my satisfaction, write me what despair possesses my Rival.

The reading of this Letter was so satisfactory to *Aronces*, as it cannot be expressed: for he not only learn'd that *Clelia* was living, but he likewise knew that his Rival carried her to a place where both honour and nature obliged him to go, and where he had not, it may be, so soon gone, if he had not been drawn thither by the attractive Loadstone of Love, so that acquainting *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* with his intention, he resolv'd to depart the next day, which he did, with an equipage only proportionable to *Clelius* Son-in-Law, attended but by three or four Slaves, and obliged an intimate friend, whose amity he had contracted at *Capua*; to perform this Voyage, in whose bosom he emptied his most secret thoughts, that if this Journey should happily succeed he might share his fortune; This affectionate friend, called *Celeres*; being then the sole consolation of *Aronces*, they departed from *Capua*, after they had left order with *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, to send them by a safe conduct all things which were necessary to accomplish the Voyage and wished success of *Aronces*; these two friends began and pursued their intended Journey without any Obstacle, though 'twas a tedious way, till arriving one night at the Banks of the Lake of *Thrasymene*, they stay'd to consider its Beauty, and truly it merited the curious observation of such gallant Spirits as *Aronces* and *Celeres*, for as there are three fair and pleasant Isles, every one fortified by a strong yet stately Castle, and round about the Lake many Villages and Hamlets which rendred these Islands the fairest in the world; but *Aronces* and *Celeres* had scarce the time to consider the grandure and beauty of this Lake, when they

saw come from the Point of this Isle two little Barks, in one of which *Aronces* saw his dear *Clelia*, and *Horatius* with six men with swords in their hands, which defended themselves against ten which were in the other; this Object so surpris'd him that he could not at first believe his eyes, but *Celeres* having confirmed him, 'twas no deception of his sight, he really believed he saw both his Mistress and his Rival, and it seem'd to him that he which was at the prow of the other Bark was the Prince of *Numidia* whom he dearly loved, *Aronces* was at this time much perplexed, because there was no Boat nigher than the space of two miles; as the Guide of the Country told him, which should conduct him to *Perusia*, so that he must resolve to go thither, for as these two Barks fighting with one another went still further from him, as if they would have gone to the second Isle of the Lake, he imagin'd if he should have enterprized to swim, 'twas impossible his horse to overtake them, *Horatius* causing his men so diligently to, ply their Oars; so that seeing no likelyhood to assist his Mistress, unless he went speedily to the place where he was inform'd he might find many Boats, therefore he spur'd his horse towards part of the Lake which runs into a great Wood, which he must of necessity pass to go to an Habitation where his Guide assur'd him he might be supplied with Boats, but as he went thither he look'd towards the two Boats which fought, and saw to his great grief that they still went further from him, and that he must loose sight of them before he could come to approach them: as he was now buried in a deep Sea of distracted thoughts, and rode with a swift pace towards that part of the Coast, where he was inform'd he might procure Boats, his Friend whose spirit was not so possess'd as his, heard a noise of Arms and Horses, which made him turn his head to see whether their men followed them, but he saw neither their men nor their Guide; for as *Aronces* and he had rode very fast, the Wood deprived them of their sight, so that calling to *Aronces* that he should take care of himself, and not lightly engage himself, he told him what he heard, his melancholy not permitting him to hear it; but he had scarce acquainted him with it, when a Slave covered with blood came from amongst the Trees running towards them, and addressing his Speech to them; I beseech you, said he, whosoever you are, assist the Prince of *Perusia* which Traitors would assassinate; at these words, *Aronces* lifted his eyes to Heaven, to demand as it were, what he should do in such an occasion, when so many puissant reasons made him unresolv'd; but he was not long considering of it, for he saw an ancient man of a gallant presence, whom the Slave told him was *Mezentius* Prince of *Perusia*, who retired back, defending himself from six men which pursued him, one of which, which seem'd to be the Captain so vigorously assailed him, that he was ready to thrust his Sword through his Body; for though *Mezentius* was valiant, he was not in a posture to resist these Assassins, being hurt in two places, and having but a Truncheon of his Sword to put by their thrusts, the other part being broken by the weightiness of their blows; such a compassionate Object dispell'd the irresolution of *Aronces*, so that he cast himself with an incredible valour before the Prince of *Perusia* and his Enemy, who was ready to fix his heart, and *Celeres* so powerfully seconded *Aronces*, that at the second blow he gave the Captain of the

Assassins, he dyed his Sword with his blood; *Mezentius* looking upon these Strangers as Protectors the Gods had sent him, and not knowing they knew who he was, told them for their encouragement that they serv'd a Prince who knew how to recompence them, but they had not need to be prompted to perform Heroick Actions, their valour making it sufficiently evident when they had their Swords in their hands.

In the mean time, as those six men which assaulted *Mezentius* were very resolute, and the principal of them, one of the valiantest in the World; *Aronces* and *Celeres* were at first involved in much danger, but after *Aronces* had killed one and hurt two, he set so vigorously upon him, which appear'd to be Master of the rest, warding all his blows, and not letting slip any advantage, whilst *Celeres* and their men which were now arriv'd, fought with the others that he forced him to flie, and so strictly pursued him, that he push'd him against some great Trees the wind had overthrow'n, so that not having any power to retreat further, he thrust his Sword through his body, and saw him fall dead at his feet: But as he was in this Estate, one of those which fled before *Celeres* who pursued them, wounded *Aronces* in the thigh, thinking to pierce his body, but he was chastis'd for his presumption by him who received it, who discharged such a weighty blow on his head, that he o'rthrew him dead at his feet.

In the mean time *Mezentius* who was very old, was so weakn'd by the effusion of his blood from those wounds he had received, that he was constrain'd to alight from his Horse, and to lean against a Tree, supported by that faithful Slave, who had spoken to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, on the other side the Protector of that Prince not being able longer to endure the agitation of his Horse, because of the hurt in his thigh, was much afflicted, seeing he could not further prosecute his intended Journey, but hoping the service he had rendred this Prince, might claim an acknowledgment and protection from him, he went, though with much difficulty, towards this Prince, who was then accompanied by many men of Quality which were come from divers places of the Wood, when he would have entreated him to send some of his men to help a distressed Virgin of a noble Extraction which was forcibly carried away; this Prince was so suddenly bereaved both of his Sight and Speech, that *Aronces* not being hearkned to by any, they being all employ'd to recover the fainting speech of this Prince, was reduced to a most deplorable condition; so that without considering either his hurt, or the pain thereof, he went on foot followed by his Friend to the Lake, to see whether he could yet see those Barks he had seen, but Night now began to Curtain the whole Hemisphere, and so many thick Mists o'r-spread the Lake, that they could hardly see the Islands which were there, and further from seeing the two little Barks, so that the unhappy Lover wholly immerg'd in grief, and not regarding his hurt, a man of Quality conducted by *Mezentius*, his Slave came to him, who told him, that the Prince a little after he had left him, coming to himself, had commanded that they should take as much care of him to whom he owed his life, as of his own person, and 'twas for that reason he sought for him, and *Sycannus*, for so was this man named; further intreated him that he would be pleas'd to go into a Boat which was about fifty paces from them

them to be transported to the next Island, where he should be accommodated with all necessaries whatsoever, for in fine said *Sycanus*, as there is but one Chariot to carry the Prince to *Perusia*, and that 'tis too late for you to ride thither in the condition you are in, you had better to go to the Castle in the Island, where I offer you on the Princes part all that depends on me, it being under my command. *Aronces* hearing *Sycanus* his proposition, joyfully accepted of it, but withall desired him that instead of going directly to the Isle, he would permit him to seek upon the Lake for two Barques which he had seen a little before he had the happiness to lend his assistance to *Mezentius*, telling him more easily to induce him thereto, that he was obliged to succour a Noble Virgin which was in one of those Barques, but *Sycanus* answered him, that he being not in a condition to go himself, whilst he went to the Island, he would go with his Friend in another Boat to endeavour to satisfy his desires, though with little hope of success, because of the greatness of the Lake, the time that was elapsed, since he saw the two Barques, the thickness of the mists and the approaching night; *Aronces* answered that he had been told by Mariners, that they could see more clear in the night upon the water when there were mists, then when there was none, and that he would go himself, so that not being able to be diverted from his Intentions, he caused the Boat wherein he was to be rowed more than three hours upon the Lake before he would consent to be landed at the Island, to have his hurts drest; but in the end knowing that which his love prompted him to was irrational, and *Celeres* having whispered to him, that if he would think to live, to deliver *Clelia*, and to revenge himself of his Rival, he should permit *Sycanus* to command his men to land them at the Willow Island; for by that name 'twas called to distinguish it from two others which are in the Lake of *Thrasimene*. As *Sycanus* was accomplish'd with all Noble Qualities, and was link'd in marriage with a Lady whose virtue and merit far surpassed those of her Sex, *Aronces* and *Celeres* were received into this Castle with as much Civility as Magnificence, *Aronces* being as well attended there as if he had been at *Perusia*, for as this Isle had many Inhabitants, and *Sycanus* usually resided there, it was furnish'd with very expert Chirurgions, and all things else both necessary and delicious; the apartment of *Aronces* was most magnificent; for as *Perusia* was then one of the richest Cities in *Italy*, except those on the Sea Coast, and *Sycanus* being descended from one of the greatest and most Opulent houses of *Perusia*: this Castle was not only pleasantly situated, but richly adorned: the Chamber where *Aronces* was lodged, was in that Isle which high superview'd all the Lake, and from whence he might see the place where he had seen *Clelia*, though he could not bless his eyes with a sight of her, but he was not the only person which found assistance in this Island, for his wound was hardly drest when one advertised *Sycanus* that there was a Barque landed, in which there was a man of a gallant Deportment, who was much hurt, and who demanded the favour of him to pass the Night in one of the Fisher's Cabins, that his hurts might be look'd too: but as *Sycanus* was too generous not to assist those which were unhappy when it lay in his power, he went himself to offer to this unknown all the assistance he

required, and he so freely offered it him that he accepted of it, and was conducted to the Castle, and lodged in the Apartment far enough from *Aronces*; so that *Celeres* being with him to endeavour to console him, he did not know till the next morning; about three hours after the Sun was risen, that there was arrived an hurt Stranger at the Castle, he heard it from *Sycanus* his Wife which was called *Aurelia*, and who demanded of him when she gave him a Visit, if he was accommodated in the Apartment they had given him, because it look'd over a little Port where there was alway some noyse, for in fine, said she obligingly to him, as the Protector of the Prince; *Mezentius* may command some priviledge, if you are disturbed in that place where you are, we will give you another Lodging when we dislodge the other Stranger the gods have sent hither to be succoured as well as you: what, Madam, replied *Aronces*, is there arrived any more unhappy than I; yes Generous unknown, replied *Aurelia*, and he is more unhappy than you, because his hurts are more dangerous; O, Madam, replied *Aronces*, he may be more hurt than I, but he cannot be more unhappy: as *Aronces* had thus said, *Celeres* came into his Chamber to tell him that the Prince of *Numidia* was in the Castle, and that he had heard by one of his men that he was wounded fighting against *Horatius*, who had stollen away *Clelia*: I beseech you (Madam) said *Aronces* addressing his Speech to *Aurelia*, permit me, I pray, you to deprive my self of the honour of your presence, that I may go to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Chamber, to whom I am very much obliged, and from whom I may happily learn something which imports me more than you can imagine, you are in such a bad condition to go, replied *Aurelia*, that I believe you ought not to enterprize it, without the permission of your Chirurgeons; O, Madam, replied *Aronces*, if you knew the Interest I have to see the Prince of *Numidia*, you would then be assured that I ought to consult none but my heart in this encounter, after that *Aurelia* affectively hearing that *Aronces* would go to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Lodging, went to that of the Princess of the *Leontines*, whom divers Interests did at this time retain in that Castle, but she went not thither before she had told *Celeres* that it was for him to perswade *Aronces* not to destroy the cure she had resolved to have for the welfare of a man which had saved the life of the Prince *Mezentius*, and who merited if no reason had invited us thereto, that we should interests our selves both in his safety and recovery.

Celeres according to her directions would have induced *Aronces* to have sent him to the *Numidian* Prince who was named *Adherball*, to demand of him what he knew of *Clelia*, but 'twas impossible for him to divert his intended resolution, for after he was drest, and had advertised the Prince of his coming, he went thither leaning on two Slaves, he was scarce come into the Prince his Chamber, when he said to him, pardon me, Sir, if the ardent desire I have to be satisfied by you what is become of *Clelia*, and her Ravisher against whom I saw you yesterday fight on the Lake, hinders me from giving you new demonstrations of that friendship we contracted at *Carthage*? Alas, my dear *Aronces*, replied *Adherball*, sighing, the Ravisher of *Clelia* after he had reduced me to the estate in which you now see me, caused his men to row so diligently that I soon lost sight of him, for my men seeing me hurt would not obey me,

me, when I commanded them to follow *Horatius* with all the speed they could possible, and they took more care for the preservation of my life, than the performance of my commands, though they have exposed my life it may be to more danger by not obeying them; for in fine, my dear *Aronces*, now that I am in a place where no reasons oblige me to disguise my thoughts; I have loved *Clelia* since I first saw her at *Carthage*, and the commencement of our friendship proceeded from my love to her, imagining that if I should acquire your esteem, it might much conduce to the furtherance of my affection: *Aronces* was surprised at *Adherbal's* expressions, and finding him to be his Rival whom he only supposed his friend, he changed colour on a sudden, which *Adherbal* who did not know that *Aronces* loved *Clelia*, attributed to his friendship, not any way suspecting his love, so that obligingly resuming his discourse, I must ingenuously confess, said he, that after I had the happiness to be acquainted with you, if I had not loved *Clelia*, I should have esteemed *Aronces*, whose great merits command respect from all those which know him; it appears by your words, replied *Aronces*, that you do not well know me, and I am persuaded if you knew me better you would be of a contrary opinion; but as we are both in a condition not to give any great testimonies either of love or hatred, what thoughts soever sways our Soul, I think I had best leave you in repose and retire my self, and after *Aronces* had saluted *Adherbal* with a more reserved Civility than before; he returned to his Chamber, in such a despair as evidenced the greatness of his affliction; he was no sooner in his bed but *Sycanus* brought him a Noble man called *Cilicies*, whom *Mezentius* had sent to him with Complements both from himself and the Prince's *Aretale* his Wife, so that *Aronces* being necessarily obliged to conceal his grief both from *Sycanus* and *Cilicies*, desired them to inform him who were those which would have assassinated *Mezentius*; though you are a Stranger, replied he which was sent from the *Perusian* Prince, it is not possible but you have heard ere you arrived at the *Thrasymenean* Lake, that *Porfenna* King of *Chusim*, and the Queen his Wife, have been retained Prisoners there these three and twenty years, by the Prince *Mezentius* his Father-in-Law: therefore without particularizing the cause of their long Imprisonment, I shall tell you in few words, that a Nobleman called *Thrachon*, Native Subject of that unhappy King, being persuaded that it was lawful to act all manner of Crimes to deliver an Innocent Prince, had laid an Ambuscado in the Wood, where he obliged *Mezentius* to hunt, leading him from his men till he was to come to the place where he had set those which should assail *Mezentius*, who was strangely surprised when he saw him which he thought would defend him, put himself at the head of those Assassins and assault him; and *Mezentius* now believes contrary to the opinion of all, that *Porfenna* was acquainted with this Conspiracy which plotted against him, so that all those which interest themselves in the life of this great Prince, fear some violence will be acted against his Person; is it possible he should so ill requite the care the gods have had for the conservation of his life, replied *Aronces*, as to put to death an innocent man, and if I was in estate to go to demand of him any recompence for the service I have done him, I should intreat him to limit his resentments, and to do me like-

wife the favour, as to command some of his men to inform him of one called *Horatius*, who hath stolen a Noble Virgin called *Clelia*, is now within his Dominions, and to oblige him so set free that admirable Person: Attending the time till you are able do it your self, replied *Sycanus*, *Cilicies* shall tell him all you desire, and I am persuaded you can demand nothing of a Prince whose life you have so generously saved, but will be easily granted you; for my part, replied *Cilicies*, if the generous *Aronces* did not order me to do it, I should acquaint the Prince with his desires, for I am confident he ardently wishes the power to recompence the services he hath performed to him, and that he will be very glad to know the means whereby he might make any retaliation. In fine, after those obliging words of *Cilicies*, *Aronces* told him all the divers Interests he had prompted him to demand both for *Porfenna's* safety and *Clelia's* liberty, and not willing afterwards to suffer any constraint, he appeared so distempered both to *Sycanus* and *Cilicies*, that believing their presence did add some grief to his wound, they immediately departed: they were no sooner out of his Chamber, but looking upon *Celeres* with eyes which would inspire pity and compassion in the most obdurate hearts; and now my dear *Celeres*, said he unto him, what think you of the cruelty of my destiny, you, who know all my disgraces and all my adventures, and who have been accustomed to see me unhappy? Is it not true pursued he, that you did not foresee that which is now arrived to me? For not mentioning many misfortunes which have happened to me even from my birth to the time when I esteemed my self to be ascended to the supream top of all felicity, by espousing the Incomparable *Clelia*; and when all my Rivals were not in a capacity to resist my divine fortune, a dreadful Earthquake o'rthrew all my happiness, and snatch'd *Clelia* from my hands to put her in my Rivals, and to finish my Capricious Destiny: I saved a Prince's life who will destroy *Porfenna*, whose life is dearer to me than my own, I kill'd him who had conspired his liberty; I saw *Clelia* with my own eyes in *Horatius* his power; and I find a Prince to be my Rival, whom I believed my Friend, and that I should have never suspected to have loved *Clelia*; I can do nothing now but patiently endure my affliction, since I am not in a condition, neither to pursue *Clelia's* Ravisher to protect *Porfenna*, or to discover my true quality to *Adherbal*; for there is no reason I should tell him whom I am, as long as we are not capable to prejudice one another, in case we should be enemies, as there is great likelihood we shall be: his Complaints had lasted longer, had not *Sycanus* entred into his Chamber, with *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whom he expected the greatest assistance in his Affairs; he received them with all imaginable joy, and *Sycanus* demanded his pardon, because he had not treated him according to his quality; what *Nicius* (said *Aronces*, fixing his eyes upon him) do you believe it requisite to oblige the generous *Sycanus* to conceal a Secret of such importance, as my Birth? Yes Sir, replied *Nicius*, and I am so satisfied of his fidelity, that is in this Castle, that all the King *Porfenna's* Friends assemble to consult together, what is best to be done for his liberty and your discovery; I pray Sir, (said *Sycanus* to *Aronces*) do not so much injure one, who passionately desires to serve you, as to suspect his fidelity; for I am persuaded without the least scruple, that by serving

King

King *Porfenna*, I importantly serve the Prince of *Perusia*, judge then what I ought to do for him, who hath saved his life; for my particular, said *Martia* to *Aronces*, I can assure you, *Sycanus* hath much interest in your happiness, and I may very well say, the fortune of two Kingdoms, is so inseparably tied to yours, that they would be both destroyed, if you do not save them, by saving your self; after this, *Aronces*, having said many obliging things to those who spoke to him, they began to consult on the liberty of *Porfenna*, and the Queen his Wife, and the discovery of *Aronces*; but they could not conclude any decisive resolution, till three Noble men of great account in this Realm, (and which were much addicted to *Porfenna's* interest) arrived at this Castle.

In the mean time *Sycanus* told *Aronces*, that there was a Princess in his House, whom it would be convenient to make use of, because she had great power with a man which was in much favour with the Prince *Mezemiis*; but replied *Aronces*, may we confide in this Princess, since she is so well acquainted with one of *Mezemiis* his Favourites, we may Sir, replied *Sycanus*; for the Princess of the *Leontines* is so averse to him, that if she should be less generous than she is, she would be faithful to those, which intreat her not to discover, that they trust to her secrecy, and this Princess having as much virtue as beauty, will never think of obstructing your designs, for not knowing your Birth, but hearing the generous action you performed in saving the Prince *Mezemiis* his life, she was so much disposed to serve you, that she made *Aurelia* promise her, (whom she entirely affecteth, and who will engage for her fidelity) to obtain your permission, that she might give you a Visit. If I was in a capacity to anticipate it, replied *Aronces*, I would now intreat you to bring me to her Apartment; but since I am not, I must commit the conduct of this Affair, both to yours and *Aurelia's* discretion: after that *Sycanus*, *Martia* and *Nicinus* left *Aronces* in the hands of his Chirurgeons, which then came to dress his wound; on the other side, the *Numidian* Prince, who really loved *Aronces* for his great deserts, and whom he looked upon as *Clelia's* adopted Brother, of whom he was amorous, continually sent to know the state of his health, and made a proposition to him through excess of friendship, to permit him to lie in his Chamber, that he might have the consolation to entertain him without disturbing his repose; but *Aronces* refused it, not willing, as he pretended to be troublesome to him, though he was swayed to this denial by a jealous resentment, he could not conceal. In the mean time, *Sycanus* having told the Princess, that *Aronces* would receive her visit with much satisfaction, she resolved to go thither when night began to blind the World, in the company of *Martia* and *Aurelia*; but to wing the hours till the long expected time, she discoursed with *Nicinus*, *Martia* and *Celeres*, whom *Sycanus* had brought thither, even in those things which have the most equality; for in fine, said she to *Aurelia*, I have lately had an experience which strongly fortifies the reasons may be alledged to prove the powerfulness of it, and I doubt not, but the desire I have to see *Aronces*, proceeds from that forcible inclination of which we are as ignorant, as of the true causes of the winds, and which blows as strong a gale in many occasions; and to prove the verity of my expressions; consider the Prince of *Numidia* and *Aronces*, both arrived here at the same time, of whom I have

received almost an equal description; for *Sycanus* hath informed me, that the Prince of *Numidia* is tall, of a fair proportion, and though of a brown complexion, of a very pleasing aspect, interwoven with the rays of an haughty Spirit, and a maid who attends me, whose genius is excellent at copying shapes and faces, when she hath seen them hath told me, she thought *Aronces* was the exactest piece ever nature drew, that the air of his looks expressed both grandeur and nobleness, his hair light, his eyes blew, every feature agreeable, and his whole composure heroic, and if I have known *Aronces* hath performed a glorious action, by saving the *Perusian* Princess life, I know likewise, that the *Numidian* Prince hath equalized it by endeavouring to rescue a noble Virgin, who had been forcibly taken away, they are both hurt, both of incredible valour, both strangers, and both unknown, and I believe both unhappy, because a deep melancholy sits enthroned in their faces; but there is some difference between them in my spirit; for though I know *Adherbal* is a Prince, and do not know the extraction of *Aronces*, yet I have no intention to go to see the *Numidian* Prince, but an impatient desire to visit *Aronces*, and I am so addicted to serve him, that I do not doubt, but that he is the Prince *Adherbals* superiour in all noble qualities, as I am not sufficiently acquainted with the *Numidian* Prince, to judge equitably of his merits, replied *Celeres*, I dare not presume to give any character of him, but Madam, I can assure you, you will never have reason to change that favourable opinion you have conceiv'd of *Aronces*. In effect Madam, he hath all the natural endowments that can be desired in an accomplished man, and I desire those who know him better than I do, to find any defect in him, or to make the least wish to his advantage, for first *Aronces* is of a most pleasant disposition, and his knowledge far exceeds that profession he hath practised all his life, his soul towering above all common motions, his heart seated beyond the reach of fear, yet hath he a tender and compassionate spirit, he entirely loves and respects his friends, and believes humanity ought to reside in all men, and that Princes should not dispence with themselves, from having particular virtues, though they are obliged to have others, which are peculiar to them, he hath affability mix'd with courtesie, and an inexplicable charm in his discourse, flowing from him with such eloquence, and pronounced with such grace and Majesty, that it charms the attention of all his auditors, and to define him in few words, he is one whom detraction itself cannot mention without Epithetes of applause and merit, and a subject fit for nothing but admiration.

I may very well say, said the Princess of the *Leontines*, that the inclination I have for *Aronces* whom I do not know, is not ill grounded, though it appears blind to me, but the mischief is, it sometimes doth not accord with reason, for my part, said *Aurelia*, that which we often call inclination is not: and that the reason for which it inclines more to one side than another, is, that it can never find such an equality betwixt persons, as not to put some distinction between them, so that as it is the property of the spirit to discern and chase, it always electeth that the heart is most affected to, and that as we commonly attribute to the cæcity of our inclinations, is indeed an effect of a more perspicuous illumination. There is doubtless much ingenuity in what you say, replied *Celeres*; but it shall never persuade

perswade me, that the inclination is an effective thing, where reason hath no operation, for it is sometimes found that our reason prompts us to one thing, and our inclination to another, and though we know that which we love, merits less than that we hate, it doth not at all alter our affections; as I have more experience in the world added *Martia*; being elder than all those before whom I speak, I have noted an hundred times such prodigious effects of this blind Inclination that I cannot doubt the power of it; for I have sometimes seen men of transcendent parts love women which have neither Beauty to attract their eyes, nor Vertue to allure their hearts; and women of great esteem to favour men which are by all rejected, and to despise others who merit much estimation: I, and I have my self sometimes been swayed to the friendship of some persons more than others, not being able to give any reason for it, and I very well discern'd that if they had been deficient in Noble Qualities, 'twould not have changed my contracted Amity, therefore I have always put a distinction between those I have loved by Election, and those I have affected by Inclination. I believe sometimes it doth not chose replied *Sycanus*, for those which are of a lively Imagination and a penetrating spirit, so speedily determine of that they would esteem, that they do not perceive the proper operations of their Spirit, and ascribe that to Inclination which doth not appertain thereto, and that which most authorize those who attribute all to the Inclination, is, that some men indiscreetly chuse those which are not amiable, and every one who cannot comprehend how reason should be capable of such grand mistakes, had rather submit to a blind Inclination than to confess it is sometimes blind it self, so that by this way we may cloak one bad Election with a seeming excuse, for the greatest part of men believe they are but half-justified, if they say they could not resist their Inclination, for my part, replied *Aurelia*, though I am perswaded of the grand Potency of the Inclination, I should not believe I were justified if it made me commit an Error, but I should believe my self to be more excusable, if I should commit a fault by the force of my Inclination than by defect of knowledge: After that the Princess of the *Leontines* went to *Aronces* his Apartment, conducted thither by *Celeres*, and followed by *Sycanus*, *Martia*, and *Aurelia*; this Interview was received on both parts in a manner beyond expression, for although persons which are endowed with all the advantages of a gallant Spirit, are commonly mute at the first sight, their tongues not performing their usual Functions, it hapned not so with the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Aronces*, for their conversation was as free as if their knowledg had been of a long continuance, and they were as well acquainted at this first reception with one anothers desires; as if they had been already united in a strict Bond of Amity; the Princess of the *Leontines* applauded his Heroick Action in saving the Prince's life, and he highly commended the honour she vouchsafed to visit him; but these praises were without affectation, and which favouring not of flattery, did not perplex those which received them, and they both found, though they much endeavoured to restrain themselves, that they had both some great subject of Inquietude, so that imagining their grief might proceed from one cause, they had many inducements

to desire one anothers friendship, and if the Princess of the *Leontines* departed from *Aronces* much admiring him, he remained with the same admiration for her; 'tis true, that as his Spirit was pre-occupied with many things which strangely distracted him, she was no sooner gone, but his grief resuming its former place (which her presence had a little dispersed) he thought on nothing now but how he might compass a remedy to put a period to his afflictions: The Princess whose disturbed thoughts admitted more relaxation than those of *Aronces*, was no sooner return'd to her Chamber, but an urgent curiosity incited her to desire *Aurelia* to impart unto her both the birth and adventures of *Aronces*: That which you demand of me, said *Aurelia*, is of so great a consequence, that I dare not presume to tell you what I know of them without the permission of *Aronces*, though they much require your knowledge; and likewise knowing but part of his Adventures, I cannot entirely satisfy your desires, but I will promise you to entreat *Sycanus*, to oblige *Aronces* to permit them to be imparted to you; and *Aurelia* inviolably keeping the promise she had made the Princess, did so much urge her Husband to desire this favour of *Aronces*, that he at last easily consented thereto, and very well knowing how important it might be to acquaint her with *Aronces* his Adventures, he communicated his Sentiments to *Nicius*, *Martia*, and *Celeres*, who giving them a favourable approbation, they went together to *Aronces* his Chamber, to perswade him to license their discovery to her, at first he could not resolve to give his consent (his nature contradicting him) but after *Sycanus* had alledged many perswasive Arguments and Allegations to prove the necessity of it, he at last willingly without the least opposition granted their desires; 'tis true, the mind of this Princess could not be herein so soon satisfied as she desired, for the *Perusian* Prince the more to honour him who had saved his life, sent the Princess his wife to visit him, with *Tiberinus* the only Favourite of the Court, amorous of the Princess of the *Leontines*, who arrived at this time at the Willow Island, after *Sycanus* had conceal'd *Nicius* and *Martia*, in an Apartment, having given strict order no person should enter there, and an express command to all his Domesticks, not to declare that there was any Stranger in the Castle besides *Aronces* and the *Numidian* Prince (their discovery so much importing *Aronces*) he brought to the Castle, the *Perusian* Princess followed by five or six women, and conducted by *Tiberinus* (not any of their Attendants knowing *Nicius* and *Martia* were there) and *Sycanus* having before advertised the Princess that the *Numidian* Prince was in the Castle, she believed his quality required the first visit, but 'twas most remarkable, that *Adherbal* who did not know *Aronces* was his Rival, mentioned none but him so long as their conversation lasted, exaggerating those Noble Actions he had performed at *Carthage*, where he was first acquainted with him.

But after many Encomiums of the generous *Aronces*, tell me his birth said the *Perusian* Princess to him, to the end that the Prince whose life he hath saved may esteem him according to his quality, *Aronces* of himself is so illustrious, replied the *Numidian* Prince, that if his condition should not be meritorious, he would deserve the treatment of a Kings Son; 'tis true, his birth was so variously reported at *Carthage*, that I cannot give you any assurance of it, but

but what I certainly know is this, that he was educated by a Noble Roman, who being exiled by *Tarquinius*, came to seek an Asylum at *Carthage*, where I first had the honour of his acquaintance, and I cannot be perswaded but he is of noble blood, for his thoughts do so transcend the Capacity of the Vulgar Intellects, that it would be a mere Solæcism to imagine he can be less than of a Royal Extraction. I believe, said the Princess of *Perusia* to him, that I shall hear your Eulogy from the mouth of *Aronces*, as I have heard his from yours, in expectation whereof I shall now take my leave, after I have offered unto you, all those things which are necessary for you: The Prince of *Numidia* answered to this Complement with much Civility, entreating her not to believe the Character *Aronces* gave him, for as his thoughts were unknown to him, he presupposed that according to his obliging disposition, he would have given an higher Encomium of him than he deserv'd, so that the Princess having staid a quarter of an hour with the *Numidian* Prince, whom *Tiberinus* freely offered to assist to the utmost extent of his power, she went towards the Apartment of the Princess of the *Leontines*, but having met her by the way, some reciprocal Complements having past on both sides, she brought her to *Aronces* his Chamber, who received the visit of this Princess with as much civility, as if he had not known she would be a grand Obstacle to all his Designs; at first her grateful language expressed how much she was obliged to him for saving the Prince her Husbands life, assuring him of the grandeur of his acknowledgment for such a signal Service, and that he had given express order to make an exact enquiry throughout all his Dominions; for the person he so much desired. *Aronces* returned thanks to this Princess with a joyful Emotion which sufficiently demonstrated, that the liberty of this person did much tend to his entire satisfaction: the Princess of *Perusia* likewise told him, that the *Numidian* Prince had related many things to his advantage, and that necessarily he was the most affectionate of all his friends; for in fine said she to him, though you deservedly merit all those Praises he hath attributed to you; I am of opinion that I may very well draw from them the consequence I have drawn, seeing that there are few persons who praise with excess, if friendship doth not thereto oblige them. I have without doubt, replied he, received many Demonstrations of the Amity of the *Numidian* Prince whilst I resided at *Carthage*; but I am really perswaded he will one day repent of them when he is better acquainted with me, neither do I flatter my self with the vanity of those applausive expressions he hath bestowed on me, and I am strongly perswaded that he is a Prince whose deserts are incomparable, and who is endued with those qualities, which as much distinguish him from common men, as his birth is superior to them: After these words *Aronces* held his peace, for in those Sentiments which lay concealed in the innocence of his heart if he had been less generous, he had not given such an advantageous Character of this new Rival which much augmented his Inquietude, seeming to him he might justly complain of *Clelia*, for detaining such a Jewel from him: But whilst the Princess of *Perusia* entertained *Aronces*, *Tiberinus* spoke to the Princess of the *Leontines*, who being opposite to his affection, could hardly contain her self from shewing that mortal Enmity her Soul had contracted against him; for *Aurelia*, she conversed with those

Ladies which accompanied the *Perusian* Princess, and *Sycannus* entertained *Celeres*: but in fine, the Princess having performed her visit, after she had received a magnificent Collation at the Apartment of *Aurelia*; she returned to the Boat which had wafted her over the Lake, conducted by *Aurelia* to her Chariots, which attended her on the other side of the Lake; but she was no sooner gone when *Nicinus* and *Martia* came from those places where they were conceal'd and the Princess of the *Leontines* spoke to *Aurelia*, to solicit her to remember her promise, so that *Aurelia* having spoke to *Sycannus* of it, and *Sycannus* to *Aronces*, he was resolved for many important reasons, that the next day after Dinner *Celeres* should go to the Chamber of the Princess of the *Leontines*, to recount unto her all that she desired of the fortune of *Aronces*, whose adventures he knew almost to the least circumstances, but to the end he might make a better recital of them, he went this Night to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Lodging, from whose mouth he learn'd the love he had for *Clelia*, and all the Occurrences thereupon, this Prince telling it to him, to the end he should tell it to *Aronces*, he being denyed the liberty to speak to him: so that *Celeres* being fully instructed either by *Aronces*, the Prince of *Numidia*, or his own observations, in all that which might content the curiosity of this Princess, he went the next day to her Chamber, where she with much impatience expected his coming, there being only with her *Sycannus* and *Aurelia*, he had scarce entred her Lodging, where she importunately solicited him to begin his discourse, which after a little consideration he perform'd in this manner.

The History of Aronces and Clelia.

I Cannot tell, Madam, whether my words may seem impertinent when I tell you that 'tis not possible for you to comprehend the present fortune of this Prince, if I do not intermix in my relation some particularity reflecting on the King his Fathers life. What, said the Princess of the *Leontines* interrupting him, is *Aronces* a Kings Son? Yes Madam, replied *Celeres*, *Aronces* is Son of the most illustrious King of all *Etruria*, and the unhappiest King of the Earth, for the King *Porfenna* is his Father: I pray you, replied the Princess of the *Leontines*, if it lyes in the sphere of your knowledge, to acquaint me with the adventures of *Porfenna* as well as those of *Aronces*, not concealing any thing from me, if it please you, for though I reside some time in this Country, I have heard them but very confusedly, because I have had so many unquiet thoughts which have disturbed my Spirit, that I had not any curiosity to inform my self of the misery of others, when I had no power constantly to support my own: Since you command it, Madam, and that you desire of me is necessary to instance you of the deplorable estate of the Prince *Aronces*, I must deduce my discourse further than I at first intended, and tell you that the precedent King of *Clusium*, *Porfenna*'s Father, waging War against the Prince of *Perusia* now regnant, gained a famous Battel but the sequel proved unfortunate: for the Prince his Son under whose

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Command his Troops were Victorious too far, pursuing those he had vanquished, was taken prisoner, so that *Mezentius* believing to have had as much advantage in this occasion as his Enemy, the Victory produced no peace between these two Princes, but the War continued as before.

In the mean time, *Porfenna* who was one of the fairest Princes in the World, and who is now one of the ancientest Illustrious Kings in the Earth, was used with as much Civility as one in his condition could expect, though he was kept with as much exactness, as if instead of being a Prisoner of War he had been a Prisoner of State; he was therefore put in a Castle about six miles from *Perusia*, and which is so advantageously situated, that one hundred men may defend it against one thousand; but for his good or ill fortune, I know not which to term it, the Princess *Nicetale* the first Wife of the Prince of *Perusia* being very sick, was ordered to go for the recovery of her health to an Air less subtle than that of *Perusia*, and her Physicians finding none more commodious for her than the Castle in which the Prince *Porfenna* was kept, advised her to go thither, for as it's very great, and that it hath one Tower, which is so far divided from it, she might reside in the Castle without the knowledge of any of his Guard; but going thither she carried along with her the Princess *Galerita* her only Daughter, who was then about fifteen years old, and who was of such a piercing and prodigious beauty, that she could not be seen without admiration; the Prince *Porfenna* whom *Nicetale* visited many times in the Tower where he was kept, would not see her without being sensibly told, that he became more captive of the Daughter, through the love she gave him, than the Father by the Laws of War: *Nicetale* being a Princess of great Spirit, no sooner perceived the passion that the young *Galerita* had produced in *Porfenna*, she joyfully countenanced it, for she being naturally inclined to Peace, pitch'd upon this productive love, as the only means which might establish it between the King of *Clusium* and the Prince of *Perusia* her Husband, and far from opposing its continuation contributed much to the progression thereof, by the frequent visits she vouchsafed this Illustrious Captain, who seeing the blooming youth of the Person whom he loved, and not seeing her without the Princess *Nicetale*, judged that to acquire the love of *Galerita*, he might first gain the friendship of *Nicetale*, and indeed he had such an ascendant over her, that she loved him as if he had been her Son.

In the mean time he managed his love so discreetly, that the young Princess of *Perusia* knew that he had for her, that as she had heard term'd love, and she likewise felt, that she had for him I know not what tenderness that she never yet had for any Person; but in the end without expatiating my self to tell you with what Gallantry and address this loving Prisoner persuaded his love to her which had produced it; I shall only tell you that he acquainted her with it by writing, and obtained *Nicetale's* permission to speak to her of it, which in the high esteem she had for him, received this confession of his love for her Daughter in a most obliging manner, for she then unlock'd to him the secret of her heart, telling him that she knew that the touching of the Estate of the King of *Clusium*, and that of the Prince of *Perusia* was without doubt the way to put him in a capacity to give law to all *Erruria*, and to dispute the power

with the famous *Vulturum*, and with proud *Rome* itself, but knowing the resentments the King of *Perusia* had against the King of *Clusium* his Father, she was strongly persuaded that he would never consent to hearken to any terms whilst he was in prison, or that if he did hearken to it, he would never give his Daughter to his Prisoner; 'tis therefore, said she to him, we must contrive a way to render you happy, and to give the Peace to two Estates, which cannot subsist in War: Alas Madam, what expedient, may a Prince find overwhelmed with so many different chances, as I highly esteem your virtue, I will propose to you a proposition, which according to all appearances may effect happily your design, if you follow my advice.

But generous *Porfenna*, pursued she, before I tell it you, you must solemnly swear to me, and do not promise me that which you will not inviolably keep, I promise you Madam, said he to her, that I will never violate my word I give you, and that I will not make use of the privilege that may be granted to Prisoners not to perform their promise, but likewise promise me, that you will not command me to disrespect you, or not to affect *Galerita*: on the contrary replied *Nicetale*, I intend to put you in a possibility always to love her, and to permit her to love you innocently, till the expiration of her life; but to make this design succeed happily, I must steer my course so, that you may depart from prison without any suspicion, that I was privy to it: you must therefore said she, not go to *Clusium*, for fear you should not be there Master of your self, but you must go to the King of *Cera*, who remaining neuter during this War, is very fit to be a Mediator between the King of *Clusium*, and the Prince my Husband; but before it's put in execution, you must promise me, that in case by your solicitations and address, you can neither conclude a Peace between these two Princes, nor to oblige them to consent, that you may espouse *Galerita*, you will come back to reassume your chains; for it is not just, knowing your valour and good fortune in the War, I should put such a valiant man as you in the head of an Army, which must fight against *Mezentius*, for though he is sometimes violent and unjust, I am his Wife, and ought to espouse his interest against all the World, think therefore if you are capable to accomplish my desires, as *Porfenna* was amorous, and *Nicetale's* proposition was equitable, he promised her with joy to perform all she desired, on condition, she would likewise promise him to use all her power, that he might espouse *Galerita*; so the agreement being fully concluded, they resolved that this Princess should return to *Perusia*, and he that commanded the Castle, absolutely depending on *Nicetale*, should give him leave to escape, and *Porfenna* through an interest of love was obliged to wish the absence of his beloved object, as *Nicetale* desired passionately Peace should be concluded before the beginning of the Spring, she hastened her return to accelerate the execution of her design, but as she now look'd upon *Porfenna*, as a Prince which should espouse her Daughter, she permitted them to have some particular conference the day which preceded her departure, whilst she entertained below a Lady of Quality which had arrived there that Morning; so that *Porfenna* in this manner bid adieu to that young and fair Person, the Grandeur of whose Spirit, equalling her great Beauty, made her to tell things most judicious to the Prince whom she was

was about to leave: for after he had made to her a thousand Proteftations of fidelity, ſhe told him ſhe would not oblige him to ſo many things, as the Princeſs her Mother had, in caſe that he could not make a pacification between the King of *Cluſium* and the Prince of *Peruſia*, ſhe would only deſire him not to bear Arms againſt the Prince her Father; but *Porſenna* having answered her, that if he was free, honour would force him to fight for his Father; and both love and honour equally engaging him to her, if he could not conclude a Peace, he would come back to re-aſſume his Irons, which ſeemed to him much lighter than thoſe with which love had chained him; in fine Madam, this ſeparation was ſo tender and ſenſible, and thoſe which have related this Adventure, ſay, that it was ſcarce credible, that ſo young a Perſon, as *Galerita* ſhould have power to draw her ſelf from his converſation with ſo much judgment and addreſs, and aſſuredly this particular entertainment much encreaſed the Princeſs affection. In the mean time, *Nicetale*, after ſhe had reconfirmed her promiſes to him, and he had renewed his to her, returned to *Peruſia*, leaving a ſecret order with him which commanded the Caſtle, who was the Son of the Princeſs *Galerita*'s Governers, to favour *Porſenna*'s eſcape in four or five days, but ſo privately to act it, that he might not in the leaſt appear culpable of it; this man over whom his Mother had as much power by her addreſs, as by that which nature gave her, diſpoſed himſelf to hazard his Fortune in hopes to advance it, and executed it ſo happily, a few days after, the Princeſs *Nicetale* was returned to *Peruſia*, that *Porſenna* ſaved himſelf, as if he had ſuborned ſome of his Guards who went with him, neither did *Mezentius* know any thing of *Porſenna*'s love to *Galerita*, nor the Intelligence of *Nicetale* with *Porſenna*. In the mean time, this Prince according to his word went to *Cera*, from whence he ſent to the King of *Cluſium* to intreat him to endeavour to conclude a Peace with the Prince of *Peruſia* by propoſing his Marriage with the Princeſs his Daughter, and he ſo whom this employment was committed, being a man of Quality very fit to perform this Commiſſion *Porſenna* fully inſtructed him of all the reaſons which might oblige the King his Father to conſent to his Propoſitions, charging him that if he would not effect it, to tell him that he was not free, but in appearance, and that he would return to the Priſon of the Prince of *Peruſia*, when his hopes were fruſtrated of eſpouſing the Princeſs *Galerita*, and to give Peace to two of the moſt conſiderable Eſtates of all *Etruria*; at firſt the King of *Cluſium* was ſtrangely irritated againſt the Prince his Son; becauſe he went to *Cera*, and not to him, and vented his anger againſt his Propoſition, but *Porſenna* having ſecretly wrote to thoſe which had ſome credit over this his Father's Spirit, that they might induce him to make Peace, they knew ſo well how to repreſent to him, that his people were weary of War, and the advantage that the Marriage of his Son with the blooming youth of the *Peruſian* Princeſs would bring him, that in the end he reſolved to ſend to offer Peace to *Mezentius*, whoſe courage was much abated at *Porſenna*'s flight, for he knew not the conditions, on which he departed from his Irons, but having a fiery heart, and a vindictive ſpirit, he would not reſolve with himſelf to hearken to any Propoſition of Peace, nor Alliance with a Prince whom he hated, and that which fed this humour, was, that the Prin-

ceſs *Galerita* was much affected by a Prince of this Court, named *Bianor*, who forgot nothing that might hinder that the Peace ſhould deprive him of his Miſtreſs; that which rendred his credit ſo great: was that *Mezentius* was amorous of his Siſter, who is now that Princeſs Wife, and who was then very beautiful and ambitious, ſo it was not without great difficulty, that *Nicetale* made him conſent to her deſires, but ſhe could not have done it, unleſs having divulged the advantageous Propoſals of Peace by the King of *Cluſium*: the people were no ſooner adviſed of it, but they murmured at him, and ſo highly began to teſtify their averſion to War, that *Mezentius* knowing very well, he could not without danger excite a revolt in his Eſtates, (having given a great charge to *Bianor* to appeaſe the Perſon whom he loved) he conſented in the end to treat with the King of *Cluſium*.

In the interim there paſſed few days, but *Porſenna* wrote to *Nicetale* and *Galerita*, to pray the firſt to remember her promiſe, and to give a thouſand teſtimonies of love to the latter: but in the end, after a long Negotiation, the Peace was concluded, and the Marriage of *Porſenna* and *Galerita* reſolved on, on condition *Porſenna* ſhould remain at *Peruſia*, as long as his Father lived: *Mezentius* imagining that the King would renew the War, in deſpight of the Alliance, if he retained not the Prince as Hoſtage, it is true, this Article was eaſily accorded to, for though the King of *Cluſium* very much loved his Son, he was not ſorry for this advantageous abſence, which reunited in his Perſon all the obedience of his Subjects, ſo that the Marriage was happily concluded in deſpight of the Clandefſtine Machinations of *Bianor*, and the natural averſion of *Mezentius*; but hardly had *Porſenna* and *Galerita* the leaſure to contemplate the happy Sun-ſhine of their good fortune, when it was eclipsed with grief; for the ſage and prudent *Nicetale* died a little after the Celebration of the Nuptials, and ſhe dyed with much regret, becauſe ſhe knew the ſecret averſion *Bianor*'s Siſter entertained in her heart againſt *Porſenna*, and it was principally becauſe ſhe ſaw him adored by all the Court, and very much loved by the People. In the mean time the death of *Nicetale* put ſuch a great conſternation in all her Houſe, and in the Princeſs her Daughters, that there were few in the one and the other which were not entirely ſwayed by grief, ſo that in this great diſorder, it unhappily fell out, that one of the Women of this Queen, which had been alwayes favourable to *Porſenna*'s Rival, found all the Letters the Prince had written to *Nicetale*, during his reſidence at *Cera*, by which he entreated her exactly to keep her word, and to oblige the Princeſs her Daughter to keep the promiſe ſhe made him to eſpouſe none but him; ſo that this Perſon being ſeiſed of theſe Letters, to evidence to *Bianor*, that if ſhe had not had the power heretofore to ſerve him nigh *Galerita*, it was not for want of addreſs; but becauſe an invincible obſtacle oppoſed her intentions, but ſhewing all thoſe Letters to *Bianor*, ſhe excited a great conſuſion in his Spirit, which made him reſolve to revenge himſelf both of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, for as he knew *Mezentius* was jealous of his Authority, that he was violent and vindictive, and that he noted, he did not very much affect *Porſenna*, he believed that when he knew the commerce which had been between him and the Princeſs his Daughter, he would be much exaſperated againſt him, & having

consulted with his Sister thereupon, she confirmed him in his design, for not seeing now that it was impossible *Mezentius* should espouse her, being a Widow, and that he was very amorous of her, she imagined it would be most advantageous to effect her Marriage with that Prince, and the only way to excite his anger, both against *Porfenna*; and the Princess *Galerita*: So that this Maid reasoning as an Ambitious Person, and *Sycanus* as a Vindicative Lover and an Ambitious Rival, they absolutely resolved to shew the Prince of *Perusia* all *Porfenna's* Letters, but as they were not absolutely assured what impression they would make in *Mezentius* Spirit when he saw them, they would not give them to him with their own hands, but laid them on the Table of his Cabinet, where he found them without knowing who put them there; he was strangely astonish'd to see them; for as he well knew the writing of *Porfenna*, and easily comprehended their Contents, he would not make appear his astonishment nor anger, because he would be better satisfied of them, though those Letters almost learn'd to him all that which was pass'd, the Article only excepted which might justify *Nicetale*, for it was not positively written in the Letter that he should return to Prison if the Peace was not concluded, because he judged *Nicetale* would understand it, if he did but express in general terms that he would not violate his promise: *Mezentius* then being willing to be better instructed in that which was but dubiously mentioned in the Letters, sent to find out the Lady who had been the Princess his Daughters Governess before her Marriage, judging that this secret might be known to her, she being very much belov'd by *Nicetale*, but the better to palliate his Design, he shewed to her all *Porfenna's* Letters to *Nicetale*, without expressing the least resentment of anger, to have learn'd the Intelligence which had been between the Princess his Daughter, and *Porfenna* during his Imprisonment; but on the contrary he said to her the more to deceive her, that he had not the curiosity to know particularly all the passages between them, and who were those which had contributed to unite their affection, but to the end, to know to whom he owed that obligation of Peace which his People enjoyed by the Marriage of those two Persons; *Mezentius* thus speaking with a feigned dissimulation, and the Lady believing in the estate things were, his designs were consonant to his words, disguised nothing from him, and recounted to him all that was pass'd; but though she told him that *Porfenna* was set free on a limited condition to come back thither if he espoused not *Galerita* by concluding Peace, but he believed it not, but believed 'twas this Ladies invention, and judged 'twas her Son which had facilitated the flight of that Prince, though she did not acquaint him with it, but told him that *Nicetale* had suborned some of his Guards, but she principally aggravated the Grandure of *Porfenna's* love to *Galerita*, and that powerful inclination of *Galerita* for *Porfenna*, seeming to her that nothing was more proper to mollify the heat of a Prince which was himself susceptible of Loves flames; but scarce had this Lady finish'd her Speech, but *Mezentius* unmasking his anger, what, said he to her, beholding her with a terrible aspect, which would make the constantest Person tremble? Have I then put my Daughter to you, to teach her to love my Enemy and those that my Valour had subdued?

Was it to inspire her with such degenerate thoughts that I preferred the care of her Education to you before many others? Sir, said she unto him, I have but obeyed the Princess *Nicetale*, and I do not see that this obedience hath had a preposterous Event, since you have for your Son in Law, the Son of a great King, and which merits to be greater as much by the qualities he possesses, as by his highness of his birth, If I could resuscitate *Nicetale* to punish her for her treachery and perfidiousness, pursued he, I would do it with all my heart: but since 'tis not possible, you shall answer for the fault she hath committed, and I will so severely punish you for your Treason, that you shall wish your death all the rest of your life; this Lady would have then allayed the fury of this violent Prince, but the more she spoke the more it excited his anger, and at this instant they came to advertise him that *Bianor* had something of consequence to impart to him, so that he having commanded some of his Attendants to carry that Lady to her Chamber, and not to let her speak to any person, he hearkned to *Bianor*, who assured him that he had news that the King of *Clusium* was upon the point of expiration: *Porfenna* not knowing of it, from whom he would conceal it, to the end he should not depart from his Court; for fear he should be retained there by his people, who would never consent that their Prince should reside at *Perusia*, hardly had *Bianor* learn'd unto him the Estate of the King of *Clusium*, but he took a resolution to satisfy three passions instead of one, for he pretended to satisfy his vengeance in arresting *Porfenna*, and declaring his marriage void, he easily pretended to satisfy his Ambition in usurping his Estates after the death of the King his Father, and he pretended to satisfy his love by espousing *Bianor's* Sister, on pretext to revenge himself of *Galerita* and to disinherit her, because she had had a secret love with the Prince she had married, when there was war with the King his Father, so that confusedly reasoning with all the preoccupation of a person which had love, ambition and anger, he considered neither justice nor resentments of nature, nor the sequel of his resolution, hinting on nothing but to execute his unjust designs, he therefore acquainted *Bianor* with all his intentions, communicating to him all that he would act against *Porfenna*, and for *Sextilia* his Sister, and as *Bianor* had an artificial spirit, he more stirred up *Mezentius* anger, and offered himself to execute his commands whatsoever they were, so that the Prince of *Perusia* without deferring a moment, gave all the orders necessary, to arrest at the same time *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, and it was so speedily resolved on, and so diligently executed, that *Porfenna* was already returned to the prison where he had been, and *Galerita* and her ancient Governess, were already in the greatest Isle of the Lake, that you may see from your windows. And they did not yet know in the City whether they were arrested or no, and *Mezentius* was at first so happy in his unjust actions, that all succeeded according to his desire; for he had cruelly revenged himself both of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, and saw himself in an estate to possess the person whom he lov'd, and he hop'd *Clusium* would soon obey him, for he knew the next day that *Porfenna's* Father was dead, and that the Grandees of the Realm were divided, and he had the good fortune, that though the people of *Perusia* very much lov'd *Galerita* and *Porfenna*, they revolted not because *Bianor* published many things disadvantageous to these two illustrious persons

persons, so that they at first, not being able to discern truth from falsehood, they opposed not the injustice of *Mezentius*, who a few days after espoused *Sextilia*, in hopes to have a successor, which would deprive *Galerita* from having the power one day to possess his Kingdom, but to satisfy either his ambition or revenge, he promised protection to one of those parties in *Clusium*, to endeavour to oppress the other, and sent into that Realm a manifesto filled with impostures and false reasons, to palliate *Porfennas* imprisonment.

In the interim, *Bianor* being amorous of *Galerita*, powerfully solicited his sister to persuade the King to nullify the marriage of *Porfenna*, that he might espouse her, for he imagined (induced thereto by love) that *Nicetale* had a greater hand in this match than *Galerita*; so that conceiving some hope, he gave no repose to *Sextilia*, who to satisfy her brother, forgot nothing that was possible to endeavour to make void the marriage of *Porfenna*, and so far persuaded *Mezentius*, that he went in person to induce her to desert that Prince, and to tell her that she was forced to marry him, more by her Mothers command than her own inclinations, and that he would not only put to death *Porfenna*, but her self also if she repugned his will, making likewise to *Porfenna* the most unjust propositions that could be imagined; for he offered him his liberty, if he would yield to him the half of his estate, and consent to the nullifying of his marriage, telling him he was in a place where he could not be too prudent to refuse any thing; but whatsoever he could say to that Prince, or the Princess his daughter, he could not shake their constancies, and they both told him, they would never forsake one another, so that *Mezentius* now remained satisfied, in hope that time would alter their opinions, and thought on nothing but how he might entirely usurp the estate of that unhappy King, who though unhappy as he was, was not so much as the Queen his wife; for Madam, I must tell you, that two Months after her Imprisonment, she began to fear her self to be with child, at first she imagin'd it proceeded from a simple effect of her Melancholy, but as she had her ancient Governess with her, this Lady to whom age had given much experience, told her that without doubt her fear was really grounded, so that she finding her self in the saddest condition can be imagin'd, seeing the horrible threatnings of *Mezentius*, believed that there could be no assurance for the life of *Porfennas* child; and her Governess was of advice at first, that if *Mezentius* knew her estate, he would not insist on the rupture of the marriage, but considering he had told her, he would put to death both her and *Porfenna*, she could not hope that a Prince which had the cruelty to threaten his own daughters death, would spare the life of a child that he looked upon as the child of a Prince whom he esteemed his enemy: this Lady likewise who was her only consolation, told her that after *Mezentius* had reduc'd things to the estate where they were, he would not be capable to be mollified by the consideration of a child, which was but in conception, and who had nothing but tears to bow his obduracy, when he should come into the world, so that they thought it was expedient to conceal that indisposition, which produced their fear, but the thing at first appeared so difficult to them, that their consolation ended in tears.

But after a little mature deliberation, they believed that if they could gain his wife, who com-

manded the Castle, it would not be impossible to conceal so great a secret; for as she was the only person which had the liberty to see this young Queen (except two slaves which served her) they should fear nothing, if they could procure her to be of their intelligence, so that all the care *Galerita* used was to entirely to acquire that Lady who was called *Flavia*, and who is sister to *Nicius*, here present; but to speak truly, it was not difficult for the Princess to oblige her to serve her, and to be faithful to her, for she being naturally tender and compassionate, had a particular inclination to love *Galerita*, who knew so admirably how to acquire their spirits of those from whom she would obtain any thing, that it had been very difficult for *Flavia* to resist her intreaties, who much deplored the misery of so fair and vertuous a Queen, but *Galerita* deferred the discovery of it, as long as she could possible, to see if the Prince of *Perusia* could desist from his injustice, but hearing by some of her Guards, that he always appeared more inveterate against *Porfenna*, and that he used all the means possible to usurp his estate, and that when *Clusium* was submitted, he would assuredly put to death this Prince, she determin'd to confide on *Flavia*, to whom she learnt her present Estate, and the fear *Mezentius* should know it, but she told it her with such melting language, and tender considerations to procure her fidelity to assist her in saving the life of of an innocent Babe, which did not yet enjoy the light, that this vertuous woman, which had no obdurate heart mingled her tears with *Galeritas*, and would not promise her (without evaporating many sighs) the accomplishment of all her desires, so that the true cause of her indisposition might be conceal'd. But without troubling my self to recite impertinent particularities, I shall tell you in few words, that *Galerita* having feign'd to be seiz'd with a greater malady than really she was, to obtain that her Guards should come no more into her Chamber, and *Flavia* (who was very much belov'd by her Husband) being wholly gain'd by her, and they having gain'd the Physician which should see *Galerita*: the design was in the end conducted with so much precaution, judgment, and sense, that the true cause of *Galeritas* indisposition was not in the least suspected, and she had the advantage to salute the times with a Successor to *Porfenna*, it being not then known, and the generous *Flavia* acted her part so handsomly, that the Son of the Queen of *Clusium* came into the world, without being publickly known, and was taken out of her Chamber without being discovered, for having foreseen what she would act, she had so order'd it that the Queen of *Clusium* having seen from her Chamber a little child, she had which was very fair, and that one of her slaves held in his arms desired to see it, so that insensibly she had used the Guards of this Princess to enter daily, and go out with that person which carried *Flavias* young Son into *Galeritas* Chamber, and which carried it sometimes divested and sometimes wrapt up in sumptuous swath bands, as if it were asleep in her arms, to the end to use this artifice, when it should be necessary, and as *Flavia* was his wife who commanded the Castle, none which depended on her were suspected by *Galeritas* Guards, so that when this Queen was in estate to have need of the address of *Flavia*, she caus'd her which had accusom'd to bring the Son of this Lady to the Chamber of the Princess to come thither with the same swaddling clouts where-with she used to envelope it, when she carried it asleep thither,

thither, having taken a great bundle of flowers in going through a Garden, which she carried as if it had been really the child she used to carry in her arms, so that being entred in this manner into *Galeritas* Chamber with *Flavia* who followed her, and having stayed there till the Queen had given *Porfenna* a Son, she departed afterwards from thence with the child of this Queen, whose face was covered lest the fallacy should be discern'd, and this young Prince was carried to the Apartment of *Flavia*; from whence she caus'd it to depart the same night, to commit it to the care of *Martia* her Sister in Law, to whom without any fear she confided this secret, because she had always had so great a dependance on the service of the precedent Princess of *Perusia*, that there was nothing to be fear'd, but as of necessity, that this child should be carried in a Bark to the other side of the Lake, to transport it to the house of *Martia*, which was ten miles from thence.

There was a few days after some noise dispers'd of that which *Galerita* fear'd should be known, and it so suddenly receiv'd an augmentation, that *Bianor* hearing of it made it known to *Mezentius*, and this Prince caus'd to be arrested the Physician, which had assisted the Queen of *Clusium*, and by most cruel threatnings, he obliged him to confess the truth, but hardly did he know it, but fury wholly possessing him, he commanded an exact search should be made for *Galeritas* Child, he caus'd *Flavia* and her husband to be arrested, and chang'd all the Guards of the Queen his daughter, and so rigorously treated this Princess, that she now fear'd *Mezentius* would kill her Son if he came into his hands, 'tis true, she long time fear'd this mishap would arrive, for knowing the humour of *Mezentius*, and having understood from *Flavia*, that some noise was dispers'd of the birth of this young Prince, she oblig'd her to command *Nicius* and *Martia* on her part, to seek speedily a pretext to perform a voyage to carry this young child from the estate of a Prince, whose violence and injustice she equally fear'd; she gave *Flavia* precious stones of a very considerable value to give to *Martia*, that she might make use of as occasion served during the exile of her Son, and *Flavia* having instructed *Nicius* and *Martia* of *Galeritas* intentions, return'd not to the Isle where she was kept, till she had seen *Nicius* and *Martia* depart to seek an Asylum for *Porfennas* successor, at first they had a design to put themselves under the protection of those which held the part of that unhappy King in his estate, but *Nicius* who is very prudent, learning how that estate was divided, and that the faction *Mezentius* protected was the most powerful, it would be dangerous to trust this young Prince to men, which in the low estate to which they were reduced, would make use it may be of that occasion to make an accommodation with *Mezentius*, instead of defending him against him, as the Son of their King, so that to put him in more safety, *Nicius* and his wife, leaving *Clusium* on the right hand, they embark'd at a Port, which was not above six miles from the famous City of *Cera*, with intention to pass to *Syracusa*, where *Nicius* had heretofore resided a long time, seeming to them that the Isle of *Sicily* was a safer retreat for the young Prince, which they conducted, than any other place they could chuse; for as *Rome* was at this time under the dominion of a violent Prince, that they spoke of nothing but exile, *Volturnum* was not far enough, *Tarentum* was then divided, *Capua* was too delicious

to sojourn for the afflicted, and *Syracusa* seem'd a City where they might remain, without informing who they were, because of the great resort of strangers thither from all parts, this City having the commerce of *Africa* and *Italy*, as well as *Greece*, *Tarentum*, and a great part of *Etruria*, but to conceal better so great a secret, *Nicius* and *Martia* resolv'd to say that this young Prince was their Son, and without having any other company with them, save his Nurse, and two most faithful slaves, they embark'd as I have told you, with intention to go to *Syracusa*, but Madam, before I relate the issues of their voyage, I shall briefly tell you, that *Mezentius* not only acted all I have told you, after he had known that *Galerita* had a Son, but he swore he would declare war to all Princes, and all Republicks, which gave him a retreat, and that *Porfennas* party in *Clusium* being suppressed by the others, *Mezentius* had the power to persecute impudently that unhappy King, and men of the greatest knowledge are perswaded, that if he had not had a Son, his life had been in great danger, but as *Mezentius* saw, that if he put him to death, it would give a pretext for a new war, which he would not undertake, since those which had the Prince in their power would use his name to revenge the death of the King, he spar'd his life, and seeing himself so absolutely master of *Clusium*, as he hop'd, for those that he had protected against the faithful Subjects of *Porfenna*, had ever been there of the greatest Authority.

In the *Interim* *Bianor* endeavour'd to console himself by the great credit he had with *Mezentius*, and by the hope that *Galeritas* child would perish, and *Porfenna* die in Prison, and that he should one day enjoy his Mistress.

But to return to *Nicius* and *Martia*, they were no sooner embark'd, but the wind which was at first favourable, suddenly chang'd, and became so outrageous that for fear of shipwrack, they must leave their intended course, and abandon themselves to the wind, which was stronger than the Pilots art, who conducted them: and the Sea was so tumultuous, that the waves often pass'd from one side of the ship to the other, with such impetuosity, that they nigh overwhelm'd all that were there, and these waves meeting sometimes together in such a manner that they form'd within themselves great foamy mountains, that the other waves bore away in wheeling about, and they saw a kind of fight between them, which threatn'd shipwrack to all the vessels which were then on the Sea: This Tempest became most dangerous to that Ship in which *Nicius* and *Martia* was, for the wind after it had tost it in divers manners, pulst it towards the Cape of *Lylibeum*, so that as there is no greater danger for vessels when the Sea is angry, than to be nigh the Land, *Nicius* and *Martia* had much reason to fear the loss of their Vessel, but that which more confirmed it, was, that they saw the Pilot, who was very skilful, after to have unprofitably used his art to resist the impetuosity of the winds, and the tempestuousness of the Sea, had left the helm and fell on his knees to make vows to *Neptune*, declaring by this action, that he no more hoped there, but in the assistance of the Gods, yet they appear'd in his face, that he did not hope to obtain that he demanded, for he had all the marks of despair in his eyes.

In the mean time, in the middle of this tempest, this young Prince which was *Nicius* and *Martias* principal fear,

peaceably slept in his cradle, without knowing his life was in peril, but though he feared not, *Martia* and *Nicius* feared for him, and there was other vessels in this place, which were exposed to perish, as that of *Nicius*: and by fortune's capriciousness, the tempest had brought together in a little space many ships, which held divers ways, when it began, for there was one of *Carthage* which being parted from *Syracusa* to return to its Country had been constrained to leave its course, there was another from *Tarentum*, two from *Ostria*, and one from *Corinth*, so that the wind seemed not to have formed this little Fleet but to destroy it, these Vessels then fearing to be rocks to one another, and to beat by clashing together, performed all which they could to separate them, but as usually the sea being angry disperseth the Fleets, it seemed to have brought these ships together, and would not separate them, till they should be broken by one another, and had covered the shore with their ruins: but Madam, the better to comprehend the marvellousness of this adventure, you must know that there was in this vessel that went to *Carthage*, an illustrious Roman family, who to fly the persecution of *Tarquin* the proud, which now reigns in that famous City, had taken a resolution to seek an asylum in *Africa*, because there is no great commerce between *Italy* and it, except it be casual by the way of *Sicilie*; and *Clelius* who was chief of it saw him self unfortunate, and more unfortunate than *Nicius*, for he had an only son in the Cradle, that was exposed to perish as well as he, it is not that *Clelius* feared death, through a resentment of weakness, but that having all the generosity which true Romans make profession of, he lookt upon his loss, and his sonnes as a gain to *Tarquin* whereof he was enemy and he did not consider the loss of all his family and his own. His wife, who was named *Sulpicia*, was not so troubled by the apprehension of death, as by a resentment of glory, who desired, that if they perished, the enemy should not hear of their shipwrack, so that *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, without concealing themselves during the tempest, as usually all passengers do, which are in vessels, came on the poop, to look upon this terrible agitation of the waves, which momentarily exposed them to perish, at least just gods (said then this generous Roman, lifting up his eyes to heaven) if ye have resolved my destruction, save my Country, and to die like a true Roman; let me rather make vows for it, than for my self, do then, you just gods I entreat you oppress *Tarquin* the proud by his own tyranny, let him be trampled under the Throne to which his crimes have carryed him, and let the cruel *Tullia*, which passed over her fathers body to mount the same Throne dye cruelly, let all his family be exterminated, let the name of the *Tarquins* be an horror, and since *Rome* hath no more legitimate Kings, let it I say be free, and let it never have tyrants, *Clelius* having thus spoken, and *Sulpicia* by her suppliant action seemed to joyn her prayers with her husbands, a gust of this enraged wind bearing *Nicius* his vessel on theirs, split them both in an instant, and covered all the sea with their ruins; the *Carthaginians* were seen mingled with the *Romans* and the *Romans* with the *Sicilians*, who in particular used all the means they were able to save their lives, but amongst others *Clelius* who could swim admirably, and who had a strong heart, incapable of

disturbance by the sight of any certain death, endeavoured to swim to discover his wife or his son, amongst that mass of planks, which there floated, and men clinged unto them to save their lives, but as the violence of the waves, soon dispersed the splinters of the ships, *Clelius* without finding his son or his wife, was constrained to think on his own safety; and having discovered the point of a rock which overlookt the sea, where he might retreat in such a pressing necessity: he that endeavoured to gain it in despite of the impetuosity of the waves, in hope all the vessels which he had seen in the beginning of the tempest were not perished, and that some of them would take him from the rock when the sea was a little calm; but as *Clelius* vigorously did swim to attain that rock, he saw on his right hand, a cradle which floated, and a young child, which without appearing affrighted at the horrible peril where he was, smiled as soon as he perceived him, this pitiful object sensibly touching the heart of this generous Roman, and at that instant not thinking there was any other Child but his in any of the vessels which were shipwrackt, believed it was his son and did swim with more swiftness to go to succour that Cradle, which the waves so rudely tossed, but approaching it, he knew distinctly, that it was not his child; for he had different swaddling clouts and very remarkable which gave him no doubt of it; nevertheless, *Clelius* incited by a compassionate feeling, and wishing his child were in the same estate, who might find one which would succour him, continued swimming towards the cradle of the young Prince of *Clusium*, for it was Madam the son of him whom *Clelius* saw in imminent danger, and which would have infallibly perished without his assistance: this illustrious *Clelius* did swim with so much force and address, for to take hold of a corner of the Cradle of that young Prince whom he knew not; but that which was most cruel, was, that the waves which pusht it, carried it from the point of the rock, that he lookt upon as an Asylum; nevertheless having found this Cradle, he sustained it with one hand, and swimming with the other, he turned his head to the rock, where afterwards arrived with much difficulty, and as soon as he was there, he put the Cradle of this young Prince, on the highest part of that rock, and seated him by it, to behold the place where he was shipwrackt, but looking on it, he saw his own sons cradle which floated, and which being intangled among the planks, that the Sea tossed in a strange manner, appeared to him ready to be drowned, so that not having the power to resist his paternal pity, weary as he was, he left the young child which he had found, and cast himself again into the sea, to endeavour to save his, but going thither had the misfortune to see that a gust of wind having pusht the prow of one of those broken ships, between him and his son, just as the cradle had been disintangled from the planks which supported it, hindered him from seeing any more the cradle or the planks; for at that time there fell a shower of rain so abundant, that *Clelius* could hardly perceive the rock, where he had left *Porcennas* son, when he believed to have seen his own son perish, he would return to him which heaven had given him, and having nothing else to do, he regained that Refuge, but when he was there, he sometimes believed, that he and this child would likewise die there,

there; for after the cessation of this terrible shower, he saw two vessels which had not been shipwrackt, instead to approach the place where he was, did all that they might to estrange themselves from it, for as the Pilots knew that rock, they would not by any means possible approach it; so that *Clelius* finding his deplored estate, judged that it may be, if he enterprised to swim to gain those vessels, it would not be impossible for him to do it, if he went alone without enterprising to sustain the Cradle; but as he would not forsake the child which heaven had put into his protection, he could not resolve to do it; for he was no sooner on the rock, but the wind changed, and pushed thither such an abundance of foam, that if *Clelius* had not held the Cradle of this young Prince in his arms, he had been drowned in the sea. *Clelius* being in this deplorable estate, believed when he see his son perish, he did not doubt of his wifes death, his generosity hindred from thinking of preserving his own life, and he saw little appearance to preserve that unhappy infant; but in the end, one of these *Carthaginian* vessels which had not perished, being pushed in despight of him towards that rock and *Clelius* having made divers signs, was in the end perceived by him which commanded it, which being capable of humanity, had taken a particular care to save the most of those men he could, which were shipwrackt, and in the end, the wind having ceased on a sudden, it was easie for him without danger to approach the rock: and *Clelius* put himself again in the water, charged with the Cradle of the son of *Porfenna* to gain the vessel, where he had the joy to find again his dear *Sulpicia*, that a faithfull slave had saved her by bearing her upon the water, and making her to board the ship where he found her. This interview had something very delightful: for *Clelius* was much comforted by finding his wife, and *Sulpicia* was very joyfull to see again her husband, she believed at first she had recovered her son, when she saw *Clelius* with a child in his arms, but she was soon disabused, and in the end they both comforted themselves for the losse of their child by him fortune had given them, and by the consolation they had to see one another, after they had believed never to have seen one another again, and it seemed, that in the shipwrack, where they had believed to have lost all, they saved that which was of most value; for they found a part of their vessel run on ground on a heap of sand, where the richest things which they had were, and *Sulpicia* struggling in the water had seized on a plank of another broken vessel, upon which was a casket fastned by divers cords wound round about it in that turning which was made at the time of the shipwrack; so that this faithfull slave of *Clelius*, who had saved *Sulpicia*, having found her sustaining herself by this plank, which was ready to sink by the weight of this casket, supported her, and brought her to the vessel where *Clelius* found her (for it was very nigh) bringing likewise in his hands the casket which was fastned to the plank, imagining without examination, that it was hers, so that after *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* had had the leasure to meditate on the accident which was arrived, they found that their losse was lesse then they thought of in this occasion; for they had found a child in stead of theirs, and stones of an inestimable value in that Casket.

In the mean time, *Clelius* believing that he could

not better acknowledge the favour that the gods had afforded him by saving his life, than in having a particular care of that child he had found, prayed *Sulpicia* to nourish it instead of hers, and to love it as her own, and as they both felt the grief they had for the losse of theirs, they would have restored this child to those which had lost it, if they were not perisht themselves, but they could not hear of them, for the misfortune was, that those of the *Carthaginian* Vessels saved none but those which were with *Clelius* and the other vessels, which were nigh that in which *Porfenna*'s son was shipwrackt, succoured those which escaped there, but as the tempest separated them, and their wayes being different, *Clelius* could learn nothing of the birth of this child, neither of what country he was, nevertheless his hope was, that the vessel which had saved him, went thither where he had a design to go: he obliged the Captain, to whom he owed his life, to bring him to *Carthage*, where he had a design to passe the time of his exile, to the end said he, that I may not have my spirit troubled by the recitall of *Tarquins* tyranny. But to make *Sulpicia* love the child better, the gods had given them, he desired he should have the name of *Aronces*, which was the name of the child he had lost; but he would not say, when he came to *Carthage* that *Aronces* was his son, though he had for him a paternal affection, for fear that should obscure his knowledge, and not knowing whether he should have other children, he would not disguise the truth, but he would carefully keep the Cradle, and the swading bands in which this child had been found, and likewise imagined that the stones he had found in that Casket might conduce to his knowledge: And he had for this child which was unknown to him, all the cares which his high birth rendred him worthy of, but whilst *Clelius* rendred to him all the offices of a true father, *Nicius* and *Martia* which had been saved by a *Syracusan* vessel, were in so strange a despair for the losse of this young Prince, which was trusted to their care, that they durst never declare his death to the particular friends of *Galerita*, though they were strongly perswaded he had perished; for as things were then, if this young Prince had been in their power, they durst not in any wise have revealed his birth, and they remained at *Syracusa*, where they learnt that *Porfenna* was more strictly kept, that *Bianor* persecuted *Galerita*, and that *Sexilia* had no children. But to return to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, you shall know Madam, that they lived at *Carthage*, where their vertue soon gained them many friends, and the young *Aronces* comforted them so well for the losse of their son, that if they had had a desire to destroy him to resuscitate the other, they could not resolve to do it, and indeed I have heard them say, he was amiable even from his Cradle, and that he ever appeared to have something so great in him, little as he was, that it was easie even then to imagine that he should be of illustrious extraction, he was likewise more dear to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, because they were four years without any children, but in the end *Sulpicia* had a daughter, which was called *Clelia*, but a daughter so fair, that they spoke of her beauty even at her birth, I shall not trouble my self Madam to exaggerate to you all her first attraction, though I have heard *Aronces* say, she testified so much spirit, even before she could speak, for as I have things of more importance

importance to tell you, I shall not weary your patience by a recital of that nature, and I shall content myself to assure you, that if *Clelius* forgot nothing to bring up the young *Aronces*, *Sulpicia* likewise forgot nothing to bring up the young *Clelia*; neither shall I trouble my self Madam, to tell you many particularities of the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Carthage*, to make you comprehend that these two Persons could not be better in any place of the Earth; since it is true, they found in it all they might find in the most political Republicks, and in the most flourishing Monarchies; but as it is not that of which I must treat, but it is the life of *Aronces* you must know: I shall tell you in two words, that *Carthage* is one of the richest and fairest Cities in the World, and that as all the *Africans* have a natural inclination to delight, though they are a warlike People, all pleasures were found in this Magnificent City, as much as in any place of the Earth.

Moreover, as *Carthage* is dreadful to her Neighbours, it is never without the residence of men of Quality from all bordering Estates, and it hath in its Neighbourhood a Prince which is called the Prince of *Carthage*, because he derives his descent from an Aunt of *Dido*, which did likewise reside there, before he imbroyled himself with this Republick: the Prince of *Numidia* here present, was at this time there, and there was no Prince in *Africa*, which desired not to send his Children to *Carthage*, so that *Aronces* saw even from his Birth, Persons whose conditions were proportionable to his, for as *Clelius* was much esteemed in this City, and *Aronces* was of a pleasant disposition, and a dexterous wit, he easily familiarised himself with the *Carthaginian* and *Numidian* Princes, they being all of one Age; the Prince of *Carthage* so entirely affecting his Conversation, (that when he went to a City under his power called *Urica*, not far distant from *Carthage*, he always accompanied him) *Aronces* by this means being very little in *Clelia's* company, whom he then considered, but as *Clelius* his Daughter to whom he was obliged both for his life and education; and it is as natural for those of fifteen or sixteen years, to seek those which are elder, he having nigh compleated a lustre more than *Clelia*, did not at this time much esteem her, the pleasures he found with the *Carthaginian* and *Numidian* Princes diverting his eyes from that amiable Object, whose Beauty (as he hath since confessed to me) began then to emit those rayes, which have since wounded his heart, but he so well behaved himself towards *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, that they loved him as if he had been their Son, and expended for him, as if he had been their Child; but Madam, that you may the better understand my Narration, you must know that the Prince of *Carthage* hath a man of Quality depending on him, named *Amilcar*, whom he much loved, and which is the most agreeable and accomplished man in the World, who contracted so great a friendship with *Aronces*, that it is reported *Amilcar* was no more loved by the *Carthaginian* Prince, than *Aronces* was of *Amilcar*.

And this young Prince having taken a resolution to travel unknown, *Amilcar* desired that *Aronces* should accompany him, (and *Clelia* having consented thereto) *Aronces* being then sixteen years old, and the young *Clelia* twelve, departed with the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar* to see *Greece*; but that which was most remarkable, was, that at their return, the

Tempest having cast them in *Sicily*, instead of returning to *Carthage*, as they intended, they resolved to see *Rome*, and the greatest part of the principal Cities of *Tiscany*, and these two opposite Voyages requiring some time to perform them, they were four years before they returned to *Carthage*. *Aronces* being twenty, and *Clelia* sixteen when they finished their peregrination; but before I tell you what passed between *Clelia* and him at their first enterview, it will be requisite to acquaint you, that at their departure from *Rome*, where the violences of *Tarquin* continued, the Prince of *Carthage* who travelled unknown, encountered an illustrious *Roman*, named *Horatius*, whom the unjust *Tarquin* had banished, who without knowing where to pass the time of his exile, acquainted himself with *Aronces*, who very well understood the Latine Tongue, because *Clelius* who loved his Country, even to sacrifice his life for it, would not have *Aronces* ignorant of that Language: *Horatius* having a desire therefore to leave it some time to go into a strange Country, was very glad to find one endowed with so many rare qualities, which spoke his Language, and who having learn'd his design, proposed to him to go to *Carthage*, where he assured him he should find *Clelius*, whose name and vertue *Horatius* very well knew; for his Father and his, had been alwayes friends, though they had been Rivals, and *Aronces* having an Inclination to serve *Horatius*: not only because he appeared to have much Spirit, but because he was a *Roman*, and Son to one of *Clelius's* his Friends, entreated *Amilcar*, to pray the Prince of *Carthage* that this illustrious exile might accompany him, and find an *asylum* with him, and *Amilcar* following his natural generosity, and willing to satisfy *Aronces* whom he loved, easily obtained of the Prince of *Carthage* that which he demanded, who became from this time *Aronces's* particular Friend, he not foreseeing that which should one day divide them: but Madam, before I declare the Arrival of this illustrious Troop at *Carthage*, you must know, that leaving them at *Capua*; I shall somewhat enlarge my Discourse, and tell you, that during the four years of *Aronces's* absence, *Clelia* was mounted to such a transcendent height of perfection, that there was nothing spoke of at his Return, but her Beauty at *Carthage*, and she had had so many attractive Graces, that she took all hearts captive, and made them do vassalage and homage to her: He who had the greatest Authority in *Carthage*, and who was named *Maharball*, was become so amorous of her, that he was not in estate to observe the Laws of the Country, acknowledging no other than those love had imposed upon him; but as he is a violent man and very rich, he imagined that if he did but demand *Clelia* of her Father, he should without doubt obtain her, and if *Clelius* had been a *Carthaginian*, he had easily given him his Daughter, but as he had a *Roman* heart, and had not renounced his Country, he could not resolve to give *Clelia* to a man which was not of his Country, and without disguising his thoughts, he would have at first explicated himself, when this Marriage was proposed to him, though it appeared to be very advantageous for him, for without doubt *Maharball's* Authority was greater there than any others; for the Prince of *Numidia* who was captivated by this fair Person, durst not openly testify his love, for as he was than an Hostage with the *Carthaginians*, by reason of a Treaty his Father had made with this Republique, he had

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been very, imprudent, if he had declared himself his Rival, who held him in his power, and which it may be upon slight pretexts, would have arrested him, or at least made him depart from *Carthage*, and estrange himself from his beloved Object, to whom he only endeavoured to make his love appear, though he knew very well, that *Clelius* had said, he would not marry his Daughter, but to a *Roman*, yet he doubted not, but if he could touch *Clelius* heart, to make him alter his resolution, and to prefer him before that Puissant Rival, who so highly declared himself, for he believed that a *Numidian* Prince ought to be more considered by *Clelius*, than a man which had but a limited Authority, and which had it not for ever.

Thus you see Madam, in what estate things were, when the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar* and *Horatius* arrived there, but as Fortune from very inconsiderable beginnings discloseth those Events which oftentimes prove remarkable: *Aronces* revisited the Fair *Clelia* in such a gallant manner, that it much contributed to that passion, which since hath tormented his life, for be pleased to know Madam, that as *Carthage* hath been heretofore begun to be builded by the Illustrious *Dido*, in a place which was bought of the *Phenicians* which then inhabited there, and since finished by them, it hath ever remained as a mark of dependance of that proud City to that of *Tyre*, for there is built there every Year a Magnificent Vessel, in which they send to the *Phenicians* the tenth part of the Republique Revenue, with the tenth part of the Booty, and Prisoners that are taken in War, they likewise exchange every Year two Virgins chosen by lot, and those which come to demand this tribute bring two *Phenicians*, and receive two *Carthaginians*, which are always most advantageously married in both Countries, as this Ceremony is famous, there is in one day destined to the renewing the Alliance of these two People, which is spent in nothing but publick rejoicing, for there hath ever been two men of Quality sent from *Phenicia*, which come to receive this Tribute, and which usually make a Magnificent Feast to the principal Magistrate of the City, in that proud Vessel, and alſoon as they are returned to Shore, they ply their Oars, and hoist their Sails. And as *Maharbal* ought to perform this Ceremony, and to renew the Alliance with the *Phenicians* and *Carthaginians*, he to content his passion, obliged the *Tyrrians* which were to make this sumptuous Feast, to invite thither the principal Ladies of the City, so that at the going out of that famous Temple of *Dido*, where this Alliance was to be renewed, all the Ladies conducted by *Maharbal's* Sister, which is a vertuous Person, were brought the two *Carthaginians* which were to go into *Phenicia*, and received the two *Phenicians*, which were to remain at *Carthage*; but as this Feast was indeed made for *Clelia*, she was there with her Mother, *Clelius* not daring to oppose her going where so many other Ladies were, though *Maharbal's* passion displeased him, she being induced thither more by reason than inclination, for *Clelia's* heart was not yet submitted to loves flame, neither had any of her Adorers made any impression in it, and it might very well be discerned, that she did affect nothing but glory, it giving an augmentation to her Beauty; but to relate the real truth of things, I believe she loved it not too much, at least, I have not seen a fairer in my life, in whom there appeared less affectation.

In the meantime, we arrived at *Carthage* the day of this Feast advantageously for the *Phenicians*, and very gloriously for our selves; for Madam, two dayes before the Vessel in which we were, had taken two of the Isle of *Cyrene*, with whom the *Carthaginians* had some contest, there being War between *Sicily* their Confederate, and this Isle: but without reciting all the particulars of this action; I shall tell you in few words, that the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Horatius* did highly signalize themselves in this occasion, and that we took in the end these two Vessels, in which we found a very rich Booty, though those of the Isle *Cyrene* were not rich, they having before taken it in a *Sicilian* Vessel which came from *Corinth*: So that we took in this occasion a considerable Prize, whether by the richness of the Merchandize, or the number of the Slaves: but not to obscure the glory of *Aronces*, it is certain, that all those which were in our Ship, agreed that he had more contributed to this Great Action, than any other, and as I have told you, we arrived very opportunely for the *Phenicians*, to whom the tenth part of our Booty belonged, and very agreeable for our selves, for when our Vessel entred into the Port *Clelia* and three or four other Ladies were on the Poop of that Magnificent Ship that the *Carthaginians* sent to *Phenicia*, and she was there entertained by *Maharbal*, and by the *Numidian* Prince; when we approach'd it the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, and *Amilcar* knew what was the Feast they made, and told it us, but when they were nigher and might discern the Beauty of *Clelia*, they were extremely surprized at it, and *Aronces* was sometime without knowing her, but as he was at first known by *Clelia*, she so obligingly saluted him, that he knew very well, that this fair Person was that dear adopted Sister, with whom he had passed his minority; so that he took much part in all the praises that the Prince of *Carthage*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I attributed to her Beauty; but if *Aronces* was sensible of her Glory, *Clelia* was likewise of his, when that the Prince of *Carthage* followed by *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I were in the tributary Vessel where all the Ladies were, to render account to *Maharbal* of the Prize he had taken, for as the Vessel was not his, but belonged to the Republique; the glory only of this action appertained to him, which he would have given entirely to *Aronces*, to whom he gave all the praises, speaking to *Maharbal* in presence of *Clelia*, that he made him be looked on with admiration by all those which understood him; but as *Aronces* hath without doubt all the modesty of a truly brave man, he departed from the place where they spoke so advantageously of him, and approaching *Sulpicia*, he demanded of her news of *Clelius*, he not being there, and a little after, not being able to hinder himself from speaking of the Beauty of her admirable Daughter, he rejoiced with her to see her so fair, and afterwards seeking occasion to speak to her in particular, whilst *Maharbal*, the Prince of *Numidia* entertained the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar*, he testified to her his joy to see her endowed with such excellent Features, *Clelia* on her part, who knew how her Father loved *Aronces*, received him with as many testimonies of friendship, as if he had been her Brother, as *Clelius* had desired her to stile him, and that *Aronces* should call her his Sister, so that when he was nigh her, this charming Virgin thus said to him,

him, before he could frame himself to speak to her, the admiration of her beauty having for some time suspended his speech: Tell me my Brother, said she to him, hath not absence made you forget *Carthage* and *Greece*, and *Italy*, have not they made you hate *Africa*? but before you answer me, added she smiling, remember I pray you, that though I was born at *Carthage*, I boast my self to be a *Roman*, for fear that without thinking of it, you put it before *Rome*, and prefer some other Country to my true Country. I now remember said *Aronces* so little of all I have seen during my voyage, that I cannot tell how to render you an account of it, for in the end my dear sister (if it is permitted an adopted brother to tell you my thoughts) you are the fairest creature I ever saw, and if *Rome* knew your beauty, I am persuaded it would wage a bloodier war to draw you from it, than that as *Greece* heretofore made against *Troy*, for to reconquer that fair Princess, whose name shall last as long as the world; at least, I know well, added he, that the most famous beauty of *Rome*, which is that of a person of great quality called *Lucrece*, is not comparable to yours; for all I see replied *Clelia*, smiling, you are become such a flatterer, that I dare no more name you my brother, but for to tell me something, that I may hear without blushing, pursued she, tell me, I conjure you, if you are satisfied concerning *Rome*, and if *Tarquin* ever merits by his violences the attribute of proud *Rome* is assuredly replied *Aronces*, the first City of all *Italy*, and it deserves to be the worlds *Metropolis*, since it may boast to be your true Country, but for *Tarquin*, he is so absolute there, that though all people murmur secretly against him, there is no appearance that his tyranny should soon finish, for hardly doth he know that any one is against his Interests, but he exiles him, or puts him to death: As *Aronces* had thus said, they saw enter in the vessel where he was, the tenth part of the slaves that the Prince of *Carthage* had taken, and that he had sent as an homage to the *Phenicians*, which gave a thousand praises to him in receiving them; but *Clelia* hearing the Prince of *Carthage* say, that those slaves belonged to *Aronces*, she put an obliging war to him in demanding an exact account of his conquests; it is rather for me replied he gallantly to demand of you an account of yours, which are assuredly more illustrious than mine; for I do not doubt, but if I saw all those which have been enslaved by the attractive lustre of your eyes, since my departure, I should see them in a far greater number, than those the Prince of *Carthage* attributeth to me, at least I know you may vanquish the vanquisher of others, If you enterprize it: After that *Amilcar* approaching, *Aronces* demanded of him, shewing *Clelia* to him, if he did not fear to be shipwrackt at the Port? and the conversation being become generall, I gave my verdict as well as *Amilcar*.

But Madam, I must ingeniously confess unto you, she is the fairest nature ever made for wonder, and in her alone are concentrated all those graces (may be imagined) to compleat a perfect beauty, the brightness of her hair adding a lustre to her sparkling eyes, and the circumference of her face framed after such exact rules of proportion, that no pencill is able to delineate her mouth for shape, shaming the imitation of the best artists; and the liveliest colours, (though tempered with the hands of the most exquisite Painters) are but dull shadows, and

imperfect Representations in comparison of that perfect mixture of red and white, which tinctures her complexion; but she is furthermore imbellish'd with all the Charms of a tempting beauty, for she hath a gallant and modest air, a lofty yet lovely Countenance, not any imperious deportment, but such an affable behaviour, that she commands both Love and Respect from all those who behold her; and though she hath a firm and bold spirit above those of her sex, she hath such an engaging sweetness that none can resist, and that grandeur of spirit which makes her despise the greatest perills if she be threatened with them, hath imprinted a certain timorous modesty on her visage, which heightens her unparallel'd Features.

Clelia being adorned with all these superexcellent embellishments of Nature, gave so much admiration to *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and to me, when wee saw her in that vessel which was going to *Phenicia*, that she was the sole subject of our discourse the Remainder of that day, for *Horatius* he spoke of it less then me, for besides that naturally hee doth not love to declare his thoughts, I have known, that he felt himself so wounded with *Clelia's* beauty at this first sight, that he would not hinder his spirit from being wholly possessed with that fair person whom he alone contemplated, without communicating his Resentments to any persons, as for *Aronces*, he was more happy then *Horatius*, for as he resided in *Clelius* his house, he passed there the rest of that day and all the night, but he lodged no more there, because the Prince of *Carthage* would absolutely that he should lodge in his Palace, and that he should be depending on him, and that *Aronces* having nothing but what *Clelius* had given him, was not sorry to find such an illustrious way to subsist by his own virtue receiving the benefits of so great a Prince.

In the mean time, after *Clelius* had imbraced *Aronces* with a Paternall affection, he had likewise much joy to see *Horatius* which was son to one of his dearest friends, and prayd *Aronces* to love him as if he had been his Brother, and commanded *Sulpicia* and his amiable Daughter, to take a particular care of him, for when *Clelius* entertained *Horatius* of the present Estate of *Rome*, he found such a Sympathy in his thoughts, and that he so much hated *Tarquin*, and the fiery and cruell *Tullia* his wife, that he loved him much more for it, so that *Aronces* who very much esteem'd *Horatius*, and which was very much beloved by him, performed all that he could imagin to render his Exile less rigorous; but as freindship is not alwaies dispensed by exact Justice, though I had less merit then *Horatius*, I had a greater part in the affection of *Aronces*, being his entire Confident so soon as we arrived at *Carthage*, we knew the next day *Maharballs* love for *Clelia* without knowing the Prince of *Numidias*, which as I have already told you, made it appear but to her which caused it, but as he soon noted the credit that *Aronces* had with *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, and their admirable Daughter, he endeavoured by all means to gain his friendship, in which without doubt he had much part, and since that time, as Liberty is much greater at *Carthage*, then *Rome*; the Prince of *Numidia*, *Aronces*, *Horatius* and I were almost alwaies with *Sulpicia*, and we had the Advantages, not to be often importuned by *Maharballs* presence, because as he nigh sustained the weight of the Republique, it was impossible

impossible for him absolutely to renounce his duty, to satisfy his Love; and relying on his Authority, he easily dispensed with all those petty cares, he thought unnecessary. And since none imbarqued from *Carthage*, without his provision, he did not fear *Clelius* would go from thence, nor that any man of quality in the City durst be his Rivall, as for the Prince of *Carthage*, he turned eyes another way, *Amilcar* seemed to have two or three designs instead of one, and the Prince of *Numidia* was not in estate to dare to oppose him openly, he lookt upon *Aronces* as one unknown, which durst not turn his eyes towards the Daughter of a man, to whom he owed his life, and he considered *Horatius* and I as two strangers which would not stay at *Carthage*, and which would not make an enemy of him which should protect us. *Clelia* being by these considerations importuned by him, and we were more happy, for though *Maharball* hath Spirit, it is an incommodious spirit, he having a formed eloquence with an insupportable slownesse, and which would enforce attention from his auditors, as if his discourse contained much ingenuity, who believes himself to be above all, he knowes who boasteth himself to be of a great house, great spirit, and great heart, and who is the violentest man in the world; but in despite of all his violence, the Prince of *Numidia* was his Rivall, tis true, he was in so discreet a manner, that no person perceived it but *Clelia* only, and he had perswaded *Maharball* that the reason which so often induced him to *Sulpicias* house; was, that he was charm'd with her Language, and indeed the Prince with so much assiduity studied the Roman language to have only the power to speak of his Love to *Clelia*, (as I have known this morning by himself) and to vent his passion the first time to that fair person, for as he had lately left a man which depended on *Clelius*, who taught it him, he feigned to entertain himself alone with her, whilst *Sulpicia* spoke to other Ladies to have forgotten some instructions he had given him, so that he made divers questions to her saying, he should be very much obliged to her if she would be his mistress, as the language you learned said he to him, is high as strange to me as you; (though I have learnt it from my Cradle) since I do not ordinarily speak it, I should teach you my errors instead of correcting yours. As I principally learned that Language, sayd he to her, because I know you love it; and that for to speak it with you, I ought chiefly to speak as you, since I would be understood but by you alone, refuse not mee therefore the favour to clear my doubts, and to assist me to express my self when I entertain you, for it is certain, that how fair and copious the Language of your Country is, I find it poor and sterile, every time I would tell you I love you, and I believe, tis rather because I have not found terms enough to declare it to you, then any defect of boldness: But in fine cruell *Clelia*, since you will not teach me to tell it you better I now tell it you, and tell it you with a resolution, to tell it you when any occasion presents, and with a resolution carefully to seek it, I will take such a particular care to shun you, replied *Celia*, that if it is true you love me, you will more than once repent what you have sayd, it hath been so long that I have repented for not discovering my Love to you sooner, replied the Prince of *Numidia*, that I can hardly believe I shall ever repent to have told you that I love you, for in fine you cannot inflict any pu-

nishment upon me, for which I am not prepared, I demand of you therefore the favour, added he, to tell me only if you have as much aversion for me as *Maharball*, that which you have told me, replied she, hath so much exasperated me, that I cannot now tell whether there is any other person in the world then you which displeaseth me, ah rigorous *Clelia*! cry'd he, you carry too far your hatred by not being willing to tell me that you hate me less than a man that I know is very odious to you, and to make me believe that I am the only person to whom you are averse, see then Madam what was the declaration of the Prince of *Numidia's* Love, and in what manner the admirable *Clelia* received the discovery of his affection, she kept her word as she said, to avoid his particular conversation; but she had the generosity to do it so carefully, that none should perceive it for fear they might divine the cause, and that *Maharball* should not have occasion to treat this Prince with any severity, as she told it to one of his friends, to the end to make him comprehend, that if she did not openly testify her hatred against him, 'twas not that he ought to conceive more hope; since, 'twas but by a bountry which was entirely dissentaneous from all his pretensions.

In the mean time *Aronces* seeing the admirable *Clelia* every day, and seeing her with much familiarity, was taken in the snares of her beauty, and not being one moment ignorant of the nature of that affection which began to cloud his Liberty, as usually those are which have had no passion, he really imagined in what fears and disquietudes this Love would involve his Soul, for though he was much esteemed by *Clelia*, and tenderly affected by her Parents, he little expected ever to attain that happiness he so much desired, and his birth being unknown, it would be esteemed an high presumption if he should level his thoughts at *Clelia*, but what considerations soever he used to oppose this new born passion, proved too weak to resist those Charms shot from such a tempting beauty. On the other side, *Horatius* was at first so powerfully touch'd with *Clelia's* perfections, that I am assured, he loved as soon as his eyes survey'd those inimitable Graces Nature had bestowed upon her, he not then imagining Love had stole his Heart, but contrary to *Aronces*, called that Esteem and admiration which might have admitted the term of Love, and these two Rivalls not being acquainted with one another's affections; spent their time in an amicable familiarity, the Prince of *Numidia* much esteeming them, and *Clelia* had three Lovers which knew not themselves to be Rivalls, and of whom but one had disclosed his amorous intentions; I put not *Maharball* in this number, for his passion was so generally known, that no person could be ignorant of it.

In the mean time, The Nuptials (of the two *Phenicians*, exchanged for the two *Carthaginians* the day we arrived there) were solemnized, and as these marriages were performed at the Republicks expences, there was a great Feast made, and nothing but publick acclamations of joy during the space of eight days; but I confess Madam, *Clelia's* Conversations was to be preferred before those Festivall delights, she having a spirit suiting the pleasantness of her disposition. I remember one day amongst the rest, *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and I were with her, with two Ladies of the City, the one named *Sozomisa*,

nisba, and the other *Barce*, for it is certain we could not better spend our time then with *Sulpicia*, the ground of this discourse proceeded from two men which had married the two *Phenicians*, one being amorous of her whom he had espoused at first sight, and disaffected her soon after the Nuptials, the other which had espoused her, which was destin'd to him not being amorous, was become amorous since his marriage, so that this event being singular and agreeable, they at first examined this fantastick adventure; for my self sayd, *Clelia* I cannot conceive that it is possible to one to love, that he hath not the leisure to know, I easily imagine that a great beauty pleaseth at first sight, but cannot conceive how Love should be produced in a moment, and I am strongly perswaded that one cannot at the first time that they see a person, as amiable as can be imagined, feel any thing in his heart but some disposition to love, as you have never been in Love, replied *Horatius*, 'tis not very strange that you do not know how this passion possesses hearts, and it is certainly true, that one may love at the first sight if they see a person that is capable to be beloved, and I confess that if they should love her at first sight the love would not be, it may be, strong enough to give a long inquietude, and that it would finish as speedily as it begun; as at first a spark cannot make a great fire if care be taken to extinguish it, so Love hath need of entertainment to increase it; but as this spark is fire, though it casteth no great heat nor light, so Love at first is Love, though it is but newly begun. It is certain replied *Aronces*, that Love as friendship may be born in an instant which usually is preceded by many good Offices, but I am perswaded that that Love which hath no sudden beginning, and which is advanced by great esteem and very much admiration, is more strong and solid then that which is tumultuously born without knowing whether the person beloved hath either virtue or spirit, for I have heard say, that there are men which become amorous of women, with whom they had never changed a word; and there are some sayd *Sozonisba* which have loved women having never seen them, and which have even loved a picture; for those added *Barce*, I think they may be rather rank'd with those which have no reason, then in the rank of those which have Love. Indeed replied *Clelia*, 'tis not so strange to see a man very amorous of a fair picture, as of a woman which hath neither Beauty spirit or virtue, as there are some which are; For my particular, replied I, I find the fair *Clelia* hath reason, and that it is the greatest folly imaginable to love that which is not amiable. I am of your opinion, replied *Horatius*, but be likewise of mine, and confess that all great passions have a violent beginning, and that there is nothing which more demonstrates an ardent and durable Love, then when it is born in an instant without consulting our reason, I easily am of your opinion, replied *Aronces*, that one may begin to have love at the first sight of an amiable person; but I will not confess that those which have this first thought of passion more violent than others, love more or longer, for 'tis rather an effect of their temperament, than the grandeur of their passion, so that ordinarily those which are of a hot nature love not so constantly as others, because not having power over their own dispositions, they must necessarily change Love as other things, and

it consequently follows, that those which love the speediest are not the most constant: But in fine, said *Clelia*, it matters not whether they change or no, 'tis not of that I intend to speak, for that I maintain is, that one cannot have Love at the first sight they see a woman: I assure you Madam, replied *Horatius*, I know a man which from the first day he saw one of the most admirable persons in the world, had I know not what in his heart which entirely possess it, which gave him joy and inquietude, desires, hope and fear, and which in fine, rendred him so different from himself, that if it was not love he had in his heart, it was something which very much resembled it. I know another, replied *Aronces*, without suspecting *Horatius* his Passion for *Clelia*, which hath long time had esteem and admiration without loving a marvellous person; 'tis true, I am perswaded, that the reason which then hindred him from it was, that he believed himself not permitted to love that which he should adore: but beginning to love, replied *Clelia*, hath he left adoration, for if so, I find that which he adored ought to wish he should not love it, these two Repentments are not incompatible.

Madam, replied *Aronces*, and though we might adore things we love not, because they surpass our knowledge, we do nevertheless love that which we adore; for my self, replied *Barce*, between those two thoughts, I should love him better which belongs to a mistress than him which appertains not but to a Goddess, and the tenderness of the heart is so to be prefer'd before the admiration of the spirit, that I put no comparison between those two things, indeed added *Sozonisbe*, tenderness is a quality so necessary to all manner of affections, that they cannot be agreeable or perfect if it is not there, I comprehend well said *Clelia*, that we may say a tender amity, and there is a notable difference between an ordinary and a tender amity, but said *Sozonisbe*, I have never heard of a tender amity, and I ever figur'd it to my self, that this affected and significative term was consecrated to perfect amity, and that it was only speaking of it, we might fitly imply the word tender, so many men use it now replied I, that we know not a truer signification of it. I would therefore hinder, said *Clelia*, that that word which signifies a thing so sweet, rare, and agreeable, should be prophan'd though *Celeres* hath said every one useth it. For my particular, replied *Sozonisbe*, I promise you always to make use of it, if you can make me understand its true signification: I promise the same thing added *Barce*, for I ingenuously confess unto you, that though there passes never a day but I tell some of my friends that I love them tenderly, and some friends accost me in the same Language, I confess it may be that it appertains not to me to use it: As I am perswaded, added *Aronces*, that there is a species of an amorous tenderness which puts as much difference between the Loves of those which have it or have it not, as ordinary tenderness puts to amity, I shall be infinitely obliged to the fair *Clelia*, if she will define tenderness, and decipher how I may know it, and what value it sets on friendship, to the end I may prove in the sequel of it, that tenderness joyned to Love, much augmenteth its estimation; as I have naturally a tender Spirit, replied *Clelia*, I think it appertains to me more than any other, to speak of tenderness and that *Barce* with all her Spirit, cannot do it so well as I.

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I have already confessed, replied that fair person, that I do not well know how to make use of this word, neither do I precisely know, whether I have any tenderness or not, therefore I shall be infinitely obliged if you please to tell me the difference between an ordinary and a tender amity; it is so considerable, replied *Clelia*, that I may very well say, there is less between the indifferent amity, than between these two. For in fine, that which hath no tenderness, is a kind of a tranquillous friendship, which gives neither great contentments, nor great inquietudes to those which are capable of them, they have even friendship in their hearts, without expressing any sensibility; depart from them without being melancholy, they think not of them if they see them not, they render them courtesies without great joy, and they receive them without much acknowledgment, they neglect all petty cares, the evils of those they love touch them not, generosity and ostentation hath as much part in all they act as friendship, they have a certain Lethargy of heart, which makes them not feel the joy to be beloved of those they love, they put little difference between the conversation of other persons, and those to whom they have promised amity: In fine, they love with so much lukewarmness, that the least contestation there is between them and their friends, they are ready to infringe their promised friendship: Furthermore they are not enough sensible, neither of the good or evil of those to whom they have promised friendship, for usually they coldly oppose those who defame them, and praise them themselves without order or aggravation, and we may say they love as if they loved not, so lukewarm is this sort of friendship, and usually their affection is very much interested, and if any one seek the cause of it they would be found but in themselves. And indeed we see every day that those friends without tenderness abandon those to whom they have promised affection, as soon as fortune frowns on them, there is likewise some of them which cannot suffer the long sickness of those they love, and which desire to see them with assiduity, when they are not in estate to divertise them. That which you now say, happened once to me replied *Sozonisbe*, for I had a languishing malady, which made me know there are few tender friends, in the beginning when I fell sick, pursued this fair person, they had very great care of me, but when the length of my sickness had made me become melancholy, and that I demanded no remedies, but of those which came to see me, instead of then demanding news of me, or to tell them of it, I was soon in a very great solitude, and I knew that those whom I esteemed my best friends derided at me in effect, a man one day of my acquaintance was asked how long it was since he saw me, he answered, that till he was become so experienced to find some remedies to cure my melancholy, he would not see me, and the same question being demanded a Lady, she said cruelly that unless she knew the vertue of all vegetables, she could not make me a visit which would be pleasing to me, and that it was better to leave me at quiet, than to weary themselves by importuning me. 'Tis true, said *Aronces*, what this fair *Sozonisbe* hath said, and it is true, added *Horatius*, because we usually content our selves to deplore their misships without comforting them, judge then I pray, added *Clelia*, if friendship without tenderness is a sweet thing, and if I have not reason not to ac-

count them friends which have not a tender heart, as I have expressed to you, for in fine it is not that only which makes the sweetness of amity, and which makes it constant and violent together, tenderness hath yet that of more particular, that even ascribeth to it, I know not what character of gallantry which rendering it more divertising, it inspireth civility in those which are capable of it, and there is as great difference between a tender friend and an ordinary friend, as between a tender friend and a lover, but better to define tenderness. I think I may call it a certain sensibility of heart, which never sovereignly operates, but in those which have noble souls, virtuous Inclinations, and well weighed spirits, and which makes them when they have friendship, to have it sincerely and ardently, and to feel lively the griefs and joys of those they love as their own, 'tis this tenderness which obliges them to love better to be with their unhappy friends, than to be in a place of divertisement: it is this which makes them excuse their faults and defects, and to praise with exaggeration their least virtues, 'tis this which makes them do great services with joy, which makes them not neglect the least cares, which renders particular conversations more sweet than general; which entertaineth Confidence, which easily appeaseth any disorder, which happeneth amongst friends, which uniteth all their desires, which makes complacency, equality as agreeable to those which have it, as to those for whom they have it, and in a word comprehends all sweetness and affection of friendship, and in effect it's this alone which puts joy there, and which by a particular privilege favours nothing of the irregularity of Love; but resembles it in many things else, those which have but a stupid and common friendship, take only the care to keep the fairest Letters of their friends; but those which have a tender friendship, keep with pleasure even their least notes, they hearken to an obliging word with a joy, which obliges those which told it them, they take pleasure in the least things, and by an inexplicable charm those which have a true tenderness in their hearts, are never troubled to assist those for whom they have friendship, if they should be sick or melancholy, judge then what difference there is between friends without tenderness and tender friends. Ah Madam, replied *Aronces*, if I would as well define the tenderness of Love as you have deciphered that of friendship, I should assuredly make this company confess, that there is Love without tenderness as well as friends: 'Tis true added *Horatius* and the fair *Clelia* hath admirably represented that precious and delicate part of friendship few are acquainted with. For my particular said *Barce* smiling, I confess in my life I never fitly used the word tenderness, if it be true that it must have positively seat in the heart as *Clelia* hath said, to have it right, that is to say, to love tenderly. It is not so with me, added *Sozonisbe*, for it seems that I have an heart made in the manner as it ought to be, to boast of tenderness. For my part, replied I, which have had more Love than friendship in my life, it more imports me to know what that amorous tenderness which puts a difference between Lovers, than that which is between friends, I would therefore desire the fair *Clelia* to permit *Aronces* to give his judgment of it: though I have less Interest in that kind of tenderness, replied

replied she, then you have in that I have spoken of: I voluntarily consent that *Aronces* tell it you: If tis true you do not know it. Since you then permit me Madam sayd *Aronces*; I will boldly say, that tenderness is a quality more necessary for Love than friendship, for it is certain that that affection which is produced by the help of reason; and which is conducted and governed by it, may sometimes act in the hearts of those in which it is as if they had tenderness (though naturally they had it not) but for Love which is ever incompatible with reason, and which at least can never be subject to it, it hath absolutely need of tenderness to correct its brutality stupidity and inconsideration. In effect, a Love without Tenderness hath nothing but impetuous desires which can be confined to no bounds nor limits, and a Lover which hath a like passion in his Soul, considers nothing but his own satisfaction without considering the honour of the person belov'd, for one of the principal Offices of true tenderness is, that it takes much more care for the person it loves than its own, and a Lover which hath it not would do all that which might please him without any Reservation, and he would demand in a rude and uncivill way the greatest favours, as if they were due to him as a Tribute in effect, those freer Lovers, which are enemies of tenderness, and who defame it, are ordinarily insolent, uncivill, full of vanity, easie to anger, difficult to appease, indiscreet when they are favour'd, insupportable when they are mis-used; They believe the greatest work of Love they can give; is alwaies to wish to be made happy; for without that they know not neither favours nor graces: They are not contented with favourable regards, sweet speeches, and all those petty things which so elevate the beatitude of those which have tender souls, they are Lovers I say which read but once the Letters of their Mistresses, whose hearts have not joyfull emotion when they receive them, who neither know how to rave, speak idly, nor sigh agreeably, and are utterly ignorant of a certain pleasing melancholy which proceeds from the tenderness of an amorous heart, and which is sometimes more pleasing than delight. These are Lovers I say of great noise, which makes all the prooves of their Love consist in excessive expences, and which feel nothing of all those delicacies, this passion inspires their jealousy, even as more brutall than that of the Lovers which have a tender heart, for they often pass from hating their Rivalls to hate their Mistresses, when on the contrary, those Lovers whose loves are mingled with tenderness, sometimes so respect their mistresses, that they restrain their anger against their Rivalls in some occasions, because they cannot do it without exasperating them. For my self sayd *Horatius*; I cannot discern Tenderness from Love in an amorous heart, for that passion when it is violent, so strongly operates in those hearts it possesses, that all the quality of their souls become as it is, or at least assume some amorous impression. Tis true replied *Aronces*, that love entirely possesseth the heart of a Lover, and it is likewise true, that he which hath an heart naturally tender, shall love more tenderly, then he which shall be of a temper more fierce and rude, and I maintain, to love well, a Lover must have a naturall tenderness, before he hath Love, and this precious and rare quality which is so necessary, to love well, can be hardly acquired, and it is truly a gift of the

Gods, of which they are never prodigall, we may gain more spirit, we may correct our vices; and acquire all vertues; but we can never acquire tenderness, we may without doubt sometimes disguise our selves; but it cannot be long, and those which have tenderness, know not how to deceive; In effect, all the words, all the regards, all the cares, all the actions of a Lover, who hath not a tender heart, are entirely different from those of a Lover, which hath tenderness, for he hath sometimes respect without having a kind of sweet submission, which pleaseth much more, of civility without agreement, of obedience without sweetness; and even Love without a certain delicate sensibility, which alone causeth all the punishments and all the felicities of Lovers, and which is in fine the truest mark of a perfect Lover, I likewise put for a foundation, that a tender Lover knows not how neither to be unfaithfull, cozening, vain, insolent, nor indiscreet, and not to be deceived neither in Love nor freindship, we must as well examine if a Lover or a Friend have tenderness, as if they have Love or Freindship.

As *Aronces* had thus spoke, the Prince of *Nymydia* entred, and a little after *Maharball*, so that the subject being changed by their coming, all the company after a little discourse went away with that violent Lover of *Clelia*. At our departure from thence, I went with *Aronces* to the Prince of *Carthage*, but though the incomparable *Amilcar* had this night there all the merriness of his pleasant disposition, and that all those which were with the Prince of *Carthage* confessed they never had heard from him more agreeable things. *Aronces* appeared to be very melancholy, and his melancholy was so generally noted, that *Amilcar* demanded of me if I knew not the cause of it, so that having observed him more carefully, I noted that *Aronces* was not where he would be, so that when we were retired, for we then lay together, I pressed him to tell me the cause of his melancholy, at first he would disguise the truth from me, but in the end when I did not think to ask him any more about it, because I beleaved he would not tell me, he stayd himself after he had walked sometime, and looking stedfastly upon me, thus sayd, You are not very inquisitive, said he to me, to demand that which you would know and you have sure little desire to redress my melancholy; since you press me no more to tell you the cause of it, no *Aronces*, cryed I to him, fixing my eyes on him, nothing but to demand of you, to tell me whether you are amorous, your expressions almost betraying it; for in fine, I prayd you with tenderness to tell me that which caused your grief and you refused it me: Nevertheless, a little after that you were angry, I demanded no more of you that you refused me, and I find you are even now disposed, to pray me to hearken to that you would never tell me, but in an instant, it is therefore I conclude with reason, and it seemeth to me that you are amorous, since tis true that there is nothing but Love only which can frame such a fantastical thing as this: Tis true *Cleres*, sayd he to me, I am amorous, and though you tax me with Injuries, you must be the only confident of my Passion, and I tell you that which it may be shall never be known to the admirable person whom I adore, though I see her daily, you love *Clelia* then sayd I to him; for it seemeth to me that tis but she alone you daily fre-

quent,

quent, yes *Celeres*, I love *Clelia*, replied he, and I love her ardently and so tenderly, that according to all appearances, I shall become the unhappiest man in the World; but it seems to me sayd I to him, that if I was in your place I should account my self very happy, for in fine, as you have been brought up in *Clelius* his house, you live with *Clelia* with the same Liberty as if she was your sister, and her Father and Mother look upon you in effect as if you were her Brother; tis true *Celeres* replied he, but they look not upon me as her Lover, and I am strongly perswaded, that if they looked upon me as such, they would hate me as much as they love me. And they would think to have right to accuse me of an horrible Ingratitude and terrible presumption. In effect I owe my life to the generous *Clelius*, and I know not to whom I owe my birth, he found me in the sea, he saved me from an eminent peril, he hath carefully educated me, and I owe to him all my virtue, and I should be without doubt the basest of all men if I should voluntarily do any thing which might displease him; but though I am assured he will take it ill, that one unknown dares lift his eyes towards his admirable daughter; I cannot hinder my self from doing it, and I feel I can never desert her love seeing my self likewise destin'd to live without hope I must prepare my self for imaginable torments, and I know nothing more cruel, then to have power to love without having Ingratitude! You have a soul so great, and an heart so well made, replied I, that *Clelius* cannot doubt but your birth is illustrious, and if it was so replied he, I should not be in hopes to possess *Clelia*, though she affected me, for since *Clelius* refused her to *Maharball*, who is of an high birth, rich in possessions, and who hath the cheifest authority in one of the first Cities in the world, he would refuse an unhappy man, that he alwaies lookt upon as an ungrateful, and who it may be would be lookt upon by *Clelia*, as a man who thinks to enrich himself by marrying her, and not to render himself happy by the only possession of her person; likewise my dear *Celeres*, my hopes are destitute of all releif, for if *Clelius* remains in his wonted opinion he will never give his daughter but to a Roman, and if he changes it, he will give her apparantly to *Maharball*, but to tell you truth, I do not much fear it, and I have likewise cause to complain that I am not a Roman, and if perhaps I should be of a birth proportionable to my thoughts, *Clelius* would refuse me *Clelia*, as he hath refused her to my Rivall; but alas! I am far from that Estate since I know my extraction, and that according to all appearances, I shall never know it, nevertheless I love *Clelia*, I love her without hope; and I love with a resolution not to tell her of it; and not to murmur if she is angry to be beloved of me, in case she denies my passion, judge then my dear friend, if I have no cause of melancholy. For my self replied I, I am perswaded; that too great prudence is often needless in Love, without considering those things you have done, I would act divers wayes, for I would strive against my passion as much as I could, and if I could not vanquish it, I would seek to perswade my self by all that which might flatter it, and I would forget nothing of all that which might agreeably deceive me. For the first, replied *Aronces*, I am resolved to do it, though I am perswaded I shall do it unprofitably; but in fine, I owe that to the generosity of *Clelius*, and it behoves me if he hath something one day to reproach me of, that I have at least

nothing to reproach my self, but for the last, I shall never be in a capacity to follow your counsel for fear from seeking agreeably to deceive my self, I seek in despight to render my self most unhappy in effect, there are many instances which makes me believe that *Clelius* shall never know my birth more than I, and there are others where I believe that I and he shall learn that I am Son of some Enemy to *Rome*, or some friend to *Tarquin*, I strangely deplore the misfortunes which happens to my friends, replied I to him, but I can never take pity of those they make themselves, therefore you may not expect any compassion from me, when you weave the web of your own miseries, after that as 'twas late we lay together, but I should falsifie the truth, if I say we slept, for *Aronces* did not sleep at all, and he waked me divers times to speak to me of his passion, but in fine Madam, as he hath a marvellous generosity, he effectually fancied with himself, to oppose his Love with all the power he could possible: and he forgot nothing to do it, for he went as little as he could to the places where *Clelia* was, he sought *Clelius* in particular, without seeking his admirable daughter, and he so strongly attach'd himself to the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar*, that there was no person but believed he had more Ambition than Love. *Horatius* though he was both his Friend and his Rival perceived not his Love for *Clelia*, the Prince of *Numidia* likewise suspected it not, and *Clelia* did not imagine it, and because she would avoid to give any occasion to the Prince of *Numidia* to mention his Love, she had given such a general order not to leave her alone, that if *Aronces* had been bold enough to declare his affection to her, he would not have found an opportunity to have done it, so that as nothing more augments a breeding Love than the difficulty to tell it, *Horatius* on this side soon became as amorous as *Aronces*; but as he naturally loved to conceal all things; he declared nothing of his passion either to *Aronces* or to me, these two friends were likewise Rivals without having cause to complain of one another, they being both ignorant of their Loves, for the Prince of *Numidia* as he looked upon *Aronces* as if he had been *Clelius* his brother, he gave to him many testimonies of friendship, without discovering his passion to him, to the end that being his friend he might favour him when occasion should present. For *Maharball* the less correspondency he found in *Clelia* heart, the more his passion augmented, and the more reasons *Clelius* obliged him to prove that he ought not to think of marrying his daughter at *Carthage* since he had an intention to go speedily to *Rome*, the more obstinate he was to compass his design, so that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* were extremely afflicted to see themselves in the power of an amorous person to whom they would refuse all that which might give any satisfaction to his Love. On the other side, though *Sulpitia* testified to have much friendship for *Horatius* because *Clelius* would have it so, 'twas true, that in the bottom of her heart she had a secret disposition not to render Justice to his merit, because he was son to a person of whom *Clelius* had been very amorous, and whom he thought heretofore to have married, so that *Sulpitia* yet retaining some resentments of jealousy which perswaded her that her Husband did not love *Horatius*, but because he had yet some agreeable remembrance of the love he had for his Mother, had without doubt less disposition to love him than *Clelius*, and she loved more tenderly *Aronces* than *Horatius*,

rius, for *Clelia* she esteemed them both; but as she was equitable, she saw that if there was any equality between these two men as reflecting on the qualities essentially necessary for virtuous persons; there was not so much for the agreement of the humour as that of their person, being certain that *Aronces* as much excels his Rivall, as his Rivall exceeds all others, so *Clelia* leand, by choice, on the side of *Aronces*, and having lived with him from her infancy, as if he had been her brother; there was between her and him a greater familiarity then between *Horatius* and her, though *Clelius* commanded her to live with him, as if she had been his sister, things being then on these terms there was some factions at *Carthage* which are unnecessary to mention wherein the illustrious Prince that *Amilcar* followed, had some part, so that the interest of his affairs obliging him to retire to *Utica* which depends on him, he went thither followed by his creatures, so that *Aronces* finding this occasion to separate himself from *Clelia* for to endeavour to heal himself by his absence, followed him likewise, for *Clelius* voluntarily consented that *Aronces* to whom fortune seemed to have not left any establishment should seek one nigh a great Prince, so *Aronces* departed from *Carthage* with his consent, he not imagining he went from thence to endeavour not to have more Love for his admirable daughter, but that which is most remarkable, was, that the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* who knew not that *Aronces* was their Rivall, did all what they could to hinder him from following the Prince of *Carthage*; for as they both knew he was much their friend, and that they noted he was very well beloved by *Clelia* they imagined they should loose much in loosing him, and that when the time should come when they might discover the passion they had in their souls, they should be much assisted by him; but in fine, the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* without telling the true reason which obliged them to counsell *Aronces*, not to go with the Prince of *Carthage*, and *Aronces* without telling them why he did not follow their counsells, we departed as I have before told you: *Aronces* not having entertained *Clelia* in particular, for he bid her adieu in the presence of *Sulpicia* and *Horatius*, and I who knew only the secret of his heart alone, perceived the reluctancy which he had to depart from *Clelius* his house, for we entred in again three times upon such pretences, that at last he was constrained to say he had forgotten that which obliged him to reenter, so little true resemblance he found in the pretences he invented to see *Clelia* once more, but in the end, Madam, we went to *Utica*, where *Aronces* became more amorous, and by consequence more miserable then at *Carthage*, where there arrived many things since our departure. For you shall know Madam, that *Maharball* who had a passion in his soul the most violent in the world, not suspecting that the Prince of *Numidia* who was his Hostage had any design, for *Clelia* spoke to him of nothing but his Love, of the Injustice of *Clelius*, and the cruelty of his Daughter, conjuring him to counsell them both to change their thoughts. For in the end, said he, to the Prince *Adherball*, if it be not a terrible thing to hear *Clelius* say he would not marry his Daughter till he return to *Rome*, he which hath been exil'd so long from it, he which is *Tarquin's* mortal enemy, who reigneth with so absolute an authority, that tis not credible any power can pull him from the Throne on which his cruelty hath so firmly seated

him, yet *Clelius* pretends not to marry his Daughter but when he shall return to *Rome*, or at least not to marry her to any but a Roman, it must then of necessity be, that he will give the fairest and properest person on the earth to a banished Criminall, or at the most to an unhappy Exil'd: Judge then if I have no reason to complain of *Clelius*, and if I may not believe, that either he or *Clelia* have a secret aversion against me, which they dare not testify to me because they are under my power, but to hinder these things, pursued he, I pray you when you find a fit occasion to endeavour to make them take better thoughts for fear they force me to act those things which will not be pleasing to them, the Prince of *Numidia* hearing *Maharball* speak in this manner, was so surprized and astonished at it, that the agitation of his heart appeared in despite of him in his eyes, and it being discern'd by *Maharball*, he endeavoured to recall himself; but he wholly discovered it by his words, for as he would not tell *Maharball* that *Clelius* was to blame, and that he durst not tell him that he had reason, he took a mean; which perswaded him to whom he spoke, that he was his Rivall; in effect, he so aggravated the Love the Romans have for their Country, the Injustice they had to put a vast difference between strangers and them, and to perswade him, that as *Clelius* had sought an Asylum in the City where he had the greatest authority, he was obliged not to violence him in a thing which ought to be done freely with many other reasons which served not; but to evidence to *Maharball* that this Prince was amorous of *Clelia*; and that he had chosen an ill Confident, so that this thought exciting a grand disturbance in his spirit, he left the Prince of *Numidia*, and without any delay went to *Sulpicias* house, where after some generall conversations, he found occasion to speak particularly to *Clelia*, and he endeavoured to perswade her that it should be very strange to her that *Clelius* should pretend to marry her, but when he returned to *Rome*, or at least not to marry her but to an unhappy exile, when he might give her the first rank in one of the cheifest Cities in the world, Sir said *Clelia* to him, it is not for me to examine my Father the reason why he refused the honour you do him; and it implyes I know that I should commit a great offence by not obeying him, for to oblige me with blindness to follow his desires, but to the end, that all your hatred should not fall on him, I ingeniously confess that I should obey him with an extreme grief if he should command me to espouse an *African*, and so destroy my hope of seeing *Rome*. For it is true that there is in my heart so strong a Love for my Fathers Country, that would render me very unhappy to take from me the hope of dying there. If I dye not soon at *Carthage*, replied *Maharball*, there is no appearance you will ever live at *Rome*, alas sir, replied *Clelia*, as long as it is under the power of *Tarquin*, I shall not go thither, but I should be very sorry to loose the hope of it, therefore I intreat you not to persist to oblige my Father to consent to your desires, and to have the generosity to enter in his thoughts, and to beleive that if he were a Roman, he would prefer you before all other Romans, and since, added this discreet mayd, he refuses you a thing which is so little advantageous for you, that you ought rather to thank him then to complain, for in the end, if he accords to that which you seem to desire, every one will reproach you, for your preferring the daughter of an unhappy Exile

before so many fair persons which are at *Carthage*, and whose alliance may be more suitable and agreeable for you. No, no, unjust *Clelia*, said he to her, do not seek to persuade me that there can be any thing more agreeable or glorious than the conquest of your heart, for it cannot be, and permit me to tell you, that if you were as prudent as fair, you might tell the unjust *Clelius*, that *Tarquin* is more powerful at *Rome* than ever, and that according to all appearances, he will not permit him to return thither, that it is very dubious whether fortune hath sent more Romans to chuse exile than he hath put to death, and if it was not so, it would be easy to consummate your Nuptials at *Carthage*, if it were for any other than *Maharbal*, and tell to him I pray you that he may be happy if he will, and that he may render himself miserable if he renders me so. Ah Sir, replied *Clelia* generously, I know not how to threaten my Father, but I can tell him that if my life is an obstacle to the tranquillity of his, I am ready to sacrifice it for his content so that taking from you the cause of your Love, I might take away your hatred against him. As *Clelia* had thus spoken, the Prince of *Numidia* entred, and seeing *Maharball* with her, he blusht for anger, and he seeing the change of his countenance was confirmed in those thoughts he already had, and the better for to clear his suspicion, he continued to speak low to *Clelia*, whilst *Aderball* spoke to *Sulpicia*, and to the other Ladies which were with her; but as he is naturally violent, he could not suffer this long particular entertainment without testifying much anger, so that *Maharball* not doubting but that he was his Rivall, took a resolution to distrust him instead of confiding in him, as he had designed, and as the generall affairs of the Republick gave him not so much leisure as his passions required, he must of necessity go from thence and leave his Rivall with his Mistress, and in effect, though *Clelia* sought carefully to avoid speaking particularly to the Prince of *Numidia*, since he had discovered his Love to her, she did not do it this day with the same care, for she had her spirit so distracted with *Maharballs* expressions, that she thought of nothing else, so that she not taking notice of it, the Prince of *Numidia* came to her, and began to speak to her as a man which had some particular thing to tell her, *Clelia* coming to her self, turned towards him and prayd him not to oblige her to fly him, as she would ever do, if he continued to speak of his Passion, for in the end, sayd she to him, if you persevere in it, you will force me to take a resolution not to consider you as you are a great Prince; but to look on you as a man which esteems me not, since he takes no care but to displease me. Would to the Gods Madam, said the Prince of *Numidia* to her, that I had never told you I loved you, this wish without doubt is a wish very extraordinary from a passionate Lover as I am, but tis true that I now do nothing but strive to repell the passion I have in my soul that you might be ignorant of it, though I know it will continue till Death. But Madam, that which makes me speak as I do, is, that I must advertise you that if you do not soon depart from *Carthage* you expose your self to be the unhappiest person in the world, and that offering you an Asylum in the Court of the King my Father, I fear you will not go thither, because I have discovered to you my Love. Nevertheless I swear and protest unto you, that though I am more amorous than *Maharball*, I will never be so unjust as he.

Clelia hearing the Prince speak in this manner, was extremely surprized at it, for she knew well that he knew something where she had an Interest, and spake to him with more affability than usual, to the end to oblige him to tell her, that which made him use this Language, and in effect the Prince recounted to her the conversation which he had with *Maharball*, continuing in pursuit to offer her an Asylum in *Numidia*, and protested to her with as much Generosity as Love, that if he should be constrained to make war to defend her, he would do it with much joy; *Clelia* thankd him very civilly for the offer he made her, assuring him nevertheless that she beleived that her Father would not nor ought not to accept it, adding further, that for all that she should remain much obliged to him for it; but *Aderball* not holding himself refused for what *Clelia* said to him, spoke the next day to *Clelius*, and so lively represented to him the grandeur of *Maharballs* Love, his authority, and the violence of his Nature, that he made him easily comprehend that his sojourn at *Carthage* was very dangerous, but after that he offered him that which he had already offered to *Clelia*, so that *Clelius* who knew not that this Prince was amorous of his Daughter, admired his generosity, and gave him innumerable praises, but after all Sir, said he to him, when he had left praising him, it would not be just it may be to begin again the war between *Numidia* and *Carthage*, for a thing where my unhappy family have only interest, you are in a hostage for a treaty of peace which is not yet entirely executed. Likewise Sir, I should expose you to be evilly treated by *Maharball*, and if I should involve the King your Father in new wars with this Republick; and therefore since *Carthage* is no more an Asylum for me, I must endeavour to depart from it, and to go seek one farther off, where *Maharball* hath no power to hurt me, for I have long had a great desire to approach *Rome*: the Prince of *Numidia* was not fully satisfied with these reasons, but told *Clelius* that it would be difficult for him to go by sea, and that it would be easier for him to go by Land into *Numidia*, but whatsoever he could tell him, the generous *Clelius* believed not, that seeing the terms in which were the things between these two States, he ought to accept the offer of *Aderball*, and having an effectual desire to approach *Rome*, it was more easy for him to be generous, and to refuse the Prince of *Numidia*, who found himself in a strange perplexity, so that he saw himself necessitated to desire her absence, whose person he loved, and to be separated for ever from her, but he found himself yet in a greater inquietude, for as he observed *Maharball* more narrowly, he discovered that he had a design to arrest *Clelius*, making him to be accused for machinating something against the Republick, and to have secret Intelligences with the Prince of *Carthage* with whom *Arances* was then, for things were very much imbroyled since the departure of this Prince. That which obliged *Maharball* to contrive this design, was, that he hoped that being Master of the life of *Clelius*, he should soon gain *Clelia*, whom he thought would not refuse to marry him to give life and liberty to her Father; so that the Prince of *Numidia* believing that the design of *Maharball* might succeed, and that he should see him possessed of *Clelia*, if he should not advise *Clelius* speedily of it, he ballanced it not long, and went to see *Clelia* at the same time, though he believed this advice would accelerate his departure,

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tis true, that in the force of his passion he had a design to follow her without telling her any thing of it; but in fine Madam, to hast my self to tell you that which passed, you shall know that the Prince of *Numidia* after he had told *Clelia* the most passionate things that can be imagined, spoke to *Clelius*, to whom he had made known so precisely the unjust design of *Maharball*, that after he had consulted with *Horatius* and *Sulpicia* about it, he was resolved that they should think no more of any thing but to depart speedily from *Carthage*, the occasion presented it self very favourable, for there was a *Syracusan* vessell ready to set sayl, so that *Clelius* secretly treating with him who commanded it, he promised to receive him and all his family into his ship, the next night which preceded his departure, and in effect without troubling my self to tell you the unprofitable particulars, it suffices that you know that in despite of all the foresight of *Maharball*, the care of the Prince of *Numidia*, *Clelia* and *Horatius* came to so good a conclusion, that this illustrious *Roman* family embarqu'd one night without being perceiv'd, so that this vessell of *Syracuse* departed from the port at the break of day. *Maharball* not knowing any thing of it till night, for as he believed *Aderball* was amorous of *Clelia*, he suspected not he would have assisted her flight, so that having seen him all the day, this Prince had dextrously hindred him from going to *Clelius* his house, to the end he should not follow *Clelia*, with hope to find her. For the time had been so favourable, that there was no appearance that any other vessell could joyn that which carried this fair and admirable Virgin, but though the Prince of *Numidia* constrained himself as much as he could that he might not appear too melancholy, he was so pensive that when *Maharball* came to know the departure of *Clelius* and his family, he doubted not but *Aderball* was acquainted with it, he learnt likewise his departure in such a manner, which much excited his anger; since he knew not that *Clelius* was departed; but when he sent at night to his house to arrest him as a Criminall, he used the flight of *Clelius* to authorise this violence, for he assembled all the *Suffets*, (for so they call those who share the Government of the Republick) and told them it did evidently appear he was a Criminall, because he was fled.

In the mean while, as he was most violent, he heard something from *Aderball*, which made him believe he was acquainted with *Clelius* his flight, so that he secured his person, publishing that he had a hand in all that *Clelius* had plotted with *Aronces* and *Amilcar*, *Maharball* seeking by this means to revenge on his Rivall the insensibility of his Mistress, and it may be, he believed likewise to find *Clelia*, because he imagined that the vessell of *Syracusa*, in which she was embarqued should not be used, but to depart from *Carthage*, and should land her, to go to seek an *Asylum* where *Aderball* would meet her as soon as he should be free, so that in this opinion the Prince was kept very exactly, and treated with much rigour. *Maharball* likewise sent divers vessells after that, which had conveyed away his Mistress, though with little hope; for besides that he believed not, she took the way of *Syracuse*, it had been so long since her departure, that there was no hope to find her again. Nevertheless as tis the property of Love not to neglect anything; *Maharball* had rather do an hundred unprofitable things then to miss one which might serve him.

But whilst this irritated Lover knew not on whom to revenge the unhappy success of his Love, and that he revenged himself on another Lover which was no better used then he, during I say that, that the unhappy *Aderball* suffered an unjust Imprisonment, and that he endured incredible evils.

Aronces who knew nothing of that which passed at *Carthage*, knew that absence could not heal him; and repented himself for leaving *Clelia*, for in the Estate in which things then were, there was no means to think of returning to *Carthage*, so that *Aronces* was so sad and melancholy, that his grief could hardly receive any increase; but melancholy much more invaded his cogitations; when a slave brought him a Letter that *Clelius* had written him upon his departure, and that he had trusted to that slave which gave it him, at first he had much joy because he hoped to have news of *Clelia*, but he had in pursuit an unequalled desperation when he saw that, that Letter which was given him contained these words, if my memory deceive me not:

Clelius to Aronces.

Divers important reasons make me depart from *Carthage*, I come nigher *Rome*, I know not whether I shall chose *Syracuse* or *Capua* for my *Asylum*, but in what place of the world soever I am, I shall be alwaies ready to receive you as if you were my son, in case the changes of the Court wherein you are, oblige you to leave it; and if the Gods hinder me from making a second shipwreck on the same sea, where they put you into my arms, you may assure your self of a house in all places where I shall have one for my self. I mention nothing of *Sulpicia*, *Horatius* and *Clelia*; for they know not of my writing to you.

After that *Aronces* had read this Letter, he gave it me to read, and told me many touching things which would excite compassion in your heart, if I should relate them to you, *Amilcar* a little after, coming into his Chamber, learnt us the Imprisonment of the *Numidian* Prince, the fury of *Maharball*, and confirmed the flight of *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Horatius*, and *Clelia*, and likewise told us *Maharball*'s design to arrest *Clelius*, and that they had carried their most precious things along with them, and this design had been so discreetly carried that not any one suspected it, but as *Maharball*, added he, used the Prince of *Carthage* his name to prosecute *Clelius*, though there is great likelihood he acted rather the part of an incensed Lover, then of a good Citizen I come to assure you on the Princes part, that he will recompence you for all the misfortunes *Clelius* hath suffered, and that there is nothing in fine, but you may expect from him. For my particular pursued he, I offer you all that which is in my power, and I think you may assure your self to be happy, *Amilcar* added in pursuit many obliging things where I might take part, and where *Aronces* and I answered with all the civility and acknowledgment that we ought to have for such generous offers, but though *Aronces* strangely constrained himself, it was impossible for him to conceal his extream melancholy; Nevertheless at first he was not astonished at it, for as he knew that *Aronces* loved *Clelius*, as if he had been his Father, he imagined twas a grief which proceeded from his tenderness for him. But as he saw him daily become more melancholy,

choly, he suspected something of the true cause of his sadness, and drawing me apart he prayed me to tell him, if *Aronces* was not amorous of *Clelia*, so that not judging that it was disadvantageous to my friend to confess the truth to *Amilcar*; I told him that I believed he was not deceived, and that I extremely feared that his grief for her absence would bring him to the margin of his grave. As *Amilcar* dearly loved *Aronces*, he did all that which he could to divertise him, he which is the most divertising of all men, by his grief was too strong to be overpowered: and I can assure you that since he knew the departure of *Clelia*, there past not a minute but his grief augmented: that which rendred it more powerful was, that he knew that reason would have him oppose his passion, and remain with the *Carthaginian* Prince, where he found all that he could wish for in his present estate of fortune, for as this Prince very much esteemed him, he might hope a considerable establishment with him; *Amilcar* dearly loved him, this Court was most splendid and delectable, and considering the state of things, the Prince of *Carthage* would soon set on foot a great design, the happy success whereof would put him in a capacity to accumulate honour and riches on all those which should be followers of his fortune, as *Aronces* one day told me (aggravating his misfortune) that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for in fine my dear *Celeres*, said he to me, after he had confessed to me, he was resolved to leave *Africa*, and to go to find *Clelia*. I do not believe there is a more miserable man than I, and whosoever considers the deplorable condition in which I now am, shall without doubt find that since Love makes men unhappy, there never hath been no Lover which had so little reason to hope to be beloved or to continue to love. First *Clelia*, pursued he, knows not that I love her, and I ought not to make it known to her, whilst I know not who I am.

Moreover, *Clelius* seeming to be resolved not to give his daughter but to a Roman, 'tis assured that I ought never to pretend thereto, since according to all appearances I am not a Roman born, if it should be so, it should be then of some unhappy Roman, without virtue or quality, for if there had been any man of quality exiled which had been shipwreck'd, and who had lost a Son in the Sea, *Horatius* would have told it *Clelius*, having told him all the sad accidents which hapned at *Rome* since his departure, be it those which he hath seen with his own eyes, or that which he heard from others; but though I know not whence I am, yet it seems I certainly conjecture that I am not a Roman, and that consequently I can never pretend to *Clelia*, you are so ingenious to persecute your self, I told him that if you would as much seek to assuage the evil which torments you, you would quickly come to the end of it. Ah *Celeres*, cryed he, if you knew the nature of the evil of which I speak, you would soon see it is immedicable, for if I remain here I shall dye the most despairing of all men, and if I go to find *Clelia*, as I will infallibly, I shall without doubt act the most irrationalst thing that can be, since I ought not to tell her I love her: If I would not reward *Clelius* with Ingratitude to whom I owe all things, and so I shall leave a great hope of fortune to undertake a voyage to go see a person whom I adore, with intention never to tell it her, and with a strange desire to tell it her a thousand times a day if I could; Judge then *Celeres* if I am in a happy condition: Nevertheless I must and will part, for my Love per-

swades there is no misery which equals absence, when absence is not strong enough to destroy Love. I therefore find my self so perplexed, when I think *Clelius* will demand of me that which so soon obliges me to return to him, for shall I tell him a lye if I tell him that I am exiled? and that I am unworthy the care he hath taken of me? and likewise if I should tell him that my friendship towards him could not permit me to stay longer, and ought I not to fear, that when he demands the cause of my return that he would hate me, and that he will force me to depart for ever from the person whom I love? But after all, let happen what pleases the Gods, for I declare to you I cannot do otherwise. In Effect, Madam, *Aronces* relying on *Amilcar*'s friendship, told him all that which I could not deny him, and caused so great compassion in him, that he commanded him in the name of the Prince of *Carthage* to go to *Clelius*; but for to dissemble his return, *Amilcar* obliged the Prince to charge *Aronces* to negotiate something at *Syracusa*, for to endeavour to disunite *Sicily* from the interest of *Carthage*, and *Amilcar* to finish his generosity, made him such Magnificent presents, that he put him in a condition not to want the assistance of *Clelius* when he should return to him. So Madam there being a ship of War prepared for us, we parted from *Utica*, and took the way of *Syracusa*, with intention if we did not find *Clelius* there, to land nigh the mouth of the River *Vulturius*, to go by land to *Capua*, which is but twelve miles from the sea. I shall not tell you Madam, what was *Aronces* affliction when he went to take his leave of the Prince of *Carthage*, and separated himself from *Amilcar*, for I cannot express unto you, all that the tenderness of friendship and the violence of Love made him feel in this encounter, but 'tis true that when he was ready to depart, he began to fear he should be more unhappy, when he should be with *Clelia*, than when he was from her: but he changed his thoughts when we were embarked, for as the wind was favourable he had a joy that I cannot express in the thought, that every moment he approached nigh *Clelia*: 'Tis true that this favourable wind lasted not long, for the next evening we saw a far off a light cloud rise out of the sea, which without terrifying us we fixt our eyes on it, but we were suddenly astonish'd when we saw the Pilot who guided us, affrighted at it, and began to give orders to all the Mariners of our Vessel to the end they should prepare themselves for a great tempest, at first we believed he abused us, and we could not comprehend that a thing which had nothing terrible to look upon, should be the forerunner of a dreadful tempest, but hardly had we the leisure to think the Pilots supposition was but ill grounded, when we saw insensibly the sea cover'd with great billows of foam which did the same effect over this immense sea, as flocks dispers'd over great vast plains, a little after we heard a roaring which was something terrible, though it seemed to come afar off, and a little after we heard a clash of Thunder on our left hand, which by a sudden flash of Lightning, gave us a happy presage, for you know Madam, the *Etrurians* which are the most skilfullest people in the world in matter of Divinations, have learnt us, that when the Thunder goes from the left to the right 'tis a happy presage, but when it goes from the right to the left 'tis an in-auspicious Omen. Nevertheless though *Aronces* and I knew this sign was not unhappy, we saw a little appearance of good luck, for it seemed this

Clap

Clap of Thunder had been a signal to unchain the winds, and the sea roared horribly, and all the waves clapt so rudely against each other, that they utterly destroyed our hopes, and truly Madam, I cannot tell you in what extreams we then were, when the night stealing on us on a sudden, exposed us to the fury of the waves and winds as long as it lasted, sometimes our ship climb'd the Clouds, and in a moment seem'd to descend into a profound Abyss, and the tempest turned it in despite of the Pilots art, and put us every moment in estate of shipwrack, likewise all the Mariners left their Offices, and the Pilot supplicated himself on his helm, and invoked *Neptune* with a high voice, expecting succour but from him alone, for *Aronces* I confess his constancy gave me it, for after he had remitted himself to the conduct of the Gods, he had as much tranquillity in his soul, as if he had not been in danger, and for to give you a sensible mark of his constancy, I shall tell you that in the middle of this terrible tempest, he spake to me of *Clelia*, and told me that if he dyed, as there was great appearance, he should dye with grief not to have made known to that fair person the love he had for her. But in fine Madam, as the tempest began at the setting of the Sun, it diminish'd at break of day, and that glorious celestial Luminary bringing back the calm with the Light, we saw a little after the waves by little and little to abate, but we perceived at the same time, that we were so nigh a great vessel, that we might discern it was a vessel of War, our Pilot who seem'd not to be destin'd this voyage, but to announce us evil news, told us that the tempest was past, but that we were no less in danger, because the Ship we saw was a cruel Pyrates which did nothing else but interrupt the commerce of *Sicily* and *Carthage* by the continual prizes he took. At these words, *Aronces* taking the word to answer him, as 'twas your part to command during the tempest, said he to him, it is for you to obey during a combat, therefore make us board this vessel, for as it hath been beaten by the tempest as well as ours, we fight with equal advantages; and we shall fight it may be better than Pyrates, at first the Pilot made a difficulty to obey, and would at least reason on the thing, but *Aronces* having absolutely commanded him to follow his Orders, and to endeavour to gain the wind that we might be the assailants, he obeyed with fear and so well played his part, that we got the wind of the Pyrate: 'Tis true that as he was accustomed to vanquish, and that our vessel was less than his, he persisted not in endeavouring to gain from us this advantage, and seeking to board us as we did him we joyned together, and we saw on an instant the enemies deck fill'd with armed Soldiers, which by their countenance only might intimidate those which saw them, for as they were men which a long time had been continually inur'd to War and the Sea, they were more swarthy and blacker than *Africans* though they belonged to the Isle of *Cyrene*, and they had such a savage and fierce ferocity on their faces, that 'twas easie to judge they pass'd all their life in slaughter and blood, they had likewise the rusticity of Seamen, the cruelty of Soldiers determin'd in their eyes, their hair long black hanging negligently, their habits were not uniform but different, because they were such as they had took from those they vanquish'd, but for their arms they were magnificent, and it appeared so well by their countenance that they were accustomed to fight and

overcome, that I believed we should be vanquish'd; for we had not so many men as we saw in their vessel, and they were not without doubt so warlike.

Aronces thought to dye with honour, rather than to have the victory; when he saw that multitude of Enemies which so resolutely expected him: The Captain of those Pyrates put himself at the head of the others when our vessel joyn'd, he was well advanced in age, he had many hurts on his face which disfigured him, but he was so magnificently armed, and he had so fierce a countenance, as disfigured as he was, he was easily known to be the Master of those which environ'd him. As we were in this posture Madam, and ready to grapple, we heard that cruel Pyrate insolently command some of his men, that they should prepare chains ready to chain us, adding, that it would not be difficult for him to vanquish us; but as soon as he had pronounced these words, *Aronces* who felt himself outraged, cast at him a Javelin he had in his hand, and leaping into the Enemies vessel followed by me and ten or twelve others, we began the terriblest fight which was ever seen, I shall not exactly particularise it, because I have many other things to tell you, but you must know that *Aronces* gave such testimonies of such a prodigious valour, that I may say, he only merited all the glory of this great action: At first he assailed the Captain of the Pyrates, being closed together they were both ready to fall in the sea, when they heard a great noise at the other end of the vessel, which suspending the fury of these two fierce Enemies, made them retain and leave one another, and they turn'd their heads towards the place where the noise was, but *Aronces* was astonished when he saw *Clelius* and *Horatius* with some others loaded with chains, who did all they could to take Arms from the Soldiers which would rechain them, this surprising object making *Aronces* believe that *Clelia* was this Pyrates captive, heightned his courage; but that which augmented it was that this fierce Pyrate against whom he fought, no sooner saw some of his men endeavouring to re-chain *Horatius* and *Clelius*, but he commanded them to kill them instead of troubling themselves to remit them to their Irons, and in effect the cruel ministers of such a bloody man, put themselves in duty to obey him, and would effectually have done it, if *Aronces* after he had given him a reverse blow on the head which stun'd him, had not gone directly to those which would have killed *Clelius* and *Horatius*, if he had not relieved them at that instant; but as he at first killed the one and hurt two other, he had the advantage to render to *Clelius* that which he owed to him by saving his life, and he likewise saved his Rivals, thinking he had only saved it to his friend. Nevertheless, this cruel Pyrate being come from his stupification, came again to the charge, followed by his men; but as *Clelius* and *Horatius* had taken swords from those *Aronces* had hurt, they seconded him, and I likewise whilst the rest of our men fought at the other end of the vessel: The Pyrate then seeing that which he little expected, gave command to rally all his men; and to cast all the prisoners and the captives into the sea, to the end that those which kept them might come to fight, so that *Aronces* hearing this terrible command, and *Clelius* crying to him, that it was not sufficient to have saved his life, if he did not likewise save *Sulpitias* and *Clelia*. *Aronces* performed actions I cannot represent to you, for he kill'd or hurt all those he met, and

and that which wound up his courage to such a prodigious height was, that he heard *Clelia's* voice which endeavoured by her complaints, to atterenate the hearts of those merciless Pyrates, which would have cast her into the sea, so that precipitating himself in the middle of those which environ'd the Captain of those Pyrates, he thrust his sword through his body, and after he had seen him fall down dead, he went to the place where he heard the voice of *Clelia*, and he arrived so happily that he hindred her from being cast into the sea, by killing him that would have committed that barbarous action. 'Tis true *Horatius* followed him very nigh, but 'twas *Aronces* that saved the life of that admirable Virgin and her vertuous Mother; but in exchange *Horatius* saved *Aronces* by killing a man which would have wounded him behind, and as the death of the Pyrates Captain had abated the hearts of the others, and that the most part of our men followed us and fought very valiantly, the Pyrates saw themselves constrained to render their Arms, and to receive chains from them to whom they would have given them, so that by this means *Aronces* sav'd *Clelius* his life, his wives, and the admirable *Clelias*, *Horatius* and many others, and saw himself Master of the richest booty that was ever taken in one vessel, without having received one hurt, though he had been in great danger, but that which was the sweetest victory was, that he received a thousand praises from *Clelius*, and as many thanks from *Clelia*, and after he had caused the dead to be thrown into the sea, chain'd all the vanquish'd, and commanded to have a care of the wounded, and established Orders in these two vessels. *Aronces* made *Clelius*, *Sulpitia*, and his admirable Daughter come into ours, and left me with some soldiers in that we had taken, for my part I would have had *Horatius* have staid there likewise, but he so refused it, that he followed the object of his passion, we suspecting nothing of his Love: But in fine, Madam, we knew afterwards that this cruel Pirate that we had met, had taken the vessel in which *Clelius* and his family were embark'd at *Carthage*, and that when we had found him, he had resolv'd to take the way of *Cumes*, for to go to fell *Clelia* to the Tyrant *Alexisdesme* who now reigneth there, and whom you know Madam, to lead the most irregular life of any man in the World. We knew likewise, that this Pirate after he had carried into his vessel all that which was in that of *Clelius*, had treated with those he had commerce for all the prizes that he had taken, and that which was admirable was, that he found there all that which belonged to *Clelius*, even to the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found on the Sea by that illustrious Roman.

In the mean time we consulted on the way we should take, and for to hold this council, our vessels were joyn'd together.

I perswaded this illustrious company to seek a Retreat at *Capua*, where I promised *Clelius* and the others to give them for their Friends all those I had there, and to render them all the Services I might, nevertheless as *Aronces* told *Clelius* that his return was caused by some Orders that the Prince of *Carthage* had given him to go to negotiate something for him at *Syracusa*, he was resolv'd that it should be there that we should go to land, and that we should pass afterwards from thence to a port nigh the place where the River *Vulturnus* casts it self into the Sea, for as you know Madam, *Capua* is but twelve miles di-

stant from that place, and in effect the thing was so executed: we were some days at *Syracusa*, from whence we sent back the Vessels the Prince of *Carthage* had lent us, *Aronces* feigning to tender him an account of his Negotiation though he writ to him but to thank him, as likewise to *Amilcar*, but that, Madam, which was most fair to *Aronces*, was, that he would not attribute to himself that rich booty he had taken, and that he would content himself with the benefits of the *Carthaginian* Prince. *Clelius* said he had not any part therein, *Horatius* said the same, and I maintain'd as the others that *Aronces* alone had right to dispose of that prodigious riches, so that after a long contestation where we all declared it to him; Since tis so, said he to us, I give all the right I have to——he would say *Clelia*, but fearing to discover his love, after he had a little recollected himself, instead of saying *Clelia* he said *Clelius*, and in effect he would in despite of him that he should dispose of this precious Prize; tis true he disposed of it in a manner worthy of his generosity, for he gave a great part of it to *Horatius*, to have means to subsist during his Exile; he constrained me likewise to accept of a great part of this Booty: He gave one part to the poor Romans exiled by *Tarquin* which were retired to *Syracusa*, and made an offering of the rest to that famous Temple builded on the top of the renowned Mountain *Erice*: but in fine, Madam, without staying my self to tell you a hundred unnecessary things; I shall tell you in two words, that we pass'd from *Sicily* into *Campania*, and from thence to *Capua* where we had a favourable reception, for the chief Magistrate of the City that we call *Mediasticks* was my Uncle, so that by this means I was happy enough to find occasion to render some services to the persons of the world I wished most to serve, so that in a few days *Clelius*, *Aronces* and *Horatius* were not treated as strangers in our City: *Sulpicia* and her admirable daughter likewise found amongst our Ladies so much sweetness and Civility that the first was constrained to remit something of her Roman severity, and to suffer *Clelia* to accommodate her self to the custom of the place where she was and to the honest liberty of our manner of life, 'tis true, Madam, that twas not very difficult for her to do it for tis certain that tis not without reason that our City is called the delicious *Capua*, in effect one may say that as nature hath placed in our Country all that which might render a life delectable, it hath likewise inspired into the Inhabitants Inclinations which carry them to pleasure and joy to the end to make them enjoy all the benefits she hath afforded them, for one may say there is nothing in this place but delight, and that the care which it had to entertain the publick tranquillity, hath no other motive than to hinder the disturbance of the publick and particular pleasures, so all the World thinking to divertise themselves one may say all the World divertiseth it self, the Ladies are there fair gallant and magnificent, the men are ingenious for pleasure, festival days and extremely liberal, and there is there led a life so sweet, calm, and delectable, that there are no men such enemies to society which have no grief to depart from thence, and not any strangers which may not facilly accustom themselves thereto, but how agreeable soever our City was, and though this fair Troop received all manner of civility, there was none but *Clelia* there which found any sweetness or delectation; for *Clelius* hearing that *Tarquins* authority was greater,

greater, and that although he was generally hated by all, that did not hinder him from reigning peaceably, had a most sensible grief: *Sulpitia* who had the same zeal for her Country, had likewise the same affliction, and *Horatius* joining the resentments of an exiled Roman, with those of a Lover who durst not say he loved, found himself very unhappy, but *Aronces* believed that he was much more, and knew not sometimes if he ought to esteem himself more miserable for not knowing his birth, or that *Clelia* was ignorant of his passion, but he found some sweetness as well as *Horatius*, to think that *Clelia* was in a place where the violence of *Maharbal* need not be feared, and those two Rival friends left not to have some pleasing hours in the conversation of *Clelia*, they lived with more friendship at *Capua* than at *Carthage*, because *Horatius* owing his life to *Aronces*, and *Aronces* his to *Horatius*, the acknowledgment bound with a more stricter knot their affections, they told not one another of the passions they had in their souls, for as I already was the confidant of *Aronces*, and that *Horatius* was not of the humour to have any, they discovered not to one another their Love, and they told it not even to her which caused it; so that though they had most agreeable hours with her, they had some also very troublesome, for *Horatius* thought not that an Exile could handsomely make a declaration of Love. *Aronces* could not imagine that one unknown might be favourably treated, for *Clelia* though by a natural and generous inclination she interest her self in her Country, nevertheless as she had never seen *Rome*, that she was fair and young, and that all pleasures courted her, she found her self sufficiently happy, but that which principally made her felicity was, that looking upon *Aronces* as her Brother, and believing that he had nothing but friendship for her, she accustomed her self to live with him, with a confidence infinitely sweet, and which left not to afflict *Aronces* as obliging as she was, because that the more he knew the sweetness of *Clelia*, the more he believed it was dangerous to tell her that he loved her; so that excepting me, he took an extreme care to conceal his passion: Nevertheless these two secret Lovers daily frequented *Clelia*'s company, to whose house all the virtuous men and fairest Ladies every day resorted, 'tis not but that the beauty of *Clelia* gave resentments of jealousy and emulation; but she was so *à la mode* and there was so many in *Sulpitia*'s house, that those which would see and be seen, could not otherwise satisfy their curiosity; for there were few persons in any other houses, or if there was any other company it was ordinarily neither great nor delectable: *Aronces* one day took pleasant notice of it, for knowing Madam, that being in a fancy to endeavour to heal himself, we went many days from quarter to quarter, from street to street, from door to door, from visit to visit, to the end to divert his spirit from the object which so entirely possessed it, but in what place soever we went we heard nothing spoken of but *Clelia*, for in one house we were demanded if we had been at her house, and in another if we were going thither, one of my kinsfolks told us she came from it, and one of my friends told *Aronces* that he came from thence: In another place there was a man who said she should no more be called *Clelia* but the *Fair Roman*, and in the house of a Lady who was of a brown complexion, there was one of her Gallants who highly praised the beauty of *Clelia*, though she

was yellow haired, in another place we found a Lady which needs would find some fault, saying she was too fair, and I can allure you that for four or five days we went into no place where we heard not *Clelia* spoken of, and we went every where, where persons of quality might go, but at the last house where we went the last day that *Aronces* had destin'd to these visits, where we knew not what we sought, there was a Lady who finished to make known to that Lover, that it was in vain to seek any place where he should not hear *Clelia* spoken of, for he heard her more spoken of in this place than in any other: But Madam, before I recount to you this conversation, you must know to understand it with pleasure, who this person is which we meet with, and I believe you will not be angry if I describe her to you, since 'tis certain that she whereof I speak who is called *Aricidia* is an inimitable person. In effect, all that which is particular to her, cannot be seen in any other: For in fine: I must tell you for her honour, that without being of illustrious extraction, without having any beauty, and without youth she is considerable above all those which are great in *Capua*, and that she is at all Feasts publick and private, but that which is most strange is, that she is continually in conversation with all the young persons of quality, and with all the fairest Ladies: In effect, Those men which make such a tumultuous garboyl, when they find that a fair woman hath her Nose a little too big, too little Eyes, the Chin too short, or Lips too pale, and can hardly suffer those which have passed four Lustres, have not their eyes troubled to see always *Aricidia*, though she never had any beauty, and though she hath fifteen Lustres to count as the Romans, or that she can recount near twenty Olympiads according to the calculation of the Greeks, you will demand of me Madam, without doubt by what charms a person to whom Nature hath refused all the Graces ordinary to her sex, whom time hath deprived of youth and whom fortune hath not endowed with great favours; for to render her so considerable and so much desired, and I shall answer you 'tis by a great goodness, and by a natural grandeur of Spirit which being joyned to a long experience of the world, and to an agreeable humour that without taking care of her self, she divertiseth all those which frequent her, for as she is without ambition, as she hath a great and noble heart, that she knows not how to flatter, that she is not interested in any manner, that she clearly sees things, that she recounts them pleasantly, and that she knows all that which passes in *Capua*, there is no person which doth nor desire her, and when there happens any remarkable occurrence, there is no body which wishes not to see her, to know that which she thinks, says, or knows of it; so that if she could be in twenty places at one time, she might be there, she goes likewise every where without being troublesome, because she is never in any place but where she is desired.

Moreover, though she hath something in particular in her Physiognomy, and very pleasant in her manner of speaking, she hath not any pleasantness of profession: In fine, she hath a certain jovial sincerity, which makes her say things which surprise and which please, and the truth is that she hath a solid virtue, though it is not savage. In effect, she says things that she thinks not of, she sees the weakness of others without contributing thereto, and without being ever the confidant of any Love, she knows

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all the Loves of the City, she blameth the tatling Gossips, she flatters not the Gallants, she gives pleasantly her opinion of those that pretend to be fair when they are not, she endeavoureth to reconcile the differences of families, she is in friendship with all the husbands and wives, and without doing that but which she thinks she ought to do, she pleaseth men which are opposite in all things, she is a good friend and is both officious and free, all the greatness of the earth cannot make her change her opinion, when she thinks she hath reason; and to define her in few words, I may say *Aricidia* is a living mortality, but a Moralist without sadness: and who believes that the pleasantness of innocent Raillery is not useless to virtue; but the most incredible thing is, that though she knows all the maliciousness the world is capable of, she is nevertheless incapable of it, and though she hath an infinite spirit, she cannot find any invention to prejudice any, though she finds a thousand when she would serve her friends. In fine, *Aricidia* hath found the art to please and give diversions to all the youths without incurring any blame, for though she is not young she is sometimes at Balls, she sees all the great feasts, she is in the most gallant walks and the merriest company, and *Aricidia* is composed of so much delight, that I may boldly say she cannot be parallel'd, and I even maintain that it would not be advantageous for her to be fair, for if she were she goes to an hundred places where she would not go, she says things that she would not say, and her physiognomy which retains more the audacity of my sex than the timidity of hers, addeth a far more force to her words, and gives a liking to her discourses, as I have said already she is so desired in all places, that the days should be longer for her than others, if she would content all those that desire her: *Aricidia* being then such as I have represented to you, came into a house where *Aronces* and I entred just as she spoke of *Clelia* to five or six persons which were there, and that she spoke of her with earnestness, so that when we entred she changed not her discourse; on the contrary she no sooner saw us, but knowing we were *Clelia's* friends, she address'd herself to us with that familiarity which is natural to her.

You come very fitly, said she to us, to maintain my argument against a man you see with me, who says that *Clelia* would be fairer than she is, if she was a little more coy: Ah *Aricidia* cryed that man, which is named *Genutius*, tell at least to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, that which I at first said of the great beauty of *Clelia*, before you tell them what I have wished thereto: I shall tell it replied she, after I have delivered my advice thereupon, for I find it so unreasonable that I cannot endure it; The beauty of *Clelia* is so resplendent and perfect, replied *Aronces*, that I cannot well comprehend of what addition it is capable, I think, added I, that without seeking to deny it, you had best demand it of *Aricidia*: I voluntarily consent to it, replied *Genutius*, so that she will not conceal the praises I have given *Clelia*: For to content you, replied she, I shall then say, that you are of my opinion: that all the lineaments of *Clelia's* face are admirable; that she is of a most rare complexion, hairs very fair, of a courteous behaviour, and that she is in fine one of the greatest beauties in the world, but after that pursued she, raising her voice, I shall say I do not believe she can ever cause any love in you, because she doth not imitate

all fashions, or to say better all the ill favoured countenances of these which think themselves fair, and which do not one action where there is not an affectation which strangely displeaseth, but to the end you may excuse him, added she, turning herself towards *Aronces* and me; I must tell you that I have seen him heretofore amorous of one of those Ladies who frame all their looks, who place their hands with art, who turn negligently their heads, who have an artificial languor or a borrowed joy, who fit their lips to the mirrors when they dress themselves, and which laugh in such a manner, that they shew all their teeth when they be white. Ah *Aricidia*, cryed *Genutius*, you treat me cruelly, I treat you yet too well answered she, since there are such men as you are, which detract from those which are fair; for if all these forgeresses of affected simperings should not be praised by their Gallants, they would soon leave them, since it is certain they make none, but to attract Lovers, and we should see no more that which is so unpleasing to the sight; in effect I see nothing which so much undervalueth beauty, as affectation and the so great care in desiring to appear fair; for in the end added she, there is nothing more base, than to see a woman which hath naturally great eyes and open, which always closes them half to have them more tempting, and there is nothing more insupportable than to see the care that certain women have continually to make their lips of a roseate colour, and to see the fantastical and extravagant remedy that they use thereto, is there any thing more insupportable, than to see women who rise twenty times out of their places, without having any thing else to do but to consult their glasses, if they have forgot nothing of their tricks they have accustomed to do, and which have such a fancy to look on themselves, that they not only look on themselves with earnestness in all the glasses they find, but in the Rivers and Fountains, and even in the eyes of those which speak to them, but that which is yet true is, that when they cannot see themselves, they seek an hundred affected inventions, to make themselves to be said such as they believe themselves, and that which oftentimes they are not, for sometimes they say they have not slept, to the end it should be maintained that it appears not in them, another time that they have an ill countenance, to the end it should be said they have a fair teint in another occasion, that they are ill favouredly dressed, to the end it should be said well, and they bear an affectation even to the smallest things. In fine, those persons which make so many fooleries, and so many fashions, are ordinarily of those that hasten to take the new modes, and which take them with excess, for if there be two or three Ribands worn, they take an hundred, and if the dressing is a little long, they wear their hair down to their girdle, if a little short they shew their ears, and they perform in fine, so many disagreeable things, to those which have not a depraved taste that they cannot be endur'd, and that which is most rare is, that those women which spend their days, to compose all their actions to please, horribly displease all honest men except certain persons which have particular fancies, as *Genutius*, yet I know not added she smiling, if he is of the same humour he says, and if he will not find as I, that *Clelia* is admirable, principally because she hath no affectation.

It is certain, added the Lady in whose house we were, that though *Clelia* doth not any action but what

what pleaseth, 'tis clearly seen that she doth not think upon any thing she doth, and that she hath formed her self so great an habitude to have a good presence, that it is not possible for her to have an ill one. That which seemeth to me worthy to be noted in *Clelia*, said *Aronces*, is, that though she hath no affectation, she does nothing of all that which other women do; who make profession to be fair. She hath I know not what noble audacity which sets off her beauty, which hindreth not any one from doubting but that she knows what is hers; but she hath it in such a manner, that 'tis apparent she believeth to have something more considerable, and that it is not by that alone by which she merits esteem, so that I know not how *Genutius* can find that this admirable person is defective in any thing.

It is sometimes pleasant to dispute with *Aricidia*, replied he, that you ought not to think it strange, if I have contradicted her in something, 'tis not, added he, that I am constrained to confess that I am not altogether any enemy to certain little affectations which give a gallant air to some women, and I know some that if we should take away those particular additions they have to heighten their beautie, and should hinder them from doing all those little things which I know not how to name (but which may admit the terms of mines and fooleries) we should leave them nothing to entertain our sight: And on the contrary, there are certain beauties so plain that they cannot please me: For to speak sincerely, I would have a woman conceal her self fair before I tell her of it, because I am perswaded that she will not believe me, if she says not it her self, and to say in a word what I think, a woman in my opinion is not perfectly lovely if she loves not her self, and if she desires not to be beloved.

In fine, said *Aricidia*, half angry to speak, truly you love wanton Gossips more than others, because it is more easie to be favoured by them, and that in the humour you are in, you are not fit to make difficult conquests. But to return to *Clelia*, I maintain that she is more amiable than fair, though she is the fairest maid I ever saw.

As long as *Aricidia* spoke, *Aronces* set his eyes as fixtly on her, as if she had all the youth and beauty of *Clelia*; for he took so much pleasure in hearing what he loved, commended; that even his very eyes participated with the joy of his spirit. There were nevertheless some moments in which he had some secret spight, in that he could not find any subject whereby he might withdraw part of his heart from that beautiful person, for in the design which he had to draw it wholly if he could from her; there were also some moments in which the praises were given to *Clelia*, offended him: But these instances were not of long durance, and in despite of himself he was glad to hear her commended, and he praised her himself more than he intended to do.

In the mean while, having endeavoured five or six days to go into some place where he should not hear *Clelia* spoken of, which he could not find; *Aronces* propounded to me at our going out of the Ladies house where we had seen *Aricidia*, to go and take a walk in a place which was very pleasant; for Madam, you must know that there is near *Capua* a great Meadow which is one of the delightfulest walks in the world: That which principally beautifies it is, that there are many small Rivulets which water it, and

that it is bordered on both sides, with four rows of Trees; which compose the pleasantest Umbrage that I ever saw, and this place not being far from *Capua*, we might with convenience after our visit go thither, and in effect we went thither, with an intention to hear no more speech of *Clelia*. But Madam, admire the chances of Fortune in certain occasions, and to be surpris'd by that which surpris'd *Aronces* and I, suffer me to tell you that as soon as we were come near this Meadow, *Aronces* rebeginning this discourse fetching a deep sigh turned himself towards me, and looking stedfastly on me; in fine he told me, I am now in a place where I shall not have *Clelia's* name mentioned, except it be by you or I. You speak of that, I told him, as if you were displeased to hear that incomparable Maid named, or to have any remembrance of her. Nevertheless I know it is not so. Alas said he, would you not have me forget *Clelia*, since I am bound to banish her from my heart? But in fine *Celres*, said he to me again, let us speak no more of it, and contribute what you can to my recovery, and to unslave my Spirit from so lovely an object, speak to me of quite contrary things, and let us entertain each other as if we were strangers. Since you will have it so, said I, I must entertain you with the pleasantness of this meadow, which is altogether fit for pensive thoughts. It is very true, replied he, that there was never a more pleasant nor convenient place to entertain ones self, but because I will not think of *Clelia*, I must not be my own company keeper, for all my cogitations would be but of her.

After that Madam, *Aronces* held his peace, and I did so likewise, so as it were forgetting that we were together, we fell both into a profound pensiveness, we even separated our selves by some steps, and if I durst speak of a love which I had in my soul, in discoursing to you of that of *Aronces*, I must confess that that which agitated his thoughts did also mine, and as he had his Spirit possess'd but by *Clelia* only, mine was also, but by the beautifullest person of *Capua*, which is called *Fenice*.

But after we had gone two or three hundred paces without looking or speaking to each other, we heard at our right hand some body singing near the Ruines of a Castle, which are a little beyond the meadow, where there is an admirable Echo, inso-much that we coming again together, we resolv'd to go see who were at the Echo.

In the mean while, after he who sung had made an end he held his peace, that thereby he might be answered by the Echo: After which we heard divers voices of men and women which were speaking, and because we were far from them, we heard but a confused noise, which would not permit us to discern, neither what was sung, nor consequently what was answered: But Madam, that which was rare, was, that as soon as we were within a distance that we might distinctly hear, we understood that it was *Horatius* which sung, and that having made there some verses in commendation of *Clelia*, which was amongst those Ladies which hearkned the last when we would understand him, inso-much that *Aronces* and I heard distinctly these six verses which I shall now rehearse unto you, which extolled *Clelia* above all the fairest of *Capua*, in setting forth her praises by the fairest of all, and which was less accustomed to praise the beauty of others. They were these.

*The Carthaginian Beauties led the way,
And ours like they, to her do homage pay
Toth' Splendor of her eyes all beauties rear,
Which makes her reign securely every where;
Yea even Fenice publicly doth say,
That nothing is so fair as Clelia.*

So that *Aronces* who withdrew himself from *Cipua*, not to hear the fair *Clelia* named, was strangely surpris'd, for after *Horatius* had said,

*Yea even Fenice publicly doth say,
That nothing is so fair as Clelia.*

The *Eccho* repeated the name of this fair Virgin six times, so that looking upon me in a manner where there was some astonishment and grief mixt together: For any thing I see, said he to me, I must depart the world if I will no more hear *Clelia* named, for seeing the *Ecchoes* speak to the trees and fields of her; I believe I shall find no place which speaks not to me of her. Since 'tis so, said I smiling to him, I think you may better speak to her your self, than only to hear her spoken of by others; as I had said these words, we were so nigh that fair Troop, that *Aronces* had no time to deliberate with himself whether he should go to them or no, for the amiable *Clelia*, having turned her head on one side knew us and called us, 'tis true, I am perswaded that *Aronces* who saw that *Clelia* was in this Troop, would nevertheless have approach'd her, though he should not have called him, though he intended to estrange himself from her, so that advancing towards this gallant troop; the first thing that *Aronces* did after he had saluted her; was to praise him which had praised *Clelia*, for my self, I confess I avoided with address to praise those verses though I knew the ingenious malice of it, as much as any person in the company, for Madam, though by these six verses *Horatius* intimated that *Fenice* was the fairest person in *Cipua*, and that it was advantageous for her, 'tis nevertheless true that there was malice in this praise, and that he reproached the defect, she hath not to find any thing fair, and 'twas easie to judge that he preferred the beauty of *Clelia* before *Fenices*, so that I being amorous of her, shunned as I have told you, to praise those verses of *Horatius*, and I spoke of the *Eccho* to a man in the company, for fear some one should tell *Fenice* that I had praised a man which had praised one other more than her, and which blamed her in such an ingenious manner, but my foresight was unprofitable: as I shall soon tell you, for this adventure made a quarrel between *Fenice* and me, but to return to *Aronces*, he not only praised *Horatius*, in a manner whereof he praised *Clelia*, but he even praised her in so gallant a manner, that his prose was far better than his Rivals verse, and this same man which some days before had resolved to do all things possible not to love, changed his opinion on a sudden, and resolved in an instant with himself always to love her, and no more to oppose his passion, and to forget nothing that might make him love her, so that being delivered from the care of striving against himself, he had his spirit more free, his humour more joyful, and he was so pleasant that night, that he infinitely pleased all the company, which insensibly engaged themselves to examine the reason, wherefore the most part of fair women are covetous

of praise and often very unjust, for said *Aronces* after many other things, they think some women are deform'd when they are beautiful.

For my part, said *Clelia*, my curiosity should be to know if effectually those which have the humour as you say are truly prepossessed, or if they say things otherwise than they think them. There are divers sorts of them, replied *Horatius*, for I am perswaded that there are Ladies which know others to be fair though by an emulative resentment they say they are not, but I am likewise of opinion that there are some which so love themselves that they hate all others, and in whom effectually they find nothing that is fair.

For my particular, said a Lady in the company, who hath much spirit but is not fair, I think it not strange if envy make them speak which pretend to be fair against those which are, but I cannot wonder enough to see them which have no interest in beauty, which because they are not fair, would not have others so, and which are likewise as difficult to please as if they had the fairest attractions in the world, the fairest complexions, and all the charms which may be desired in an amiable person. As this Lady had thus spoken, *Aricidia* whom we had seen that day, came where we were with three women of quality, and three men, so that as *Aronces* and I had sought this place for its solitariness, we had the pleasantest company I ever saw, for except *Fenice* the most amiable of our Ladies were there, but as the subject of our conversation was then very curious when these two companies joyned, this Lady who spoke last, said they should oblige *Aricidia* to give her advice upon the subject they had before spoken of, so that after we had learn'd her what it was, she began to blame the fair ones which would only arrogate to themselves that title, but she blam'd them in a very pleasant manner, for it wanted but little that she related not all the histories of the City to those which have already some knowledge of them.

For my part, said she, I have been heretofore astonish'd to see a fair woman and of as much spirit, which for to dispraise another said the most ridiculous things that may be, for she found her too white and too brown: She likewise said she had eyes too sweet, mouth too little, and if my memory deceive me not, I think I heard her one day say she had lips too incarnate; what is this? thought I when I heard her speak so, am I a fool or wise, have I good eyes or hath she bad who speaks thus? but after a little consideration I found the cause of her injustice, for I knew there was a Lady which was fair flaxen-hair'd, who had eyes sweet, mouth little, and lips of a blushing red, who had taken a Lover from her, so that after that I sought no more the cause of her prejudicate opinion, likewise when I find some of those scrupulous beauties who think none fair but themselves, I examin'd what interests they may have to the fair and brown in general, I and what they might have in particular of those of which they spoke, and after that I did not want much to find the reason which made them unjust. In effect, I lastly saw one who because she had great eyes, maintained that little eyes could not be agreeable, and I saw another which on the contrary, said that it appertained only to little eyes to make great conquests, and they only had I know not what of gallant and agreeable, which was fit to wound hearts, and that ordinarily great eyes open, were stupid and without agreement.

In another occasion, pursued *Aricidia*, I found a woman which contrary to them I have told you of, blamed in others that which she had, and praised that she had not, but she so faintly praised and blamed it, that after I had well examin'd her, I found that she blamed and did not praise it, but to the end to be contradicted, and that they might praise that she had, and blame that she had not: but usually I have already said we must know all the life of a fair woman, for to have power to divine what sort of beauty she may praise, 'tis not but jealousy may hinder her from finding any thing fair; but it more often happens, that there are more remote causes which procure this injustice: For in fine, all the company know a woman which would be very fair if she was fat, to whom I have heard say that a Rival she hath would be fairer than she is now, if she had ten or twelve fits of a Fever which might penance her body, and I know likewise one which because that a Lady is another's Confident, whom she believes to have a design on the heart of a man, that she would have for her gallant found strange defects in her, though she had not any, so that when I met with these critical choosers of beauty, I enquired who loved such an one? whether her Husband or her Lover betray her not, whether she is jealous, whether she is envious, whether she is wicked, whether she is frantick? I should never Madam, bring my discourse to a period if I should relate to you all those pleasing things *Aricidia* said on this subject, but not being to trespass upon your patience, I shall desist from mentioning them, but shall only tell you that night beginning to cloath the earth with her sable mantle, the company returned to *Capua*, and *Aronces* and I returned thither with *Clelia* and her company, but to tell you the truth, I was not a little surpris'd when that being returned to my Lodging, where I desired *Aronces* to lodge, I found that instead of not being willing to hear *Clelia* spoken of, he would not speak to me of any other thing.

In effect, if I thought to tell him four words on any other subject, he would not answer me but began to speak to me of *Clelia*: so that not being willing to contend with him; As far as I see, replied I smiling, you have changed your thoughts since our last Visit, for you desired to depart from the City not to hear *Clelia* spoken of, and you now speak nothing but of her. No, no, *Celeres*, said he to me, I have not changed my thoughts, but the truth on't is, I was not the same I thought my self to be, and that though I said I would not love *Clelia*, I was resolv'd always to love her, and to speak of her all my life: but if it is so, replied I more smiling, you must seek another Confident than me, and I likewise must seek another than you, for if you have resolv'd always to speak to me of *Clelia*; at what hours and time may I speak to you of *Fenice*? 'Tis true he that's ones Lover is not fit to be another's Confident; but cruel Friend, you are not amorous in such manner as I am, you love *Fenice* when you see her, pursued he, and you do no more love when you see her not, and your passion for her is rather a voluntary amazement than a true passion: 'tis therefore not very difficult for you not to speak so often of *Fenice*, and to let me speak of *Clelia*.

Have you then absolutely resolv'd, said I to him, not to think more of banishing her from your heart? On the contrary, I have taken a resolution, replied he, to conquer hers if it be possible; and to acquaint

her that she is the only Saint, at whose Shrine I offer up my Devotion. In high thoughts, Madam, was *Aronces* at this time, and *Horatius* as I have since known, seeing *Clelia* give a favourable censure of those Verses; the Maid on a sudden when she oblig'd him to sing to the Echo, where we found him resolv'd to discover his Love to *Clelia* on the first occasion which presented, and these two Corrivals though friends, not in the least imagining one another's love, jump'd on one delign when *Clelia* without thinking of it gave them the means to execute it: For know, Madam, she being desirous to have those Verses *Horatius* had made, and which she could not retain in her memory, *Horatius* having but twice sung them, demanded them of him the next day; but as he would make use of this occasion, instead of giving them to her at that time, he could tell her he would send them. On the other side you must know Madam, that as things change very much, by passing from one mouth to another, principally if it is to recount little news of *Cabala*, where one word alter'd changeth all: It hapned that *Aricidia* having told some company where she was, and that which passed at the Echo, those which heard it mis-related it to others, and those others worse to others, who told *Fenice* it was I which had made those Verses at the Echo, but instead of telling her this Song was for *Clelia*, they only told her 'twas against her; so that being much incens'd against me, she complains of me with much inveterateness, in a place where *Clelia* arriv'd a little after she departed from it: So that *Clelia* who is wholly compos'd of goodness, was very sorry that the praises *Horatius* had attributed to her, had been the occasion of a quarrel between me and so fair a person; therefore willing to acquaint me with the complaints of *Fenice*, that I might justify my self, and foreseeing she should not see neither *Aronces* or I all that day, because she knew *Sulpicia* spent the remaining part of the afternoon in a place where we did not go. She wrote a Letter to *Aronces* to oblige him to advertise me of the anger of *Fenice*, for as she had been educated with him, and that *Clelius* would have her live with him with the same familiarity of a Sister, she made no difficulty to write to him, which she had done before in divers occasions, so that following those motions of goodness she had for me, she wrote a Letter to *Aronces* as I have already told you, which was somewhat nigh these terms.

Clelia to Aronces.

AS I know you love *Celeres* as much as I esteem him, and that I dare not write to him, I believ'd I ought to acquaint you that *Fenice* accuses him wrongfully of an Injury he hath offer'd her in praising me, to the end he may appease that fair person to whom I willingly yield the Priority of Beauty; and I consent that *Celeres* should make some Verses, in which he should as much prefer *Fenice* before me, as *Horatius* by his Flatteries hath plac'd me above her, for I declare, it's not by the small beauty I have I would be esteem'd, but there is something in my heart that merits praise more than my eyes, and in fine there remains no more but to call you my Brother, that delightful name my Father hath commanded me to give you, may hide those blushes which stain my Cheeks when I write unto you. Adieu, let not *Celeres* hate me for a quarrel I have innocently

'nocently caused him and use all the power you have
'over him to hinder him from complaining of me.

See then Madam, the Scheme and nigh the words of *Clelia's* Letter that *Aronces* received as he was ready to depart, but as he received it in a time when his passion violently transported him, and in a time when he had resolved to discover it to her which caused it, he believed he ought not to let slip this occasion which presented it self, and that without staying to see *Clelia*, he ought in answering her to tell her clearly that he was amorous of her, and in effect without any hesitation, and without one rase in all his Letter he wrote with a strange precipitation, all the inspirations of his passion, for 'tis certain, this Letter was rather a production of his heart than spirit, but after he had wrote it, he gave it to a discreet and faithful Slave, with order to attend *Clelia's* return, and to give it her without *Sulpicia's* seeing it, so that this Slave being very exact, executed it without much difficulty, for those which were with *Aronces* were in *Clelius* his house, as if they depended on him; so that 'twas very easie for this Lovers Slave to perform the command of his Master, and *Clelia* believing he wrote to her to inform her of *Celeres* quarrel, took the Letter without difficulty, but as she thought 'twas a simple answer to hers, she read it not at that time, because she was called at that instant to go to her Father, and their conversation being somewhat long, she forgot *Aronces* his Letter in her pocket, and did not remember it until she was retired into her Chamber, and when one of her Maids had given her another which she said one of *Horatius* his Slaves had brought, so *Clelia* believing that he had sent her those Verses she demanded of him, and that Letter putting her in mind that she had one from *Aronces* which she had not read, she put her self in estate to read them both, but as she had without doubt much more inclination towards *Aronces* than *Horatius*, she opened his Letter first where she was astonished to find these words.

Aronces to Clelia.

'**Y**OU have given *Celeres* such singular demonstrations of your Nobleness, that if I did not hope you had the same for me, I would not speak to you of him, and had rather give new matter to that high Vertue which gives so many Charms to your Beauty: but charming *Clelia*, as there cannot be testified more Nobleness than in pardoning a Crime in which ones self is solely interested: I must acquaint you that I have committed one which reflects on none but you, to the end that taking the generous resolution to pardon it, I may afterwards innocently commit it all my life. For not to draw a Vail over my thoughts, the Crime I have committed is, that I love you more than you would be beloved, and the glorious name of Brother you bestow on me, is so little agreeing with my thoughts, that I can no longer accept of it, permit me then to bear the title of your slave, if you will accumulate glory on me, but to the end my passion offend you not, know you have such an absolute power over me, that I shall not desire any thing but what you will not refuse me: In fine I love you, but in so pure a manner, that if you could see my heart, you would never have the injustice to deface your Image from it; I know amiable *Clelia* that I am

'unfortunate, an unknown One, but if you knew my flame and the purity of my thoughts, you would not be offended to be beloved in the manner I love you; take then the pains to know them, and condemn me not without it I pray you. But to the end I may know if you consent to my deniand, I declare to you that if you answer me not, I shall believe that you favourably entertain my love, and that I shall have nothing but to render you thanks for it: but on the contrary if you take a resolution to treat me rigorously, I had rather receive a cruel Letter than receive none. I pray you make me not despair, for in the passion I have for you, I cannot lose hope without losing my life.

The reading of this Letter so much surpris'd *Clelia*, that she could not tell what she felt in reading it; for as she much esteemed *Aronces*, and had much inclination towards him, she could not entertain a disobliging anger against him: Nevertheless, her natural modesty checkt her to do it. 'Tis true, as she knew her Fathers thoughts it was followed with some momentary grief, to see it was not permitted her to give any reasonable hope to the person in the world she believed most worthy of her if she had known his birth, and if her Father had not had an intention never to marry her but to a *Roman*; so that this astonishment, anger, and grief so much possessed her Spirit, that she thought not to read *Horatius* his Letter, and if her distraction had not made her open it without thinking on it, she would have slept without seeing it, but having opened it without any design to do it, and seeing the Song she demanded if *Horatius* was not there, and that it was only a Letter, she read it, but not without less astonishment than she had done *Aronces*: For in fine Madam, I can shew you a Copy of it that I will read to you, seeing you will not be ignorant of any thing in which *Aronces* is interested.

Horatius to Clelia.

I Send you not those Verses you demanded of me, because having perused them I found they did not merit your sight, and (if I dare say so) they were even unworthy of me: but there is another reason which hinders me from obeying you; for in fine, amiable *Clelia*, I foresee I go to be so cruelly used by you, that you would not sing a Song which I made. 'Tis not but that I use all means possible not to be rigorously treated, but I sensibly feel that when I tell you now I love you, you will soon divine it, 'tis therefore I had rather declare it to you my self, to the end you may have some obligation to me to have concealed it so long from you: Know then, divine *Clelia*, that the first minute I saw you was the first of my passion, and that the last of my love will be the last of my life; I know I have not great quality enough to merit you, but I know I have divers things which may hinder me from being ill used: For in fine, I am a Roman, I am beloved by *Clelius*; my love and hate runs in the same current as his, I am an Exile as he is, I am unfortunate, and I love you more than can be imagined; dispose therefore absolutely of my destiny, but if it is possible banish me not from your heart as I am from Rome, if you will not be more unjust than the Tyrant which banisht me thence, and render me infinitely more unhappy by this second and more rigorous Exile, than I am by the first.

Clelia having finished the reading of this Letter,
was

was much perplexed to resolve what she should do, for she found something so various in this mishap which had made her receive two declarations of love in one moment, that she knew not what to imagine of it. That which most troubled her was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were friends, and that they might both say they had obligations to her, so that having thought a little thereupon, it came into her mind that that which gave her so much inquietude was not it may be but a simple gallantry agreed on between them to perplex her, for in our *Caballa* we make an hundred malicious intents one to another in divers occasions: *Clelia* therefore finding some sweetness in believing it, to draw her self from that perplexity where she was, made as if she really believed it, and hath since ingenuously confessed to me, that though the Letter of *Aronces* much vexed and afflicted her, yet she felt in her heart that she sustained it more agreeably than that of *Horatius*; but after she had confirmed her self in this belief more by her will than reason, she took a resolution to answer those two Letters as if she had certainly known that these two friends desired to deceive her; but as she was not assured of it, she determined to write to both of them obscurely, to the end not to breed any contention between them if her thoughts deceived her, and not to discover to them that they had both discovered their Loves to her, if it was true they loved her. For in fine, (said this admirable Maid to her self) if *Aronces* and *Horatius* have plotted this invention, they will understand what I shall tell them, and know that they have not deceived me, and if it is not a deceit, and that they have written to me without one anothers knowledge, I shall not embroyl them, and I shall not find my self in the necessity to answer seriously to two Letters, wherein I shall find my self perplexed to do it, for I should answer it may be too roughly to *Horatius* and too mildly to *Aronces*: After this *Clelia* taking a resolution to draw her self speedily from this perplexity, answered to those two Letters by two Notes that I shall tell you, for I think I never saw any of *Clelia's* writing that I have not retained, I so much esteem her: This Madam, was her answer to *Aronces*.

Clelia to Aronces.

Your deceit hath not succeeded, and he with whom you have contrived it, shall have no more joy than you to believe it would deceive me, believe me *Aronces* it suffices not to have spirit to be a deceiver, but a certain maliciousness of which I believe you incapable, therefore enterprise no more to deceive me, and to prove that your design both effectually ill succeeded, I protest unto you, your Letter hath not angered me one moment, after this I think I need no more explicate to you my thoughts, and that you believe that I believe you are not amorous of me.

You see Madam, what was *Clelia's* Note to *Aronces*, and so what was that she wrote to his Rival.

Clelia to Horatius.

When two have joyned to contrive a Cheat it is easier to be found out; pretend not then I conjure you, that yours hath happily succeeded, and to testi-

fie unto you, that I believe not to be so well with you as you may be evil with me, I pray send me the Verses I have demanded of you, but I likewise pray you to be strongly perswaded that you can never enterprise any thing that less resembles truth than what you have undertook: for in fine, to speak sincerely I live after such a manner in the world, that one must have lost ones sense and reason, if he think to procure my friendship and not my hatred, by disclosing his affection to me in an amorous Letter.

I am assured Madam, you know that though these two Notes were written on one subject and by one person, and that this person had an equal design in writing them, that that which addressed to *Horatius* was clothed with more rigorous and severe language than the other, but I must tell you the effect they produced in the minds of those which received them the next day: imagine then Madam, that when *Aronces* received that which appertained to him, there was a strange emotion in his heart, for as he writ to *Clelia* that if she answered him not, he would believe she was favourable to him, he thought seeing she wrote to him, he was going to receive his arrest of death, and that which made him think so was, that *Clelia's* Slave by the orders of her Mistress, had given him this Note without staying for an answer, so that he opened it with an extreme Inquietude, but when he had read it his spirit was a little more settled, but he was much perplexed to divine what *Clelia* would say, when she told him that he had contriv'd with another this deceit: Nevertheless after he had well considered on it, he believed that *Clelia* had purposely premeditated it, not to be obliged to evil treat him, and that it was I that she made him seemingly think which had part in this pretended deceit of which she spoke in her Note; so that looking upon this Artifice of *Clelia* as an obliging procedure for him, he found himself more happy than he hoped. He likewise received me with much joy when I entred into his Chamber a quarter of an hour after he had received this Note, but as I was sufficiently troubled at the anger of *Fenice*, I hearkned not to him so attentively as he would have me, so that being angry at me; Ah cruel friend said he to me, you interest not your self in my fortune: You take so little part in mine, said I to him, that I have more cause to complain of you than you have of me, for after you have told me you are not so miserable as you thought your self, you demand not of me how I stand with *Fenice*, but for to make you see you are happier than I to read the Letter I leave you, that this fair person hath wrote on the adventure of the Echo, for I am pressed to go to a friend of hers to adventure to oblige her to justifie me to her. After I had left *Fenice's* Letter in his hands I left him, but departing from his Chamber, I met *Horatius* who entred there, and who appeared to have something in his spirit which made him melancholy, for he took no notice of me: In effect Madam, you must know that *Clelia's* answer had highly perplexed him, for he knew he had not mentioned his love to any one, nor the Letter he had wrote to her, so that he knew not what to think of that she wrote to him, seeing that on whatsoever side he looked on the thing, he found nothing of true semblance.

In the mean time, he felt I know not what in *Clelia's* words, which made him believe that he had not any part in her heart, he was notwithstanding perswaded that he might have right to pretend thereto, if

if it was not engaged; so that now thinking on what he never before thought of, he sought to find, if it was possible, whether *Clelia* lov'd any one, but after he had examin'd it, he found that if this fair person had some particular affection in her heart, it must necessarily be for *Aronces*, and that it must consequently follow *Aronces* lov'd her; for he suspected her not to love without being belov'd. This thought was no sooner formed in his imagination, but it excited in him a great disturbance: In effect, as *Horatius* is generous, and that he had many Obligations to *Aronces*, he had a strange agitation of heart, when he thought he might be his Rival, it likewise rais'd a War in his Spirit, and he effectually took a resolution to resist his passion, if he learnt *Aronces* loved *Clelia*. So that endeavouring handsomely to clear himself, he went to *Aronces* his house, and he arriv'd there as I told you when I departed from thence, so that he had the Letter of *Fenice* in his hands I had given him and *Clelia* answer, but as soon as *Aronces* saw *Horatius* enter he conceal'd *Clelia*'s Letter, and still kept *Fenices* in his hands, for in this inopinate occasion he thought on nothing but his own interest and not mine. 'Tis true, that this Letter was writ in such a manner, that the Author of it could not be known if one did not know the writing, neither for whom it was, it having no superscription, and the reproaches of *Fenice* were in such a nature, that one would not divine the cause of them: *Horatius* then entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, with an intention to discover by a familiar discourse if he loved *Clelia*, and endeavour to divert his love if it was so, he saw some emotion in his countenance, because his mind was then disquieted, and according to the nature of love which make Lovers fear the slightest things in certain occasions, he feared that *Horatius* should see *Clelia*'s Letter, and know it, so that this disguised Lover seeing some agitation on *Aronces* face, and seeing a Letter in his hands which was written in Tablets, he held open without thinking on it, he so little dream'd of me, and seeing they were made in a manner as Ladies ordinarily use to write to men, he demand'd of him after some complements if those Tablets came from *Clelia*, *Horatius* having not any other design than to speak to him of that fair Maid on all sorts of subjects, to note either by his actions or words, if there was any suspicion that he was amorous of that fair person. But *Horatius* had hardly demand'd this of *Aronces*, but this Lover which was unprepared was much surpris'd at it, because it was true as you know that he had one of *Clelia*'s Letters about him, and would not hinder himself from telling him this Letter was not from her, so as *Horatius* noting it, and not doubting but those Tablets were *Clelia*'s, he spoke to *Aronces* believing it so; by your favour, said he to him, do not conceal the truth from me, and tell me if the Letter you have in your hand is not from the admirable daughter of *Sulpicia*, as I do not doubt of it, shew it me I pray you, for as I am perswaded she writes as well as she speaks, I have a great desire to see one of her Letters, at least I very well know her Character is the fairest in the world, for I have seen verses of her writing: at first *Aronces* believed, that telling a second time to *Horatius* that this Letter was not from *Clelia*, and telling it him very seriously he would believe it, and would press him no more to shew it him, but it hapn'd otherwise, for *Horatius* reiterating his intricacies with much earnestness, perswaded

him he suspected something of his passion, so that fearing extremely he should know it, and for fear he should acquaint *Clelia* with it, with whom he had a most inviolable amity, resolv'd to shew him *Fenice* his Letter, to make him a false confidence by shewing it him, to the end to frustrate his conceived opinion that he was amorous of *Clelia*: if it was true he thought so that the better to conceal his passion. I know not *Horatius*, said he to him, giving him the Tablets he held, from whence it comes you will not believe me, but to evidence to you, you have wronged me by suspecting the verity of my words, see if this writing is *Clelia*'s, but after you have seen this Letter do not speak of it I pray you, though I am resolv'd not to have any commerce with the person who writ it, therefore *Horatius* tell none, yet nevertheless I will not be indiscreet without any exception, that you have seen a Letter of this nature in my hands. As you tell me not her name who wrote it (reply'd *Horatius*, after he had read it) I can hardly be unfaithful to you if I would. For what can I say to those to whom I would tell it, but that you have shew'd me a Letter: Since I know nothing else but that it is from an incens'd Lady, who wrote to you with such an high indignation, that I believe she will easily be appeald when you will, and that she hath more disposition to love than hate you, whatsoever it be speak not of it, I pray you, said *Aronces*, for in the thoughts in which I now am, I am assur'd I shall never mention love to that person: Whilst *Aronces* thus spoke, *Horatius* had an extream joy to believe that he was not amorous of *Clelia*, for though his friend told him he would never have any commerce with the person, whose Letter he had seen, he harkn'd to that as the discourse of an angred Lover; who believed sometimes to hate when he loved most, he doubt'd not but *Aronces* had a great engagement to this Lady, whose Letter he had seen, so that believing he was not expos'd but to be a mans Rival to whom he owed his Life, and whom he very much loved, he express'd a great resentment of joy by the only imagination of it, and lest that mishap he greatly feared might happen to him, he resolv'd whilst *Aronces* lov'd another to tell him that he had the same for *Clelia*, though he lov'd not to declare his secrets, for as he knew him to be very generous, he thought that after he had once made him his confident, he would not become his Rival, so that casting an obliging look on *Aronces*, For to demonstrate to you how dear your friendship is to me, said he to him, I have almost stolen from you your secret, but I will voluntarily declare mine to you: know then, continued he, that time hath worn out many months since love seiz'd my heart, and I every day feel my hatred against *Tarquin* increas'd, because I look on him as the cruel cause of those punishments which are prepared for me. *Aronces* hearing *Horatius* speak in this manner, imagin'd he had some Amoretta's at *Rome*, and did not fully comprehend that he hated *Tarquin* more than ordinarily, because it was his exile which had caus'd his passion for *Clelia*, so that willing to testify to *Horatius*, that he would obligingly espouse his Interests, he commiserated his cruel passion, prying to tell him his adventure: Alas my dear friend, said he to him, my adventure is declared in few words; for as soon I shall tell you that I love without being beloved, I shall tell you all which hath happen'd to me, since I was amorous. But hath not absence, reply'd *Aronces*, heal'd you of a love which hath been

been so ill rewarded: as he thus spoke, and that *Horatius* was about to tell him that he was not absent from the person whom he loved, and that he would have named *Clelia* to him; *Clelius* entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, and broke off the conversation of these two Rivals, which knew not themselves to be so, and they could not renew it this day nor a long time after, for as *Aronces* would not render secret for secret to *Horatius*, he rather avoided than fought him: *Horatius* on his side had his spirit so clouded with grief, that though he had a design to confide in *Aronces*, he could not do it, no occasion presenting it self. In the mean time, as he believed *Aronces* to be engaged in another love, he clearly submitted his heart to *Clelia*.

But to return to the two Letters these Rivals had writ her, and the answers she returned to them; you must know, that three days were fully completed before *Aronces* had the happiness to see *Clelia*, though he sought for her in the resolution he had taken not to oppose his love, and had resolved to tell her that that which he writ was positively true, for *Horatius* though he resolved to love *Clelia*, he feared to see her lest she should be displeased when he should tell her the contents of his Letter were true: but at last by a fortunate occasion these two Rivals met together after Dinner at *Clelius* his Gate with one design, to see *Clelia*; *Horatius* said nothing particularly to *Aronces*, because he had with him a friend which he had found at *Capua* called *Stenius*, whom he had brought to entertain *Sulpitia*, that he might discourse with her daughter, so that being entred without discovering their hearts to one another, they seemed as two men which had great friendship together, but they were very much troubled when they approached *Clelia*, and this fair person seeing them both at once, and seeing in their countenances an equal agitation, confirmed her self in her conceived opinion, that they both had contrived together those Letters they had writ to her, it happened that *Horatius* noting *Aronces* his change of Countenance looked on him, and *Aronces* doing the same thing looked on *Horatius*, so that *Clelia* believing they made some intelligent sign to deceive her, determin'd with her self to tell them they were not come to their end: and thus smiling said, you see well said she to them, in the manner with which I receive you both that you have not deceived me, and that your fallacy hath not succeeded: therefore do not enterprise it once more, if you will not have the shame to be discovered, for if you could not deceive when I did not distrust, judge then if you can do it now you have rendred your selves suspected.

Aronces and *Horatius* hearing *Clelia* speak in this manner were strangely surpris'd, for her words agreeing with her writing, they knew by this both had written, and that both their Themes were love, since she used the same terms to them both, and not having power to hinder their surprisals, and their astonishments, they changed colour, looked on one another, and afterwards looked on *Clelia*, as if they had desired to see her thoughts in her eyes, or what they should answer her: On the other side, *Clelia* seeing the agitation of their spirits, knew she was deceived, and blush'd by a modest thought mingled with confusion; but she did not judge it fit to retract what she had said, and she continued to make war to them, as she had begun, for after *Aronces* was come from his

astonishment; For my particular Madam said he to her, I protest unto you I had no desire to deceive you, and *Horatius* very well knows I never propos'd any deceit to him. I confess what you say, replied he, but confess likewise I never propos'd to you in my life to deceive the fair *Clelia*, to the end that as I shall make yours, you may make my justification, the path which you tread to justify your selves will render you more culpable than you imagine, replied she, therefore if you will believe me, divide the controversy between you, concerning the crime I accuse you. At least amiable *Clelia*, replied *Aronces*, with precipitation tell me, if *Horatius* his crime is in the nature of mine?

I pray you Madam, added *Horatius*, yield not to *Aronces* that he demands of you without doing the like to me, and without telling me if the fallacy of which you accuse him, is like that you accuse me of.

If I should consent to your demands, replied *Clelia* prudently, I should give you honour to have deceived me, since I should take the pains to tell you a thing I suppose you know; but in fine, whether your terms be equal or no speak no more of it, for in the humour in which I am, I cannot tolerate such abuses; take then some care to make me forget those you have done me, and never propound it more to me, if you will not have me fear or flee you, as if I had contracted much hatred against you.

I know not, replied *Aronces*, what *Horatius* hath done or said which hath angred you, but for my part Madam I protest unto you, that if I have incurred your displeasure, I am dispos'd to displease you all my life. Those which have begun a thing, added *Horatius*, do not so easily leave it off, therefore Madam, you ought not to think it strange if I make use of *Aronces* his expressions, and assure you if I am criminal I shall be so till death. I shall suffer the rest of the day, replied *Clelia*, seeming to believe that in effect you have deceived me, but I declare to you my patience extends no further, and that if to-morrow you thus speak to me, I shall effectually act as if the deceit had succeeded.

As *Clelia* had finish'd these words, one of *Horatius* friends entred, and I entred a little after with *Fenice*, with whom I had made my peace since I left *Aronces*; 'tis true the better to confirm her I was not very sorry to accompany her to *Clelia*'s house, to the end she might hear from her mouth, that twas *Horatius* had made the Song which was the occasion of our quarrel, she accusing me to have done it, and I turned their discourse in such a manner, that I finish'd to *Fenice* my justification, but I was much surpris'd to see *Aronces* and *Horatius* both melancholy that they which used to be very civil, had some disposition to contradict one another: I assure you Madam, this I tell you surprises you, for after I had told you that *Horatius* had a design to discover if *Aronces* was his Rival, to the end to endeavour to vanquish his passion, I am assur'd I say Madam, that you are astonish'd to see this exasperation at first principally in *Horatius* his Spirit, but I may say he is not culpable, because it is so natural not to love a Rival, that what obligation soever he had to *Aronces*, he would not look upon him as his Rival, without feeling in his heart an extreme agitation. *Aronces* on his part, not doubting but that *Horatius* loved *Clelia*, had a most sensible grief, and as reasonable as he was, he would not hinder himself from telling me afterwards, that he

was

was as much incensed against *Horatius*, as if after he had made him the confident of his passion, he was become his Rival, he therefore endeavoured to overcome the tumultuous resentments of his heart, and in effect those two Rivals departed from *Sulpitia's* house, as if they had nothing in their souls, which had begun to change their thoughts; but the most remarkable thing in this adventure was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* both took an equal design, for *Horatius* resolved to acquaint *Aronces* with his affection, and *Aronces* to precede *Horatius*, resolved to discover first his passion for *Clelia* to him, so that those two Rivals instead of flying one another, departed together from *Clelia's* house as I have told you; and having proposed to one another to walk, they went into a publick Garden where every one had the liberty to go, but they were no sooner there but both being desirous to use one anothers confidence, they hindred themselves sometimes by their own impatience, and as soon as they were in the Garden, *Aronces* thus said to *Horatius*, As I infinitely esteem you, I shall be very glad to acquaint you with the most important affairs which have hapned to me in the whole course of my life: I pray, said *Horatius*, let me first finish my discourse, for there is no reason you should deprive me of that advantage since I first begun to unlock to you the greatest secret in my heart. When I have told you I am amorous of *Clelia*, interrupted *Aronces*, then tell me what you please. Ah *Aronces* cried *Horatius*, you have prevented me, and I have nothing now to tell you. but that I fear I shall be conscious of ingratitude towards you, and shall not have enough power over my self as not to be your Rival. What *Horatius*, said *Aronces*, is it true that you love *Clelia*? Yes, said he, I love her, and it was to endeavour to discover if you loved her, that I came to your house that day *Celcius* interrupted us, and when I entred into your Chamber, I had taken a resolution if I could discover you to be my Rival, to vanquish my passion by all means I could possibly use; but truly I cannot tell whether my inclination induced me to do it, for since I have known you love *Clelia*, I have so terrible an agitation in my heart, that I do not know whether I should love *Clelia*, hate you or hate my self, neither would I infringe our friendship or desert her: Ah *Horatius* cried *Aronces*, that which you would do is not possible; for if we both love *Clelia*, we must necessarily hate one another: I am so much obliged to you, replied *Horatius*, that I think not that the Love I have for her, and the friendship I have for you should be incompatible: If that which you say is true, replied *Aronces*, it is for you to yield *Clelia* to me, for it must consequently follow you love her less than I, since it is true that I believe it not possible to look upon you three days as my Rival without hating you. 'Tis not, said he, that I am less generous than you. but 'tis assuredly that my love is powerful: Ah *Aronces*, replied *Horatius*, I oppose my self to that which you say, for you cannot have more Love than I, but it is that owing to me not so much as I owe to you, you are not so obliged to love me. No no, answered *Aronces*, it is not by that reason, for if I have defended your life you have likewise defended mine. I declare likewise to you that you owe no more to me than I to you, and if you renounce the pretensions you have for *Clelia*, I would count it as a thing you are not obliged to do. Would to the Gods, replied *Horatius*, I was in estate to do all which you say,

for I should do it by another motive, but it is impossible for me to change my affection, and permit you to love her. It is true I am no great obstacle to you, seeing that if I am not deceived, I have not much room in *Clelia's* spirit: Ah *Horatius* cried *Aronces*, you are not only the most accomplished man in the world, but you are a Roman, and I am an unhappy unknown which cannot hinder you. Notwithstanding I hope, though I have no subject of hope, expect not likewise I can ever suffer you to love *Clelia*, though many reasons oppose my Love. If you will (replied *Horatius* after a little consideration) strive to divert the current of your affection, I will do the same things. If I should consent to your demands, replied *Aronces*, we should find our selves in some days in the same estate we are now, since I am assured that I cannot cease to love *Clelia*, so that all I can do is to recal my generosity to hinder me from hating you, or to hate you less than one ordinarily hates his Rival, for as I am sincere my thoughts must fall in the compass of my words, let us then love *Clelia*, pursued he, since our destiny will have it so, and be perswaded that there is nothing but my love to her can make me hate *Horatius*. I am of opinion, added this illustrious Lover, that if you be not more happy than I, I shall not hate you, and I am likewise perswaded that if I am not more happy than you, you will not hate me, and I may likewise say that *Clelia* in disposing her heart, shall put in yours and mine, either hatred or friendship according as we shall be either happy or unhappy, and we may draw from hence this advantage, that if *Clelia* loves you, her affection will console you for my hatred, and if I am preferred before you, I shall likewise comfort my self for yours. As these two Rivals were thus arguing, fortune conducted me where they were, and having noted some alteration in their countenances, I pressed them so much to tell me what had distracted them, that I became the depository of the promises they had made not to oppose one another with *Clelia*, by any other way than endeavouring to make themselves beloved: they likewise promised one another not to discover it to *Celcius*, and to expect to heal themselves when *Clelia* had chosen one of them, and in effect they lived a little while with the same civility as they had formerly done, but I am assured their thoughts differed in their hearts, and if their generosity had not restrained them, they would have quarrelled more than once on very slight pretexts, they overswayed their thoughts as I have told you, and lived so well together, that if *Clelia* had not already known their loves, it had been difficult for her to know they were Rivals, but they both took a different resolution to act with *Celcius*; for after *Horatius* had discovered his love he continually pressed her to be favourable to him: and *Aronces* on the contrary resolved with himself to tell *Clelia*, that he would not desire hope, nor demand any thing but the only favour to be believed her Lover; though he pretended not to be beloved, but to be put in the number of those whom *Clelia* called her tender friends, to distinguish them from many others, which had not so advantageous a place in her heart; so that *Clelia* finding *Aronces* less importunate than *Horatius*, avoided him less than his Rival, but she particularly forbade them both never to speak of love to her, and though *Aronces* better obeyed her than *Horatius*, he more perswaded her, and the importunity of the first did so evidence

dence the discretion of the second; that he was less unhappy.

As things were in this estate, there arrived at *Capua* a Roman called *Herminius*, who merits much estimation, and is endowed with all those qualities which complete a perfect man; but Madam, as I have not the leisure to play the Painter in describing him to you, having many things to acquaint you with, by which you may draw his Character: it shall suffice to tell you that as he was a Roman, and exiled by *Tarquin*, and one of *Horatius* his acquaintance, *Clelius* no sooner knew that he was at *Capua*, but he presently offered him all that which depended on him, and prayed *Aronces* to contract a friendship with this illustrious Roman; he brought him likewise to *Sulpicia* and his daughter; which had no great difficulty to resolve with themselves to use him civilly: But Madam, you must know, that *Herminius* was so touched with *Clelia's* merit, that though his affection was confined in *Rome*, and that it was not ordinary for them which have a violent love, to have at the same time a violent friendship: 'tis true he had an earnest desire to acquire some place in the admirable *Clelia's* heart, and if *Horatius* had not told us he knew his adventures, and that he had performed heroick actions for his Mistress, we had nigh believed he was amorous of *Clelia*, for he praised her with a certain exaggeration which seemed to be peculiar to love, he sought her with an extreme care, he was ravished with joy when he was nigh her, and was much afflicted when he saw her not, and so ardently testified to desire her friendship that *Aronces* and *Horatius* did not more passionately desire her love.

In the mean time, though he endeavoured to divertise her in an hundred several manners, he essayed to divine that which might please her; *Horatius* nor *Aronces* had no inquietude, because they knew he was amorous at *Rome*: *Clelia* likewise and all those who saw him in *Clelia's* house infinitely esteemed him. In the mean time, this admirable virgin lived in such a manner, that she had no lover but he was obliged to conceal himself under the name of a friend, and to call his love friendship, for otherwise they had been banished from her house, and *Aronces* and *Horatius* inrolled themselves under that title, if it was not in certain inevitable occasions, where this last strangely importuned *Clelia* by his continual complaints; for myself which was amorous of *Fenice*, I was likewise *Clelia's* friend, and I remember one day among the rest, that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Fenice* and I were with *Clelia*, where there was many other persons in conference with *Sulpicia*, for you must know this day was one of the most agreeable in the world, seeing the manner to which tended our discourse, in effect, as *Herminius* was a gallant of Friendship and commonly entertained *Clelia*, with some expressions reflecting on tendernefs: *Aronces* told him he could not chuse a person which knew the nature of true tendernefs better than *Clelia*; adding that if he could so far prevail with *Clelia* as to define it, he should be the happiest friend in the world, her definition of it much exceeding all others; If it is true, replied she, that I can so perfectly decipher it it is because my heart dictates it to me, and it is not therefore difficult to tell the Notions of it; but from thence I must not draw this conclusion, added this fair person, that all those I entitle my friends are my tender friends, for I have them in several degrees. In Effect, I have half friends if I may so speak, that

I call by another name, agreeable acquaintance, and I have some which have made a farther progress, and which I number in the Catalogue of new friends. I have others which I simply call my friends, and I have some that I call my customary friends, I have others which I name solid friends, and others which I name particular friends: but for those I beautifie with the title of tender friends, they are but few in number, and they are before so firmly seated in my heart, that they can hardly make any farther progress, and I so distinguish all sorts of friendship that I do not confound them. By your favour amiable *Clelia*, cried *Herminius*, tell me where I am I conjure you: You are yet in new friendship; replied she smiling, and it will be long before you go farther; at least, replied he smiling as well as she, I should not be very sorry to know how I might go from New amity to Tender.

I am of opinion, replied *Aronces*, that few men have ever seen a description of that Country, it is a voyage many men would undertake, replied *Herminius*, and who may deserve to have the way, by which they may be conducted to that amiable place, and if the fair *Clelia* would do me the favour to teach me it, she would bind me in an indissoluble obligation to her: May be you imagine, replied *Clelia*, that there is but a short walk between new amity and Tender, 'tis therefore, before I engage you there I will promise you to give you the Map of that Country, that *Aronces* believeth hath none. I pray you Madam, said *Aronces* then to her, if there is one that gives it me as well as *Herminius*, *Horatius* and I entreated the same favour. *Fenice* likewise pressed her to give her the Map of that Country which no person had yet described, we then imagined *Clelia* would have wrote some agreeable Letter, which would lay open her thoughts, but when we pressed her she told us she had promised it to *Herminius*, and that she would send it him the next day: and as we knew *Clelia* writ very gallantly, we had much impatience to see the Letter, we presupposed she would write to *Herminius*, and *Herminius* himself expected it with such an ardent desire, that he writ a Note next morning to *Clelia*, to summon her of her word, and as it was very short, I believe it contained nigh these words:

Herminius to the fair Clelia.

AS I cannot go from new amity to tender, if you do not perform your word I demand the Map you promised me, but demanding it of you, I engage my self to depart as soon as I have received it to take a voyage, I imagine so agreeable, and that I prefer you before the sight of all the earth, though I should be to receive a Tribute from all Nations in the world.

When *Clelia* read this note, I have since known she had forgot the promise she made to *Herminius*; and that having hearkned to all those entreaties we made her, but as a thing which then brought us some delight, she had thought we would not remember it the next day, so that at first the Note of *Herminius* surpris'd her, but as at this time a pleasing fancy entertained her thoughts, she imagined it would be delightful to others, and without any further consultation; she took the Tablets and wrote that she had agreeably designed, and she so speedily executed it,

it, that in half an hour she had compleatly begun, and finished her designment, after which having wrote a Note she sent it to *Herminius*, with whom *Aronces* and I then were; but we were astonished when that *Herminius* after he had seen that *Clelia* had sent to him, shewed us a Map effectually designed with her hand, which taught us how we might go from new amity to *Tender*, and which so resembled a true Map, that there was Seas, Rivers, Mountains, a Lake, Cities and Villages, and for to make you see it more clearly, behold a Copy of that ingenious Map, that I carefully kept from that time.

At these words, *Celeres* gave a Map which follows in the next page, to the Princess of the *Leontines*, who was agreeably surpris'd at it: But to the end she might know better all the devices of it, he explicated to her *Clelia's* intention, which she had done to *Herminius* in the Note, which accompanied that Map, so that after the Princess of the *Leontines* had it in her hands, *Celeres* thus resumed his discourse.

You doubtless Madam, very well remember that *Herminius* pray'd *Clelia* to instruct him how he might go from new amity to *Tender*, so that he must first begin by the first City, which is situated at the bottom of the Map, to go to the others, for to the end Madam, you may be fully acquainted with *Clelia's* design, you see she hath imagin'd tenderness may proceed from three different causes, either from a great Esteem, Recognizance or Inclination, which hath oblig'd her to establish these three Cities of *Tender* upon three Rivers, which derive their names from them, and to make three different ways to go thither, so as we say, *Cumes* on the *Ionian*, and *Cumes* on the *Tyrrhene* Sea, she makes us say, *Tender* on Inclination, *Tender* on Esteem, and *Tender* on Recognizance.

In the mean time, as she hath presuppos'd that that *Tenderness* which is produced by Inclination, hath not need of any conformation. *Clelia* as you see Madam, hath not placed any Village along the banks of this River, which runs with such a rapid course, that there can be no lodging along the shore for to go to new Amity to *Tender*, but for to go to *Tender* on Esteem it is not so, for *Clelia* hath ingeniously put as many Villages, as there are small and great things which contribute to the protection of it by esteem of this *Tenderness*, of which she intends to speak: In effect you see that from new Amity we pass to a place called great spirit, because it is that which ordinarily begins esteem.

In pursuit, you see those agreeable Villages of pleasing verses, amorous and gallant Letters, which are the ordinary productions of the greatest spirits in the beginning of Friendship, and for to make a greater progress in that way, you see Sincerity, Great Heart, Honesty, Generosity, Respect, Exactness, and Goodness, which are all against *Tender*. To make it evident that there cannot be true Esteem without Goodness, and that we cannot arrive to *Tender* on that side if we are not endowed with that precious quality. After all that Madam, be pleas'd to direct your eyes to new Amity, to see by what way we may go from thence to *Tender* on Recognizance, see then I pray you, how we must go from new amity to complaisance, and from thence to that Village named Submission, and which is almost joyn'd to another called small cares, see I say, that from thence we must pass by Assiduity to make us under-

stand, that it is not sufficient to have that small obliging care which give so much Recognizance, if we have them not assiduously. From thence you see we must pass to another Village called *Empressment*, and not to do as those slow people which will not hasten a moment what entreaty soever is made them, and which are incapable to have this impressment which sometimes so strongly obligeth, from thence you see we must pass to great services, and for to note there are few men which render such; This Village is less than the others, from thence we must pass to Sensibility, to make us know that we must be lively touch'd with the least afflictions of those we love, afterwards to arrive to *Tender*, we must pass by *Tenderness*, for friendship attracts friendship. In pursuit, we must go to obey Divine, there being nothing which more engageth the heart of those whom it obeys, then to do it blindly, and for to attain in the end to our desired Port, we must pass to constant friendship, which is without doubt the surest way to arrive to *Tender* on Recognizance: But Madam, as there are no ways which we may not stray from, *Clelia* hath made as you may see that if those which are at new Amity go a little more on the right or left hand; they will likewise deviate, for if we part from great spirit, we go to neglect and we see opposite to that Map, that if we continue this deviation, we go to inequality, from thence to lukewarmness, lightness, oblivion, and instead to find our selves at *Tender* on esteem; we are at the lake of indifference which you see marked on the way, and which by its calm streams without doubt lively presents the thing of which it bears the name in this place: On the other side, if we go from new amity to take a little more on the left hand, we go to indiscretion, perfidiousness, pride, mischief, or obloquy, and instead of finding our selves at *Tender* on esteem, we are at the Sea of enmity, where all the vessels are shipwrack'd, and which by the agitation of its waves, fitly agrees with that impetuous passion *Clelia* would represent: she likewise makes us see by these different ways, that we must have many noble qualities to oblige her to have a tender friendship; and that those which have bad ones can only acquire her hatred and indifference, and she willing to describe to us in this Map that she never had love, nor would ever have any thing but tenderness in her heart, makes the River of Inclination cast it self into the Sea which is called the dangerous Sea, because it is dangerous for a woman to exceed the limits of friendship, and she makes in pursuit that beyond this Sea is that we call *unknow'n Lands*, because in effect we know not what they are, and that we believe no person can go further than *Hercules* his pillars, so that in this manner she hath moralized friendship by a pastime of her fancy, to make us understand in a peculiar manner, that she never yet loved, nor could ever receive any.

Aronces, *Herminius*, and I found this Map so exquisite, that we perfectly understood it before we departed; *Clelia* instantly pray'd him for whom she had made it not to shew it but to five or six persons whom she desired should see it, but as it was not but a simple delight of her spirit, she would not have it fall under the censure of those stupid persons, which neither know the beginning of it, nor are capable to understand the new gallantry, but she could not be obeyed, because there was a certain constellation which so reigned, that though we intended to shew this Map but to few persons, it made such a noise in the

the world, that there was nothing spoke of but this Map of *Tender*; all the ingenious wits of *Capua* writ something in praise of this Map either in Verse or Prose, for it was an excellent Subject for an ingenious Poem, gallant Verses, very agreeable Letters, and very pleasant Discourses; but *Clelia*, said they, set too high an esteem on it, and there was no person who was not demanded whether he would go to *Tender*? It furnished some such an agreeable subject of entertainment, that there was nothing more fit to exhilarate our spirits; at first *Clelia* was angry that there was so much spoken of it, for in fine (said she one day to *Herminius*) do you think I imagined, this speculative fancy had any thing pleasant, but for our *Cabala* in particular to become publick, and that I made to be seen but by five or six persons which have noble spirits, should be seen by two thousand who scarce have any, and who hardly understand the best things? I know well pursued she, that those which know it began a conversation, which gain me only time to imagine this Map will not find this Gallantry Chimerical nor extravagant, but as there are strange men in the world, I extremely fear that they will imagine I seriously considered of it, that I have trifled away many days to find it, and that I believe to have designed an admirable thing, but it is a momentary folly, that I look upon as a toy, which hath it may be either some gallantry or novelty for those whose spirits are well tuned to understand it, *Clelia* had therefore no reason to disquiet her self, Madam, for 'tis certain that all in general commended this new invention, which displayed the way how one might acquire tenderness from honest persons, except from some dull, stupid, malicious, wicked, whose approbations were indifferent to *Clelia*, whether they praised it or no, yet it commonly drew some delight from the most stupid of those men: for there was a man among the rest who demanded to see this Card with a strange obstinacy, and after he had heard many praise it, he dully demanded for what use it served, and for what profit was this Map? I know not (replied he to whom he spoke, after he had diligently folded it up) if it will serve to every one but I know it will never conduct you to *Tender*.

The Destiny of this Map, Madam, was likewise so happy, that those which were too stupid to understand it, used to divertise us in giving us subject to deride their follies, but it seemed particularly to *Aronces*, because it prejudiced *Horatius*; for Madam, you must know that this Lover which as I have told you, troubled *Clelia* with his continual complaints, speaking to her one day of this Map, and willing to make use of it to speak of his passion, Alas Madam, said he to her, I am more unhappy than all those which approach you, since 'tis true that I do not see the way which may conduct me where I may go in that ingenious Map you have made: for I cannot touch your Inclination, I have not sufficient Merit to acquire your Esteem, I can never oblige you to any Recognizance, and in fine I know not what way to take, and to say things as I think them, I know not if I may go where some other more happy than I is already arrived, and if that Countrey where you say no person hath yet been; is not known to some of my Rivals; for Madam, from whence proceeds this durity of heart towards me, if you have it not Tender towards some others, you have naturally a gentle spirit, a sensible heart, I very well know you esteem me, you are not ignorant of my passion, you

likewise know *Clelia* honours me with his friendship there is no disproportion of quality between us, and if fortune changes at *Rome*, I shall have riches enough to make a Roman happy: But after all Madam, added he, I am perswaded that far from having the power to pass to *Tender*, I shall never arrive there. Ah would to the Gods some unknown be not already arrived near those *unknown Lands* to hinder me from going thither, and that your heart is not already too much engaged to love him, of whom——You have done well *Horatius*, said *Clelia* interrupting him (her anger planting blushes on her cheeks) to remember me that my Father loves you, for if it was not by that consideration, I would treat you in such a manner that it would be in effect easie to know, that you will never arrive to *Tender*, but the respect I bear him somewhat retaining me, I content my self to tell you two things, the first is, I absolutely forbid you ever to speak to me in particular, and the second is, that that unknown of whom you speak, is not in these *unknown Lands*, because no person is yet there; nor can never be there, but to the end you do not imagine I conceal the truth from you, I declare to you he is at *Tender*, and that he shall always be there both by esteem and recognizance, for he hath all the merit one can have, he hath saved my life as well as yours, but the difference that is between you and me is this, that I am very acknowledging and you very ungrateful. In the interim, it seems to me not very judicious to appear ungrateful, when one desires to obtain favours from any one.

Horatius would have answered something, but *Clelia* would not hearken to him, and *Aronces* being arrived he was constrained to depart from her, and to leave his Rival with her, but hardly was he departed but *Aronces* gave her account of divers small Commissions she had given him the day before, for she had prayed him to oblige *Aricidia* to recount to him that which passed in a great Assembly where she was, he was likewise charged to procure flowers to make Garlands for a great Feast, which hath some resemblance with the Feast of the *Terminales*, so solemnly celebrated at *Rome*, and he had promised to give her some of *Sappho's* verses he had translated, for he very well understood the Greek, and she knew it not; so that willing to quit himself of all those things she ordained, he made at first a pleasant Narration of that Assembly where *Aricidia* had been; for in fine Madam said he to *Clelia*, I will declare to you the very words of *Aricidia*, tell *Clelia* said she to me, after I had acquainted her with your desires, that the Assembly was not fair because she was not there, and that there never had been one where there was so much melancholy: For all those Ladies which profess Gallantry, were unhappily this day there for all the jealous Husbands were there, and above half of their Gallants were wanting, in pursuit *Aronces* promised *Clelia* that she should have the next day four bushels of Flowers to make Garlands, and began his Version of *Sappho's* Verses, whose memory is very famous through all *Greece*, which were very amorous as ye may judge by four Verses which I shall tell you, which remains in my memory.

Love is a pleasing Malady,
For which my heart no cure can find:
Yet if I could get Remedy,
I'll rather dye than cure my mind.

But after *Aronces* had given her account of the Commissions she gave him, and that *Clelia* smiled at all that *Aricidia* told him, that she had thanked *Aronces* for his flowers. and that she had praised the Verses he had given her, he said to her half smiling, at least Madam, permit me to hope that if I continue I shall soon pass from that agreeable Village which is called Little Cares, and that if I cannot go to Tender on esteem, I may one day arrive to Tender on Recognizance, not daring to pretend to go to the third, nor to think there is something above Tender; for those happy *unknown Lands* I can descry but at a distance, I find my self so comforted by being strongly perswaded that others cannot go thither no more than I, that I shall think my self happy when I shall arrive to Tender.

Clelia remembring the expressions of *Horatius*, could not conceal her blushes, and *Aronces* fearing to have incurr'd her indignation demanded pardon of her, not knowing wherefore he demanded it: are my wishes too much to desire Madam, said he to her? if they are so, divine *Clelia*, I crave your pardon, but I demand it not having power to do penance for such a crime; no, no, *Aronces*, said she obligingly to him, I do not condemn you for desiring my friendship, but on the contrary, am very well pleased you esteem me worthy of it; but to descend a little higher, I assure you you have as much part as your merit or obligations may claim: for in fine, I owe my self to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*; and likewise to you, and I assure you whilst you do not force me to change my thoughts, and conceal my friendship and my recognizance, I shall be very glad to evidence to you in any occasion that I am not ungrateful.

But Madam, replied *Aronces*, what may I do to preserve my self in that glorious estate where you make me believe I am? you must live with me as you did formerly replied she; But Madam, replied he, you desire an impossibility, for the means to live long without entertaining you of that I dare not tell you but by my sighs and regards? I am resolved, pursued he, to endeavour to obey you to oblige you if I can to desist from such an unjust command, for to testify unto you *Aronces*, said she to him, that I have a tender friendship for you, and that I will preserve it if I can by all means possible, I will unlock my heart to you, and rely on your discretion: Ah Madam, said *Aronces* to her, but I fear this confidence will afflict me and not at all oblige me, I know not if you are equitable, replied she, but I am assured I shall not be unjust: If you do me justice, answered he, permit my love; and that I tell it you and you will be satisfied that I love without hope: if the Gods had disposed your fortune and mine otherwise than they are, replied she, I ingeniously confess to you, you are the only person on which I could wish my Father had fixt his eyes; but *Aronces*, things are not on those terms, for not to flatter you, if you are not a *Roman* you must not pretend to *Clelia*, and there is great likelihood you are not a *Roman*, neither that you shall ever know your extraction, content your self then to have acquir'd my friendship without pretending further; for if my Father should discover that you had other thoughts than those of a Brother, he would complain of you, he would forbid me your sight, and I should without doubt obey him, though I should do it not without some difficulty: But Madam, replied *Aronces*, I will only tell you I love you, and *Clelius* shall not know it, but better to keep this

secret, replied she, you must not tell it neither to me nor my Father; but *Aronces* pursued she, this secret is no secret as you imagine, for *Horatius* who knows it may tell it to others, if he hath not already done it, and it may be for some reason he may acquaint *Clelius* with it: *Horatius* without doubt hath cause to desire my unhappiness, replied *Aronces*, but I have so good an opinion of his Vertue, that I do not suspect he will perform any dishonourable Action, and I believe he will only imploy his merit to eclipse my love: Though it should be so, said *Clelia*, seeing he knows you love me, I must give him no occasion to believe I suffer your love, and I conjure you to confirm your Resentments; if I could do it Madam, replied he, I would, but it is not possible, I and all that I can do is to leave you to take a free election, love me then or love me not, suffer my love or reject it, nothing shall oblige me to murmur against you, but nothing shall oblige me to alter my ardent affection, if you will not permit me to entertain you with it, added he, I will do it, but I am assured my vital faculties will fail when speech is forbidden me, and you may, it may be, repent rather to have desired my death, than to hearken to my Love, *Aronces* propounded these words with such a passionate and respectful air, that *Clelia* remembring that hazardous attempt he performed to save her life, had not the power rigorously to treat that man she had seen so valiantly kill those which would have cast her into the Sea, and she took a mean and told him without doubt all that decency and modesty dictated to her, in such expressions which savoured not of any severity, which evidenced to *Aronces* that only *Clelia's* Vertue retrieved her, and that he had no subject to complain of her, though he had not obtained the liberty to sigh, but after he had left her, *Clelia* had some discourse with her Mother, which gave her more boldness to abandon her heart, to the inclination she had for *Aronces*, for as *Sulpicia* tenderly loved him, that she had a secret aversion for *Horatius*, and that she feared that *Clelius* had a design to give his Daughter to the last, she confided to *Clelia* all the secret of her Soul, and made her understand that she passionately desired she should espouse *Aronces*, and that she strangely feared *Clelius* would make her marry *Horatius*; 'tis not, said she, but that he is an honest man, but in fine, I have some secret reasons which would afflict me if you should espouse him, and I should be very glad if *Clelius* would turn his eyes to *Aronces*; I know very well added she, that we know not his birth, but I know we are not strangers to his Vertue, and that if he was not born at *Rome*, he hath at least the heart of a *Roman*, yea, of a generous *Roman*: Moreover, *Clelius* owes his life to him and we likewise; I have likewise discovered without testifying any thing more of it, that he hath more affection for you than he shews, and I believe I ought to tell you my true thoughts for fear if he had been ignorant of them, you would have blindly conformed yours to those of *Clelius*; I pretend not pursued *Sulpicia*, to make you disobey him, but I would have you empty your address to disengage *Horatius* from the design I perceive he hath for you, that you make no rudeness to *Aronces*, and that you endeavour handfomly to make known to *Clelius* that you have some aversion towards *Horatius*, and that you have none for *Aronces*, for as I know he loves you, if you do as I direct you he will not constrain you, but above all my Daughter, added this prudent

gent Mother, had your spirit always no estate to obey him without any reluctancy, if he would have you recede from my directions, for I intend not to employ but address only, to make him consent to my desires: You may judge Madam, that *Clelia* easily promised to her Mother to perform all her desires, and to give her one secret for another; she acknowledged to her that *Aronces* and *Horatius* loved her, but by a sentiment of modesty she could not resolve to tell her the sequel of the discourse which passed between these two Lovers and her. In the mean time being become more bold after that *Sulpicia* had told her she was more severe to *Horatius* and more affable to *Aronces*, to whom in the end she accorded the permission to tell her sometimes the thoughts he had for her, but she always forbade him the hope to be happy, without the consent of *Clelius*; but Madam, though *Aronces* lived with *Clelia* with much reservedness, *Horatius* nevertheless noted there was a greater familiarity between them than was usual heretofore; so that as *Clelius* more severely intreated him, since he mentioned that ingenious Man, it was not for that alone, but that his Rival had made a great progress in her heart, so that consideration much exasperating him, he felt a strange disposition in his Soul, to forget what he owed *Aronces* and to hate him, his natural generosity opposed the injustice of his love, but it was in the end constrained to yield to it; 'tis true that this particular friend he had which was named *Stenius*, contributed to incense him, for as he was a man which naturally lov'd these things which were more troublesome than agreeable, he had no sooner perceived that *Horatius* delighted not to hear that *Aronces* was favour'd by *Clelia*, but that he did nothing but tell him whatsoever his imagination fancied, for sometimes he said she cast a favourable eye on him at the Temple, another time that she praised him with exaggeration, or that she had whispered to him, and there was never a day but that he made some new observation of this nature, and that he told not his thoughts to *Horatius*; so that this Lover remembering that *Aronces* and he had mentioned that they should not hate one another, and break their friendship till *Clelia* had chosen one of them, I now believed it was time to desert his friendship: Nevertheless to be fully satisfied therein, he sought the occasion to find *Aronces* without going to his house, for in despite of the tumultuous resentments of his soul, he conceived he should act a strange part if he should go to quarrel in his own house with a man who had saved his life; but knowing that *Aronces* every morning recreated himself in the publick prementioned Garden, he went thither and there found him alone: As they yet retained some civility, *Aronces* instead of shunning him staid for him at the end of an Ally, for by a resentment of goodness and generosity, since he received some innocent testimonies of *Clelia's* affection, he commiserated his Rivals condition, and he would have alledged many reasons to him to cure his passion, only to mitigate the grief he foresaw he would have, when he should know *Clelia* had preferred his affection before his, but whilst he had this generous thought: *Horatius* whose heart was touched with jealousy, saluted him with a constrained civility, and taking the word, No, *Aronces*, said he to him, is it not time to cease to be your friend, and is not *Clelia* so favourable to you, as to put a difference between us? You demand it of me in such a fierce love, replied *Aronces*, that I am perswaded if

Clelia should much hate me, I should be obliged in honour not to tell it you; but lest you should think that the fear to make you my enemy makes me thus speak, I therefore tell you because I am sincere that I am not happy, but after that I leave it to your choice to be my friend or my enemy: As it is not there to be modest, replied *Horatius*, I know not whether I should be your friend or your enemy, because I do not positively know how you stand with *Clelia*; 'tis for you precisely to tell it me, for as I am a Roman I place sincerity above all other Virtues: though I know not my birth, replied *Aronces*, I know how to seat all Virtues in their right place, therefore as I am perswaded that after that you have told me, it is more just to be fierce than sincere, I say to you that I ever promised to tell you in what terms I should be with *Clelia*, and that I have not never pretended to know the like from you, you may therefore learn it from her mouth or divine it if you can, and it is for me to tell you once more that I give you your choice either of my hatred or friendship: If I may chuse, replied *Horatius*, I would chuse the last, because I owe my life to you, but it not being in my power, I gladly accept the other, and not to be altogether ingrateful (said he with a piquing gallery, putting his hand to his Sword) I must put my self in estate to give you that you preserved me, *Aronces* seeing him in this posture put himself in the like, and these two fierce Rivals began a Combat which had ended but with their lives, if *Clelius* and I had not casually arrived at this Garden as they had their Swords in their hands, you may judge Madam what was *Clelius's* surprise, when he saw two men whom he dearly loved, and whom he thought loved one another, to be in estate to kill one another, and he was so troubled at it that he ran as swift as I to separate them, for we both arrived together, fury having so transported them that they knew us not, but when we were two paces from them, *Horatius* seeing his blood run down from an hurt he had received on his left side became more furious: and casting himself on *Aronces*, Oh! too happy Rival, said he to him, since thou hast vanquished *Clelia* it will not be difficult to vanquish *Horatius*, *Clelius* hearing these words stayed himself one moment to look upon me, so he was so much surpris'd, but without staying my self or him, I put my self in estate to separate these two valiant enemies, and I did it more voluntatily because the advantage was on *Aronces* his side, and in effect *Clelius* being joyned to me, in despite of his astonishment we separated them without much difficulty; for as soon as *Aronces* saw *Clelius*, he retired some paces and put himself out of a fighting posture, so that having seized them both, and there being arrived other men which came to us and assisted us, we took from them the power to continue their Combat.

In the mean time, as *Horatius* was hurt and *Aronces* was not, *Clelius* accompanied the first even to his house, and I followed *Aronces* as my particular friend, but before they departed, *Clelius* looking upon them both thus said. What fury possessest you? and whom ought I to quarrel with? for my self I have nothing to say, replied *Aronces*, but that *Horatius* put his hand first to his Sword, and that I am not the assailer: yes, yes, *Aronces*, (replied *Horatius* in estranging himself from him) I am at once both culpable and unhappy, I am it may be more unhappy than you, replied *Aronces*, but I am doubtless more innocent.

After

After that, *Clelius* not daring to examine the ground of their quarrel before so many Men, because of those words he heard at his first arrival to them: those two Enemies went with *Horatius*, as I have told you, and I went with *Aronces*, who was as much afflicted, as if his enemy had vanquished him, for he imagined what the event of this combat would prove, in effect, though *Horatius* was hurt and vanquished, he would tell nothing to *Clelius* of the subject of his quarrel with *Aronces*, because he had heretofore promised him never to tell him he loved *Clelia*; but he imagined a part of the truth, and was strongly perswaded in the opinion that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were amorous of his Daughter, but the better to know it, he return'd to his house, and taking *Clelia* aside, without telling *Sulpicia* of it, because he noted she did not love *Horatius*, I never believed (said he to her to affright her) that you had been capable to breed a quarrel between my two Friends, and I should never have thought the Daughter of a Roman so little esteemed glory as you do.

By your favour Father (said she to him) tell me what baseness I have committed? and what quarrel I have caused? You are the cause (replied he) that *Horatius* and *Aronces* have fought, and that one of them it may be, is in danger of death: What (replied hastily *Clelia*, who would not retain this first motion) have *Aronces* and *Horatius* fought? and is one of their lives in danger? Yes Daughter (said he to her) and you are doubtless the cause of this disaster.

Clelia would then have demanded of her Father, which of the two were hurt? but seeing her Father much disturb'd, and that he attentively lookt upon her, she durst not ask that question; but *Clelius* knew that she interested her self in the conversation of one of those two enemies, for a crimson tincture shadowed her cheeks, which sufficiently confirmed him, that she was not altogether insensible either for *Aronces* or *Horatius*: In the mean time, as he did not certainly know for which of them two she had a tender heart, because he had not named him which was hurt, he resolv'd subtilly to discover it, and concealing the truth, he told her that it was *Aronces* which was wounded, and that she had merited blame for what she had done.

Clelia hearing *Clelius* his words, was so much afflicted, that 'twas easie for her Father to know, that she had rather it had been *Horatius*, but though she said nothing whereon he might ground this conjectural opinion, her eyes betrayed the secret of her heart, and though she had power enough to hinder her from weeping, *Clelius* saw that it was only her prudence retained her tears; so that seeking no further confirmation, 'tis sufficient *Clelia*, said he to her, I know all the secret of your heart, and you will be glad when you know 'tis *Horatius* which is hurt, and not *Aronces*; for I am very certain you prefer *Aronces* before *Horatius*, and that you affect rather an unknown person than a Roman, yet I know not whether you suffer them both, though you love one better than the other: Ah *Clelia* cry'd he to her, Maids of your quality do not thus live at Rome; but to the end you may elevate your heart, and to add more confusion to your weakness, remember that your blood is of the most illustrious in the World, that the Nobility of your Race is ancients than Rome, and if the famous City of *Alba* yet

subsisted, that Crown should be your Hereditary right.

But without seeking these marks of greatness from the Tombs of those Kings from whom I am descended, and in the ruins of a State of which I might have been the Master; to the end to scrue up your thoughts to a sublimer pitch of greatness, it suffices you are my Daughter, to find very strange that you should be capable of that weakness I reproach you: I know Sir, replied she, that I ought to take all things at your hands, therefore have I suffered you to accuse me without cause, but after all, as I am obliged to justify my self, permit me to tell you that I am not culpable.

What? (replied *Clelius*) do you say that *Aronces* and *Horatius* are not amorous of you? and do you think to persuade me that you do not love *Aronces* better than *Horatius*? I do not positively know (replied *Clelia*) if those you say are effectually amorous of me; but if 'twere so I should not be culpable, since I never had any design to countenance their affections, and for the difference you say I put between *Aronces* and *Horatius*, I am not in that very criminal; for in fine, I saw *Aronces* as soon as I enjoyed the light: you have commanded me from my infancy to love him as a Brother, and to give him that Title, you have always loved him with a Paternal affection, I have seen him esteemed by all those who knew him before I knew *Horatius*, 'tis not therefore strange that I have more disposition to have friendship for him than the other, though I have lived with an equal civility towards both of them.

If you have always lived so (replied *Clelius*) wherefore should they quarrel? wherefore should they fight? wherefore should *Horatius* be hurt? and wherefore should he say to *Aronces* in my presence, that he was more unhappy than he? I know not (replied she) the cause of their quarrel, but I very well know I contributed nothing to it, that I have no subject to complain of *Aronces*, and that if I had not feared your displeasure, I should have long since acquainted you that I had reason to accuse *Horatius*, because he persisted to give me marks of his pretended passion, though I had forbid it him; if you had defended it as severely to *Aronces* as *Horatius*, replied *Clelius*, things would have never come to these terms, and if you had not made a secret of that Gallantry, order should have been taken to prevent these things.

In the mean time I have to tell you, that though *Aronces* hath merit, I forbid you to look on him but as one ungrateful, that hath forgot all that he owes me, and I command you to dispose your self to live better with *Horatius*, if he escapes; for to tell you clearly my intentions, if he doth not esteem you unworthy of him, after that which hath happened, he is the only Man in the World that I can consent you espouse: He is an accomplished Man, a Roman, and Son to a Friend I very much loved; and in fine, he is *Tarquin's* Enemy, which is the greatest inducement for me to desire his Alliance; for *Aronces* I know he is endowed with transcendent qualities, but since he is both unknown and ungrateful, I will not only forbid him to look upon you, but command you never to speak to him till you are *Horatius* his Wife.

After these words *Clelius* left *Clelia*, grief seizing all the faculties of her Soul, after he departed from her

her Chamber, he went to find *Sulpicia*, to whom he made strange reproaches, accusing her not to have taken sufficient care in the tuition of her Daughter, since she suffered her to put some distinction between *Aronces* and *Horatius*; for after all, said he to her, if she must put any between them, it must be for the disadvantage of *Aronces*, and not *Horatius*: *Sulpicia* hearkned to her Husband's words with an extreme despatch, because they confirmed her in the belief that his friendship towards him principally proceeded from his former affection to his Mother, so boldly taking his Daughters part, whose innocency she knew, she took *Aronces*; in effect said she to *Clelius*, if *Aronces* is not a Roman born he hath a Roman heart, and if *Clelia* had not lived well with him, she should have disobeyed the command that you and I enjoyn'd her; if she had suffered him as her Brother, replied *Clelius*, I should have had nothing to reproach her, but she hath endured him as a Lover, and hath without doubt treated *Horatius* as an enemy; by your favour (sharply replied *Sulpicia*) blame not me indirectly by blaming *Clelia*, and be perswaded that she is altogether innocent, that she loves glory and virtue, that she hath not derogated from her birth, but you are so opposite to the pretensions of *Aronces*, because you do not know his Father, and favour those of *Horatius*, because his Mother hath been of your acquaintance.

At these words *Clelius* feeling himself touched to the quick at this reproach of *Sulpicia* (because in effect there was some truth in it) felt in his heart such a disposition to anger, that for fear he should not overpower himself, he departed not only from her chamber, but out of the house, and went to *Aronces* for whom he had yet a tender affection, but against whom likewise he was much angred, though he was resolved to speak to him rather like an angred Father than an enemy, for *Aronces* received him with his usual respect, but with such a profound sadness imprinted on his Face, that it easily appeared that his Soul was much disquieted; as soon as he was entred, *Aronces* thus says to him with as much submission as if he had been his Father, I doubt not but you believe you have cause to complain of me, for that which hath passed between *Horatius* and I, but I protest unto you, he hath been the Assailer, if he had not forced me to act what I have done, the respect I bear you would have obliged me to suffer any affronts from him.

I am willing to believe, *Aronces* (replied *Clelius*) that *Horatius* hath committed most wrong in that which reflecteth on your quarrel, and I am very much deceived if I do not make you confess, that you have been more culpable towards me, then he can be towards you; for in fine, you know *Aronces* what I have done for you, you know I found you in the Sea, that I exposed my life to save yours, and afterwards far from treating you as a slave the gods had given me, I educated you as my Son, and that there might be nothing deficient on my part to your advantage, I desired my Wife to love you as if she had been your Mother, and commanded my Daughter to love you as if she had been your Sister; but O horrible and unparallel'd ingratitude! you use the familiarity I have given you in my house to cloak your affection to *Clelia*, and you pretend to enforce her from me, that she might not obey my commands, I therefore declare to you by a tender resentment which yet resides in my heart, and to

teach you to acknowledge those obligations you have to me by a grateful recognition to you for saving my life, I say, that if you will ingeniously confess all that which is passed between *Horatius* and you, and swear to me never to pretend any thing to *Clelia*, nor once to speak to her till she shall be espoused to *Horatius*, I will preserve my friendship toward you, and I will bury in oblivions grave the cause you have given me to complain of you.

Would I had the power (said *Aronces* to him) to shew you all that which hath passed in my heart, for if it were possible for me to do it, you would easily seal my justification, and my infelicity would (it may be) receive a great diminution, but seeing you cannot divine my thoughts, permit me to tell them you, and do me the favour to believe that I will conceal nothing from you, I will then ingeniously confess to you, that I have received continually from you all things I could desire, and more then I could ever expect, and I have been, and I am yet linkt to you in such a chain of gratitude, that nothing but death shall be able to untie, and if I could but once reproach my self to have committed any thing voluntarily which might merit your indignation, I should esteem my self the most ingrateful and perfidious of all Men; but generous *Clelius*, that love which hath made a deep impression in my Soul, and which irritates you against me is not of this Nature: What have I not done to resist and banish this passion from my heart, and for being just to you, *Clelia* hath reason to tax me with injustice, for I have been sometimes so transported beyond my self, that I have wisht with a strange desire, neither to admire love or esteem her; but my wishes were still in vain, for I observe, love, and admire her, more than my tongue (too weak an instrument to blazon forth her perfections) is able to express; but as I live without any hope to be happy, demanding no reciprocal affection, I cannot see how I should be conscious of any injustice towards you, and though my person should be your captive, yet I must tell you that the respect I bear you, only hinders me from desiring to cease to be miserable, and I must therefore ingeniously confess to you, that I am not capable to see *Clelia* in *Horatius* his power without contributing to my own Tragedy: neither give her to me pursued this afflicted Lover, and I consent thereto; neither give her to *Horatius* if you will not give death to a Man whose Life you have saved.

I very well know my words do not fall in the compass of Reason, and that you have some subject to impute injustice to me, because I seem to impose Laws on him from whom I ought to receive them, I would not have unript my thoughts to you in this occasion, if I had not imagined to oblige you to compassionate my feebleness, I might have told you if I would, that as unknown as I am, there is something inshrined in my heart, which may merit the particular esteem of *Clelius*; but I declare to you without murmuring against you, that if you never give her me, I shall without doubt complain of fortune, but never of *Clelius*: and if *Horatius* shall not be more happy than I, I shall not believe my self to be the most unfortunate of all Men.

That which you say (replied *Clelius*) is so dissonant from Reason, that I cannot give you any positive Answer, and all that which I may or ought to tell you is, that my Daughter is under my power; that the Romans are not only Masters of their Childrens fortunes

fortunes, but of their lives; and as *Clelia's* Father I shall bestow her on whom I please, and I shall never give her you, but according to all likelihood shall bestow her on *Horatius*, and I expressly forbid you either to see her or speak to her.

After that *Clelius* departed from *Aronces*, and left him in such a grand despair, that I think there was never any Lover whose afflictions equalled his; at least, I know that when he told me his discourse with *Clelius*, so many marks of despair were seated in his eyes, that I feared he was not able to support such a cruel adventure, and that his grief would act his lives Epilogue: who ever saw (said he to me) any misfortune equal to mine? for in fine, I have not the consolation to accuse any one of those miseries which have drowned me in a Sea of desperation; for I know *Horatius* ought not to yield *Clelia* to me, and that *Clelius* ought not to prejudice *Horatius* by giving her to me, whose birth he knows, and I suffer an affliction so much the greater, because I do not find it altogether unjust; and I am so miserable, that even the affability of *Clelia* towards me gives a continual augmentation to my despair, for if I was not beloved of *Clelia*, and had no hopes of gaining her affection, it seems to me, I should not so much hate my Rival, nor so much murmur against *Clelius*, and despair it may be would then somewhat mitigate my passion; but alas *Celestes*, I am not in this estate, for on *Clelius* and *Horatius* his parts I see an absolute impossibility to accomplish my designs, and on *Clelia's* I see such a seeming correspondency of affection which renders me more miserable, but not enough to make me happy; in effect, she would it may be without any repugnance obey *Clelius*; if he should command her to love me, but she doth not so much affect me as to disobey him, if he commands her to espouse *Horatius*; and the sweetness she expresses to me, doth increase my misfortunes; I should not therefore be the less unhappy by the cruelty of *Clelia* (added he) and all that I can desire for my consolation is, that my Rival should always be hated by her, and that she will always affect me with a correspondent affection: thus you see, Madam, the affliction of *Aronces* in this troublesome conjuncture; nevertheless as he durst not go to *Clelius* his house, after that he had told him, and that he desired to know *Clelius* his thoughts in this occasion, he prayed me to go to *Sulpicia's* house, but as I was known for *Aronces* peculiar Friend, I found that *Clelius* had given order to all his Servants to tell me that *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* were not there, so that the unhappy *Aronces* found himself in an unequal'd despair; *Clelia* on her side was not happy, for she sufficiently loved *Aronces*, sensibly to feel the privation of his sight, and she had a great aversion towards *Horatius*, to imagine she could never espouse him without an extreme displeasure: on the other side *Sulpicia* who had a jealousy thought in her Soul, who hated *Horatius*, and tenderly loved *Aronces*, was not without inquietude: for she would not directly oppose her Husband, neither would she suffer that he should pretend to give his Daughter to the Son of a Woman, which had heretofore given her such a cruel jealousy; for *Horatius*, he was more unhappy, for besides as he was hurt, he knew that he was not affected by *Clelia*; 'tis true, he had the consolation to know he was by *Clelius*, and to think this Father would employ all his Authority in his

favour, if he escaped the hurt he had received, which was less dangerous then *Clelius* had told his Daughter.

In the mean time, as Love is ingenious, it made *Aronces* find the invention to write to *Clelia*, but he was astonish'd when she defended him by a Letter to continue his writing to her, this rigorous command was without doubt conceiv'd in the most sweet expressions imaginable, but for all that 'twas a rigorous command, and rude, and it was done in such a manner, that *Aronces* very well knew *Clelia* would have him obey it, and he was during some time depriv'd of all consolation, till that *Herminius* who more lov'd *Aronces* then *Horatius* though he was a Roman, somewhat allwaged his grief, for as the true ground of the quarrel between *Aronces* and *Horatius* was now divulg'd, and the prohibition he had made his Daughter never to see him. *Herminius* made a Complement to that unhappy Lover, and pitied his condition as a Man which had a tender Soul, who knew the most sensibility of Love, who deplor'd all those which were miserable, and who used all means he could possible to comfort them, and he so much endeavour'd to comfort *Aronces*, that his endeavours proved effectual; for as he said he had been at *Sulpicia's*, and that he had entertain'd a long time her admirable Daughter, he extremely pressed him to tell him if she did not mention him in her discourse; if I should tell you she spoke to me of you, replied *Herminius*, I should tell you a lie, but if I tell she carefully avoided to speak of you, I shall tell you a thing which is more advantageous for you then you imagine: For in fine, I so clearly know that, that hindred her from speaking of you, was, that she felt she could not do it without expressing more inclination towards you then *Horatius*, that I cannot doubt of it: for I have seen her blush at her own thoughts, I have seen her seem not to take notice what was spoken of you, yet I have seen her attentively hearken to it, and I have seen some marks of despatch, when *Stenius*, who as you know is *Horatius* his Friend, hath said something to her to his advantage. Ah, ah *Herminius*, cryed *Aronces*, you would alleviate my miseries, and seek to diminish that malady which cannot be healed, I protest unto you, replied *Herminius*, that I speak to you with all the sincerity of a Roman: after that *Aronces* relying on the probity of *Herminius*, pray'd him to repair oftner to *Sulpicia's* house, and faithfully to relate to him all that he heard *Clelia* say, reflecting on *Horatius* or himself, but he durst not entreat him to say any thing to her on his part; for knowing the modesty of her humour and prudence, he judg'd that she would never discover the secret of her heart to a third person, and in effect, *Herminius* did all that *Aronces* desired, and for some days he was the most agreeable Spy in the World for his Friend, for he always reported to him some favourable observation he had made to his advantage; for my part I had likewise pray'd *Fenice* to report to me all that she heard *Clelia* speak of concerning *Aronces* and *Horatius*, that she then more frequently visited; so that either by *Herminius* or me, *Aronces* heard every day something which pleased him; he was therefore much troubled to know that *Stenius* saw her more often then ordinary: but after all he had some consolation in that he learnt by us that his Rival was not in estate to entertain her when he was forbid her presence.

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In the mean time *Clelius* daily visited *Horatius*, and *Aronces* doubtless had no consolation, but that *Herminius* and I gave him: But Madam, we were not always in power to give it him as accustomed, for neither *Herminius* nor I had any thing one day favourably to tell him, so that there are none more suspicious than a Lover, and an unhappy Lover, he no sooner saw us but he knew we had doleful things to tell him. In effect, as he demanded of me if *Fenice* had not seen *Clelia*, I told him coldly no; and as he demanded of *Herminius* if he knew nothing of *Clelia*, he answered the same thing, so that this equality of Answer being suspected by him, he lookt upon us with eyes, which demanded us so many things, that once without having a design, told him more than he would know, for he saw grief in mine, and he noted that *Herminius* turned his head aside not to encounter his, and not having power to remain long in this uncertainty; I pray said he to us, tell me speedily that you will not tell me, for if you do it not, I shall go to *Clelia's* house in despite of the defence of *Clelius*, and I will perform so many things contrary to reason, that you will repent not to have made known to me my misfortune: at first we would have concealed the truth, but there was not the means, and we were constrained to tell him that which we knew; for my particular I told him that *Fenice* having been at *Clelia's* house, was very much surpris'd to see her so reserv'd to her, and to hear her speak of him in a manner which made her judge that she thought to have cause to complain of him: for *Herminius*, he told him something which was more displeasing; for he not only informed him that *Clelia* had spoken in such a manner, that it evidently appeared her spirit was irritated; and moreover, that she had in an obliging manner inquir'd of *Horatius's* health, at the same time that *Stenius* came to her: So that *Aronces* having these two things, had almost sensible Dolour, and therefore not being able to live in such a cruel uncertainty, he was absolutely resolv'd to speak to *Clelia*, to know from her self what oblig'd her to vary in her thoughts concerning him. That which pusled me in this business was, that I did not know why *Clelia* gave such cold entertainment to *Fenice*, for to think it was because I lov'd *Aronces*, and that I likewise was lov'd by him, it were equally to wrong both the wit and generosity of *Clelia*, so that I knew not what to think of it. But in fine, Madam, after *Aronces* had conjectur'd an hundred ways to speak to this admirable person, he did so well that he met with one, it is true that he had it by the contribution of fortune, for there being a Person of Quality dead at *Capua*, and the custom requiring that his Wife should be visited, *Aronces* had the time so exactly watcht when *Sulpicia* should make her visit, thereby to order his own, and that he might do what he had before intended; and he so well fitted all things that he came to the door of this mourning house, at the same time that *Sulpicia* and her Daughter arriv'd there: so that I being with him, and that I knowing his design, I led *Sulpicia*, which received us very civilly, and *Aronces* presented his hand to *Clelia*, who as soon as she saw him blusht, and received him not with such a sweetness as her Mother, or if she had any it was very cold, and which had nothing of that obliging disposition she was wont to have for him; In the mean while there arriv'd to facilitate to *Aronces* design, that as we traversed a Court

which belongeth to the house where we were, and that we were under a magnificent Portal which is at the lower end of the stairs, there happened I say, that *Sulpicia* met with a Kinswoman of the deceased, which was going out when we entred in, and who following the custom of some Women, which always tells more than they are ask'd, related unto her not only the sickness of her Kinsman, but besides all the distempers which had heated his blood, and had caused the disease which ended his life: In fine, continuing her discourse, and relating what remedies had been given him, how he had disposed of his means, and generally what had befallen this Man, since ten or twelve years to his last breath: so that our design not permitting us to leave these Ladies with whom we were, I gave attention to this long Narration, during which time, *Aronces* entertain'd *Clelia*: At first she would have approached *Sulpicia*, but as she endeavour'd to do it, *Aronces* oppos'd himself with such a comely and civil manner, that she could not manifest all the rigour she intended for him; I am nevertheless perswaded, she was not angry to be constrained to speak to *Aronces*, who no sooner saw *Sulpicia* ingaged to hear the Ladies discourse, which she had met, said by your favour charming *Clelia*, I pray tell me from whence does it proceed, that you not only forbid me to write to you, but you speak of me as if I had offended you, and that I were not as innocent as miserable, though I am the unhappiest of all Men: I thought (replied she blushing) that you were in so good a correspondence with *Fenice*, that you did not care if you had none with *Clelia*.

What Madam, (replied he greatly astonish'd) do you believe that *Fenice* hath a part in my affections, *Fenice* whom I scarcely ever see, *Fenice* which is fervently loved by the dearest of my Friends, and *Fenice* in fine, which is not considerable to me, but because I know by her partly what you do or say, since I have no more the liberty to be my self a witness of your actions, and the admirer of all your words. Can you believe, Madam, that a heart which adores you can be able to adore another; and is it not sufficient that *Clelius* is offended with me, that it hath debarred me to see you, and that you have forbid me to write to you, and that I fear my Rival shall be happier than I, without your accusing me with an injustice which never had its equal: I know not, *Aronces* (said she) whether you love *Fenice* or not, but I know you have received Letters from her, and that you have been enough conversant to have some familiarity with her, yet said she (not giving him leisure to interrupt her) that brings no alteration to your fortune, for since my Father hath forbidden me to let you love me, and that he hath commanded me to receive the affection of *Horatius*, there will be no other change in the thing, but that I shall obey him with less repugnance than I should have done.

What Madam, (said *Aronces*, with a mortal anguish in his eyes) will you obey *Clelius*? will you no more suffer my affection? and will you entertain my Rival? Ah! if that be so, you have nothing to do, but to prepare your self to rejoyce for my death: for in the thoughts in which you are, it will without doubt cause you joy; but because I may at least have the comfort to die justified, accuse me exactly of my supposed crime, tell me when *Fenice* was loved by me, when we were familiar together,

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and if I destroy not all these impostures, esteem me as the basest of all Men, take from me wholly all hopes, that is to say, take away my life; speak then Divine *Clelia*, continued he, but speak without turning away your fair eyes, that they may see in mine all the innocence of my heart, and the fervour of my Love.

Clelia hearing *Aronces* speak in this manner, began to doubt of what had been told her concerning him, so that looking upon him with a more gracious eye than before, by your favour *Aronces*, said she to him, justify not your self, for I had rather be in wrath than in sorrow, wherefore because 'tis upon necessity that I must lose you, leave me in the belief that 'tis I which have lost you: No, no, Madam, replied he, I will not indure this injustice, and I must be absolutely justified.

As *Aronces* ended these words, and that he was in hope to appease *Clelia*, *Fenice* followed by two of her Friends, came down stairs at the foot of which we were, inasmuch that *Aronces*, who did not think that she had been there, and who knew that *Clelia* had newly accused him to have born her some affection, was so surpris'd by the sight of her, that it was not in his power to conceal those marks which demonstrated the agitation of his spirit.

Nevertheless, as he intended to clear *Clelia* of her doubt, he saluted *Fenice* with more reservedness than ordinarily, inasmuch that this person not knowing what was the reason of the diminution of his wonted civility, and calling to mind the cold entertainment that *Clelia* gave her the last time she saw her, she could not hinder her self from making some reproaches for it: Ah *Aronces*! (said she to him) 'tis too much to be at odds both with you and *Clelia*; 'tis not added *Fenice*, but that her beauty deserves your regards, but she ought not to be possessor of all your civilities, *Aronces* and *Clelia* were so surpris'd by what *Fenice* had said, and she pass'd by so suddenly, that they had not the leisure to answer her, yet they both began to give her a reply, but as I have said already, *Fenice* gave them not the leisure to end it; nay, they were not able to say any thing to each other, and I could not go after *Fenice*, who had not seen me, because *Sulpicia* ended her discourse which she had with that Lady, which had stay'd her, by this means, *Aronces* thinking to clear himself, found himself in a new labyrinth, for the alteration of his countenance, and what *Fenice* had told him, renewed the suspicions in *Clelia's* heart, inasmuch that although he spake to her as he went up the stairs, she gave him no Answer, and she hath even acknowledged that she hardly understood him, you may then judge Madam, that when they were in this mourning Chamber, it was not easie for him to entertain her, and when *Sulpicia* departed, *Clelia* carried her self so dexterously, that she engaged me whether I would or not to lead her; it is true that *Aronces* was not prejudiced by it, for he found in *Sulpicia* whom he accompanied, so much kindness, that it did in some measure comfort him, yet she nevertheless told him but very displeasing things, for she confirmed him in the belief which he had, that *Clelia* was very angry with him, and that he would not be easily reconciled: it is true, that she testified to him a great deal of sorrow for it, which did infinitely oblige him.

But as she went about to joyn *Clelia's* thoughts with hers, and to make him know, that she also was

very sorry for it: Ah Madam, said he to her, the equity of *Clelia* is far inferiour to yours, and I am far from having any subject by which I might equalize her goodness with yours.

Certainly you take the modesty of my Daughter (replied *Sulpicia*) as a Token of indifferency: but I assure you, she gives your virtue its deserved praise, and that if my persuasions could be ever able to cause an alteration in *Clelia's* his thoughts, you should see what testimonies she would give of the esteem she hath of you: *Aronces* durst not tell her what *Clelia* had told him, for fear of angring that fair person to whom I spoke, but as soon as I desired to know of her for what reason she would put *Aronces* to despair, by treating him so cruelly: *Aronces* (replied she) it may be, is not so innocent as you think him to be, and you may chance to be a better Friend then you think for, in speaking to his advantage; *Clelia* told me that, in such obscure terms, that as I knew not, that she thought *Aronces* loved *Fenice*, I was far from understanding what she meant, and I likewise answered so ambiguously, and our conversation was so mysterious, that we parted without understanding one another; so that when *Aronces* and I were alone together, we knew not what to imagine, for he was so astonisht that *Clelia* should accuse him of loving *Fenice*; and I was so affrighted at it when he told it me, that I knew not what to think of it, and the grief which *Aronces* had for it was so great that it could not be exceeded: for my part I knew well after that which he had told me, that it may be I was a better Friend then I thought, for believing that *Aronces* was amorous of *Fenice*, whom I loved, she was perswaded that I did more then I ought in speaking in his behalf.

In the mean time, we in vain searcht from whence should proceed *Clelia's* jealousy, the cause of which was very far off, for you must remember, that when I told you, that when *Horatius* endeavour'd the first time to know whether *Aronces* was in love with *Clelia* or no, he found him with a Letter in his hand, which *Fenice* had wrote me, of which *Horatius* knew not the writing.

Now Madam, it happened that during the time that he had kept his Chamber for the hurt which he had received----- *Stenius* fortunately shewed him a Song which was written by *Fenice*, which he saw sometimes, so that *Horatius* remembring it to be the same hand as that which he had seen in his Rivals hands, he began to imagine that *Aronces* loved in two places, and that I was his Confident only but by *Fenice*, so that relating this whole Adventure to *Stenius*, he began to exaggerate the injustice of *Clelia*, to prefer a Man to him which only gave her a divided heart.

So that *Stenius* effectively believing that *Aronces* had some intelligence with *Fenice*, and thinking to tender *Horatius* a good office, he went without informing him of it to *Clelia's* house, and he so contrived his discourse, that he gave this fair person to understand, that I was *Aronces* confident near *Fenice*, though I went for her Lover, or if that was not that *Aronces* betrayed me, he even assured her, that he had seen a Letter from *Fenice* to *Aronces*, and he did it without making any scruple of the likelihood of this lie, because *Horatius* had effectually told him that he had seen one in *Aronces* hands, it was not a considerable falshood to change one circumstance of this thing, so *Stenius* did what he intended, since he had

had put jealousy in *Clelia's* heart, which procured *Aronces's* miseries, for it was not possible to imagine what was the cause of *Clelia's* illegal proceeding, so that he found himself most wretched, principally because *Clelius* had forbid him his house, that *Horatius* did mend daily, that *Clelius* saw him assiduously, and that it was divulged through the whole Town, that he had promised him *Clelia*; *Aronces* knew well in himself, that being as he was so much obliged to *Clelius*, he ought not to contradict his design in disposing of his Daughter, and that equity permitted him not to seek means to destroy *Horatius*, since he lookt on him as a Man which he would have espoused to *Clelia*, so that love and equity counselling different things, he found himself greatly perplexed, but in the midst of so many misfortunes, he resented *Clelia's* jealousy more than all things, so that the excess of his passion fram'd in his Cogitations the most elegant propositions in the World, though he was so equitable; for although he knew that I was sufficiently in love with *Fenice*, he would shew her some publick incivility, because *Clelia* knowing of it, should no more believe he lov'd her, he even would have me not see her during some days, and he would in fine, satisfy *Clelia*, not considering whether the remedies which he would employ were lawful or not: But at last, after we had well considered what might be done for him; we resolved that he should desire *Herminius* to speak to *Clelia*, and to desire her from him, to tell him what caused his anger, and I perswaded him also to imploy *Aricidia*, to perswade *Clelius* that he should not be so obstinate as to give his Daughter but to a Roman, for I was strongly perswaded, that if *Clelius* gave her not to *Horatius*, he would willingly bestow her on *Aronces*, though he was unknown; and in effect Madam, we went to *Herminius*, and *Aricidia* who promised us to perform our desires. But as diligence in this occasion was requisite, because *Horatius* was to go abroad (as it was reported within two or three days) *Aricidia* went the very next morning to see *Clelius*, and *Herminius* promised to go to see *Clelia* in the Afternoon. But to begin by the conversion of *Aricidia*, who had so much affection for *Aronces*, I shall tell you that this officious Woman was no sooner with *Clelius*; but entring in discourse, I know not said she to him, whether you will take in good part what I shall tell you, but I am sure I have no interest in it, but that of your Families repose, *Aricidia* is so accustomed, replied *Clelius*, to be a Promoter of the contentment of her Friends, that I am perswaded she can never have but good intentions: Since it is so, replied she, do me the favour to answer me, and that sincerely; I promise it you, answered *Clelius*, and I promise it fairly, for I can never do no otherwise: Tell me then I conjure you, replied she, is it not true, that *Aronces* is one of the most accomplished Men in the World, that he is most courageous, most witty, most virtuous, and the most agreeable, and that he is, in fine, a Man whom you esteem above all the rest in the World, and which hath been most beloved of you, I acknowledge it, answered *Clelius*, but since it is so, replied she, why have you relinquish't your love, and what hath he done to merit your hatred: He hath had the impudence to love my Daughter, replied *Clelius*, he hath been so ingrateful as to forget he owes me his life, and that 'tis I which have made him what he is, but I shall make him know, that the Romans know well how to punish the un-

gratefult. Go not so fast *Clelius*, said she to him; and take heed that the Romans in thinking to punish the ungratefult, expose not themselves to ingratitude: 'tis true, you have sav'd *Aronces's* life, but he was but a Child, so that it may be said, that he did not see what you did for him, but you beheld with your own eyes what he did for you; when he sought to save your life, as you have your self told me, so you must not count what he owes you, without counting also what you owe him, and you must precisely tell me, why you will match *Clelia* with *Horatius*, who never sav'd your life, who though he hath a great deal of worth, yet is far short of *Aronces*, and wherefore you refuse her to the latter; I could tell you, replied *Clelius* in two words, that 'tis sufficient that *Aronces* not knowing his birth, to make me take it very ill, that he durst have an intention to my Daughter, but as without doubt you will tell me that he hath so noble a mind, that 'tis not possible to doubt of his quality; I have another reason to tell you, which admits of no answer; for, in fine, *Horatius* is a Roman, and by all likelihood *Aronces* is not; Ah *Clelius*, replied she smiling, this is not so strong a reason as that which you alledge not, and for my part I cannot endure the humour of the Romans which set themselves so boldly above all the rest of the World, for when all is done, Virtue belongs to all Countries, and of what place of the World soever *Aronces* is of, I esteem him as much as a Roman; believe me *Clelius*, added she smiling again, be not more curious then your Fathers were, who for to get Wives, ravish't those of their Neighbours; and be not more then one of your Kings who married a Corinthian Slave, though he was so great a Prince, not considering she was not of *Rome*, and for to shew that 'tis not sufficient to be a Roman, to have all things to discover to be lov'd by you, is not *Tarquin* a Roman, and the Son of Roman Parents, yet I have heard you say, he hath not the heart of a true Roman, that he is the Tyrant, and not the King of *Rome*, that he is an ambitious, a cruel, and a Parricide, that his Wife is an inhumane Woman, which hath passed over her Father's body, and that she is the wicked'st person of her Sex; after which, durst you maintain that 'tis good reason to alledge unto me that *Aronces* is not a Roman, and that *Horatius* is of *Rome*, for as there are Romans without Virtue; I maintain there may be virtuous persons, which are not Romans, therefore you must not say, you ought to prefer *Horatius* to the prejudice of *Aronces*, since the latter hath more worth then the other, and that you are more obliged to him, and that he is more esteemed by *Clelia*: if you had received your birth at *Rome* (replied *Clelius*) you should see what 'tis to be born a Roman, and you should know what is that invincible band, and that love to our Countrey which bindeth all its Citizens to each other, as for *Tarquin* I look upon him as a Monster which hath usurped the Sovereign Authority, which belonged not to him, and I neither consider him as a lawful King, nor as a Roman.

But since *Tarquin's* Vices (replied *Aricidia*) make him not to be considered by you as a Roman, let the same reason induce you to esteem *Aronces* by reason of his Virtues, as if he were one: No, no, *Aricidia* (replied *Clelius*) you shall not perswade me, since I am resolved *Horatius* shall be the possessor of my Daughter, and that *Aronces* never shall, and in effect

since he is not a *Roman*, and that he is ungrateful, I must not look upon him as a man capable to wed all my interests, for in fine *Aricidia*, I will have a Son-in Law, whose love for his Countrey and hatred against the Tyrant of *Rome*, shall be in the same degree as mine, it is therefore that I find in *Horatius* the accomplishment of all my desires.

In the mean time, as I foresee it will be difficult for *Aronces* to see *Horatius* crowned with the title of happiness, whilst this passion predominates in him, I shall therefore oblige him before I resolve on this marriage to return to the *Carthaginian* Prince, and command him not to return hither till he hath eradicated this passion from his heart.

Have you then positively promised *Clelia* to *Horatius* (replied *Aricidia*?) No, said *Clelius*, because I would have him desire her, but have only fed him with hopes, and I am resolved so soon as he hath left his Chamber, to salute him with this agreeable news: but do you know, (answered *Aricidia*) that it will be as pleasing to *Clelia* as *Horatius*? I believe it, replied he, and presuppose that her will is regulated by mine. Intruth (replied *Aricidia*) I did not believe you so dilected him, and that no Chymera of a *Roman* could come in competition with the transcendent qualities of *Aronces*: for in fine, if *Rome* only were illuminated by the Sun, it might plead by that privilege to have more vertuous persons than any other City: but as you know the Sun spreads his beams through the whole Universe, and there are vertuous men in all parts of the world, I have heard say, continued she, that in all *Greece* there were but seven men which above all the rest were called wise, yet the *Greeks* think they are well furnished with wisdom, and you pretend that all *Romans* are wise; believe me *Clelius*, if you would diligently peruse the ancient Records of *Rome*, you should find it ever since its being infected, with vices, and if there be any difference between *Romans* and others, it is that their Vertue is more rude and savage, and I am fully perswaded that since you will not be perswaded by me, that the over-ruling quality of the *Romans* is obstinacy, for if that were not, you would yield to my reasons, to your prayers and to your self, for I am assured that during what I have said of *Aronces*, your heart hath confirmed that I had reason, and that you were to blame.

Clelius hearing *Aricidia* speak, and knowing her franchise, would no longer dispute against her, and being resolved to refuse her, he would do it with civility, wherefore he gave her thanks for the interest she took in his Family, but he still spoke to her so fiercely of *Aronces*, that she knew there was nothing to hope for, and knowing it would be to no purpose to delude him, she gave him no hopes; on the other side, *Herminius* found *Clelius's* spirit so exasperated, that she would not so much as let him speak to her of *Aronces*, and she took it so ill that she should employ others to speak to her still of one thing, for though he had been well with her, this very occasion had been sufficient to cause a disgrace from her, for the more she esteemed *Herminius*, she so much the more took it ill that he should justify *Aronces*, so that this miserable Lover was in unspeakable despair, I had for my part some vexation, for as *Ferice* hath humours and is a little unjust, she taxed me of *Clelia's* coldness, and of *Aronces* want of civility which they had shewed her when she saw them together, and she pretended that in considera-

tion of her I should fall out with them, so that we had a great contestation, which did almost cure me of my amorous disposition: But to return to *Aronces* who was far more miserable than before, because *Clelius* who being desirous that he should retire himself from *Capua* before *Horatius* should marry *Clelia*, went to tell it him, and in effect told him so roughly, that he could not give him an answer, for as he was redevable to him for all things, and that he still considered him as his Father, he durst not be violent against him, and withal knowing very well that it would have been to no purpose, he therefore endeavoured by all the tenderest words he could express, to compassionate his heart, and when he saw that he could not work upon him, he conjured him to permit him to have the liberty to dwell with him, and if he would not, at least to suffer him to take his leave of *Clelia*: but whatsoever he could say he could not obtain any thing of what he demanded, so that *Aronces* being transported with anguish, and not able to contain it in his soul; Ah pitiless *Clelius*, cried he, wherefore did you save me my life, or why at present do you kill me; 'Tis no matter, said *Clelius*, you must depart, and it must be without a second quarrel with *Horatius*, as also in not seeing my Daughter; Ah *Clelius*, replied *Aronces* hastily, I shall not satisfy you in any thing, except I have a command from *Clelia* to depart without assaulling *Horatius*, 'tis not but that I know the respect which I owe you, but my reason is weaker than my love, and if she which causes it does not command me to let my Rival be happy, I know not whether I shall not disobey you, since you must be commanded by *Clelia* to depart, replied *Clelius* fiercely, going away she shall command it you, but it shall only be but by a Letter, for I declare unto you that that she shall not go out of her Chamber till you have left *Capua*: You may judge Madam, in what condition *Aronces* was, who a while after repented, for what he had hastily said to *Clelius*, yet notwithstanding his love, he knew well that this illustrious *Roman* was not much to blame in giving his daughter rather to *Horatius* of whom he knew the birth, than to one whose true quality was unknown to him, and he saw also that he had no occasion to complain of his Rival, and it is that which hath made him the more miserable: But that which was to him most insupportable, was *Clelia's* anger, for he feared that the hatred which he thought *Clelia* bore him, should induce her to love *Horatius*, which above all things in the world he feared, and indeed he could not in the condition he was then in, harbour sweeter thoughts in his fortune, than to think that *Clelia* should hate his Rival in marrying of him: In the mean while, *Clelius* according to what he had said to *Aronces*, made *Clelia* write a Note in which were only these words.

IF within three days *Aronces* leaves *Capua*, and that without seeing *Horatius*, I shall pity his misfortune, and if he obeys not the Command which I make him to depart, none ever hated so much as I shall hate him.

You may easily think Madam, in what a despair *Aronces* was then, after he had read these cruel words, it was so great that I thought his anguish would have deprived him of his life: But in fine forcing himself with an extreme violence, he answered *Clelia* in this manner.

Aronces

Aronces to Clelia.

I Will, Madam, depart within three days if my grief will spin my life so long as to obey you, but I will not go but for to dye of love and despair, and I assure you that the end of my life shall antedate your Nuptials, and I shall never have the grief to hear that my Rival hath possessed you, but you shall it may be, soon know the death of the most faithful of Lovers.

This was Madam, the answer of *Aronces* to *Clelia*, who saw it not so soon; for as it had been her Father which was the cause of her writing, he hindred *Aronces* Letter from being delivered unto her, for fear it should mollifie her heart; for although *Clelia* was angry with him, *Clelius* nevertheless perceived that she hated him not, and that she had not any affection for *Horatius*. Things being in this manner, I saw *Aronces* an hundred times almost resolved either to kill *Horatius*, or to dye himself, and if I had not in part retained his violences, I know not what he would have done; there happened a thing which did much embroyl these two Rivals, for as *Aronces* was going pensively along through a street which is near *Horatius* Lodging, this Lover was going forth as being the first time, and expressly to see *Clelius*, to whom he was going to make his first visit, for to thank him for the good will he bore him, though he had not yet promised him any thing, so that these two Rivals encountring, they approached together with different thoughts, for *Horatius* who thought he should be soon happy, had less anger in his spirit and he still acknowledged his Liberator in the person of his Rival: for *Aronces* as he was miserable although he was generous, he only saw his Rival in the person of his friend, they both nevertheless saluted each other, for I had forgot to tell you that their friends during the time that *Horatius* kept his Chamber, had made a kind of agreement between them, without disclosing of their quarrel. But in fine, to begin where I left off, they saluted one another, and *Aronces* speaking to his Rival the first, For ought that I can see, said he to his Rival, by I know not what Sentiment which he could not retain: It is sufficient to be born a Roman, to become happy, and the greatness of my passion availeth me nothing, you should have done better to have said your merit, replied *Horatius*, thereby to exaggerate your misery, for as I think my self to be as amorous as you, it is not in that that we differ, nevertheless I can assure you, that my reason is not at present troubled with fear that I shall be perfectly happy, since I cannot be without rendring you altogether miserable.

Ah *Horatius*! (replied *Aronces*) it is not of these things you must speak to comfort a generous Rival: on the contrary, you remember we made a bargain one day that we would not hate one another, till *Clelia* (to the prejudice of one of us) had made her choice: therefore as you are going to be he, I think I am fully dispensed of all the friendship I had promised you, and I am verily perswaded that I may without breaking the laws of generosity hate you. Hate me then unjust friend (replied *Horatius*) for as it is not easie to love who hates us, think it not strange if I have no affection for him that loves me not; far from taking it ill (replied *Aronces*) you cannot do any thing which may seem to me more just, then to hate me, for

I declare unto you, that if the respect which I bear unto *Clelius* did not retain me, *Clelia* should never be yours as long as my heart should beat within me, and I know not added he, if *Clelius* should be sufficient, if *Clelia* did not meddle in it: Although you have vanquished me, replied *Horatius* fiercely, if things were in that condition, I should know how to defend *Clelia* with the same valour that one of my Predecessors defended Rome. That *Horatius* of whom you speak (answered roughly *Aronces*) overcame three men it is true, but it was more by policy than valour, and though you shall have his valour, I should not be the sooner overcome.

As they were in these terms, and *Horatius* who prepared himself to give him a sharp answer, *Herminius* and two more came to them, who knowing what passed between them, and seeing some alteration in their eyes, did not leave them till they were parted, in the mean while as this intervene was known by *Clelius*, he sent again to *Aronces* to tell him he would have him be gone, so that in effect he was fain to resolve himself to depart, at least he did as one who intends to depart, for his followers were ordered to have all things in readines, there were for all that moments in which he thought more in killing of *Horatius* than in departing; but when he considered that the death of his Rival would not procure him his Mistress, he a little refrained his violence, which he knew was not grounded on a lawful foundation, for *Horatius* had been in love with *Clelia* before him, *Clelius* intended her for him, and would not have *Aronces* have any thoughts that way, and in fine, *Horatius* was not very Criminal towards *Aronces*.

In the mean while, *Clelia* on her part was not without grief, for she doubtless had an inclination in her heart powerful enough to cause in her a great difficulty to overcome it, principally since she knew that *Aronces* prepared himself to be gone, and to obey her, for she then knew well that if he had loved *Fenice* he would not have left *Capua*, so that her jealousy suddenly ending, her affection for *Aronces* gathered new strength, and her aversion for *Horatius* encreased so much, that she knew not how to obey *Clelius*, and if a resentment of glory had not resisted her designs, she would have done things that she had never yet done: on the other side, *Sulpicia* who was horribly perplex'd to think her Daughter should espouse *Horatius*, sought all means to hinder these Nuptials, but after she had well considered on it, she believed that as he was generous, it might happen that if *Clelia* should tell him freely that she could not affect him, and that she should intreat him not to think on her, he might resolve himself thereto; so that telling her thoughts to *Clelia*, and *Clelia* thinking nothing difficult to do, so that it might conduce to the rupture of her marriage, told her Mother that she would fulfil her desires, and *Sulpicia* by a resentment of her former jealousy; assuming more boldness at this time than she should have done at another, told her Daughter that she should the better to accomplish her design, write a Note to *Horatius*, to be at a certain hour which she should appoint him, in that Garden which as I have told you is common for all, there to acquaint him of an important business: *Sulpicia* adding that she should tell him, that it was without the knowledge of any that she writ to him, because *Horatius* should not imagine that it was by her instigation that she did this, at first *Clelia* told her Mother that she thought it would be as well to speak to him in her Chamber when

he

he should come to see her, but *Sulpicia* told her it would be more easie to discourse with him privately in a Walk, then in her house; adding withal, that *Horatius* would be better perswaded she had no inclination to love him, by this extraordinary action, as was this of giving him an assignation.

So that *Clelia* obeying her willingly, writ a Note to *Horatius*, and gave it unto a slave, to deliver it him, and as she concealed it as a great secret, told him softly, that he should carry it to *Horatius*: but as this slave had formerly carried divers to *Aronces*, and never but one to *Horatius*, he thought she had said *Aronces*, and withal not knowing how to read, he knew not that it was directed to *Horatius*, and trusting to what he thought to have understood, he delivered it to *Aronces*, who had at first (seeing this slave with a Letter) an extreme joy, but when he read it, and that he knew it was directed to *Horatius*, and not to him, it caused in him an extreme dolour, nevertheless, as he knew the slave was mistaken, he made no sign to perceive it, and only told him he should not fail to do what *Clelia* ordained him, but this slave was no sooner gone, but *Aronces* came to my Chamber, to shew me this Note, in which were only contained these words.

Clelia to Horatius.

Pray do me the Favour to meet me precisely about the Evening, in the great Walk of the Myrtles, for I have something of great concernment to communicate to you, and withal a great favour to demand of you.

Well *Celerus* said *Aronces* to me (after I had read this Billet) what say you of my fortune? and what counsel you me to do?

I counsel you to go to the assigned place as if you were *Horatius*, and with an intention to make *Clelia* a thousand reproaches, and if you can to make her change her thoughts, or else to change your own, if she alters not hers: this counsel is easier to give then to follow (replied he) at least as not to love *Clelia*; as for going to the place she has appointed to speak with *Horatius*, I am already resolved, but that which terrifies me is, that I know not what she would have with my Rival, I likewise fear, added he, that the slave which brought me the Note, will acquaint her with his mistake, when he shall tell her that I will not fail to meet her at the appointed place.

But said I to him you have not writ to her: no, replied he, and that which hindred me from it was, not impossible but that this slave in telling her that I should do what she desired, might tell it her so, that she should find out the mistake.

And (Madam) it happened according to their expectation, for it fell out so, that when this slave was returned home, there was a great deal of company in her Chamber, so that she would not let him give her an account of his errand, for fear he should be understood, but asked him aloud whether he had done what she had ordained him? and he answering, yes, she made him sign to be gone, *Clelia* not doubting but that *Horatius* would come at the assigned place, thought on nothing else but to meet him.

Nevertheless, there happened a thing which had

almost obstructed her going, for *Clelia* would have had *Sulpicia* gone to a place where she should have been the whole afternoon, but *Sulpicia* who fervently desired that the marriage between *Horatius*, and her Daughter should be broken; did so well, that she caused her Daughter to be with one of her Friends, whom she knew did commonly walk in the place where *Horatius* was expected, and when she left her, she perswaded her as much as possible she could, to put *Horatius* into such a despair, that he should never hope to have her.

But whilst things were thus favourable for *Aronces*, and so contrary for his Rival, this Lover who was ignorant of the agitations of *Clelia's* heart, was in a strange perplexity, and in such an inquietude as I cannot represent unto you, for his impatiency would not permit him to stay till the appointed hour, but he repaired thither long before *Clelia* came; for my part, as I had a great desire to know what this interview would produce; I went also in the Garden, and walkt in an Alley from whence I might see those which went into that place where *Aronces* was, where in fine, *Clelia* came with one of her Mothers Friends, with whom there was three other Ladies.

As soon as *Clelia* saw *Aronces*, her blood leapt into her face, 'tis not but that she thought 'twas Fortune only which guided him thither, but that she was perswaded *Horatius* would come also, and that she feared she should meet them together.

On the other side, *Aronces* who seeing the alteration of *Clelia's* countenance, and imagining that she staid there for his Rival, and that the commotion which he saw in her eyes proceeded from her despatch to see him there, raised his grief to so high a pitch, that he resolved to go either into another Alley, or else to make *Clelia* a thousand reproaches: but in fine, his reason overpowering his passion, he became Master of himself, and he so dexterously disguised his sentiments, that the Ladies with whom *Clelia* was, could not perceive he had any particular design, for he saluted them very civilly, and without addressing himself to *Clelia*, he discoursed with the Conductress of the little Troop; so that according to the freedom which we enjoy at *Capua*, he fell in conversation with these Ladies, and sometimes entertaining one, and then another, he at last spoke to *Clelia*, who was much surprised not to see *Horatius*, and that in all likelihood *Aronces* was not to leave them very quickly, and there happened an occasion which gave *Aronces* as much leisure as he could desire to entertain *Clelia*; for as this company came to a great *rotundo* of Trees, which divides this great Walk of the Myrtles, and the Ladies having seated themselves, it happened that the places casually were before almost all taken, so that there was no place left for *Clelia*, who seeing only a little Bench which was on the other side, where there could sit but two, she went thither, and *Aronces* took his place by her.

But when she saw him approach, the fear which she had that *Horatius* should come, that he should find her in a particular conversation with his Rival, and that it should hinder her from perswading him what she desired, caused her to speak softly to him; by your favour *Aronces* (said she to him) if it be true, that you have formerly had some friendship for me, I conjure you not to desire any private discourse with me to day, for since I durst not recount unto you my life,

life, it is not needful you should think of speaking with me in secret.

No, no, Madam, (said he to her, looking attentively on her) it concerns you not so much as you think, for I assure you *Horatius* shall not come hither by your orders, and if fortune guide him not hither, I shall have leisure humbly to intreat you to tell me, what I have done to merit your hatred, and what he hath done to gain your love, and from whence proceeds; that when you deny me the comfort of a last farewell, you writ him Notes, & gave him assignations in a place from whence you would have me be gone, because you stay for him: but Madam, to deliver you from the inquietude which I cause in you; I must tell you that the slave which you ordered to deliver your Note to *Horatius*, did mistake, for 'tis I which have received it; and I am come hither to conjure you to tell me, if I am worthy to know, that you had resolved to tell *Horatius*: you may judge Madam, how *Clelia* was surpris'd when she heard *Aronces* use these expressions; nevertheless, as her spirit was free from jealousy, and that the love which she had for *Aronces* was stronger then ever, and he lookt on her in such a manner, which mollified her heart, that she endeavour'd not to disguise the truth of that which she perceived he knew, and she was not very sorry to make him understand that this assignation was not to be advantageous for *Horatius*. Also when *Aronces* had desired her to tell him what she intended to tell *Horatius* whom she had staid for: *Aronces*, said she, then to him, if you know what you demand, you would soon gain-say your self, and you would desire me not to tell you that which you seem to desire of me.

Tell me at least then answered he, what you would have me do; if it be true, answered she, that you love me yet, I will have you resolve your self to love me no more but as a Sister, and that you will be so equitable as not to accuse me of your misfortune, since I am enough my self, not to accuse you of mine: But Madam, replied he, things are not alike between us, for I may justly accuse you of all my misfortunes, but for my part, what is it that I do which may contribute to your unhappiness? You are the cause, answered she blushing, that I have a horrible repugnancy to obey my Father, you are he, which makes *Horatius*, who is a very deserving person, altogether insupportable to me, as soon as I consider him as to be my Husband; and in fine, by all appearances, you are the cause that the rest of my life will be miserable: Ah Madam, by your favour, replied *Aronces*, permit me to give so advantageous a sence to your words, that they may, if not make me happy, they may at least render me less miserable: I consent thereunto *Aronces*, replied she, but I also conjure you to tell me no more any thing: for as things stand now, I can no more innocently receive any particular mark of your affection, nor give you any of mine; you might nevertheless, Madam, if you please, acquaint me with that which you would have told *Horatius*; I would have told him, replied she, so many things advantageous for you, that I ought not to tell it you, if I could effectually desire you should love me no more: for in fine, *Aronces* I would have seen *Horatius*, by the command of my Mother, to tell him freely I can never love him, and to endeavour by a resentment of generosity to induce him not to obstinate himself to render me miserable, since I can never render him perfectly

happy: but to tell you the truth, I think I shall never persuade him; you now see *Aronces*, added she, the subject of this Assignation, for which you have reproach'd me. If it were permitted me, replied he, to give you thanks, and to require your pardon, I should prostrate my self divine *Clelia*, at your Feet to testify unto you my acknowledgement, and for to conjure you to tell me if you would hate me in case I should disobey *Clelius*, who will have me depart, and seek all means possible to forget you: I know not, replied *Clelia*, whether I should hate you, but I know I should live with you as if I lov'd you not. In effect, added this prudent Virgin, I shall do what I can, not to espouse *Horatius*, but when neither by my prayers nor inventions I shall not prevail, there must be no more of any thing done, but to prepare never to see each other, for without any equivocation, I must tell you that though my Father should not oblige you to be gone, I should; 'tis therefore, that if the design which I have does not succeed, as I believe it will not, you must conform your will to my Fathers, because you should not necessitate me voluntarily to impose upon you a rigorous command.

As *Clelia* had ended these words, *Horatius* who heard by chance that she was in that Garden, came thither, so that this fair Maid spying him afar off in an Alley which came into that where she was, advertiz'd *Aronces* thereof, and desired him to leave her alone, to the end she might perform that which *Sulpicia* had enjoyned her to do: But Madam, replied he, who shall assure me that this conversation shall be such as I desire it to be; that which I have had with you, replied she, going away; promise me at least, replied he, that whatsoever happens you will still have a little love for the miserable *Aronces*; I promise it you not, replied she, with an alteration in her colour, in casting a favourable aspect upon him; but I know not whether I shall not do it without promising you of it.

After that *Clelia* rejoyn'd the Ladies, with whom she was, and after *Aronces* had saluted them, he went into another walk, without being perceived by *Horatius*, and came to me in that where I was walking: But it was with an extreme difficulty that he left his place to his Rival; but after all when he considered that she spoke to him, only but to tell him that she could not love him, and to pray him to think no more on her, he had an unspeakable joy, though it was not accompanied with tranquillity, and having an extreme desire to know the success of this conversation, he desired we should walk in the Garden, till it was ended; because if *Horatius* should leave *Clelia*, he might know of her how his Rival had received what she had told him: but Madam, it was easie to foresee what would be the event of this business; for *Horatius* was very amorous, and he was persuaded that notwithstanding what *Clelia* had said to him, she would obey *Clelius*, who thought though he had not promised her would give her to him, and in effect though this amiable person employed all her subtleties and eloquence to persuade *Horatius*, to banish her his thoughts, 'twas altogether impossible for her to do it, neither was it in *Aronces* his power to come any more to *Clelia*, for *Horatius* left her not, but went away with her.

In the mean time, as he could not resolve himself to depart till he knew the success of this discourse, he engaged me to go and speak to *Clelia*, who then knew

knew that all *Aronces* secrets were known by me; so that leaving him behind, I went and mingled my self with the Troop, where this fair Maid was, who was then going away; so that there being no other Men besides *Horatius* with these Ladies, when they were to pass a difficult place, by reason of a great heap of stones, which were laid to support a Terrace which was to be built there, he was obliged to present his hand to one of them which passed the first, hoping after he had done so to all, to lead *Clelia*: But making use of this occasion to speak to her, I led her over, and left her not till we were out of the Garden, and not for to loose any of those precious moments, I whispered to her, and told her, Madam, the miserable *Aronces* sends me to you to know whether he must live or die, you shall tell him (replied she, with a most obliging sadness) that I will not have him die, but that if he loves me, he shall ever be miserable, and that he has nothing to do, but to depart from *Capua* as soon as he can; I was going to tell her that she was too blame for not opposing her self more strongly to *Clelius*, but he answered me with so much wisdom, and in so tender a manner for my friend, that all I could do was but to admire her; it is true, that when we came to the Garden door, I was constrained to leave her, and *Horatius* likewise, so that we were alone together, and as he knew me to be *Aronces* particular Friend, his hatred did extend it self almost as much to me as it did to him, and having exasperated his spirit with that which *Clelia* had told him, we parted with small demonstrations of friendship; but as I was returning I found *Clelius*, who was entred in this Garden by another door, who had newly joyned himself with *Aronces*, whose departure he urged so strongly, that he gave him but one day more to be in *Capua*, as I knew that *Clelius* could not tell him any agreeable thing, I made no great difficulty to interrupt them, but as I came near them, *Aronces* who had an extreme desire to know what *Clelia* had told me, demanded it of me by my eyes.

So, that not having any favourable answer for him I made a sign to him, whereby he might perceive his hopes were utterly destroyed, to the end he should suddenly resolve to be unhappy, and should not feed himself with an uncertain and vain hope, which brought much confusion in his spirit, for it seemed to him he had fallen to a less miserable estate, if *Clelia* told him nothing advantageous this day; and I had no sooner joyned my self to them, but *Clelius* left *Aronces*, and went to find *Stenius*, *Horatius* his Friend, who expected him in another Alley. I will not tell you Madam, what *Aronces* said to me after *Clelius* had left him, and that I had recounted to him the discourse I had with *Clelia*, for it would give you much compassion, but that which made him quite despair was, that he must now resolve to depart, if he had followed the tumultuous resentments of his heart, he would not have left *Capua* till he had kill'd *Horatius*, but as he could not do it without offending both *Clelius* and *Clelia*, and without putting himself in a condition never to see his beloved Object, this consideration more than justice bridled his fury, and though night began to veil the sky with a sable Mantle, *Aronces* could not resolve to depart from this Garden, but engaged me insensibly in such tedious exaggerations of his mishap, that it was more than half an hour since *Cynthia* guilded this Garden with her resplendent Rays, which gave birth as

it were to a new day; so that we hardly knew 'twas night, his displeasure so much possessed him; but in fine, the excess of his own grief imposing silence on him and me, because I could tell him nothing which might comfort him.

We walkt sometime without speaking one word in a little Alley, along the side of an indifferent thick Wood, which is inclosed in that Garden, and it happened that *Aronces* going faster than I, was ten or twelve paces distant from me, but as he went alone he heard on the other side of a Pallissade, which was between him and that little wood, two Men who thinking themselves to be alone in that place, spoke somewhat low, one of which raising his voice, addressing his speech to the other; I know well (said he to him in the Roman Language) what we have promised to *Tarquin* is unjust, but since 'tis promised we must obey, for in what place can we remain, if after we have assured him to bring the head of *Clelius*, we violate our words?

You may judge, Madam, what was the surprisal of *Aronces*, when he heard these expressions from an unknown Man, and though *Clelius* had pronounced him the most rigorous sentence imaginable, he did not look upon him in this occasion as a Man which banisht him, which esloyned him from *Clelia*, and which rendred him most unhappy, but he considered him as the Father of his Mistress, to whom he owed his Life, and attentively listening to hear the discourses of these unknown Men, he heard, that he which had hearkned to him who had first spoke, answered him in these terms: I very well know (said he to him) that *Tarquin* is the violentest Man in the World, that hating *Clelius* so much as to desire his head, he would very much hate those, who instead of bringing it to him, should advertise him of the desire he hath to destroy him; but it seems to me, not returning to *Rome*, 'tis easie to flye his fury, and the difficulty will be to know if *Clelius* is in estate to enrich us, if we prove what we may tell him; Ah too scrupulous friend! (hastily replied he to whom he spoke) why do we thus trifle time? doth it not suffice that the Prince to whom we belong hath commanded us to kill one of his enemies, and that he hath promised us a great recompence, without exposing our lives and fortunes to danger; by discovering it to *Clelius*, he will make, it may be, as though he believed it not, because he would not recompence us, but will keep himself on his guard, and prevent us from executing our design? therefore without stumbling at these unprofitable intentions, let us only see if our Ponyards are sharp enough to act to morrow the command of *Tarquin*.

Ah Villanous Wretch! (cried *Aronces*, going on that side where the Assassinate was by an overture he accidentally found in the Pallissade) I will frustrate your barbarous design, and you shall never Ponyard *Clelius* before you deprive me of my Life: *Aronces* pronounced these words so high, that it roused me from that Lethargick slumber in which my melancholly had buried me, and I went directly to him, whom I saw hold a Man which was struggling to get from him; and that there was another who holding a Ponyard, told him that if he would not leave his companion, he would kill him; but that he had hardly the time to do it, for having suddenly seised his arm, and staid his hand in which he held his Ponyard, with which he menaced *Aronces*, I prevented him from acting his intention.

In the mean time *Aronces* having taken from the hands of him he held, the Poniard he drew, when he cast himself upon him, saw himself in estate to be Master of his Life; but as he thought 'twas important to discover to *Clelius* all he knew, he did not kill him, principally seeing that I held the others Arm, and knowing by that he had overheard, that him I held was the least impious, he believed 'twas easie to know by him all that which was requisite for *Clelius* to know; and *Aronces* seeing that I was without doubt strong enough to hinder this Man from using his Poniard, but that I was not able to take it from him, he threatned to kill him, and cried to him, if he would render it, he would recompence him magnificently for the good design he had to tell *Clelius*, but whilst he thus said, the other whom *Aronces* had disarm'd, watching his opportunity, drew a second Poniard he had, thinking to sheath it in his heart, but as *Aronces* saw it glister, by the reflexion of one of *Cynthia's* beams on it, he guarded himself and warded the blow with the other he held, and no longer sparing the life of that Traitor, he seized his right arm with his left hand, and gave him two blows with the Poniard, which made him fall half dead at his feet.

In the mean time, him which I held, endeavoured to disingage himself, but I held him so strongly that he could not finish his intent, but as soon as he saw his companion fall, he let go his Poniard that I took, and emplaced the clemency of *Aronces*, whom he saw to interest himself so much in the life of *Clelius*, and the better to obtain it, he drew the other Poniard he had, and casting it at the feet of *Aronces*, I pray Sir, said he to him, since you heard what I said to my companion do not treat me as him; I promise it you replied *Aronces*, but you must discover to me all you know, and all which may assure the life of *Clelius* which I will defend as my own: As *Aronces* had thus spoke, *Clelius* and that Friend of *Horatius*, with whom he walkt, as I have told you, arrived in this place; so that they were very much surpris'd to find us in that estate, and to see a Man half dead at our feet, and another which seemed to demand pardon, and to see *Aronces* and I with each of us a Poniard in our hands, but the Father of *Clelia* was much more astonisht, when I first speaking, see *Clelius* said I to him, see what *Aronces* hath done to save your life: and if he merits death at your hands; for I had perfectly understood that it was for the interest of *Clelius* that he assaulted these two Men; *Clelius* being amaz'd at my words, could not tell what to answer, but *Aronces* drawing him from this astonishment, told him in two words, without any exaggeration what was newly happened, so that *Clelius* was so sensibly touch'd, to see in a moment after he had pronounced the sentence of his banishment, he had hazarded his life to assure his, that he could not hinder himself from testifying to him the admiration he had for his virtue, and without demanding any thing of that which concerned him: Ah *Aronces* cryed he, your generosity charms me, and *Aricidia* had reason to say, that if you were not a Roman, you had a Roman heart; therefore seeing I have not promised any thing to *Horatius*, I must leave *Clelia* to dispose of her self, without intermeddling with it; *Aronces* ravish'd with joy to hear *Clelius* speak in this manner, rendred thanks to him in few words, whilst *Stenius* privately murmured at it, but after that *Aronces* telling him, that this place was not fit

to entertain those Assassins, and some Slaves of *Clelius* who fought their Master, being arriv'd, they gave order to carry this person to a Man's house which depended on me, to have his wounds drest, and we brought the other to *Clelius* his house, who would have *Aronces* and I go thither, for *Stenius* he left us at the Gate, and went to advertise *Horatius* that his affairs were not so prosperous as he imagined; but arriving at *Clelius* his house, we met *Sulpicia* and her Daughter, who were much surpris'd to see us, and to hear *Clelius* say, he owed his life a second time to *Aronces*, and that he was the most generous of all Men, and these two persons easily giving credit to the words of *Clelius*, received *Aronces* with an extreme joy.

In the mean time, as he was impatient to know the contrivancy of that plot, the execution of which *Aronces* had hindred, they enclosed the Conspirator in a Chamber where we were going to interrogate him, when *Herminius* arriv'd, who told *Clelius* he had a business of great importance to acquaint him with: But as *Clelius* told him, that he might now tell all he knew before *Aronces* and me, he shewed him a Letter he had received from Rome, where amongst many other things there were these words.

THe proud Tarquin is more diffident, cruel, and vindicative then ever, for he had no sooner known that *Clelius* was returned from Africa, and that he was at Capua, but he believed he approached Rome, to plot some conspiracy against him, and one of my intimate friends hath told, that he believes the Tyrant hath a design on his Life, at least I assure you, that few days have been added to the age of time, since two of those he uses to employ in such horrid executions, departed from Rome and having taken way of the company, if you think fit advertise *Clelius* to take care of himself.

After *Clelius* had read aloud this fragment of a Letter, and that *Herminius* had named him who wrote it, and told him that he was a Man well informed in all things, and that he had counselled him not to go forth but well accompanied: I am much obliged to you, said he to *Herminius*, for the advice you have given me, but I shall be infinitely more if you help me to set forth the praises of *Aronces*; for in fine, he hath nigh kill'd one of those of whom your friend speaks, and if you please, you may hear from the other the confession of his crime, and after we had recounted to *Herminius* in two words, that which was passed, we entred together into the Chamber where this Man was, from whose mouth we would know the cruel intentions of *Tarquin*, but to the end he should more ingenuously declare all he knew, *Aronces* confirmed to him the promise he had made him magnificently to reward the repentance he had had, and he effectively spoke with very much ingenuity; 'tis true, that which the more obliged him was, that *Herminius* knew he was heretofore one of his Father's slaves, and making himself known to him, what miserable wretch (said he to him) hast thou learnt this Trade thou practisest in the house where thou wast brought up? No Sir (said he to him, but changing my Master I have changed my conditions, since 'tis true, that as long as I lived with a virtuous Master, no crime could be imputed to me, but as soon as your Illustrious Father had given me to a Man who is become *Tarquin's* Favorite, I degenerated to what you see: 'tis true said he, the remembrance

of the beginning of my life hath stirrd up much compunction in me, and him who promises to recompense me for my repentance, heard, I would perswade my complice of my crime not to commit it I remembred you, and imagined those reproaches you would make me, if you should know the life I led.

Sure it is so, (said *Herminius*) make an ingenious confession, and in effect this man told *Clelius*, that *Tarquin* had commanded him and his Companion not to return to *Rome* without bringing his head, and he assured him they had resolved to kill him the next day in that Garden, where *Aronces* had ore-heard their contestation, for they had known 'twas the custom of *Clelius* to go thither every night, and oftentimes alone.

This man likewise said that when *Aronces* heard them, some remorse invaded his Conscience for that barbarous action he was going to commit, but as his companion was the most resolute of all men, he was assured he would not have admitted of any perswasion but executed *Tarquins* command the subsequent day, though he should have done it alone: and he appeared so repentant for his crime, and demanded so many pardons for his fault, that *Clelius* effectually knowing by *Aronces* that he opposed his companions intentions, generously pardoned him and gave him a recompence sufficient to carry him to the wars without *Tarquins* power, but for the complice of his crime he used him in another manner, for he would not have his wounds drest, and when by force there was plaisters put upon them he would tear them off, neither would he take any nourishment, and whatsoever could be said to him he would not answer neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, who interrogated him to see if he did not know more than the other: on the contrary, he used all the means he could possible to dash out his brains against a wall, and in the end died as an enraged man, to whom the regret not to have executed the crime he promised to commit, and the sight of an approaching death hurried on to such a furious action.

In the mean time *Sulpicia* not losing such a favourable occasion, told *Clelius* so many things to oblige him to acknowledge the vertue of *Aronces*, that in the end he was resolved to leave *Clelia* to a free election, since he had not yet promised her to *Horatius*, and that he had only given him hopes to obtain her, whilst these things were acting, that Lover which had believed to be happy, no sooner knew by *Stenius* the adventure of the Garden, but fearing it might make *Clelius* change his thoughts, he went at the same time to find him, but as *Clelius* would have some time to settle his resolution and thought, he had some tenderness and recognizance for *Aronces*, he had some difficulty to give his Daughter to an unknown, he carefully shunned *Horatius* this day, which happened to be the Eve of that day *Clelia* celebrated for her birth, for though she was not born at *Rome*, *Clelius* nevertheless made her observe all the *Roman* Ceremonies, therefore as her birth was the next day, he would have the Feast be more magnificent than usual, because it had been preceded by one in which he had shunned death, and he found that this day was not numbred amongst those dismal ones, carefully observed by the *Romans*, and not finding any unhappiness in this favourable day, *Clelius* would have it solemnly celebrated; *Clelia* on her part who knew the alteration of her Fathers mind, and who had a little before thanked *Aronces* for saving his

life, had an extreme joy to hope she should not espouse *Horatius*, *Sulpicia* was so glad that she thought of nothing, but magnificently to solemnize the Feast of her Daughters Nativity.

For this effect as it was a custom in such like occasions to offer an innocent Oblation to those Divinities the *Romans* call *Genij*, every person as they believe having a particular one: *Clelius* made an Altar to be adorned with Vervine and Flowers, in a Temple where the *Romans* residing at *Capua* perform their Ceremonies, and all the principal Ladies of the City being invited to accompany *Clelia* when she went to the Temple, where they came in their most Gorgeous Attire; for *Clelia* as it is the custom at *Rome*, as well for men as women, to be invested in white on their birth-day, she had a white Robe, but for to beautifie the simplicity of that Vestment, *Sulpicia* adorned her with those stones she had heretofore casually found, when that after she was shipwrackt she had been saved by a faithful Slave, and had again found *Clelius*, to whom the Gods had given a Son for him whom they had lost, and though the Habit of *Clelius* was not at all magnificent, it received a great embellishment from them: for as in these occasions Ladies are not covered as usually they are, and that they are drest like those which are married, she had part of her fair hairs hanging on her shoulders negligently curl'd, for the others they were pleated in many rings along her cheeks, and tyed on the hinder part of her head by a rosette of precious stones the fairest were ever seen: Moreover, as her Neck was shadowed but with a thin Vail of Tiffany, it transmitted the lustre of her beauty through it, it was likewise enclosed with a Collar of Diamonds, her waist being surrounded with precious stones of an inestimable value, her sleeves of her Robe which were great and hanging down, were fastned on her shoulders by two knots of Diamonds.

In fine, her Habit was so gallant and rich, that *Clelia* in this posture could do no less than attract all eyes, she had such a pure tincture, such sparkling eyes, and such a charming and agreeable air in her looks, that I can assure you my eyes never met with a fairer Object.

Clelia being such as I have represented her to you, went afoot from her house to the Temple without any discommodity, for the streets by which she was to pass were large and very dry, and the Sun had stole behind a Cloud lest he should be outvied by the splendor of her eyes.

Moreover as it is the custom that those persons which celebrate their birthday, should offer an innocent Offering to the Gods, *Clelia* carryed in her fair hands a sumptuous Basket in which was her oblation, but this Sacrifice was so covered with Orange and Jasmine Flowers, that it dispersed ore all places where she passed an odoriferous Odor; she went alone, her Father and her Mother followed her, all the Ladies of the City preceded her, going two by two, and all the friends of *Clelius* following him in the first rank, whereof were *Aronces* and *Horatius*: but Madam, as *Clelia's* beauty was divulged through *Capua*, and this Ceremony being different from ours, and that novelty excited the curiosity of the people, the streets were thronged where *Clelia* should pass, as if there was to be seen enter one of our Captains Crown'd with a Triumphant Laurel, but *Clelia* seeing this concourse of people of all conditions, which looked from their windows, doors, and streets, only

ly to behold her, and hearing all the acclamations they gave her, was surpris'd with such a modesty, that it much heightn'd her beauty, for blushing at her own praises, her tincture appeared more resplendent, her eyes more lively and tempting, *Aronces* and *Horatius* this day so contemplated her beauty, that their love augmenting, their hatred encreas'd towards one another, they spoke nothing together whilst this Ceremony lasted: for as *Horatius* his hope was not quite extinct, because *Clelius* had not spoke to him in particular, and that *Aronces* would not destroy his, they both thought not to irritate *Clelius* by a new Combat, and though they were Rivals they assist'd at this Ceremony as though they had been friends; it is true that it was not very strange they should master their thoughts in this occasion, for the admiration they had for *Clelia*, without doubt suspended a part of the hatred that was between them.

But in fine, *Clelia* went to the Temple to offer to the Gods the Offering she carried, and she put it with so good a grace on the Altar adorned with Garlands of Vervine and Flowers, that she seem'd rather to be the Goddess to whom the Sacrifice was offered, than her which offered this oblation: I shall not, Madam, weary your patience by telling you all those Ceremonies which were performed in this occasion, for it is not for that intent I mention this Feast, but I shall acquaint you that amongst this great multitude of persons who looked upon and admir'd *Clelia*, I take notice that a man and woman who bore the characters of persons of quality, casually saw her as she came from her house, and I likewise noted when I was nigh them, that they beheld her with an extraordinary attention, that they whisper'd together, and when they saw *Aronces* they testified so much admiration, that they followed them as if they had been invited to the Feast, and fortune was so propitious to me, that I saw them once more in the Temple very attentive, sometimes looking on *Clelia* sometimes on *Aronces*, I likewise noted that this Lady whom I did not know, and who had a very good presence for a person of her age, pass'd by many others to come nigh *Clelia* when she was at her devotion, but I was astonish'd to see her more attentively to look upon the precious stones than *Clelia*, and it seem'd to me she look'd with a more curious eye on that which was on the hinder part of her head where was the rose of Diamonds, and not to admire the beauty of her face; nevertheless thinking it was a curiosity usual with Ladies to look more upon that which adorns, than those which are adorned; I diverted my eyes otherways, and I looked upon *Fenice*, which except *Clelia*, was without doubt the fairest in that company.

But in fine, when *Clelia* had finish'd her prayers, and was going to place her self in that order in which she came, this man and Lady whom I did not know, and who had looked so much on *Aronces* and *Clelia*, approach'd to me, and demand'd civilly who that beautiful Virgin was? and who was *Aronces*? whom they shew'd me with their hands not knowing his name: For that admirable person, said I to them, she is call'd *Clelia*, and Daughter to an illustrious exil'd Roman, but for him you shew me, all that I can say is, he is the most virtuous in the world, and he is call'd *Aronces*, for he doth not himself know his birth: what (cried this Lady changing colour) doth not he know his Parents? He is far from know-

ing it, answer'd I, since the Father of *Clelia* found him floating in a Cradle after he had been shipwrack't himself, and whose life he saved without knowing to whom this Child belonged, which he hath carefully nourish'd as his own.

By your favour (added this Stranger which was with this Lady) tell us on what Sea, and in what place this Child was found in a Cradle? It was nigh *Syracusa*, (repl'd I) if my memory deceive me not: At these words these two persons look'd one upon another, shewing many marks of astonishment and joy on their countenances, and demand'd of me if I did not know from whence *Clelia* had those stones which adorn'd her? so that telling them the same shipwrack which had taken a Son from *Clelius*, and which had given him *Aronces*, had likewise given him these stones.

We need not doubt (said this Lady somewhat low to him which was with her) but *Aronces* is the same we imagine him to be: What! (said I to her transport'd with joy,) do you know the birth of *Aronces* I pray (added I looking upon them both) if it is so, tell it the dearest of his friends: for as I cannot doubt that he should not be worthy of his great heart, I make no difficulty to demand it of you: That which you demand (replied this Stranger) is of so great consequence, that *Aronces* ought first to be acquainted with it, but lest we should commit an indiscreet action, I intreat you to tell us all you know how he was saved?

And as I had often heard *Clelius* tell it, I told him the day of this shipwrack, the place where it hapn'd, and I describ'd to him the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found, for *Clelius* had shew'd it me, when we found him in the Pyrates Vessel, I told him likewise that a Casket full of stones then came into his power, and in fine, all I knew of this adventure, giving many praises to *Aronces*, which evidencing to him that I effectually was his particular friend, oblig'd him to speak more freely before me, ah *Martia*! (said he to this Lady, who as you know is his Wife) I do not doubt but *Aronces* is the child we lost, for the day of his shipwrack agrees with that when we thought we should perish, the place where it hapn'd is the same, the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found is like it, the stones we see *Clelia* have are those we had in our power, but that which clears all suspicion is, that *Aronces* is the very Picture of the Father of that Child we lost, so that we must necessarily conclude he must be his Son.

I confess Madam, the discourse of that man (who is the same *Nicius* now in this Castle) much perplex'd me: for in the beginning when he spoke to *Martia*, and told her that *Aronces* was assuredly the Child they had lost, I believ'd he was their Son, but when he said he was his Fathers Image, that belief soon vanish'd, when I perceiv'd he did not resemble him which spoke; so that dying with desire to be satisfi'd in that I would know, I press'd *Nicius* and *Martia* to tell me who *Aronces* was? but they answer'd 'twas first to him they must disclose this secret, and they earnestly pray'd me to bring him to the sight of them, and without deferring the time any longer, I knew the place where they lodg'd, and I promis'd them to bring *Aronces* thither before the day was past.

And I presently went to *Clelius* his house to rejoyne my self with that fair company I had left; for 'tis the custom at *Rome* that the day that one celebrates for their birth, there is prepar'd a feast to entertain

those friends which are invited to accompany them at this Ceremony, so that finding the Tables covered and the company ready to sit down, I at first believed that I ought to attend the end of this repast, before I told to *Aronces* that I knew, but this great secret seems to me so difficult to keep, that I could not resolve my self thereto, and drawing *Aronces* handsomly apart, Can you believe, (said I to him) that *Clelia's* Birth-day is that which is destin'd for the discovery of yours, and before night you shall know who you are? No *Celeres*, said he to me, I do not believe it, for by what strange adventure can I know it? As I saw he gave no credit to my words, I spoke to him more seriously, and in few words recounted to him that which had happened to me, so that dispelling that doubt, I saw in his face different motions, at first I saw joy, a little after I noted inquietude and fear, and a moment after impatience to know that he feared to learn, nevertheless the greatness of his Spirit reassuring him, and that which I told him of those stones, giving him some certainty that he must be of illustrious birth, he remitted himself so well, that as he would not now depart without causing some disorder, he resolved to expect the end of this repast to content his curiosity, and in effect it was executed as he had resolved, for as soon as the Tables were uncovered we stole from the company, and went to find *Nicius* and *Martia*, who expected us with an impatience, which could not be equalled but by that of *Aronces*, he stayed two or three times going to find them, for though he believed he should not fear any thing which might trouble him, the love for *Clelia* made him fear, that his Parentage would not be worthy of her: but in the end, being arrived to the Lodging where *Nicius* and *Martia* were, they met us with the greatest demonstration of joy in the world, for the more they looked upon *Aronces* the more they saw him resemble the King *Porfenna*, but that which redoubled their satisfaction was, that when he began to speak they found he had the sound of his voice so like to the Queen *Galerita* his Mother, that they could not doubt but he was the same Child which was committed to their charge, whom they had lost by a shipwrack. In the mean time, *Aronces* no sooner saw them, but he thus said to them, after what my dear friend hath told, I know not what I ought to say to you, knowing not who I am, neither do I know whether I ought to wish to know it; Nevertheless as the incertainty in which I have lived is the cruellest torment imaginable, tell me I entreat you who I am, though you tell me my heart soars higher than my birth, and do not fear if it please you to reveal this secret in the presence of him to whom you have spoken of me, for all my secrets are his, and you cannot tell me any thing in particular which reflects on me, but I shall tell it him a little after: Since 'tis so, said *Nicius*, I have two favours to demand of you before I tell you any thing, the first that you permit me to look upon your left hand, the second that I will shew those two knots of Diamonds to *Martia*, we have seen that beautiful Virgin wear, which is the cause of your discovery, since if she had not been adorned with those Jewels, to give us the curiosity to look more attentively on this Ceremony, we had not, it may be, seen you: for in fine, if you are he I wish you are, you have on your left hand a little black mole, like to one we believe to be on your Mothers face, and which becomes her admirable well: and if those stones we saw are

those we imagine, there is two Portraits in the two knots of Diamonds, that I pray you to shew my wife. For the mole whereof you speak, (replied *Aronces* shewing him his hand) you may see it's such as you tell me it should be, but for the two knots of Diamonds you would have me shew you, I have sometimes handled them, and I did not perceive they opened, neither that they had Portraits inclosed in them: If they are those we think, replied *Martia*, you may handle them an hundred times before you can perceive they open. But in fine, added she, that which I say is not so necessary to know, and after I have precisely known the day of your shipwrack, and what manner of Cradle in which you were found, and after I had seen you and heard you speak, and have found in your hand the mole which ought to be there, and seen the Jewels of *Clelia*, there is no question to be made but you are the Son of the King *Porfenna*, and the Queen *Galerita*, and him which hath put *Nicius* and I to the expence of so many tears: Yes Sir, added *Nicius*, you are assuredly the Son of a great Prince and Princess, and would to the Gods you were more happy than they.

Aronces hearing *Nicius* and *Martia* speak in this manner, was so surpris'd at it that his astonishment appeared in his eyes, but it appeared there without causing any transportment of excessive joy in his heart and I may very well say that never any person gave such an illustrious mark of moderation. In effect, the first motion which came into his spirit, was, to give me a new demonstration of his friendship: For 'tis true, as soon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had related to him his birth, he beheld me with an obliging eye, in which there appeared without the confirmation of any words, that he was glad to see himself in estate to requite my affection by effectual courtesies. In the mean time, he learnt to *Nicius* and *Martia* all that I had already told them, and they learnt to him all that I have recounted to you in the beginning of this History; that is to say, the War of the precedent King of *Clusium* with *Mexentius* Prince of *Perusia*, the imprisonment of *Porfenna*, his love for *Galerita*, by what means he had been delivered, his marriage, the death of *Nicetale*, the second imprisonment of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, his birth, the manner how he had been conveyed from the Willow Island to put him in their hands, their flight, their embarkement, their Shipwrack, and the resolution they had taken to go to *Syracusa*, and not to declare to *Porfenna's* friends, that the child was trusted to them, had perisht, not because they did not positively know he was dead, but because they durst not tell it, for fear it should abate the hearts of the friends of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, but though, is it possible, said I then to *Nicius* and *Martia*, that the child of *Porfenna* and *Galerita* hath not appeared so long; and how could it be concealed so many years, that they did not know where he was? The thing hath been very easie, replied *Nicius*, for you must know that having a year very carefully concealed the loss of this young Prince, the friends of *Porfenna* making a secret League, resolved that they must have this Child in their hands to endeavour to excite an insurrection among the people, so that one amongst them knowing where we were, came thither, and as we must necessarily confess our shipwrack to him, and as 'tis natural to flatter our selves with hope, and to diminish as much as we could the misfortunes of others, we told to this friend of *Porfenna*, that this Child would

would be one day, it may be found, and that there had so many escaped ship-wrack, that it may be this child should be escaped as well as the others; whether it should be so or no, replied he, to whom we spoke, we must not publish his death, if it were not for no other reason, then not to give joy to the enemies of *Porfenna*, and grief to his friends, and conforming our selves to his will, published it not, and since that, have always said that *Porfenna's* Son was not dead, and to endeavour to excite the people to Rebellion, we spread a bruit that *Mezentius* had taken him from us by force, and that he kept him prisoner as well as his Father.

In the meantime, as we durst not return into our Countrey, because of the *Perusian* Prince, we always remained at *Syracusa*; but as *Martia* had a long and grievous sickness, from which she hardly recovered, we agreed to leave *Sicily* for some time, and to choose a more healthful Air, and finding no place more agreeable than *Capua*, we came hither, and we came hither without doubt conducted by the gods, for to find you here, since that in the state in which things are, your presence is wholly necessary to save the life of the King your Father, for *Mezentius* is more incensed then ever; *Bianor* hath always love and ambition, the Princess of *Perusia* his Sister, doth all she can that he may obtain his ends, and *Mezentius* despairing to have other Children then *Galerita*, seems resolved to put to death *Porfenna*; to the end to enforce this Princess to re-marry with *Bianor*, for though she is your Mother, she hath not compleated above thirty six years, and is yet as I have heard, one of the fairest persons in the World; You may judge Madam, with what attention *Aronces* hearkned to the discourse of *Nicius*; and how many different thoughts possessed his heart, for he was glad to know he was a King's Son, he was afflicted to learn in what a deplorable estate the Prince was to whom he owed his Life, the certainty of not being a Roman gave him some inquietude, because of *Clelius*, the thought that he could not espouse *Clelia* without doing something contrary to exact prudence, gave him displeasure, and his soul was strangely agitated, but at last got the Victory. In the mean time, as there lackt the shewing of the two knots of Diamonds, to finish the discovery of *Porfenna's* Son, though it was not necessary; *Aronces* after he had said a thousand obliging things to *Nicius* and *Martia*, and after he had recounted to them the obligations he had to *Clelius*, and a part of that which was happened to him, except his love for *Clelia*, he left them to return to *Clelius* his house; but returning thither we met *Herminius*, who came from thence, and who told us that it was accounted a very strange thing we should so suddenly leave them, adding that a part of the company was already gone: In effect, when we entred *Clelia's* house, there was but four or five of her friends with her, who walkt together in her Father's Garden, for we went so timely to the lodging of *Nicius*, that it was not so late when we came from thence, but we might walk without any incommidity, so that *Clelia* no sooner saw *Aronces*, but she made war to him for leaving her when she celebrated her Birth-day. If you knew what obliged me to do it, (replied he to her) I am assured you will not murmur against me; it may be (replied she to him) and shall not accuse you of it, but you cannot hinder me from complaining of you: that which you say is so glorious for me (replied he) that if I should have

gained nothing by leaving you, I ought to be consoled for leaving you: But in fine, Madam, (said he to her, separating her five or six paces from the company) I must tell you that which hath obliged me to leave you, and that you know I have not done it, but to cease to be that unknown *Aronces*, without Name and Countrey, who hath sometimes been so cruelly treated by *Clelius* for that reason. What *Aronces*? (replied she blushing) do you know your Birth? Yes Madam, (said he to her) I know it with some joy; though I am not a Roman, because that as Son to the greatest King of all *Etruria*, I can pretend with more boldness to the possession of the perfectest person in the World: permit me then I conjure you, that now I know my self to be the Son of the King of *Clusium*, whom *Mezentius* detains Prisoner, I offer a second time to you my heart, and that I assure you when I shall be peaceable possessor of an Estate, that my Grandfather hath nigh intirely usurped, I'll lay my Crown at your feet, and without leaving those chains you have given me, I will boldly publish, it would be more glorious to be your Slave then to be King o're many Realms, and because I see, added he, that which I tell you ought to surprize you, and that I perceive you are surprized: I shall not tell the whole narration of my story, but leave it to *Celeres* to acquaint you with it, whilst I shall go to seek *Clelius*, to the end, to learn him my adventure, and to conjure him to suffer those knots of Diamonds you wear to be seen by those who have learnt me my birth, and likewise to entreat him to prefer me before *Horatius*.

Clelia was so surprized to hear that which *Aronces* said, that she knew not what to answer him, 'tis not that she suspected the truth of it; but the thing was so surprizing, that she could not imagine it to be possible, though she did not doubt of it: she therefore answered him as a person infinitely prudent, for without affording him so much time as to think she doubted of what he said, she gave him cause to make known all the particulars of his adventure; and *Aronces* going to seek *Clelius*, who was in his house; I remained in this Garden, and whilst the friends of *Clelia*, either entertained themselves together, or with *Sulpicia* who then came thither, I told her in few words all that *Nicius* and *Martia* had told *Aronces*, and I gave her a most sensible joy, to know that her Lover was of such an illustrious birth, I saw in her eyes that she feared this greatness would be an obstacle to her felicity, but she did not tell it me. In the meantime *Aronces* went where *Clelius* was, and telling him he had an important business to communicate to him, he entred into his Cabinet, where he told him all he knew, but he told it him with the same respect, he accustomed to have when he knew not his birth, and *Clelius* having consented to his desire, I returned to find *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whose mouths the Father of *Clelia* learnt all they had told us; and to confirm that which they said, those two knots of Diamonds being shewed him, they demanded to see, they opened them, and in one there was a Portrait of a very beautiful person; and in the other a Portrait of a very handsome Man, who so much resembled *Aronces*, that one could hardly think but this Picture was made for him, and *Nicius* seeing our astonishment, told us that the Portrait which resembled *Aronces*, was the King his Father's, and that the Picture of that fair Woman was the Queen his Mothers, and that

that those Portraits were made a little after *Porfenna's* first Imprisonment, and since his marriage they remained in the hands of *Galerita*, and that this Princess having desired to gain all her Jewels to her Son, and thought not in the trouble where she was then, to take those two Portraits from those two knots of Diamonds, which were made with such Artifice, that one would not perceive they opened, at least not to know the secret to open them: and *Clelius* seeing all these circumstances concur together, could not harbour any sinister thoughts of the truth of what *Nicius* and *Martia* had declared unto him, it appearing by so many indubitable conjectures, so that *Clelius* now looking on *Aronces* as the Son of a great King, would have used more civility towards him then ordinary, but *Aronces* opposed it, and told him with much generosity, that his birth should not change those obligations he had to him, neither should it change his heart, nor any thing between them; In pursuit of which *Nicius* and *Martia* said, that 'twas not yet time to publish the birth of *Aronces*, and that this great secret must be concealed sometime, but the principal business was to think of saving the King his Father's life, and to hinder *Alexandrius*, as I have told you, from forcing his Daughter to marry *Bianor*, adding that it was necessary they should speedily go to advertise the friends of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, that the Prince their Son was living, and that he should a little after follow them, to the end, to advertise with you what is best to be done. *Nicius* exaggerated with so much eloquence, the danger in which the King of *Clusum* was, that *Clelius* joyn'd himself to him, to persuade *Aronces* to come speedily to *Perusia*. In the mean time, as he had a passion in his Soul, which would not agree with this Voyage, though he had resolved to take it, and said he would, it was easie to see that he had something in his heart which contradicted his words: But in fine, Madam, without tiring your attention with any trivial relations; I shall tell you *Sulpicia* was admitted to this secret, and *Clelius* and she forced *Nicius* and *Martia* to leave their lodging, and to lodge in their house, where they staid but two days, for they had so much impatience to carry this agreeable news they knew to the friends of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, that they would not defer it longer; but before they went they told *Aronces* the place where he might hear of them when he came to *Perusia*, I shall not tell you, Madam, what were the discourses of *Aronces* and *Clelia* those two days, for it's easie to imagine they contained much delight; but when *Nicius* and *Martia* were departed, and that *Aronces* saw both Honour and Nature would have him go: he felt in his heart an inexpressible emotion, and he told me in fine, after a long agitation of spirit, that if *Clelius* would not give him *Clelia*, he would not go till he had forced *Horatius* from *Capua*, as well as he, 'tis not, said he to me, but I know that I do not follow the direct course of reason, by thinking to espouse *Clelia* now I know I am Son to a Prince, to whom I owe so much respect as not to marry without his permission; but *Clelia*, it is *Aronces* which is amorous of *Clelia*, it is *Aronces* which ardently wishes her possession, it is *Aronces* which cannot suffer his Rival to enjoy her, and it is not the Son of the King of *Clusum* who hath this diversity of thoughts. In effect, I shall not pass for such, but when I shall have saved his life, and if this beatitude happens to me, it will be easie for him to seal my pardon,

for having a passion in my Soul which is unknown to him, and to have loved more then all the rest of the World, the most amiable person of the earth.

I must likewise see if *Clelius* is in the resolution to leave *Clelia* the liberty to dispose of her self; for if he is so, I dare hope she will prefer me before *Horatius*, and that I shall not go to *Perusia*, till after I have rendred my Rival unhappy; but Madam, whilst *Aronces* thus reasoned, *Horatius* who saw a great change in his fortune, since *Clelius* owed his Life to *Aronces*, went to find that illustrious Roman, for to demand of him if he would change the hope he had given him, to give him *Clelia* for an effective fruition; but as *Horatius* hath a heart sensible and fierce, and that he was nigh assured he demanded a thing he should not obtain; spoke to *Clelius* in a manner which incensed him, and seeing the difference there was between the proceedings of *Aronces* and *Horatius*, it was the cause that he answered less favourably to the last.

I know well, said *Clelius* to him, after this Lover had alledged all the reasons he could imagine, that I have given you hope to obtain my Daughter, but I likewise know, I never promised you her, and that the least I can do after the last obligation, I have to your Rival, is no more to force *Clelia* to espouse you, and to leave her the liberty to choose between *Aronces* and you, and not to be unjust towards her by being favourable to you: I thought, fiercely replied *Horatius*, that though 'tis long since you resided at *Rome*; that you had not forgot that the Romans never used to give their Daughters to their slaves, and that *Aronces* might never pretend to *Clelia* with your consent. Ah *Horatius* interrupted *Clelius*, *Aronces* is not a slave, and you and I should have yet been the Pyrates slaves, if he had not delivered us by his valour. You are now more acknowledging, replied he coldly; you are now more ingrateful, replied *Clelius*, and I cannot comprehend what obliges you so ill to requite the obligations you have to me, for so ill treating *Aronces* for the love of you; you treat him so well now, replied he, that I should think my thanks ill bestowed, if I should thank you in a time when you think to render him happy, and me miserable, but *Clelius*, fortune, it may be, will revenge me on your Injustice, and you will one of these days know that you have given *Clelia* to the Son of some Roman Enemy, and it may be likewise to some miserable stranger, without Birth and Virtue: yet once more *Horatius*, replied *Clelius*, speak not of *Aronces* as you do, if you will not have me tell you, you degenerate from a Roman.

I should too much, Madam, trespass on your patience, if I should relate to you all the discourse of these two Men, and it suffices that you know they separated ill satisfied one with another: and this conversation made *Clelius* resolve not to give his Daughter to *Horatius*, though he should not give her to *Aronces*, as in effect, he did not believe *Aronces* ought now to espouse her, though he spake to *Horatius* as if he believed it; but he soon changed those thoughts: for after that *Aronces* had had conference with *Sulpicia*, and that some passionate expressions had passed between him and *Clelia*, he went to find *Clelius*, to conjure him to give him his Daughter, and to let him espouse her before his departure, but he spoke to him in the presence of his Wife; at first *Clelius* told him that he had too far extended his

his generosity, and though he had resolved to give him *Clelia* when he last saved his life, he believed to be obliged, now he knew him to be a King's Son, not to give her to him; 'tis not, said he, but *Clelia* is of an illustrious blood, sufficient to enter in alliance with all the Princes in the World, but since you have a Father, I ought not to give you my Daughter without his consent; you must then let me kill *Horatius*, replied *Aronces* with precipitation, for I declare to you I cannot depart without doing that, if you give her not to me, therefore if you will not let me dye my hands in the blood of a Man which hath been my friend before he was my Rival, and let me renounce all sentences of Nature and Honour, give me *Clelia* I earnestly intreat you, for if you do it not, I shall be criminal towards all the World. I shall be unworthy of my birth, and that goodness you have had, and have yet for me, *Horatius* shall have reason to hate me, and *Clelia* even shall have, it may be, cause to despise me; commiserate therefore an unhappy Lover, who feels Virtue will forsake him if you do not satisfy his love, and think after that as *Nicius* hath recounted to you of the life of the King my Father, and since he believed not to have done an unworthy action by engaging himself to espouse *Galerita*, when he was the Prince of *Perusia*'s Prisoner, who was the King of *Clussum*'s Enemy: think I say, that if I am so happy as to deliver him, he will not easily pardon me, for having espoused a Virgin which possessed my heart before I knew I was his Son.

In fine, without deferring any longer, to tell you the good hap of *Aronces*, *Clelius* who had his spirit irritated against *Horatius*, resolved to render him happy: 'tis true, that *Sulpicia* who had an extreme joy to see things in this estate, was she which finished them, for she handsomely told *Clelius*, that if *Aronces* espoused their Daughter, it would be the means to see himself one day in power to give a redoubtable injury to *Tarquin*, so that this puissant reason for the interest of revenge, having fortified all those of *Aronces*, he consented he should espouse *Clelia* before his departure: but to the end it should be privately done, he was resolved that the Nuptials should be kept at an house of pleasure I had nigh the River *Vulturnus*, about half a days journey from *Capua*, and as 'twas necessary for *Aronces* speedily to depart, and that *Clelius* was glad that this Marriage should be made before *Horatius* knew of it, he was resolved it should be solemnized but with a small number of persons, and this Voyage should be pre-texted with a simple design to enjoy the pleasures of the Countrey; and in effect, there was at this little feast but three or four of *Clelia*'s friends, and *Herminius* and two others who knew of it, and who were invited to the Nuptials.

I shall not stay my self, Madam, to tell you the satisfaction of *Aronces*, nor to recount unto you in what terms he expressed it, for it would be needless, but I shall only tell you, that this little Troop whom joy conducted, went where these Nuptials were to be kept, they were no sooner there, but the River *Vulturnus* over-flowed its banks, as you have known without doubt, and made such a strange disorder, that they must necessarily stay till this inundation was passed before they could make a Feast. After this, Madam, I shall not exaggerate to you the terriblest adventure in the World, by recounting exactly how the morning after this inundation was

passed (which was the day which should have preceded the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia*) there was a terrible Earthquake, for you are not ignorant of the effects of it, since 'twas known further then *Sicily*, and by consequence further then *Perusia*, but I shall only acquaint you, that this terrible day where the winds, flames, and burning stones, made such an horrible disorder; during this Earthquake, was an unhappy day for *Aronces*, since he was separated from *Clelia* by a whirl-wind of scorching flames, just as he perceived his Rival, that a little before he believed to have been at *Capua*.

But in fine, Madam, to conclude his mishap, Fortune cast *Clelia* in the Arms of his Rival; he not knowing who had brought *Horatius* in that place, or how *Clelia* came into his power, and all that which I know is, that *Aronces* saw her no more, but when this great disorder was passed, he believed that she was dead, that he returned to *Capua* with those which escaped so great a danger, and I did not so much afflict myself for the loss of my house, as for the grief of my friend whom I followed to *Capua*, where he soon knew that *Horatius* was not there, and that *Stenius* had received a Letter from him, and in pursuit he went to find him to endeavour to discover if he knew nothing of *Clelia*, that he refused to tell him, that *Aronces* forced him to fight, that he vanquished him, that he took from him the Letter he had received from *Horatius*, by which he knew he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that he carried her to *Perusia*; so that seeing his Love, his Honour, and Nature commanded him to go thither, he resolved with *Clelius* that he would depart, which he did, for *Herminius* as he had some affairs which induced him to leave *Italy*; *Aronces* and I gave him Letters for *Amilcar*, and I would not desert my friend, but leave *Fenice*, of whom I was not too much satisfied, and of whom I was but a little amorous.

But after that, Madam, imagine what was the grief of *Aronces*, when he saw upon the Lake *Clelia* in a Barque which *Horatius* defended, and what was his astonishment to see in the other the Prince of *Nupidia*, whom he did not believe to be his Rival; imagine, I say, his grief to see he could not go to assault *Clelia*'s Ravisher, and succour him which assailed him; imagine the deplorable Estate wherein he was, when he knew by a Slave, that they would assassinate the Prince of *Perusia*, whose death would have delivered the King his Father, and the Queen his Mother: and in fine, imagine the miserable condition in which he now is; for Madam, *Aronces* knows not where *Clelia* is, he knows she is in the power of his Rival, and he hath found one in the person of his dearest friends.

The life of *Porfenna* is in danger; *Galerita* is still a Prisoner; *Mezentius* saith, she shall never depart from Prison if she will not re-marry: there is danger to hazard to make *Aronces* known to the Prince of *Perusia* for *Porfenna*'s Son, he is at present incapable to act because of his wounds; *Sextilia* always favours her Brother *Bianor*: *Tiberinus* who is now *Mezentius* his Favorite, hath more then one Interest to induce him to desire the loss of *Porfenna*, and to oppose the discovery of *Aronces*, and though he hath saved the *Perusian* Princes life, his without doubt would be in great danger, if he was known to be *Porfenna*'s Son, and what ought he to hope if he is not so? Madam, *Aronces* is every way unhappy for Honour, Nature, and Love assault him with most ri-

horous thoughts, when that fortune mingles it self, to make continual combates in the heart of a Lover; therefore I dare hope, Madam, that being sensible of the mishaps of so generous a Prince, you'll render to him all the Offices which are in your power.

Doubt not of it (replied the Princes of the *Leontines* seeing *Celeres* had finish'd his Narration) for I am so touched with his misfortunes that I shall forget nothing that lies in my power, to testify to him that I have a true compassion, therefore I conjure you to pray him to inform what I shall do or say, for though I have an inveterate hatred against *Tiberinus*, I will constrain my thoughts in this occasion, and endeavour to put him in his interest, though as things are it will be a difficult enterprise; you have so much address and so many charms, replied *Aurelia*, that

we must despair of nothing; you are so generous, added *Sycanius*, that we ought to expect from you all things in such an encounter.

In truth, replied she, I merit no great praise to be capable to have compassion for another's misfortunes: for you so sympathize in mine, and have thereby brought me so much consolation, that I should be armed with cruelty, if I should but seem to refuse mine to an Illustrious unhappy person.

After that, *Celeres* seeing it was late, rose up and went to *Aronces*, with whom he found *Nicius* and *Martia*, who assured him the next day, the principal friends of *Porfenna* would come to the Castle where he was, to the end to consult what was expedient to be done in such an important conjecture.

The End of the First Book of the First Part.

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK II.

Love being the most predominant Passion in the heart of *Aronces*, it prompted him to be a most assiduous visiter of *Clelia*, and finding her interest to be the only square of all his actions, it may very well be said, That she was the only object of his mind, and that his thoughts ran wholly upon her, and nothing else besides. The Prince of *Numidia* as well as he, was wholly taken up with thinking upon the most admired *Clelia*, and he did most passionately wish for a sight of *Aronces*, that he might cheer up himself a little with some amorous discourses. As for the Princess of the *Leontines*, she had so many various discourses with her self, that had she not been of an infinite generosity, she would not have spared so much time as she did to think upon the miseries of *Aronces*, *Celeres* for his particular, his heart being not then infested with any violent passion, and being composed more of friendship than Love, his whole thoughts were how to cheer up the wretched *Aronces*, so as complying with *Silanus*, *Aurelia*, *Nicius* and *Martia*, whose minds ran all upon the same business, all of them were wholly busied in discanting upon the present condition and state of the matter.

But at last the expected friends of *Porfenna* being arrived, *Sicanus* presented them unto *Aronces*, as soon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had informed themselves in all such circumstances as made it evident that he was really the Son of *Porfenna*; so as then seriously considering the State of the business and falling into council about it, there grew a very great contest amongst them; some thought that the sooner the better, if *Aronces* were made known unto *Mezentius*, considering the services which he had done him: But *Sycanus* was of a contrary judgment, and said, that if they did so, they should too much put *Aronces* in danger: and that to go prudently to work they ought to tarry until the Prince of *Perusia* had some affection to him, grounded upon his merit; and also that it was requisite to keep close, they not being in a capacity to oppose *Mezentius*, in case he should prove unjust.

Others of the Company, arguing after another method, advised that *Aronces* should go into *Clusium*, there make himself known; add after he had there secured himself, then to send unto *Mezentius*, and let him know he was there, and demand of him the

life and liberty of the King his Father. *Aronces* no sooner heard this advice, but he did utterly disgust it, because he conceived that by this way he should stand too much upon his own safety, and too much hazard the safety of *Porfenna*. Also being perswaded that *Clelia* was within the Dominions of the *Perusian* Prince, he had no genius to be far from thence: So as after a very serious consultation upon the matter, the result of their arguing was, that as soon as *Aronces* was recovered, he should go unto *Perusia*; that he should Court all occasions to win upon the affections of *Mezentius* and all his Court; that in the interim, he should make sure of all *Porfenna*'s friends, and prepare them to unite themselves and take up Arms if need were: that they should hold intelligence with some in *Clusium*. That the Princess of the *Leontines* should use all her endeavours to engage *Tiberinus* in the service of *Aronces* upon all occasions that should present themselves: And in order thereunto she should be intreated to quit her melancholy way of life, and go into *Perusia* as soon as *Aronces* was in a capacity of going thither.

After the Session of this private consultation, all these friends unto *Porfenna* separated themselves, and each one in particular went about the execution of these resolutions, except *Nicius* and *Martia*, who sculked in the house of *Sicanus* until a fit time of shewing themselves useful in the service of *Aronces*. In the interim, this Prince was strangely perplexed that no tidings could be heard of *Clelia*; and the more, because the Prince of *Numidia* was also concern'd in it: But in spite of all these fretting inquietudes, which in probability might have retarded his recovery, yet recover he did, and that sooner than could be hoped. The Prince of *Numidia* also began to mend upon his first dressing, so as *Celeres* now seeing nothing which could hinder these two Rivals from seeing her, he began to be exceedingly perplexed; for he knew that the Prince of *Numidia* was ignorant that *Aronces* loved *Clelia*; and his heart longed to impart himself unto his friend: On the other side, he was sure that *Aronces* knowing how *Adherbal* and he adored one and the same Saint, *Aronces* would no longer continue a lover of *Adherbal*: He did apprehend some danger in acquainting the Prince of *Numidia* with the truth of this matter, and in trusting the secrets of one Rival unto another: Also he conceived that this confidence would be to no purpose,

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and that when *Adherbal* should know both the quality and affection of *Aronces*, it would not at all alter the thoughts of *Clelia*: therefore the advice which he gave unto *Aronces* was, to dissemble his thoughts from that Prince: For truly (said *Celeres* to him) what will it concern you, though *Adherbal* do love *Clelia*, as long as he cannot come to the sight of her, nor so much as know where she is? Let him therefore be puling and telling you of his love to her: And to set him packing further off from you, give me leave to infuse some false intelligence unto him concerning *Clelia*, to the end he may be wandering in quest of her; and you be thereby rid of that vexation which his presence causeth you. How's this *Celeres* (said he to me) can you think I am able to endure *Adherbal* should ever come and tell me that he loves *Clelia*? That he will do so for ever; and that he intends to seek her all the world over; that he will pull her out of the Arms of *Horatius*, and never yield her unto any? Would you have me *Celeres*, suffer you to part from me with false intelligence, and perhaps send him nearer unto *Clelia*; for since you know not where she is, how can you tell but that you may direct him the way to find her. No, no, *Celeres*, (added he) I have other thoughts than these; and though sometimes I would be contented withal my heart, never again to see the Prince of *Numidia's* face since he is my Rival; yet I would never have him out of my sight, until I know where *Clelia* is. In the meantime, it goes against my soul to dissemble with him, I neither know how I should speak to him, nor whether it be expedient to let him know my thoughts; therefore if you will, let us leave the matter at hazard; for when I do see him perhaps I shall not then be able to speak what I now think I am able to do.

Truth is Madam, some two days after this discourse, though the Prince of *Numidia* was much weaker and unable than *Aronces*, yet he gave him a visit at his Chamber; and he came in such a nick of time that he found *Aronces* alone, for I was then gone with the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Aurelia*. You may easily imagine how *Aronces* was surpris'd; yet for all that he received him very civilly, but did not answer the caresses of the *Numidian* Prince with his usual freeness; he began to thank him for the pains he had taken in coming to see him, but *Adherbal* obligingly interrupting him: No, no, (said he unto him) my dear *Aronces*, you need not thank me for what I have done: but if you saw into my heart perhaps you would complain against me, for this visit is not a visit of bare friendship, since my love unto *Clelia* hath a share in my affection to you, and I come as well to make you the confident of my Passion, as of my sorrow for so much sadness in your looks, both the last time you came to visit me and now. Sir, (replied *Aronces* faintly) I am so far unfit to be the confident of your Love, that if you will be rul'd by me, you shall never make choice of me for it. And yet replied *Adherbal*, you are furnished with all the qualities requisite in a most agreeable and faithful friend, for you flow in wit, ingenuity, and spirit, you have a most tender soul, you know *Clelia* as well as I do, you are her friend, and doubtless yet you love me, for since absence hath not diminished the least spark of my affection to you, I will judge of you by my self, and believe that your affection answers mine: That I may trust you with the whole secrets of my soul, and discover all my infirmities unto you. 'Tis true Sir, (replied *Aronces*) that indeed I have a ten-

der heart, and do know *Clelia*; but alas, (added he, out of his excess of love, sincerity and jealousy) it is not so true that I am her friend.

How, replied *Adherbal*, what alteration is this? How is it possible you should ever hate that most transcendent person? Nay, nay, mistake me not, (replied he) for I do love her in the same degree you do: Now judge whether or no I am fit to be your confident, and whether I could possibly give you a more heroick testimony of my friendship than this, in acquainting you with my love of *Clelia*. Oh *Aronces*, (cried out the Prince of *Numidia*) it is a most cruel testimony, for truly since I see that you do love *Clelia*, I need not ask any further why I am not loved my self. Upon this *Adherbal* was silent, and so a while continued; in the mean while *Aronces* was something pleased in thinking that his Rival did not now look upon him as the confident of his love; so as growing a little bolder, I know not Sir (said he unto him) whether you may accuse me for being the cause why *Clelia* doth not answer your affection, but I am very certain that I my self am not in the Catalogue of the happy, nor in all likelihood shall be a long time. Yet I conceived that being acquainted with your generosity, it was a piece of my duty to tell you ingeniously, that I have loved *Clelia*, ever since I was at *Carthage*. That I did love her at *Capua*, and that having had the happiness to do *Clelius* some considerable services, he freely bestowed *Clelia* upon me, and I was upon the very point of marriage, when a most horrid Earthquake did make a separation between us. Thus, and with reason looking upon her as my own, since *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* gave her unto me, and since never contradicted their wills, I conceived it fit to acquaint you with the state of the business, and that to dissemble with you, did derogate from the maxims of true generosity.

How *Aronces*! (said *Adherbal* then unto him) hath *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* both made a promise of *Clelia* unto you? and hath *Clelia* given her self unto you? Yes Sir (replied he) and that is it which renders me the more miserable. But Sir you know that you are no Roman, replied *Adherbal*, and when she was at *Carthage*, *Clelius* then would not bestow her upon any but a Roman, but talked as if he would give her unto an ordinary Citizen of *Rome*, before the greatest King upon Earth. 'Twas so indeed, replied *Aronces*, when we were at *Carthage*, but it is as true, that though I am no Roman, yet I had been a most happy man had fortune been pleased. Since you have thus far informed me Sir, replied *Adherbal*, I know very well how I ought to answer, but to tell you truly *Aronces*, I doubt I cannot; I am so grieved to meet with a Rival in the person of my friend, and to hear I ought not in reason pretend any more unto *Clelia*, that I dare not answer for my own thoughts. And I am so little master of my self, (added he in rising up) that lest I should vent something in my transport of grief, that might make me repent it all my days, I will take my leave of you not knowing what I shall think when we meet next. Sir, replied *Aronces*, your virtue makes me ashamed, and I will use all the virtue that I have, to be both your Rival and your Friend: My design is the same, replied the Prince of *Numidia*, but I cannot say that I am able to execute it, nor do know whether I am able to be both at once, the most miserable and the most generous man. Upon this *Adherbal* retired, he himself not knowing his own thoughts of *Aronces*, for his soul was so fadd'd

faded to hear that he could not pretend any more unto *Clelia*, as he was not the master of his own mind. *Aronces* himself could not chuse but grieve that he had such a brave man to his Rival: But *Horatius* being then the most legitimate object of his hatred, and finding no likelihood that the Prince of *Numidia* could ever prejudice him, his virtue surmounted all motions of any aversion towards that Prince, and overcoming himself, he went to visit him the next morning betimes. The Prince of *Numidia* emulating the generosity of his Rival, and unwilling to yield unto him in point of generosity, he gave him a most civil reception, and such high discourses passed between them, as made them admire each other, though their hearts did beat such a pulse as secretly moved rather to hatred than love of each other. After this, these two Rivals did meet at the Princess of the *Leontines* Chamber and at *Aurelia's*, but they met not without many standers by.

The truth is, they continued not long in a power of seeing each other, for both being perfectly recovered together, they were forced to sever; for *Aronces* was constrained to go unto *Perusia*, and transact about the preservation of the King his Fathers life: And the Prince of *Numidia* seeing no rational hope for himself, resolved to wander up and down the world, and not to be any longer in quest of *Clelia*, since now he had no pretence unto her: and the principal reason of this his resolve was, because he would try whether change of place would work a change of mind, and whether he could recover that tranquillity which he had lost. But finding it a piece of difficulty to take a handsome farewell of his Rival, he opened his heart unto *Celeres*, who being very desirous that two such great Princes should part fair without a quarrel, he did approve of his intention in departing without visiting *Aronces*, who being ready to go unto *Perusia* was mightily perplexed: For not knowing where *Clelia* was, he could have willingly wished, that though the sight of a Rival was a mote in his eye, yet he would have had the Prince of *Numidia* there as well as himself. But that wish was in vain: For *Adherbal* went that same night to take his leave of *Sicanus* and *Aurelia*, and giving them thanks for all favours received from them, he gave order that all his equipage should be ready by break of day; but before he went he left two Letters with order to be delivered unto *Celeres*, one for *Clelia* the other for himself, which contained these lines.

Adherbal unto Celeres.

For all you are an intimate friend unto my Rival, yet I have seen you so passionately grieved at my misery, that I will desire a favour from you. 'Tis true, it is a favour of a strange nature, since I heartily wish that you may not be able to do it; for I conjure you to keep this inclosed Letter, for the most admirable *Clelia*, but that it may not be a breach of that fidelity which you owe unto my Rival, I do not desire you to deliver it unto her, until she hath made my Rival most happy. This being all I ask of you, I dare hope that you will not deny me this office, since I do not desire it may be done me until fortune hath put me into a capacity of meriting the compassion of my Rival. I hint not a syllable to you of him; for what can that man say of him, who hath found in the person of *Aronces*, all that can possibly move the highest friendship, and the high-

est hatred? Adieu. Pity me, since you may safely do it without offence to my Rival and your Friend; and believe that you could never pity a person who doth more merit it than my self.

When *Celeres* had received and read this Letter, he was much surpris'd, and the more because that directed unto *Clelia* was sealed; however since he was not desired to deliver it until *Aronces* was first happy, he did not scruple at the doing of this Office for the Rival of his Friend. But as he was ruminating upon this adventure, *Aronces* comes suddenly into the Chamber, and sees *Adherbal's* Letter unto *Clelia*, upon the Table; this sight much amazing him, he asked *Celeres* in all haste whether he knew where she was, and how it came about that the Prince of *Numidia* directed this Letter unto him, for he knew his hand. *Celeres* perceiving the agitation of his Spirits, and *Adherbal* not having obliged him to conceal it from *Aronces*, he shewed him the Letter of his unfortunate Lover, and acquainted him with his departure, for till then he knew not of it. *Aronces* recollecting himself by degrees as he read this Letter; Alas, alas, *Celeres*, (said he unto him after he had read it) I am afraid that you must never deliver my Rivals Letter unto *Clelia*, since you must not deliver it until she hath made me happy: No sooner had he said so, but a fresh gust of apprehension rowling his thoughts, he lamented the absence of *Adherbal*, in a thought that perhaps he might come to find out *Clelia*. Yet notwithstanding *Celeres* so convinced him, that he was perswaded the absence of *Adherbal* would be advantageous unto him. For truly Sir, (said he unto him amongst many other reasons) there is not a more intollerable torment under the Sun, than to have a Rival whom virtue compels one to love; and whom love compels one to hate, to be perpetually in ones eye. 'Tis right *Celeres* (said he unto him) but this is not the first time that such a passion as mine, hath hurried a man into unreasonable thoughts.

Whilst this Prince was thus talking, he held in his hand his Rivals Letter unto his Mistress, and looked upon it as if his looks would have broke open the Seal: after restoring it hastily unto *Celeres*, take it *Celeres* (said he) and keep it, lest a spark of jealousy should force me to open it: And that my fidelity may be the more manifest, I will be faithful unto an unfortunate Lover and Rival, let my desire of seeing what he hath written unto *Clelia* be never so great: So *Celeres* took the Letter and told his friend, that had he offered to have opened it, he would have given a stop to his curiosity. After which *Sicanus* being come, and telling them that the Princess of the *Leontines* prepared her self to go next morning unto *Perusia*, and transact in the service of *Aronces*, they went both together unto her Chamber, where *Celeres* related all passages; shewing them the Prince of *Numidia's* Letter, and applauded the power which *Aronces* had over himself, in not opening that Letter which his Rival writ unto *Clelia*, though he had a most strong desire unto it. Were it possible to esteem *Aronces* more than I do (replied the Princess of the *Leontines*) doubtless I should, for I do think no quality under Heaven more laudable than fidelity is; especially when it is preserved in such cases, wherein it is easie to be otherwise, or where good excuses may be had, or examples to authorize infidelity. How many men are there in the World, who never use to make the least scruple of opening all the

Letters which come unto their hands? who invent devices how to open and then shut them again unperceivedly? and who have such a general curiosity to be prying into all manner of Letters, that no Seal escapes them: As the Princess of the Leontines was saying so, *Aurelia* entred, and no sooner entred but *Sicanus* addressed himself unto the Princess of the Leontines; Madam (said he unto her) if you desire to be informed further of their curiosity who love to be opening Letters, I beseech you intreat *Aurelia* to tell you; for she is acquainted with a fair Lady, whom you Madam also know, that put such tricks upon her; and therefore since she is better able to inform you than I am, I will leave it unto her to tell you all the passages of it.

So *Sicanus* having Letters to write unto *Perusia*, he went out, and left *Aurelia* to supply his place who did become it excellently well; for she apprehending at first the business, did smilingly ask the Princess of the Leontines, whether it was concerning the opening of any Letters; for if it be (added she) none in the World can give a better account of such a matter than my self, unless I have forgotten; though for my part I have renounced ever making use of any such ways, as heretofore have brought upon me abundance of delight, and as much sorrow.

The Question (replied the Princess of the Leontines) is not concerning the opening of any Letter, but whether we ought absolutely to condemn or excuse such Men as are so inquisitive as to open them; such as make a mock at those who are so scrupulously faithful, as not to open the Letters of their very enemies, although they were perswaded they contained some concerns of themselves. Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I am able to give you all those fond and false reasons, which are alledged by those who are inquisitive, for a friend of mine hath instructed me in the Art: *Aurelia* had no sooner said so, but the Lady of whom she spoke entred; for she living within three miles of the *Thrasimenean Lake*, towards the Isle of *Sauces*, she used often to visit *Aurelia*; also she had seen the Princess of the Leontines two or three times. Yet this Princess never before knew of her humour in opening Letters; because no occasion concerning it did present itself; but as soon as she was entred, *Aurelia* knowing her humour, and also knowing that she affected raillery, and that she did not think she did ill in opening all the Letters which came under her hands, she told her that she came in a very good time to help her out in the maintenance of a good cause: For truly (said she unto her) as I was boasting of my skill in opening and shutting of Letters, they would needs perswade me that I put my self unto a great deal of trouble, which could hardly ever procure me any great delight; and besides, they would make me believe, that such an act was neither just nor generous.

For matter of justice and generosity (replied this Lady whose name was *Statilia*) perhaps it will prove a little difficult to prove that it is; but for matter of pleasure (added she) I will maintain that there is nothing fuller of delight than to make ones self Mistress of anothers secrets unperceivedly, and never be beholding to them for it: and I am perswaded, that there is always some kind of pleasure in knowing that which others know not, and which

they do not know, that others know it, be the thing of what nature it will.

For my particular (said the Princess of the Leontines) I am not of your opinion, for there are a thousand sorts of secrets, which never move the least curiosity in me. For my part, added *Aronces*, my mind is not at all inquisitive after such things, as in which I have no interest, and as I should not think well any should dive too far into my heart, so I will never offer to dive into the hearts of others; and I am so far from opening their Letters (said he and smiled) that I think if their hearts were in my hands, I should not screw any thing out of them; always excepting the heart of my Mistress, and the hearts of my Rivals. For my part (replied *Statilia*) I should not use the matter so: and since it is more easie to open Letters than hearts, and since sometimes opening the one, the other is discovered, I will never omit any opportunity of satisfying my curiosity; but that I may never be taxed with any malicious curiosity, I assure you, that though I have opened almost all the Letters which ever came unto my hands, yet I never raised any mischief between the parties, or set them at variance. But I beseech you (said she) (said then the Princess of the Leontines) to what purpose is it that you are so desirous to open Letters, since you make no use of the contents? To do so once out of an humour of gallantry, I confess some small delight may be taken in it; but to make a matter of care and continual practice for nothing, I must confess, that I cannot understand it: First, this must be an infallible position, that of a hundred Letters which you open, there is not one wherein you have any concernment nor wherein you can take any pleasure in seeing, for those who have a mind to speak of you, will not trust the mention of you in their Letters; such as hold any intrigues of gallantry will not commit them to such hands as come within your walk; Domestick business never diverts; general news can be no subject for your curiosity, since that is known to you as well as them that write; common complements cannot be any pleasure to you, and for Letters of wit, they will be shewed unto you without your opening them; so as I must conclude, that you commit a very unjust Act for a very poor pittance of pleasure. And I am perswaded, that nothing in the world ought to be more inviolable than the fidelity of Letters; so as though I had in my hands a Letter which came from one of my professed enemies, directed unto a person whom I neither loved, nor he loved me, yet I would let it pass without an opening. Indeed the facility in committing this kind of crime, is an argument to me, that it ought never to be committed, and that nothing ought to be more inviolable than Letters.

For my part (said *Statilia*) I may conceive it may be with this, as with Theft in *Sparta*, where they punish only those who steal ill-favourably, and are taken in the Act. So as I must conclude, that when one hath the art of handsome opening them, so as it shall never be perceived; and that when one knows how to conceal the contents of the Letter opened, it can be no great crime to open them. This were reason enough to keep you from it, replied *Aronces*, that oftentimes you put your self to abundance of trouble about the opening of a Letter, wherein you find nothing, when as you might employ your time and pain much better. If that consideration would have

have corrected her (replied *Aurelia*) she had been long since corrected: For such an Adventure happened unto her one day, which I shall relate unto you, if she will give me leave. I consent (said *Statilia*) provided you will give me leave to relate some Adventures which have passed, and which have accustomed me to open Letters. This condition is so just (said *Cleves*) as I believe *Aurelia* will not be against it. I shall not be against any thing, answered *Aurelia*, which may excuse *Statilia*. But since it is my turn to speak first, (pursued she, and addressed her self to the Princess of the Leontines) be pleased to know Madam, that there was in *Perusia* some four or five years, a Lady and a Widow, whose beauty was in competition with *Statilia's*, this is sufficient to make you think there was no great love between them. I must tell you in general terms, that both of them had beauty enough to divide between themselves, all the hearts that were in a most gallant Court. They were perpetually making usurpations upon one another, and could never keep within the limits of their own Empires. I beseech you (said *Statilia* and interrupted her) come to the business of Letters, if you will have me let you go on with your story. I shall come to it presently (replied *Aurelia*, and turned towards the Princess of the Leontines) that *Statilia* passionately desiring to know the secret thoughts of her pretended Rivalless, received a Letter which was not directed unto her, but was amongst many others which were directed unto her. As soon as she saw the Superscription, she knew it to be the hand of that Lady whom she loved not; and she saw written upon it, the name of a Man who was deeply in love with *Statilia*, and whose fidelity she suspected; for of late he was less assiduous in his visits to her than ordinary, but more unto the other Lady. So that musing upon the matter, and considering all circumstances, she believed him to be in love with this Lady; she concluded it upon a hundred consequences, which she believed to be infallible, as upon conjectures which she thought to be unquestionable. I coming into the Chamber, she acquainted me with the Adventure, and with her resolution of opening the Letter; but, said she, I must use all my art in the opening of it, for I would by no means have the two interested persons to know that I have seen it; but on the contrary, it being delivered without any suspicion of me, I may carry it so as she who did write it shall think her new Lover hath revealed all unto me, and as for him to whom it is directed, I will endeavour to make him believe, that I know of it by some other of this Ladies Lovers. Therefore it is requisite, I use extraordinary care in the opening of it, that it may be done and not perceived.

At the last *Statilia* after two hours muse upon it, and after two hours more spent in experiments upon other Letters, to try which way was the best, she opened this Letter which procured her so much anger and curiosity. And that you may the better apprehend her astonishment, I must acquaint you, that this Lady who wrote this Letter had a very pleasant house in the Countrey: In this house, there was a Man who had an excellent faculty in certain curious works. This Man by an odd piece of Fortune was called by the very same name of him that was in love with *Statilia*, though their qualities were much different: So as in lieu of finding matters of Courtship and gallantry, as she expected in this Letter, she found several orders relating unto the Gardens and

works of this Lady; in some places she desired he would have a special care to plant rows of Orange-Trees, in another place she desired might be a Fountain circled about with a Palizado of Myrtles, and many other things which were absolutely impertinent unto the imagination of *Statilia*. However, she never went about to undeceive her self, but still would needs have it, that this was a Letter of some private correspondence, which had in it some amphibious sence; for as you know, since the famous *Sybil* who came unto *Tarquin* at *Rome*, and writ a book of Verses called *Aerotics*, which by taking the first letter of every Line makes up perfect sence on the side, many after her made use of this invention. *Statilia* was above an hour in turning and winding the words and lines of this Letter every way, in hopes to find some sence sitting to her fancy; but as she was thus busying our self, the Slave who brought it unto her amongst many others, came to ask for it, and to tell her that it was directed unto a certain Man who had the oversight of such a Ladies works. Upon a more strict examination and consideration of the business, *Statilia* perceived that all her discants and conceits upon this Letter were upon false surmises; that she had taken a great deal of pains to no purpose, and that she was not a jot the wiser in that thing which she most desired to know. Yes, replied *Statilia*, I drew thus much advantage out of my curiosity, that I knew there was nothing in the Letter worth the knowing, for had I let it pass without a sight, I should have believed all my life long, that this Lady had written a Letter of gallantry, and that this pretended gallant was perfidious. But Madam, added she, the better to acquaint you, how I came unto this humour of opening of Letters, be pleased to know, that the first person I ever loved, was the most cunning wench that ever was, and after a hundred testimonies of my affection to her, I took a journey into the Countrey for eight days, where we were almost continually together at an Aunts house of hers, who was my Cousin. In this solitude we were never asunder, and as in friendship nothing is so sweet as to be talking unto each other upon what we think of all our acquaintance, so did we, she being naturally ingenious, and loving me very tenderly. I did truly tell her my opinion of every one she named me; not withholding my most secret thoughts from her. At last, I was to return unto *Perusia*, and leave her in the Countrey; she sent above twenty several Letters by me, she shewed me many of them before the sealing, and I did not suspect that there was any of the rest which she shewed not unto me that any ways concerned me, for she carried it so cunningly, that I believed she would have shewed me all if I desired. So as taking into my charge these Letters, as soon as I came into *Perusia*, I thought of delivering them according to directions: But as chance would have it, one of them was unsealed, and I must confess I could not seal it before I read it; it chanced to be one of those which she had not shewed unto me, and it was directed unto a Man, who at that time did not hate me, and was her Cousin. I having spoke much good of him unto her, I found that she acquainted him in her Letter with all I had spoke in his advantage, and gave him the greatest hopes in the World: I blushing for anger, and finding what I expected not, I resolved to open all the rest which I had not seen; and truly I did not repent it, though she moved me

to

to be extremely angry. For I found in one of them (which was directed unto a Woman who was owner of as many bad, as good qualities) that she had imparted unto her, a great part of what I had said of her: I found in another of them a notable piece of Railery, which she had put upon me. And to be short, I discovered, that she was the most crafty Wench upon earth, and the least worthy of my friendship. In the heat of my anger, I sent her back all her Letters open; and I made a solemn vow most religiously to be observed, that I would open every Letter which came under my hands, which I did not see before sealing, because I would never expose my self unto any such disasters, as then by good fortune I prevented: Ever since my curiosity hath been so well satisfied, that I knew not how to repent of it.

I perceive, replied the Princess, you have found out an invention not to be deceived your self, but is it not worse to be upbraided with deceiving of others, then it is to upbraid others with deceiving you? Having had experience of both (replied *Statilia* and laughed) I can assure you, Madam, that in these matters it is much better to deceive others, then to be deceived by them. Truth is (added she) that if I could charge my self with any wicked action, I should be ashamed; but I cannot think the opening of a Letter to be a crime so hainous. For if there be no matter of consequence in it, then I do no harm unto any: If there be any matter of mirth in it which relates not to my self: I can laugh at it in a corner; and if there be any injurious matter which reflects upon my self, I have injured them only, who would have injured me: So as I must conclude, that of all the sins which one can commit, this I speak of is the least, the most easie to be acted, and the most pleasant. You cannot persuade me with all the wit you have (replied the Princess of the Leontines) but that the opening of Letters is a most dangerous habit; it is so much against the maxims of justice and generosity, that I dare maintain it is a violation of all manner of rights, and that it is a less folly to rob another, to usurp Kingdoms, and to be revenged upon ones enemies by sword, or poison, then to blemish ones fidelity by such things as those. For by robbing one may enrich himself; by usurping a Kingdom, one may satisfy his ambition, and by revenge upon enemies one may gust the sweets of it; but there is neither pleasure nor profit gotten by opening of Letters, at the least not by one in a hundred. Yet experience makes it manifest that it is the crime of many, and the custom of it so easily gotten, as I cannot tell how *Aurelia* could break her self of it. Alas Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I was easily broken of it, for I think never was any one more severely punished then I was for my curiosity: But I am very much obliged unto that charitable Friend who was my punisher and correcter. Oh I beseech you (replied the Princess of the Leontines) tell us how you came to leave off that trick which *Statilia* taught you. Since you command it Madam (replied *Aurelia*) you must know, that after I had learned of *Statilia* all her inventions of opening Letters, and had practised them five or six days together, and did nothing else: After I say, that I was grown very cunning, I made use of my skill upon several occasions; but having another friend besides *Statilia*, whom I loved very well, and was also loved again, I would have made her my Confident in a business of

a Letter which I opened, and would have told her all: She being a person more scrupulous in such matters then *Statilia*, she resolved to put a trick upon me which might correct me, for a thing which she thought not just. For a whole month together I received abundance of Letters, several ways, upon several subjects, all directed unto Men of my acquaintance, wherein I still found something which vexed me; for she who caused them to be written, knowing all the secrets of my whole life, she had contrived them so cunningly, that I burned above a dozen Letters after I had opened them, not suspecting that she had any hand in them. At last I was so pitifully perplexed that not being able to continue any longer, I went to empty my self unto this charitable friend; for though I loved *Statilia* very well, yet at that time there were some things which I could not impart unto her. As soon as I began to complain, she unto whom I made my moan, began to mock me, and said I deserved no pity, and that those who were miserable by their own folly, deserved no compassion. Alas (replied I) my misery proceeds from what others have written; but if you would not have seen their Letters (replied she) this had not been written of you. After this, she would have persuaded me, that this was a punishment for my curiosity: But I was deaf in the ear, insomuch, as she did not question, but that I would open the next Letter I met withal: And indeed, in order to her design of converting me, she did write one Letter directed unto her self, though it was really intended for me, as being to pass through my hands, thinking that I would open that Letter as soon as any's else: This Letter I received, simply believing it intended for my friend, and according to her hopes I did open it. But Madam, I was most strangely ashamed when after the opening of it, I found that in lieu of being to her, it was from her, and intended for me, and more damped when I read it: For, Madam, it contained all the arguments that could be devised against that ill quality of opening of Letters, and to make me ashamed of it: The Letter was long, and full of wit, and concluded that it was a thing never to be excused, unless it were done out of a resentment of jealousy. Therefore (said she in the end of her Letter) if you will ever go about to justify this ill quality unto me, you must accuse your self of two things more, you must confess that you are both in love and also jealous, and the suspicion which you have of every one, makes you look for that which you would never find. Thus, Madam, was the cure of my curiosity, for from that time I made a promise unto my self, never to open anymore Letters; and I was so convinced with the arguments of my generous friend, that I went and acquainted her with my resolution, she in recompence confessed, that all those Letters which had so perplexed me, were writ only to correct me: but they had not the same influence upon *Statilia*; for she hath opened several Letters which were directed unto me, and put her self to much trouble in making them up again: After all this, *Statilia* being excellent at Railery, did very ingeniously defend her self against all the solid reasons which the Princess of the Leontines, *Aronces*, *Aurelia*, and *Celeres* brought against her, yet she was forced to confess, that they were in the right, and she in the wrong; but withal she protested, that she should for ever continue in the wrong, and as long as she live

live never be broken of it; after this, she concluded her visit and went away. And the Princess of the Leontines continuing her applauses of *Aronces* for his fidelity even unto his Rival, they began a most solid league of friendship. Indeed this Princess according to her promise went into *Perusia*, *Aurelia* went also: But as for *Sicanus*, he staid with *Necius* and *Martia* to give all directions concerning *Aronces*, when the time did require. In the mean time *Aronces* finding himself in a fit condition to go, and seeing the interest of the King his Father, his own, and of his love, required that he should go as soon as possible he could to *Mezentius*, he went two days after the Princess of the Leontines departed from the Isle of *Sauls*, and he was entertained with so much honour, that *Mezentius* lodged him in his own Palace, and would have every one look upon him as a Man unto whom he owed his life: So that as it is the custom of all Courts, *Aronces* had not only the favourable aspect of the Prince, but of every one besides. *Bianor* and *Tiberinus* also did him all imaginable honours: And as *Aronces* was infinitely amiable, so it was an easie matter for him to get love. The heart of *Mezentius* was so much moved, as he spoke it openly, a few days after he came to *Perusia*, that though he had not been a Debtor to him for his Life, yet he should have most tenderly loved him, and think him worthy of his highest favour. These advantageous words being reported unto *Tiberinus*, he began to be jealous of this growing Favorite, so as to give him a handsome remove, he told *Mezentius* that it was a shame for him to keep a stranger so long in his Court, and that it were good to pack him away with some magnificent Present, to the end he might go about his business. But *Mezentius* being of an apprehensive wit, knew well enough the jealous thoughts of *Tiberinus*, and without giving any direct answer, told him that ere long he would do what did become him. Meantime, the Princess of the Leontines, out of her zealous and generous devotion to serve *Aronces*, did force her self to look upon *Tiberinus* a little better then ordinary, and endeavoured to make him love *Aronces*, she did still preserve very carefully that amity which she had gotten amongst all the Grandees of that Court: And scarce a day passed without some secret conference with her, from the friends of *Porfenna* and *Galerita*, *Sicanus* and others who negotiated for *Aronces*, did continually communicate unto him what each of them in particular had done. But the greatest affliction upon *Aronces* was, that he could not hear a word of *Clelia*, though by order from *Mezentius* a strict Inquisition was made for her throughout all his Dominions. So as since he could not then depart from *Perusia*, considering the condition wherein the King his Father was, nor knowing where to seek her, he resolved to stay until he could better dispose of himself, and in the interim to send secretly unto the Towns which were then Enemies unto *Rome*; for he conceived that *Horatius* who was upon ill terms with *Tarquin*, could not seek a safer retreat then amongst his enemies. So as in order to this design, he sent unto all such places where there was any hopes to hear something of her. After which, he did wholly devote himself to save the life of *Porfenna*. For *Mezentius* desiring a Successor, and to marry his Daughter, he having no Children, did accuse *Porfenna* that he went about to murder him, and did charge him indeed with some shews of probability.

Indeed the Man who would have killed him, and whom *Aronces* killed, was a Friend of the Prisoner King, and if his virtues had not been apparent unto all the World, it might have been thought, that desire of liberty might have prompted him to consent unto such an unworthy action. So as *Mezentius* having some colour to accuse him of such a crime, he made it be prosecuted, and they proceeded against him as a Delinquent. *Aronces* then being in great favour and familiarity with *Mezentius*, he talked one day with him concerning this accusation, and told him that he believed it had no good foundation, and beseeched him to take a business of that great importance into his serious consideration. How *Aronces* said *Mezentius* unto him, did you give death to him, who would by order from *Porfenna* have taken away my life, and would you now save his life, and who would have been my death? Sir, replied *Aronces*, I desire to keep you from doing a thing which afterward you may repent of, when it is too late: And if an unfortunate Stranger, to whom you have given leave to utter his mind, may be still permitted to speak, I would ingeniously confess that I think there is nothing of greater consideration, then for a Sovereign Prince to be very cautious how he meddles with those of his own quality; for if he put them into the Rank of other men, then doth he lose his own priviledges, and makes himself capable to suffer that which he inflicts upon others. Therefore Sir, I beseech you be not too hasty in proceeding against *Porfenna*, but make a difference betwixt a great King and a common Subject. Your language, replied *Mezentius*, is indeed both prudent and generous, but the life of *Porfenna* is so great an obstacle unto all my designs, that since fortune hath given me a just cause to ruine him, I ought to do it, unless I be the most imprudent man upon earth. I do know very well, Sir, replied *Aronces*, that *Porfenna* is accused; but I cannot tell whether there be any proofs against him: 'Tis true you were assaulted by a man who was tyed unto his interest; but Sir, you have kept him under such strict guards, as it is not credible he should ever have a hand in such a horrid act: And therefore Sir be careful, least in seeking for a pretence to ruine the innocent, you become guilty your self, and least you should provoke the just gods to revenge his death: Sir I beseech you pardon the boldness of my language, for I take so great an interest in all that concerns you, as I hope that my zeal will plead my excuse: I thank you, replied *Mezentius*, and my love is so tender towards you, that you may speak any thing; but for this love to you, you are more obliged unto me then you imagine; for you have so great a resemblance of a Man, whom of all the World I most hate, as I wonder you can be deep in my affection. However, I must tell you, that I do not wonder you should speak as you do, for you are young, you know not the several interests of my state, nor the secret reasons which I have to ruine *Porfenna*: Therefore being neither angry, nor perswaded by any thing you have said, let me tell you, that if I do not ruine *Porfenna*, he will ruine me; and in the choice of these two, I had better ruine then be ruined. *Aronces* had further replied, if *Tiberinus* had not come in; who seeing them in such private conference, grew extremely jealous; for he knew by the countenance of *Mezentius*, that the discourse was very serious, and concerned something of great importance. So as discontent appearing

In his eyes, *Mezentius* perceived it and was angry; and to punish *Tiberinus* for taking it ill he should talk with *Aronces*, he spoke not a word unto him, but continued talking with that Prince; inasmuch as *Tiberinus* being extremely netled, he went out abruptly, & went unto the Princess of the *Leontines*. Mean time, *Mezentius* talked no more of *Porfenna* unto *Aronces*; but pressed him to tell who and from whence he was. You know (said he unto him) that I have often asked you, and could never get a direct answer from you. 'Tis very true Sir, replied *Aronces*, and I beseech you let me be silent still; for truly Sir, I have several reasons to conceal my self; and all I can say at this time is, that as soon as I can I will let you know it. Your answer doth a little stagger me, replied *Mezentius*, for it makes me think you were one of those Children who were left in the Street, exposed to the Will of Fate, and ignorant of your extraction. No, Sir, replied *Aronces*, I am none of those, I know my Progenitors are noble; but I know withal that I ought not to discover it, until some matters be over, which perhappas will be very shortly. As *Aronces* was saying so *Bianor* entred, who came to tell *Mezentius*, that he had met with many circumstances which made it conjecturable, that *Porfenna* was knowing to the design of him who would have assassinated him. But whilst these passages were at the Palace of *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus* was with the Princess of the *Leontines*, inveighing against the new favourite *Aronces*: It is desired Madam (said he unto her after many other matters) I shall ere long be as much out of my Masters favour as out of my Mistresses, and considering the fresh favours of *Aronces*, I shall be as unfortunate in my ambition as in my Love. That I may remove half of your misfortunes (replied the Princess very wisely) I pray follow my counsel. Your language Madam, had been more obliging, replied *Tiberinus*, if you had said, I command you: Which you will (said she) if your case were mine in lieu of crossing the growing favours upon *Aronces*, I would comply with him and his interests, and persuade him that he was a debtor unto me for the good fortune he enjoys; and in order hereunto I will take upon me to make this union betwixt you; for I cannot conceive that you can continue long in favour, unless there be some who is in favour with *Mezentius* about his pleasures, whilst you are about his great affairs: You know this Prince as old as he is, hath all the inclinations of a young man: So as whilst you are transacting in State affairs, the other may be the companion of his diversions: make choice of *Aronces* for it, he is young, he is a stranger, he is not in a capacity to move factions in the Court, nor any way hurt you; and in all likelihood will be contented with a pleasant life, and enjoy the sweets of his favours in that kind. But I beseech you Madam, replied *Tiberinus*, how can you tell whether *Aronces* will not supplant me in the place which I enjoy, if once he enter into the heart of *Mezentius*: If you be in power to supplant him (replied the Princess) then do it; but take heed lest in going about to ruine him you ruine your self. But on the other side by taking that course which I propose, you run no hazard, for by not crossing the favours of *Aronces*, but complying with his interest, *Mezentius* finding no stop to his inclinations, will of himself leave off those things which now divert him; but say he should not, however you have thereby obliged *Aronces*; and it is not probable that he who seems to be of a most notable ge-

nerosity, will ever dishonour himself by any publick ingratitude, and therefore the best expedient is as I advise principally, because he may not be looked upon as a new Favourite, but rather his favours may be looked upon as an effect of yours. The Princess of the *Leontines* also used many other arguments unto *Tiberinus*; so as none being fitter to persuade than a Mistress, *Tiberinus* thought all her reasons to be very good, and he thought himself so happy that she would interest her self in his fortune, as he told her that he did absolutely put himself into her hands, and that she might tell *Aronces* what she pleased; So as *Aronces* coming in, to lose no time, she resolved to unite them before they parted; but to do it the more handsomly, and the better to deceive *Tiberinus*, she no sooner saw *Aronces*; but she began discourse: You come very happily Sir, said she unto him, to thank *Tiberinus* for those favours for which you are obliged unto him: For truly *Aronces* to be plain with you, you are a debtor unto him for all those favours which you receive from *Mezentius*: Truth is, that Prince intended to have packt you away with a Princely Present, the next morning you came hither, for those who have seen *Porfenna* at your age, do say that you do extremely resemble him: And *Mezentius* could hardly have endured the sight of you, if *Tiberinus* had not stopped his aversion, which he carefully hides from you, by reason of his obligations to you; which aversion he had never overcome without *Tiberinus*: I thought it to be expedient that you were acquainted with the state of things, to the end you might apply your self unto the fortunes of him unto whom you are obliged, and so make your own the more secure. *Aronces* knowing the meaning of the Princess, did answer her as handsomly as she spoke. Inasmuch as *Tiberinus* suiting with the intentions of that Princess, did contract a league so great, as he discovered unto *Aronces* all the ways that would most work upon the spirit of *Mezentius*. But that which was most remarkable in this business was, that to testify the confidence in *Aronces*, and the more to engage him in his interests, he told him that above all it was most expedient to hasten the ruine of *Porfenna*. For truly (said he) as long as that Prince is living, the life of *Mezentius* is not secure: *Aronces* durst not at the first openly contradict *Tiberinus*, lest he should render himself suspected: So as this conference ended with reciprocal protestations, never to prejudice each other unto *Mezentius*: And indeed, they did negotiate together as men who stood in need of each other. *Tiberinus* confessed unto *Aronces*, his love unto the Princess of the *Leontines*, and he perceived, that if he would be in the favour of *Mezentius*, he must comply with *Aronces*, so as he neglected nothing in order thereunto.

This being the state of things, the people of *Arezzes* and *Crotones* made such an unexpected eruption and entred so far into the Country of him whom they took for their enemy, that *Perusia* was hotly alarm'd: and *Mezentius* as stout as he was, did think of leaving the Metropolis of his Dominions, and retire himself unto an Isle of the *Thrasimenian Lake*, until he had mustred his forces. But *Aronces*, who had great favour and familiarity with him, was against it; and persuaded him that upon such occasions, it was very dangerous to fly or shew any signs of Fear, so as he resolved to stay and make head against his enemies as well as he could.

There being some Forces still on foot, by reason that

that he was never a quiet possessor of *Clusium*, he gave orders that they should be drawn into a body. The People of *Perusia* offered of themselves to Arm; and *Aronces* beseeched *Mezentius* for leave to go and view the enemy. And accordingly he went in the Head of Two Hundred Horse only, to see what he could discover of their true force; he behaved himself so bravely in this employment, that he defeated one party which he met, and took many Prisoners, from whom he knew the true state of things. So as returning to *Mezentius* after this glorious attempt, he exhorted him to meet the enemy. And accordingly, as soon as their Troops were mustred, and some Discipline used amongst the fresh Soldiers, who were lifted to defend their Houses and their Wives, he went out of *Perusia*, followed by *Tiberinus*, *Bianor*, all the Grandees of the State, *Aronces* and *Celeres*. But what necessity soever there was of Soldiers, the Guards upon *Porfenna* were not lessened, such fears there was of his escape; nor were the Guards upon *Galerita* diminished. But to be short, *Mezentius* marched towards those, who struck a terror all before them; and who were Masters of the Field, and who carried themselves as in a Country which they intended to ruine, the better to subject it. *Aronces*, knowing that it concerned him to signalize himself upon this occasion, and that *Tiberinus* was not sorry in his heart that he would expose himself, it was an easie request to obtain the most dangerous command. And indeed, it was he who commanded a small Party of choice men, designed for the Forlorn Hope, unto all the dangers and perils of the Army: *Celeres* was the faithful Companion of his Adventures in War, as well as in his Adventures of Love. *Aronces* did acquit himself so heroically in this desperate employment, that as it may be said he saved the life of *Mezentius* many a time; for by his diligence he came to understand the state of his Enemies, and he hindered the Enemy from having any knowledge of that Prince's Condition; for as soon as any party appeared, he assaulted and repulsed them, and he was the Actor of so many glorious exploits in this rencounter, that if they were all related severally, they would seem incredible.

At last, after several days of only facing each other, and both sides declining Fight, they were both equally forced to give Battel; which though it was not fought by such formidable Armies, as the very sight of them strikes terror, yet it was more terrible than if these two Armies had been more numerous: For when a Battel is fought betwixt four or five hundred thousand men, commonly a great part of them are only Spectators of the Fight, and the Victory is oftentimes gotten more by a panick fear or a tumultuous rout, which huge multitudes are subject unto, where order is hard to be kept; than by any true actions of valour, or conduct of the Captains. On the other side, when two small bodies fight there are none idle, all are in equal danger, death is in every Rank; all bestir themselves, all fight, and every particular Soldier is the Carver out of his own glory, since chance of War here is not to be expected, nor is the victory to be gotten by the capricious humour of Fortune, but by true valour and prudent Conduct. But if ever great actions were done in a short time, and between a few Troops it was at this time; when *Mezentius* was ready to perish, if the valour and good Fortune of *Aronces* had not rescued him. These two little Armies were no sooner in

sight of each other, but without so much delay as to seek advantages, the Fight began, and that with such animosity and fury, as useth to be amongst such as are desperate. At the first, the right wing of *Mezentius* was broken, and *Bianor* who commanded it was killed: But *Aronces* whose Body upon that occasion, was joyned unto that which *Bianor* commanded, he having taken his place, he made Fortune wheel about, and rallying the broken Troops, he routed them who broke them. On the other side, *Mezentius* being astonished to see that *Bianor* had made so poor resistance, he cooled the courage of his men, by his wonder at it: So as the enemy making use of this favourable opportunity, they charged through the Battel where he was: Inasmuch that things were in a very bad condition, when *Aronces* observing what passed, left *Celeres* to keep things in the condition he had brought them: He went then to help *Mezentius*, carrying only two hundred Horses with him, and infusing fresh spirits into the Soldiers, by a thousand actions of Valour which they had seen him perform, he came to the place where *Mezentius* was, but he came just as that Prince, whom he found forsaken of his men, and environ'd with enemies, was ready to render himself and be their Prisoner. But *Aronces* assaulted his Enemies with such vigour, as the vanquishers became vanquished, and were forced to let go their Prisoner of that great importance. And as if Fortune was resolved that *Aronces* should have all the glory of the day. As soon as he had settled the Battel, he perceived that the Wing which *Tiberinus* commanded had need of help: So as without more delay, he hastened to the place where necessity invited him, he alter'd the face of things, and got a most perfect victory. For indeed the enemy losing their hearts, after they had lost their advantages, he broke them all; and did so absolutely defeat them, that those who died not at this bloody skirmish, threw down their Arms, and implored the mercy of the Conquerors. It was most observable, that though *Aronces* commanded only a little Body, yet he commanded the whole Army, as soon as *Bianor* was dead: For his admirable Valour got him such credit in the minds of all the Soldiers and Officers, that they did both acknowledge and obey him. *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus*, and the whole Army did publish, that it was he only who won the day: *Celeres* did highly signalize himself that day; and by high acts rendred himself worthy of that esteem which *Aronces* had of him. In the mean time, the Enemies General being dead, and no Enemy appearing, *Mezentius* after he had left the command of the Army, unto the Conduct of an old Commander, and taken order for the Funeral of *Bianor*, he conceived it best to return unto *Perusia*, to assure the people of Victory. And *Aronces* having no mind to leave him, lest he should attempt something against the life of *Porfenna*, he returned thither also: And he return'd with such Trophies of Honour, as he was received with such acclamations, that they raised a most timely jealousy in *Tiberinus*, and did not over-well please *Mezentius*, as much as he was obliged unto *Aronces*, and as well as he loved him. For indeed the fright being very great in *Perusia*, every one looked upon him as the deliverer of the Town: Inasmuch without a word of *Mezentius* or *Tiberinus*, nothing could be heard but the name of *Aronces*; every street was filled with multitudes of men, who pressed to behold him as if they had never seen him. Those who had

seen him in one street, ran a back way to see him in another; Women with Children in their arms, did shew him unto them as the man who had saved the lives of their Fathers, and preserved their Liberties; and such glorious applauses were given *Aronces* at his entry into *Perusia*, that his modesty made him blush.

Tiberinus yet dissembled the secret sorrows; and he went unto the Princess of the *Leontines*, as soon as he had lodged *Mezentius* in his Palace, but he went with a most dejected look; thinking it a shame for him to appear before a Princess with whom he was in Love, since he could not bring with him the chief glory of the Victory. And he was no sooner there, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* came in also; so as *Tiberinus* striving to constrain himself, he began to commend *Aronces*, (who modestly interrupting him) began to commend him again, and presently after to talk of something else, asking the Princess how *Sextilia* received the news of *Bianor's* death; she received it, answered she, with much sorrow: Yet it is believed that it is not so much out of tendernefs, as some resentments of ambition; for she is so confident that *Mezentius* will put *Porfenna* to death, and that *Galerita* will be married unto his Brother, that she may be comforted after his death. For *Mezentius* being old, she fears her Fortunes would not change if he should die before he put the King of *Clusium* to death, and before he had married the Princess his Daughter unto some of her Relations. At the last, there is one that pretends to know her thoughts, did assure *Aurelia* that these were hers. After this they talked of many other things; and much other Company coming in, *Tiberinus* could not speak a word of his Passion unto the Princess of the *Leontines*. But the day following, he found an opportunity whether she would or no: Yet being of an infinite ingenuity, and knowing it was not a time to treat him ill, if she intended to serve *Aronces*, she carried her self with such a civility towards him, as did put him into some hopes, though her words did not signifie so much. In the mean time, as soon as the Victory of *Aronces* had put *Perusia* into a Calm, *Mezentius* began to think upon *Porfenna's* death, and at the same time to marry the Princess his Daughter. But since there was no thinking upon the last of these, until he had executed the first, he began to renew the execution of the business, and to draw up a charge against *Porfenna*, for complying with that Assassinate who would have murdered him. On the other side, all the friends unto that Prince, being advertised by *Sicanus* and *Nicius*, they began to negotiate secretly for the prevention of so great a misfortune, and to acquaint *Aronces*, who was then in a most miserable condition; for he could not hear any news of *Clelia*; and both honour and nature would not permit him to depart from *Perusia*, or if he should he knew not whither to go, nor where the person whom he loved was. Moreover, though he was much in the esteem of *Mezentius*, yet he knew that his hatred unto *Porfenna* was above it: And he conceived, that if ever he should acquaint him that he was his son, he would then change his mind, and hate him as much as ever he loved him. All he could do was to try if he could prolong the matter, until the friends of the King his Father, had some power to help him, when he should speak unto *Mezentius*, as the Son of *Porfenna*. In order to that, as he was one day talking unto that Prince, concerning the weighty matter he asked him,

whether it were not convenient to endeavour the discovery of the truth from the mouth of the Prisoner King? For indeed Sir, (said *Aronces* to him) if you should upon bare conjectures put a great Prince to death, you would eternally stain your glory by it: I would advise you to send some faithful and unbiassed person unto him, who in a discourse which may appear to be without design, may endeavour to find out something, which may clear him or justify him: and if you would be pleased to permit me the liberty of seeing him, I am confident to make him speak more freely than otherwise he would: For seeming to enter into his interests, and willing to serve him, he may chance trust me so far as to impart something, which will either keep you from destroying him unjustly, or make it appear you may do it justly. At the first, *Mezentius* did reject this proposition; and told *Aronces*, that *Porfenna* had long since deserved death: That it was sufficient he was able to Ruine him, and that he was to blame for letting him live so long.

Do you not see that this Prince is an eternal colour for Civil War, in all the mutinies in my Dominions? Sometimes reports are spread abroad, that *Porfenna* hath a son living, and wandring up and down the World, and that he will ere long appear, sometimes again, that he was in my power, and that I kept him Prisoner, and there is nothing uninvented to draw upon me the hatred of my Subjects: And therefore to be rid of such a perpetual persecution, it were fit and expedient to destroy him, though he have no hand in the business of the Assassinate: and if he have a Son living, I wish to the Heavens, I could at one blow ruine both the Father and the Son: But to tell you truly, I am confident he hath no Son, but that he is perished, and all reports of his life are nothing, but only the fictions and devices of my enemies.

Truth is, if this Son be dead, he is more happy than if he were living, and if he be living he shall live no longer than he is out of my power. *Aronces* hearing *Mezentius* say so, was out of his excess of generosity and boldness, in a hundred minds to tell him that he was the Son of *Porfenna*; for sometimes he had a fancy that *Mezentius* owing him for his life twice, and for a victory would not hurt him. But at last, reason telling him that he ought not to hazard a business of this importance, wherein more than he had concernment, he recalled himself and dissembled his thoughts: Also thinking, that if he should hastily discover himself, the least punishment would be imprisonment, then the interest of *Clelia* more than his own, restrained him from telling truth unto *Mezentius*: But according to his first design, which was to protract the matter, he did negotiate so well, as that *Mezentius* gave him leave to see *Porfenna*: And accordingly some two days after, *Aronces* went unto the place where he was guarded, with orders unto him who commanded the Castle, to let him have the liberty of discourse without any witnesses: So this Prince not known to be son unto the King of *Clusium*, went unto the place where this miserable King was, who knew nothing of all the Passages against him; nor what *Galerita* did, nor whether he had a Son or no: A place wherein he lived a most melancholy life, that his Constancy was high, and though he had a soul, that could look grim death in the face, without alteration of countenance; yet when *Aronces* entred into the Chamber, he was surprized; for besides

besides his being unaccustomed to the sight of any but his guards, he found in the face of *Aronces* so great a resemblance of himself in his younger days, as he could not chuse but be moved at it; but much more was his wonder, when *Aronces* telling him that he had obtained liberty from the Prince of *Perusia* to see him, and confer with him about some matter which concerned him, he knew the tone of his voice; for being very like that of his dear *Galerita* whom he did most tenderly love, in spite of so long an absence, he changed colour, and was so moved, that *Aronces* perceived the turbulency of his spirit.

Porfenna could not withhold some expressions of joy to see him, though he knew him not. So as when the Man who conducted *Aronces* unto the Chamber, retired, he began to speak; and looking most fixedly upon him, who ever you are honest stranger (said he unto him) I am obliged to thank you; for I profess, the very sight of you hath been the first pleasure I have had since I came into this Prison, though for ought I can judge by your face, I have been longer in it than you have lived. Sir (replied *Aronces*) you are much in the right, in comparing the time of your imprisonment with my age and life, for having the honour to be your son, you may conceive there ought to be no difference between the length of the one and the length of the other. I see Sir, added he, that my discourse does amaze you; but if you will do me the honour to hear me out, I shall make that apparent to you, which at the first seemed incredible. Your face, your voice, and my own heart are so suitable to your words, replied *Porfenna*, that I am apt to believe it: Therefore speak on I beseech you, and omit not the least circumstance, which may persuade unto a belief of that which does infinitely please me, but which seems to be impossible; for if you be my son, how comes it to pass *Mezentius* should give you leave to see me? hath he repented of his injustice? is his reason returned? how came you to move his heart? *Aronces* seeing *Porfenna* in such a good disposition to hear him, he began to relate his birth; the manner how *Flavia* got him out of the Isle of *Saules*, where *Galerita* was guarded; his Ship wrack, how he was saved by *Clelius*; his sojourning at *Carthage*, and again at *Capua*, the encounter of *Nicinus* and *Martia*; her acknowledgements, and every circumstance concerning them two; and in general, all that was needful to make him see that certainly he was his Son, and that he was worthy to be so: For he related unto him the design which he had to come unto *Mezentius* to deliver him; how he had saved the life of that Prince in a Wood, near the Lake of *Thrasimene*, and what happened unto him since; but he told him not of his love unto *Clelia*: On the contrary, though he was not able to relate what had happened unto him, without naming her, yet he was as careful as he could to avoid it, thinking that if he did pronounce the name of that admirable Lady, he should discover some of his souls resentments. But after he had told *Porfenna* of a thousand convincing circumstances, he shewed unto him a private mark which he had in one of his hands, and was so like that which *Galerita* had upon her face, that *Porfenna* seeing her in seeing *Aronces*, hearing the voice of his dear *Galerita* in hearing him, and understanding a hundred passages which were impossible to be forged, he embraced his Son with abundance of tender joy; but

Aronces in lieu of joy, was extremely sad. *Porfenna* observing it, asked the cause? Alas, alas, Sir (said he unto him) how is it possible but I should grieve, to see that at the very same time in which I bring you joy, I must also bring you sorrow? For, Sir, *Mezentius* believes, that the Man whom I killed, and who would have killed him, would never have attempted it without your contrivance, and he is so extremely incensed, as he is ready to take any violent course. I my self come now unto you under the notion of your enemy; and I took upon me to visit you, under a pretence of pumping you, whether what *Mezentius* believes, be true or false. Since you are my Son, replied *Porfenna*, I will think that you believe you cannot have a Father who would wash his hands in the blood of your Grandfather; and I am so far from desiring the preservation of my life by a crime, as I charge you to attempt nothing upon the life of *Mezentius*, though there should be no other way to prevent my death: For after the indurement of a prison three and twenty years, with glory I am able to endure death, which is only a moment of pain. Therefore, dearest Son, I charge you not to hinder *Mezentius* from putting me to death, so it be by just ways; and be sure never to commit any crime to prevent him. After this *Aronces* gave him an account how all things stood, and of the design which *Mezentius* had to marry *Galerita*: For perceiving the great constancy of the King his Father, he did think it not fit to disguise any thing, to the end he might have his advice. So as after a full consideration of every thing, they resolved, that to gain time, *Aronces* should tell *Mezentius*, that without all question *Porfenna* was innocent in the business of Assassination; but withal, he was persuaded, that it was not impossible but that he might be induced unto a consent that his Marriage might be broken off, provided things were not done with too much precipitation. *Aronces* did not yet leave the King his Father, until he had assured him that he would sooner die, than consent he should; and until he had yielded him all possible testimonies and expressions of virtue and generosity. At his return he gave an account unto *Mezentius* according as it was resolved upon. But though the Prince of *Perusia* wished to have found *Porfenna* rather guilty of the Assassination than innocent, yet he durst not shew as much, but only told *Aronces*, that though *Porfenna* should consent unto the breaking off the Marriage, yet he would not set him at liberty in a long time: For, said he, Prisoners of his Quality must not be dealt withal like others; they must never be set at liberty until they be brought into such a condition, as they shall not be able to take revenge. *Aronces* replied unto all this, according as his great soul did suggest unto him; and he did so well know how to manage the mind of *Mezentius*, as he promised not to be too hasty upon the death of *Porfenna*. But as to the Marriage of my Daughter (added he, after many other things) I will do as if *Porfenna* were already dead; for if he will not consent his Marriage shall be broken, he dies; and if he do consent, it is time that I think upon whom to bestow my Daughter. Indeed *Mezentius* was so wholly intent upon this, that he resolved to put it in execution, and to bethink himself upon whom to bestow *Galerita*. *Sextilia* having a great power with him, he never used to do any thing of consequence without imparting it unto her, and therefore he asked

her advice in this business. But she made ado, and did not like it; for her interest was to marry her unto one, who depended upon her, but not being beloved by the Grandees of the State, she knew not whom to prefer, and therefore desired some days of consideration upon a choice of that importance. As for *Mezentius*, he did cast his eye upon *Tiberinus*, not dreaming upon the violent love that he bore unto the Princess of the Leontines; for besides the ignorance of it, he supposed that the ambitious consideration of Reigning would be so prevalent in him, as to make him quit all other pretensions whatsoever. So as whilst *Sextilia* was considering, he employed a friend unto *Tiberinus* with orders to know his mind. *Tiberinus* was put to a terrible perplexity, for his heart was divided between a violent love and ambition: So as not knowing which way to take, he gave an ambiguous answer which signified nothing: But presently after his love did check him into repentance; yet for all that he was not fully reconciled in himself; for presently after he thought himself too hasty in returning an answer, that he did not consent unto the proposition; at least he thought it good to be sure of satisfaction in his love before he refused the satisfaction of his ambition. Mean time, as chance was, *Aronces* came to know of this proposition made unto *Tiberinus*, and he went unto the Princess of the Leontines, beseeching her to be so generous, as to flatter up the passion of this Lover, purposely to keep him from consenting unto this Marriage; since the Princess was very tender of *Aronces*, and since it concerned her to promote his happiness, and since she thought the desire of *Mezentius* to be very unjust, she promised *Aronces* all he desired: So as when *Tiberinus* came to tell her what *Mezentius* had offered him, and to beseech her she would set a value upon this sacrifice which he made unto her, he did not at all surprise her, but found her prepared the most in the World; for without any engagement of her self unto him, she gave him some ground to think, she desired that he should not marry *Galerita*. So as expounding what she said unto his own advantage, he thought himself to be better in the opinion of the Princess than ever he believed. At first, she told him, that she would not give him any counsel in the matter, but bad him consult with his own heart: Yet after he had vowed never to think upon this Marriage, and that he demanded nothing from her, but that she would set a value upon this refusal, as done for the love of her; then this wise Princess told him, that she esteeming him so much as she did, thought herself obliged to tell him, that this proposition which was made unto him was more dangerous than he imagined. Then she told him that it was not handsome to marry the Wife of a great and unfortunate King, who was to be forced to yield her, or die the day before the Marriage. She told him further, that the common opinion being, there was a Son of *Porfenna* in some part of the World, it was not likely that ever he would let him reign in quiet; but upon the first occasion the subjects of *Porfenna* would revolt, and perhaps deliver him up unto the Son of that King as the Murderer of his Father; and therefore she conceived it to be much better to refuse a thing which had in it nothing but a bare shew of grandeur. Adding, that it would be a thing absolutely impossible ever to esteem a Man who can find a heart to marry *Galerita*. *Tiberinus* hearing the

Princess of the Leontines speak thus, did believe she could not give him any greater hopes, than by counselling him to reject this proposition: So as his love flaming more violently, being blown up by these fresh hopes, he never stuck upon the matter, but vowed a thousand times that he would never reign unless he could reign and not lose her favour. The Princess of the Leontines wished to have him still keep in that mind, and therefore she seemed as if she were obliged unto him, and without any further engagements, *Tiberinus* took his leave of her fully resolved to refuse *Galerita*. He went unto the Man who was employed by *Mezentius*, and told him he could not accept of that honour which was offered him; telling him after all that the Princess of the Leontines had said, purposely to prevent his further thoughts of it.

Mean while, *Aronces* thinking that *Mezentius* out of his obstinacy of will, would offer *Galerita* unto all the Men of Quality in the Court, he employed *Aurelia* and *Sicanus* (who were newly come to *Perusia*) to dissuade them all from a thing which would be extremely prejudicial to them, though it seemed advantageous. In order thereunto, *Sicanus* and *Aurelia* told them confidently, that they were certain the Son of *Porfenna* was not a Prisoner unto *Mezentius*, as reports went, but that assuredly he would ere long appear; adding what a shame it would be to consent unto such an unjust motion. And the business was transacted so handsomely, and with so much good fortune, that after *Tiberinus* had returned his refusal, *Mezentius* made the motion unto all that were in any capacity of marrying his Daughter but found in none of them that disposition which he desired; so as his mind being exceedingly incensed at it, he fully resolved to put *Porfenna* to death, and to marry his Daughter as he fancied, not doubting but then any one would with joy accept of the offer. So as consulting with *Sextilia* thereupon, she approved of the design, and both of them contrived how to put it in execution; and afterwards to serve their own interest: To that end, *Mezentius* gave order that the Princess *Galerita* should be brought from the Isle where she was kept, and lodged in his own Palace, yet not suffering any whosoever to see, or speak with her.

This Order being executed, that fair and virtuous Princess, who knew nothing either of her Husband, or her Son, or the cause of her being brought out of Prison, could not imagine whether she had reason to hope, or to fear; but the wonder was, she was never fairer in all her life then now, and none would have thought she had been above five and twenty, had they not known her to be much more. When she came unto *Perusia*, there was such an universal murmure amongst the people, against the injustice of *Mezentius*, for keeping so fair and good a Princess Prisoner; That this Prince resolved to make all hast possible in the execution of his designs, for fear of some commotions. To that end, he sent secretly his orders unto the place where *Porfenna* was kept, and he sent for *Aronces*, with such expresse command to come presently, that he imagined some matter of importance was on foot, he was told by some of his intelligence about *Mezentius*, that this Prince had sent unto the place where *Porfenna* was guarded: So as all the friends of the Prisoner King was in a Condition to attempt something for him; and *Nicius* and *Martia* being come to *Pe-*

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rufia, *Aronces* sent unto them by *Celeres*, all that he knew, and appointed them to assemble themselves at the Princess of the *Leontines* house, there to act further as occasion should require. *Celeres* would have dissuaded him from going unto *Mezentius* but he could not, for he went, and was received with demonstrations of extraordinary joy. *Sextilia* was then with him, who treated him with more testimonies of amity then ever before. Then *Mezentius* began to speak, *Aronces* said he, I have hitherto been loadned with obligations to you, and obligations of that high nature, as can never be sufficiently acknowledged; you have saved my life twice, you have made me victorious over my enemies, and have thereby preserved my State: For all these, I have not done any thing for you; but now, you shall receive a recompence so great, as all *Italy* shall talk of it. Sir (answered *Aronces* in a surprize) I have a Soul so little interested, as that it values not the greatest gifts which fortune can give; I set a far greater value upon some demonstrations of your esteem, then I should upon all your treasures should you bestow them upon me.

Your expressions (replied *Mezentius*) doe speak you so worthy of what *Sextilia* and my self intend for you, as it were unjust any longer to detain you from the sight of it. After this, *Mezentius* called for the Captain of his Guard, and whispering with him, he went out, and presently returning again, he brought *Galerita* into the Closet where they were. *Galerita* was no sooner there, but casting her eye upon *Aronces*, she changed colour, for he had such a resemblance of the King her Husband, as he was the last time she saw him, as that she thought it was *Porfenna* whom she saw. Yet this pleasing error lasted not long, nor kindred her from saluting the Prince her Father, with as much reverence, as if he had not been the cause of all her misfortunes. But as for *Sextilia*, the salutes between them were very hollow and cold. As for *Aronces*, as great as his wonder was at the expressions of *Mezentius*, yet he was most sensibly joyed to see the Queen his Mother, for he knew by the behaviour of the Captain that brought her in, that it was she, and he knew it better by the mark which she had upon her Cheek, resembling that upon his hand. So as looking earnestly upon her, as she upon him, one would have thought they had known one another, though it may (in a manner) be said, that they never saw each other.

At last *Mezentius* began to speak, and looking upon *Aronces*, here generous defender of my life (said he unto him) here is the recompence which I have designed for you, in testimony of my gratitude for all the services you have done me; This Princess whom you see here is my Daughter, she shall possess my estate, and you shall possess it with her as long as the gods shall let you live; you have assured me, that your Birth is very Noble; your actions confirm me in the belief of it: I do owe you my life and estate, and I do give you no more then you have given me, in giving you my Estate, and my Daughter: And all, upon no other condition, but a promise to protect *Sextilia* when I am dead: For *Porfenna* hath consented unto a Divorce from Marriage, and there is nothing which can hinder yours now with *Galerita*.

This discourse of *Mezentius* did so timely surprize the Queen of *Clusium*, and *Aronces*, that it was

a long time before they could recover themselves out of their wonder. *Aronces* was so affrighted, to hear they should motion him to marry his Mother, that he could not well tell whether what he heard was real or a Dream: And *Galerita* did so wonder that *Porfenna* should consent unto a Divorce, that she knew not what to think. So as not being able to indure long in such a cruel incertainty: How Sir (said she unto *Mezentius*, before *Aronces* could answer) Doth *Porfenna* give his consent that I shall be no longer his Wife? Oh good Sir, if it be so, let me hear it from his own mouth; but if it should be so Sir, never expect I will ever consent unto a second Marriage: I have a Son in some part of the World who must one day be your Successor, and who perhaps will by his obedience, repair the infidelity of his Father, if it be so that he is culpable. For my particular, Sir, (said *Aronces* then unto *Mezentius*) I have such prevalent and powerful reasons not to accept of this honour which you are pleased to do me, as when you shall know them, you will say that you desire impossibilities. I perceive very well *Aronces* (said *Mezentius* unto him) that it is only out of respect and generosity you speak as you do; and that because *Porfenna* is yet living, therefore you will not marry *Galerita*. But to remove that obstacle, know that *Porfenna* hath already either consented unto my desires or else he is dead. Oh Sir (replied *Aronces*) what do I hear? are you not afraid lest the Son of this unfortunate King, should come and revenge the cruelties used upon his Father? Let him come (answered he in a rage) let him come, if he have a mind to be a sharer in the punishments, and die by the same hand that his Father did, unless he have obeyed my last orders.

Oh Sir, (replied *Aronces* then) I should too long conceal the truth from you, if I did not tell you that the King of *Clusium* is the most innocent and the most generous Prince in the World: And to manifest it unto you, know that I have the honour to be his Son: That when I saw him by orders from you, I discovered unto him who I was, and he did more commend me for saving your life, then he should if I had saved his: Send back Sir, send and recall your Orders, unless you will be branded with the Title of unjust. *Mezentius* and *Sextilia*, hearing *Aronces* speak so, were strangely surprized, *Galerita* was astonished, and so glad both, as that she was not able to testify her wonder and satisfaction. Yet her heart told her that *Aronces* spoke truth, and both *Mezentius* and *Sextilia* sought the same: For the resemblance betwixt *Aronces* and *Porfenna*, and the boldness of his language did convince all doubts of it: Also it chanced that as he spoke with much action, he shewed the hand which had the mark, so resembling unto that of *Galerita's* Cheek, so as it was apparent *Aronces* told the truth. However, this acquaintance in lieu of producing a favourable effect, it did the more incense *Mezentius*, who not knowing what to do, nor whether the Orders to put *Porfenna* to death in case he refused the Divorce were already executed; he vented the most sharp and bitter expressions in the World against *Galerita*, and against *Aronces*, for all his tenderness over that Prince. Again, what satisfaction soever *Galerita* had in the finding of her Son, yet she durst not shew any signs of joy, until she were a little better assured, and until she knew in what condition *Porfenna* was. Mean while, there being some of *Aronces's* particu-

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lar friends, in the Chamber of *Mezentius* they heard how that Prince spoke in choler; and he who kept the door (who was also obliged unto *Aronces*) hearing the menaces and sharp language of *Mezentius*, went and acquainted the friends of *Aronces* with it, who went in all haste to impart it unto those who were at the house of the Princess of the *Leontines*; all who began to stir themselves in the behalf of that Prince, who for his part was in a most inconceivable perplexity; yet maugre all the confusion of his thoughts, he could not chuse but think upon *Clelia*, and to fear that if *Mezentius* did arrest him, he should not be able to rescue her out of the hands of *Horatius*; moreover, he knew not whether his Father were dead or living, he saw the Queen his Mother in a pitiful condition, and he saw himself in a likelihood of perishing by the orders of his Grandfather, whose life he had twice saved.

Mezentius for his part was not at rest, for the sight of *Galerita* gaul'd his heart, and the remembrance of what he had made her suffer, made him ashamed, but this shame was so far from moving him to repentance, that it did the more incense him. As for *Aronces* he had so obliged him, and he had such inclination to him, as he would not acknowledge him for the Son of *Porfenna*, though his heart told him it was true. However amidst all these tumultuous thoughts, he moved *Sextilia* to ask *Aronces*, what proofs he could make of what he said? but he would not ask that question himself, lest he should seem inclinable to believe it; for whether *Porfenna* were alive or dead, he was resolved not to acknowledge *Aronces*; for said he if *Porfenna* be dead, I must not acknowledge such a Prince for my Successor, whose Father I have put to death; and if he be living, to acknowledge a Son of so much merit, would too much fortifie his party. But whilst he was thus contemplating with himself, *Sextilia* coming towards *Aronces* and *Galerita* who were talking together, she asked that Prince the question which *Mezentius* desired her, so as *Aronces* whose great Soul could never be shaken by any bitter blast of Fortune, unless by the gusts of Love; did make her a concise relation of his birth; of his exile, of his shipwrack, and all the passages of his life: So as *Galerita* not doubting but that he was her Son, after so many particulars told unto *Sextilia*, she broke out into the most tender and passionate expressions in the world, mixed with much sadness, for she could not speak of him, but she must needs speak of *Porfenna* also. *Mezentius* being more and more incensed, called for the Captain of his Guards, and commanded him to carry back *Galerita* unto the Castle from whence he brought her, and afterwards to secure *Aronces* in such a place as he might be very safe: As things stood upon these terms, a great hurley burley was heard in in the Palace Court: Presently after, the noise was heard on the Stairs, and in the Anti-Chamber; in an instant after this, the Captain of the Guard whom *Mezentius* had called, came into his Closet, and seeming much amazed, Sir (said he unto him) behold the King of *Clusium* in the Head of all the Grandees in your Estate, and followed by a huge multitude of people coming all hither. Oh ye just Gods (cried out *Galerita* then) must I see that illustrate and unfortunate Prince once again? She had no sooner ended her exclamation which she could not restrain, but *Mezentius* almost mad cried out, is *Porfenna* living? Oh is *Porfenna* escaped? Then all my Subjects have

betrayed me, and my enemies come to murder me in my own house. I beseech you Sir, replied *Aronces*, think better upon the King my Father, I think of him by my self, (replied the Prince of *Perusia* most fiercely) for as I would ruine him were he in my place and I in his, so I cannot look for any thing but death, and therefore I will prepare my self for it with courage, and will go and meet him.

Then he asked for a Sword but none would obey. *Porfenna* followed by a croud of strange men of all conditions, entred: and no sooner entred, but *Aronces* going towards him; I hope Sir, (said he unto him) you have no intention to be revenged upon the person of *Mezentius*, for what Fortune hath made you suffer by him: Nay, nay, replied the Prince of *Perusia*, never offer to flatter me in my misery, and since my subjects have betrayed me, and since I have not a sword to dye by, I am ready Sir, (said he to *Porfenna*) to take upon me those Fetters which I have caused you to wear, and to take my death from you as I did intend to bestow it upon you. Since I never used to sin by example, (replied the King of *Clusium*) I shall not do as you say: But though I am Master of your life, yet I will content my self with giving liberty unto the Queen your Daughter, which taking my son and my self out of your power; and with entring into my own Dominions, without any desire of usurping yours; I will promise you an everlasting peace betwixt us, unless you will force me unto a war. And to make it manifest that my words and my actions do agree, I do declare unto you that though all your forces be at my command, yet I will continue in the head of them only, until such time as you have restored unto me those places of mine which you hold from me; until I have carried away my Wife and my Son, and until you have given orders for all these: Then will I leave you to be Master in your own Dominions, and restore back all your Troops, without any other condition than not to punish any of those who have helped me to my liberty.

Mezentius hearing *Porfenna* speak with so much Heroick generosity, was in a confusion far different from that wherein he was before, and looking upon *Sextilia* (who ever did feed the fewel of his hatred unto that Prince) Oh you unjust person, (said he unto her in a low voice) why did I ever follow your opinions? But afterwards perhaps higher, what is past cannot be recalled (said he) but at the least I must admire that Generosity which I want, since the condition wherein I am is so miserable, as I am not able either to do or say any thing which can merit any glory. The truth is, (added he, and addressed his speech unto *Porfenna*) should I tell you my heart begins to change, out of consideration of what you have done, and out of my affection to *Aronces*, you would think I spoke it out of weakness; but I am naturally so resolute and firm, that I can never undo a thing of which I do not really repent. But since you are not bound to believe me; I will only tell you that I will perform more than I will promise; and that I cannot think any thing unjust which you shall do against me. At these words *Galerita* began to speak, and expressed her self so passionately and tenderly unto the Prince her Father, unto the King her Husband, and unto her Son, as she did almost establish a confidence between these three persons. Afterwards they caused that crowd of people who followed *Porfenna* to go out of the Chamber of *Mezentius*: *Sextilia* also went out into her own Chamber: *Aronces* he

he stayed, and assuming the Office of a Mediator between his Grandfather and his Father, talking one while unto one, another while unto the other, to regulate their conditions, with the sweet ingredient of *Galerita's* prayers, he compleated the pacification between them. But whilst this Princess was talking, *Celeres*, who stayed in the Chamber, acquainted *Aronces* with the manner how *Porfenna* got out of prison. He told him how *Nicius* had quitted the Isle of *Saules*, and was gone disguised to acquaint all the Commanders in his name, that the Son of *Porfenna* would shortly appear, and that they should all prepare themselves to save the life of that King, in case *Mezentius* should attempt any thing against it; and that since the Troops were quartered very near the Castle where the Prince was guarded, so it hapned that those who *Mezentius* had sent that morning to make *Porfenna* either consent unto the Divorce, or die if he would not, did meet with *Nicius* whom they knew very well, and their minds being troubled with the Order which they had received, they had some conference with him about it. *Nicius* aiming at nothing more than to procure Friends for *Porfenna*, he told them as much as he told all the rest whom he desired to gain; and he was more zealous with them, because he understood they were to go unto the Castle where *Porfenna* was kept. So as they, imagining what would be their destiny in case they should put to death a King, whose son should one day be their Master, fears did so seize upon them that they believed *Nicius*; so as having made them change their minds, they made use of a Letter of Credence which they carried unto him who commanded the Castle, moving him thereby to let *Porfenna* come out; These two Men telling him, that *Mezentius* intended to have him carried unto another place. The matter seemed the more likely, because *Nicius* having all the Commanders of the Troop for him, there was four hundred horse at the foot of the Castle, the Commanders saying, that they had orders to conduct and guard this Prince. To be short, the things was done, and *Porfenna* at his coming out, the same time that *Galerita* was carried unto *Perusia*, shewed himself unto the Army. And after a speech to the Commanders and Souldiers, desiring their assistance for the liberty of a Princess who one day would be their Sovereign; they all did promise him fidelity. He went first with four hundred Horse only unto the Gates of *Perusia*, appointing all the Army to follow, and his intention was to demand the Queen his Wife, and *Aronces* of *Mezentius*. But as he was ready to execute this intention, *Sicanus* met him, and telling him that all the people at the sight of *Galerita* were in a great disposition to rise, he changed his mind, and resolved to enter inuoe *Perusia*; and after he had sent forth fresh Orders unto the Army to make hast up, *Porfenna* in the head of these four hundred horse entred the Town, after that *Sicanus* had acquainted all the friends of *Aronces*, who were at the house of the Princess of the Leontines; but as he related the business unto them, they received intelligence of all the passages at the Palace against *Aronces*, *Galerita*, and him, so as changing the design, they went to meet *Porfenna*, whom they advised to go strait unto the Palace.

This King from whom his Prison had not taken away his brave mind and Majesty, marching through the streets of *Perusia*, followed with those four

hundred Horse, and all the friends of *Aronces* and his own, which amounted to no small number, did infinitely win upon the minds of the people; for he saluted them with all civility, and told them that he looked for nothing but the liberty of *Galerita*. Adding that *Aronces* was his Son, and that *Mezentius* knowing it, would have put him to death. The people were charmed with him, followed him to the Palace of *Mezentius*, as I told you, and would have helped him in the execution of his design. But to make it most manifest concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, *Flaura* and her Husband desired to enter, and did so, for then it was not a time to insist upon Ceremonies. *Nicius* and *Martia* arrived also, and brought with them a Man whom *Clelius* sent unto *Aronces*, by whom he sent the same Cradle in which he was found floating upon the Sea, after *Nicius* had suffered shipwrack. So as there wanted nothing concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, and *Porfenna* doing all things with unparalleled generosity. *Mezentius* was so moved unto repentance, that he would needs resign the government of his Dominions unto him that gave him his life: But *Porfenna* being both generous and prudent, he would not let *Mezentius* cease Reigning: But what repentance soever appeared, he would not for all that remain under the power of a Prince who had used him with such rigour: nor would he let *Galerita*, *Aronces*, nor any that had a deep hand in his liberty remain there. So that after *Mezentius* had sent Orders unto all those who commanded in the Towns which he had usurped, *Porfenna* left him, and carried with him the Queen his Wife, and the Prince his Son. 'Tis true, he did not go out of the Town as soon as ever he was out of the Palace; for such multitudes did choak up the streets, by their eager desires of seeing their Princess and *Aronces*, that they could not pass. *Aronces* told *Porfenna*, that he owed his liberty chiefly unto the Princess of the Leontines, and that he would never go out of *Perusia* before he knew whether it was her pleasure or no to go out with them: So as for all the press he got into her house, and thanked her for all her favours. Mean while *Galerita*, who was in the Coach, willed the people to obey *Mezentius*; that they should forget the rigour which had been used unto her, and keep within the compass of their duties. Whilst she was thus talking with much prudence and generosity, the Princess of the Leontines was entreating *Porfenna* to let her be protected in his Court, she conceiving her self not safe with *Mezentius*, considering how she had transacted. Also considering the love of *Tiberinus* to her, she could not counterfeit with him any longer, since *Aronces* had no need of her, and therefore she was very desirous to go out of *Perusia*; so as without more delay, *Aronces* went to acquaint the Queen of *Clusum*, and presently after did fetch this Princess, whom the Queen received into her Coach: *Aurelia*, *Martia*, *Flavia*, and the Women of the Princess of the Leontines did follow in other Coaches. All being ready, this Illustrious company went out of *Perusia*; *Tiberinus* being gone into the Countrey for three days, was astonished when he returned at night, and heard all this news, especially that his adored Princess was not in Town; yet she was not very far off; for *Porfenna* and all his Train passed away that night to a Village, where they took thought for nothing but how the Princess might pass it away with the

least

least inconveniency that was possible; and in the morning they took the way towards *Clusium*, where the news of *Porfennas* liberty and life of the Prince his Son was no sooner heard, but all those who opposed the party of that Legitimate King went out of it, so as the joy was universal; and when *Porfenna* came thither, he was received with extraordinary acclamations. Thus it may be said, that this Prince did upon a sudden pass from the lower degree of adversity unto the highest top of felicity; for he saw himself seated upon a glorious Throne, his Dominions were entirely restored unto him, he enjoyed his dearest *Galerita*, he found her still most rarely fair, and to sum up his felicities, he saw such a successor of his own as his own heart could wish. He offered publick Sacrifices in thanks to the Gods for his good fortune: The ancient magnificence of the *Clusian* Kings might be seen in the Palace of *Porfenna*: Feasts, Revels, and Pleasures arrived, and the publick tranquillity was so settled, that the Court had nothing to do but divert or be idle. The young Gallants of quality talked of nothing but delights, whilst the grave sort discoursed upon the designs of the Roman King, who was upon sitting down at the siege of *Ardea*, of which various reports went throughout all *Italy*. But whilst every one according to his genius was talking of War or Love, *Aronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces*, amidst so many apparent felicities, esteemed himself the most miserable of men; for he was never so much in love with *Clelia* as now, and had never less hopes. All the consolation he had was in talking of his misery unto the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Celeres*, who only knew of his affection unto this admirable Roman. He fancied, that if he could but only know where *Clelia* was, it would be a high comfort unto him, but he was not far from so much happiness: For one of those whom he had sent unto all the Towns of *Italy*, which were then Enemies to *Rome*, to enquire whether *Horatius* as the enemy of *Tarquin* was not retired thither, came and told him that he was at *Ardea*; that *Clelia* was there also, and that she was sick of a languishing disease. So as still he found himself in great perplexity, for all reports being that *Tarquin* was going to besiege *Ardea*, he knew not what course to take. He did not upon any terms think it convenient to acquaint the King his Father with his affection to *Clelia*, because as soon as ever he was set in the Throne, the King of *Rome* desiring to make sure of such a potent neighbour, had sent his Ambassadors unto him, to renew that ancient alliance which formerly had been between those two States: And indeed, the King of *Clusium* seeing that *Rome* was the most considerable Town of all *Italy*, and that there was none able to dispute against her, he was glad to accept of such an Allie, lest *Mezentius* should close in to his disadvantage. Thus there was a renewing of the Alliance between *Porfenna* and *Tarquin*, which made *Aronces* nor dare to tell the King his Father that he loved the daughter of one that was greatest enemy to the King of *Rome*, or that he was resolved never to marry any other; however he would not entertain the least thought of striving against his passion, but courted all possible opportunities to cherish it. If *Ardea* had not been besieged before he could get thither, there had been some hopes of a possibility to get *Clelia* out of his Rivals hands: But the Siege being begun already, he could not contrive his satisfaction any manner of way. All being secure in

the Bed of Peace within the Dominions of the King his Father, the violence of his love prompted him to go out of *Clusium* without ever telling him, and try what he could do to procure the liberty of *Clelia*, and make himself happy: but the great difficulty was what he should do then; For truly (said he unto *Celeres*) what in any reason can I do in this unlucky conjuncture? Shall I get into *Ardea*, and defend my Rival by defending her? Dare I attempt to kill him in a beleagured Town, where when I have done it I cannot get *Clelia* out? For it is not credible that they who have given *Horatius* a retreat, will ever let me be master of my self if I should kill him. Or shall I go and fight under *Tarquin* who would have murdered *Clelius*? And shall I go and help him to take a Town, which when it is taken will expose *Clelia* unto servitude? What, what shall I do unfortunate man that I am? And yet something I must do, and I must do it presently if I mean to have it in my choice, whether I will go into *Ardea*, or into the Camp of *Tarquin*. *Celeres* knowing how he loved, he had no mind of fighting, but would have perswaded him to see the success of the siege before he fixed upon any resolution. Oh fie *Celeres* (replied he, after he had heard all that his friend had to say) do you think I am able to be so tamely idle, as to stay in expectation of what will be the success of the siege; especially since I know that *Clelia* is there, and that she is sick? If you think so, you think me to be a very calm Lover; but to remove any such thoughts be assured, that though I know not whether I shall go into *Ardea*, or whether into the Army of *Tarquin*; though I know not whether I shall be Besieger or Besieged, yet one of them I will be, and therefore I will depart and that to morrow. Though it be not above two hours since I heard where *Clelia* and my Rival is, yet I think it to be an age; and that I should be the most unworthy of men, if I do not go immediately where my love invites me. But to let you see, my dear *Celeres*, how violent my passion is, let me tell you that I am a little joyed to hear that *Clelia* is sick of a languishing disease; for flattering my self I believe that her disease is not dangerous, and that I may look upon it as an effect of her hatred unto *Horatius*, and of her affection unto *Aronces*. I believe I say that only melancholy is the cause, that my Rival is as ill as she; and such is the fantastical humour of my passion, I should be extremely grieved if when I see *Clelia* next, I should not find her somewhat less fair than the last time I had the happiness to see her. Do you think after all this, my dear *Celeres*, that a man whose love prompts unto such fantastical conceits, is able to stay out the success of a Siege? No, no, *Celeres*, my passion is not of so cold temper, and if you will continue the faithful Companion of my Fortunes, prepare your self to depart in the Morning. *Aronces* then embracing him by way of thanks, consulted with him whether he should acquaint the Princess of the *Leontines* with his design, but fearing lest her friendship unto him should induce her to reveal this secret unto the Queen of *Clusium*, who loved her very well, it was resolved he should only write unto her at parting, as well as unto *Porfenna* and *Galerita*. So as busying themselves only in taking Orders for his voyage, he dispatched a messenger into *Capua* to be informed of all passages from *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and to know what was become of *Clelia* and *Horatius*; and for this he made choice of the same man whom *Clelius* had entrusted with such things, as might make him

him be known who he was. But to the end his Journey might be the more private, he took with him only two trusty slaves which he brought from *Capua*. Then after they had provided themselves of all necessaries for such a design, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, those two slaves and Guide, went out of *Clusium* just at midnight; for the King's Palace being at the Towns end, there was a Gate there; so as the two slaves being gone out in the Evening before, with such Horses as *Aronces* should need for the journey, he and *Celeres* went out at this private Gate, by suborning the Man who kept the key, and unto whom he gave such recompence as might be a sufficient reward against the anger of *Porsema*.

Thus after he had left Letters for the King his Father, for *Galerita*, and for the Princess of the *Leontines*, he went out of *Clusium*, in such a night as when the glittering Stars use to dissipate the horror of obscurity, so as by that gloomy light coming neither from Sun nor Moon, they might very well travel, and know the way: But *Aronces* had not rid above three or four Miles, before he found a great cordial in his sorrows: and how extraordinary soever the thing was which he did, yet he did it without any pain, because he did it for *Clelia*. And when he imagined, that perhaps the day would come when she should know what he did, and would thank him for it; he was ready to sacrifice himself and all the World unto his Love: He thought also, (so much did his passion flatter him) that *Clelia* did divine what he did for her; so as riding on with extraordinary speed for fear of being followed, and meeting with none upon the way, *Aronces* for all his fast riding, had leisure enough to contemplate upon his passion; but the end of the night drawing on, and as it is usual, growing darker than before, he was forced to ride a slower pace, until such time as the Clouds began to be gilded from the East; and bestow upon all the fields such a pleasing light, as imperceivably dissipating all obscurity, it seems to restore life unto all the beauties of Nature; since there was that morning no mists, and *Aronces* being upon the top of a little Mountain, when day was light enough to discern all the varieties of the Earth which offer themselves to the eye, he discovered a vast extent of Hills and Valleys, he espied a little Village, which *Celeres* seeing as well as he, the motion was made to rest their Horses some few hours, that afterwards they might make the more hast from *Clusium*. And indeed the guide told them that if they rested not there, they could not rest in any other within twenty miles: So as *Aronces* as forward as his love did prick him, consented unto the proposition, and leaving the road wherein they were, he rode to the left hand, to make towards this Village, which seemed as they did ride to steal out of the Passengers eye, for the further they rid the less they perceived it, by reason of several Hills which were about it. But he had not gone five or six hundred paces, before they discovered coming out of the most delectable Valley in the World, four Horsemen, and some slaves coming towards them: So as none being more cautious than a Lover who would conceal himself, *Aronces* asked *Celeres*, whether it were not better to take another way more on the right hand, and so shun those whom they saw, who had taken up their Inn at that Town where he intended to stay, and who had began their Journey as he had ended his: For *Celeres* (said he) it would

be very disastrous, if these Men should meet us, and go afterwards unto *Clusium*; there divulge which way we take, and you may well imagine that my departure makes a great noise in the Town, and when these Men hear of it, they will inform how they met two Men with two slaves and a guide. 'Tis true, said *Celeres*, all this may chance; but if we should turn out of the way, we shall make our selves more suspicious unto these Men, then if we follow on our way; for since you see it is so little beaten, as if we take it, they must needs imagine that we took it only to avoid meeting with them; so as *Aronces* seeing some danger in his over prudence, he went on the way he took; but he had not gone a hundred paces, before he heard one of these Men sing, and sing very well. Ah *Celeres* (said *Aronces*) certainly the Man whom we shall meet is not in love; or if he be, he is much more happier then I am. But coming nearer, he saw him less, though he heard him better; for the Road turning in that place, the corner of a Hill did hide him though he was nearer; so as distinctly understanding what he did sing, he heard that the burthen, or *Chorus* of every Verse ended thus:

*And if Delia unfaithful be,
Barce is so, as well as she.*

Aronces no sooner heard this Verse, but the name of *Barce*, and the voice of him who sung it, being not unknown to him: Oh *Celeres* (said he) I am extremely mistaken, if he who sings be not *Amilcar*; at least, I am sure he made the Song which I hear. *Celeres* not hearing it so well as *Aronces*, because he was talking to the guide, he did not believe it, and said there was no likelihood of being him. He had no sooner said so, but the way turning again, he did not only see *Amilcar*, but *Herminius* also: So both being equally surpris'd, and equally glad to meet, they both alighted from their Horses together; for *Aronces* would not then pass for the Son of a King, nor be known for any such by those strangers.

And he was always wont to say that friendship equals all Men, be of what quality they will. So as being alighted sooner than they, and he went more of the way to meet *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, then they did in meeting him. But in requital, *Amilcar* spoke the first; for as *Aronces* did very tenderly embrace him, I am extremely glad (said he unto him with a low voice and smiled) to find still the generous *Aronces* in the person of a great Prince; for after I had seen *Clelia* at *Capua*, I was afraid, that I should only find you to be the Son of a great King unto whom I could only be a servant, and not find you any longer my friend. Oh my dear *Amilcar* (replied *Aronces*) you had no reason to fear that; but you speak it in such a pleasant manner, as I am very ready to pardon you, upon condition, that you always believe, I will always be *Aronces* unto my Friends, and will never be the Son of a King, unless to recompence them; when any occasion shall present it self. After this, he embraced *Herminius* with abundance of joy; and he embraced him as a Man whom he esteemed most of any Man in the World. But in embracing, is it your pleasure, Sir (said *Herminius* to him in a low voice) that Men shall not reverence you so much, but that they may also shew their amity and friendship? I wish it, generous

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Herminius

Herminius (replied *Aronces*) and shall do as long as I live; for should I not be the same unto you, that I was at the beginning, I should be unworthy to be what I am.

After this, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, presented unto *Aronces* two illustrious Grecians who were with them, and assured him, that they were Men worthy of his esteem and friendship. These Strangers being of a haughty mind, *Aronces* did easily believe what his Friend did tell him: One of these illustrious Grecians, whose name was *Zenocrates*, was very tall, the features of his face pleasing, and his Physiognomy so noble, as it did invite all eyes at the first sight, to judge more favourably of him than of the other Greek, whose name was *Artemidorus*, though though the last of these was a Prince, and very handsome. But the greatest advantage of *Zenocrates* was, that he had more in him than he promised, though he promised very much: And *Amilcar* also spoke more advantageously of him unto *Aronces*, then he did of *Artemidorus*, whilst *Herminius* was embracing *Celeres*. After all which, *Aronces* began to speak; by what happy adventure (said he) hath fortune brought together an illustrious African, a generous Roman, and two worthy Grecians? And what good Fate made us meet them? For when I parted from *Carthage*, *Amilcar* was in a mind never to see *Italy* a second time: When I parted from *Capua*, *Herminius* was gone into *Africa*; and yet I meet them in a place, where I never could imagine to see them: But the worst is (said he unto them) that you go towards the place from whence I came, and that I cannot return with you, and that my Destiny doth call me on.

Since our business to *Clusium* was only to see you, Sir (replied *Amilcar*) we will go whither you will. As for *Herminius* so he be not in *Rome*, where he dares not appear, he is willing to be where either you or I am. And as for *Zenocrates*, he is a Freeman of all the World except one place only, and he hath this advantage that he loves to be any where, where there is good company. 'Tis true, added he, that for *Artemidorus*, he cannot meet with any happiness in any place, but only one, where he cannot be: And there is some kind of magnetick thing at *Rome*, which makes *Herminius* think himself not very well any where else: But for all that, since they cannot be where they would, they had better be with you, than in any other place of the World: And therefore it is you, Sir, that must shew us our way; for, as for me I am ready to face about, and for three months you may dispose of me as you please. You may do the same, Sir (added *Herminius* and smiled) without any great obligation unto the incomparable *Amilcar*; for his humour is such, that he is well any where, and it may well be said, that he can make his own felicity. After this, *Aronces* asked some news of the Prince of *Carthage*; and then all taking Horse, they went unto that Village where *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and those worthy Grecians did lie the night before. And though the soul of *Aronces* could not be at rest until he was further from *Clusium*, yet he was very desirous to talk with *Amilcar* and *Herminius* in private, whilst their Horses rested. During which time, *Celeres* whom *Amilcar* had embraced, did entertain those illustrious Greeks; for he spoke their language.

As for *Aronces*, he being the most obliging person upon earth, and knowing that every one had rather

relate their own adventures, than hear others, he did very obligingly desire to know the fortunes of two friends; but they had no mind to satisfy his curiosity; until he had satisfied them why he left *Clusium*, and travelled in this private condition. For they understood by *Clelius*, that he was the Son of *Porfenna*, and they heard by the way that he was owned to be so. So as he acquainted them in as short a manner as he could, with all passages since his departure from *Capua*, for *Amilcar* saved him the labour of relating what happened since he came from *Carthage*, by telling him that *Herminius* had related it to him. But as great a care as *Aronces* took to shorten his relation, the time which they designed for resting their Horses was expired before he ended: So as he could know no more of *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, but that the last of these met the first upon the Sea, who had those two illustrious Greeks with him, and that the Prince of *Carthage* who had reconciled himself with that Republick whose name he bore, had sent him into *Italy*, upon a design which concerned *Sicily*, and which he should know when they had more leisure. After which, all taking Horse they took their way towards *Ardea*, and yet they would not come too near it, until they knew the state of things: So as finding a little Town in their way, which was not above ten miles off it, they stayed there to inform themselves: For since *Aronces* was not well resolved whether he should go into *Ardea*, or unto *Tarquin*, who was yet at *Rome*, though he had some Troops already about the Town, it was requisite for him that he stayed there: Also *Herminius* could not follow him neither unto the Camp, nor into *Rome*: He was willing to go into *Ardea*, both as friend unto *Aronces* and as enemy unto *Tarquin*, but he would not venture himself in the hands of a Prince, with whom he would not be reconciled if he could. So as after they came to this little Town where they stayed, they resolved that since *Celeres* could not be known in *Rome*, and since he had no enemies, that he should go and know certainly whether that Prince had any real design of besieging *Ardea*: At the same time *Aronces* sent one of his Slaves who was both witty and trusty unto *Ardea*, to know whether or no *Clelia* was there still; for he was afraid to resolve upon any course, which in lieu of bringing him nearer that person, it should set him further off.

So as *Aronces*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, rested in expectation within that Town, where nothing was talked on but the power of *Tarquin*, his violences and injustice. But how is it possible (said *Artemidorus*) that this Prince can be such a one as Fame speaks him, since it appears that he bears some reverence unto the Gods; for he sent two of his Sons unto *Delphos* with offerings, and I have heard say, that he hath built a stately Temple in *Rome*, which he did dedicate unto *Jupiter*. Did you know *Tarquin*, replied *Herminius*, you would not wonder he should make a shew of some reverence to the Gods; for then you would plainly see, that all the Religion he hath is to serve his policy. Not but that there are some men, who say that he is not very well resolved in his own thoughts, and that he does not well know whether he should or he should not believe there are any Gods. And for my part, I can never believe that a prince whose ambition hurries him to violate all manner of rights, and to commit all sorts of crimes so long time together, can

can believe there are any Gods. Men questionless may sometimes out of weakness fail, (said *Zenocrates* then) but when they do obstinately continue in a long course of wickedness, I think it may well be concluded that those who live so, do not believe there is any thing above their heads which they ought to fear. Truth is (said *Herminius*) did *Artemidorus* know what the actions of *Tarquin* are; what are his Laws, and by what ways he came to the Throne; how he hath maintained it, and what are his maxims, he will with me believe that he never thinks of any Gods. Since happily I may have some negotiations with that Prince, said *Amilcar*, I should be very glad to know all his life: For my particular, said *Artemidorus*, I am extremely full of curiosity to know it. And for my part, added *Zenocrates*, I shall be glad also to hear it; though I know very much of him already. As for me, said *Aronces*, though I have heard him discoursed of a thousand times unto *Clelius*, yet I must confess I do not know the whole Series of his History, and *Herminius* would much oblige me in telling of it: for since I know not yet whether I shall be on his side or no, I shall be very glad to know him a little better than I do; especially since we have now leisure enough to hear his History. For my particular (said *Artemidorus*) I would if I durst desire a little more, for I must confess that I do as much desire to hear the History of *Rome*, as the History of *Tarquin*. The Story of that Prince is so mixed with that of *Rome* (replied *Herminius*) as one cannot tell the one but he must also tell all that relates unto the other. Since so (said *Aronces*) I beseech you satisfy the curiosity of *Artemidorus*, and address your speech unto him, since he hath the least knowledge in the things which you are to tell. *Zenocrates* approving of what *Aronces* said, and *Herminius* consenting unto what these three illustrious persons desired, he recollected into his memory all that was requisite for their better understanding the life of a Prince, whose name made such a noise through all *Italy*: And after he had shut the Chamber door to the end none should interrupt him, he began in these terms, but he spoke in his own language; which *Artemidorus* did understand, though he spake it not.

The History of *Tarquin* the Proud.

I Am to relate such great, such excellent, and such terrible things unto you; as I cannot tell whether I am able to order my method so, as shall make my Relation pleasing; for I know not very well how I can in few words contain the History of a great City, which hath been governed by six Kings, which seemed to have shared among themselves all the virtues; and after them I know not how I should speak of a Prince who is branded with all manner of Vices and Crimes. I know not I say, how I should in a short time acquaint you with the most dismal effects that ever Love and Ambition caused these many ages: and yet I am resolved to touch upon all that is necessary to make the injustice of *Tarquin* to appear, or at the least to pass so slightly over the Reigns of those Kings who did precede him, that I may have time enough to aggravate all the Crimes of a Prince, who can never be enough hated. I will not therefore insist upon a previous discourse of *Rome's* Original; for is there

any men at *Africa*, that knows not the prodigious adventures of the famous *Remus* and *Romulus*, who are said to be sons of *Mars* by a Vestal? Who knows not, I say, unto what they were exposed by the Commandment of the King their Uncle, called *Amulius*, who had usurped that Kingdom which belonged unto their Mother? who knows not also that the Cradle wherein they were, and which was left in the midst of a Desert, was found out by a She Wolf, which the cries of these two Infants invited thither? who knows not how it is said, the Wolf did let them suck her under a Fig-tree, which at this day is called the *Romulian Fig-tree*? and that others say; a Shepherd finding them, did carry them home to his Wife who nourished them? However it be, they lived and came to be great and brave men. *Remus* was taken prisoner and delivered by his Brother, after which they both of them joyned in the killing of him who had usurped the Kingdom which belonged unto them. After this, they made a peace with *Numitor*, Brother unto him whom they had killed, and leaving him quiet in his own Dominions, a desire took them to build the famous City of *Rome*, which *Tarquin* at this day would destroy, and they built it in the same place where they were left in the Desert, and where they were found: These two Brothers began to build it the One and Twentieth day of *April*, in the eighteenth year of their age. Indeed, generous *Artemidorus*, since I suppose you know how that the desires of Reigning did divide them, and that the death of the one did establish the Throne of the other, I shall not trouble you with any more. But let me tell you that in a very short time, this new City unto which *Romulus* gave his own name, was as potent as any of the most ancient about it. The cause of its being so soon populated was, because *Romulus* established an inviolable Sanctuary between two little Groves, which were held for sacred, and whither whosoever retired was in safety. So as by this means, he drew subjects unto himself from all the Neighbour Towns, where any men were who feared punishment for any crime. Moreover, it is well known, that he did worship all those Gods, which those of *Altes* adored, and that he would have *Hercules* revered as he is in *Greece*. Afterwards that famous plundering of the *Sabines* made him talked of through all *Italy*: He established excellent orders in the Town; he did wonders in feats of War; he defied all his enemies; he killed the King *Tatius* with his own hand; he Triumphed in *Rome*: The Wars with the *Cernebans*, the *Crustivianians*, the *Antemians*, the *Sabines*, were all glorious unto *Romulus*, though the power was divided for a while. Afterwards the War with the *Fidenatians* began, then the *Vienturians* followed, and in both *Romulus* got eternal glory. But after he had punished the injustice done unto his Mother, after he had established several good Laws; after he had performed many glorious Feats of War; killed Kings, triumphed solemnly, and given peace to his people, he ceased to Reign in ceasing to live. Some thought that the hundred Senators whom he had established, procured him to be murdered that they might Reign: Others said, that he only vanished; but the opinion of such as do not use to follow the vogue of the blind vulgar was, that there was one whose name was *Proculus*, who seeing the people ready to fall upon the Senators; to appease them came and told them; that *Romulus* did appear unto him ascending up into Heaven; and assured them;

that their Town should be Mistress of the whole Earth. So as the immortality of *Romulus*, and this happy presage qualifying the people, their whole thoughts were, how they should render such honour unto him as unto the Gods. This *Artemidorus* was the original of *Rome*: and this was their first King, who doubtless was both valiant and wise, and fully accomplished for the establishing of an Empire. For my part, it is such a terrour to me when I consider how the same people who never were governed, but by valiant wife and vertuous Kings, can brook the government of a Tyrant, that I tremble at it. And to induce you into my opinion, before I satisfy your Curiosity, I would speak something of all those who preceeded him. Know then that according to the first Law which *Romulus* had established, which was, that the people should chuse their Kings, and that this election should be confirmed or refused by the Senators which he had instituted: A man of high virtues called *Numa Pompilius*, was chosen King of *Rome* by universal consent; and certainly most deservedly, for he was indowed with all the virtues of the ancient Sabines from whence he was descended. He was prudent, pacifique and religious; and it may well be said, that the Gods would by his Prudence and Piety establish that Throne which *Romulus* had erected by his Power and courage; he spent the whole three and forty years which he reigned, only in regulating matters of Religion, making of Laws, extinguishing those vices which the War had introduced; in teaching virtue, in woiing men to Peace, in building Temples; in doing Justice unto men, and in reverencing the Gods. It was he who set up the Vestals in *Rome*, the institution whereof was before at *Albez*: This was he who instituted the Salian Priests and all their Ceremonies: This was he who did regulate the Months; it was he who built the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is alwayes open in time of War, and always shut in time of Peace, this was he, who to testifie his love of the Sciences and Arts, did consecrate a Grove unto the Muses, unto which he would often retire himself. It was said, that it was there where a Nymph named *Egeria*, came to inspire him in all things he did. But after a three and forty years peace had given him leasure to inspire his people, with the love of Wisdom, he died; and one of the most valiant men upon Earth was chosen in his place: But this Prince being a greater Soldier than *Romulus*, he began the famous War of *Albe*, which had such glorious successe, that he ruined one of the greatest Cities upon Earth, or to say better, he joyned it unto *Rome*, and of two Peoples, made but one: The famous Combate of the three *Horatij*, against the three *Curatij*, was fought during his Reign; after which the Fideates and the Vecentines incited by those of *Albe*, renewed the War: But *Tullus*, maugre all opposition, vanquished his Enemies, destroyed the famous City of *Albe*, and augmented the glory of *Rome*, he had after another War against the Sabines, whom he vanquished; but after he had bestowed half his Reign in imitation of *Romulus*, he bestowed the other half in imitation of *Numa*; for he did not only become Religious as he was, but even superstitious.

But at last, a Thunder-bolt having ended his life and his Reign, another man, called *Ancus Martius*, who was Son unto a Daughter of *Numa Pompilius*, was chosen King of *Rome*, so as emulating the glory of resembling his Grand-father, he began to

cause all his Ordinances to be observed. But fearing lest his neighbours, should draw some advantage from his Piety, he began to bestir himself in matters Military, wherein matters of Religion had no share, that his enemies might see, he thought of War in time of Peace. And indeed the people of *Latium* falling upon him; he vanquished them, and also the Sabines, and afterwards he lived in Peace: It was he who built the first Prison in *Rome*, and who built a Bridge over *Tiber*; it was he who inclosed the Mount *Aventine* and of *Janicula* within the Wall of the Town, and who built the City of *Ostia*; but after a Reign of four and twenty years, he died: But after he had prohibited all his Subjects from setting up any new Religions of their own fancy; and commanded them to be conformable unto that which was established in the State. Hitherto, Generous *Artemidorus*, all I have said hath no relation to the story of *Tarquin* the Proud: nor would I have related it, but because it was your desire. But now I am to treat of the fifth King of *Rome*, I must tell you that if he had not been King, *Tarquin* who Reigns at this day, had never been her Tyrant. And therefore it is requisite I speak a little larger upon the first of the *Tarquins*; who as he was a Greek originally, and Ambition made him do many brave things, so it is the same passion which caused so many Crimes in his Successor, and for divers reasons I must enlarge my self upon this Subject: Know then, that a man called *Demarathius* of the City of *Corinth*, being forced to leave his Countrey, because it was divided, and the side which he took proved the weaker, he came to dwell in a Town called *Tarquiniæ*, where he married and where he had a Son called *Lucumo*, and another who died.

Mean time, *Lucumo* being heir unto his Father who was very rich, he married a Woman of great quality and high spirit, who was called *Tanaquil*. And not enduring that her Husband should dwell in a Town, where Ambition was an unprofitable passion, she perswaded him to go and dwell at *Rome*, where vertue was recompenced, and where the happy might happily become Kings, as experience had shewed. And in order to this, they settled their affairs and came to *Rome*. But in coming *Lucumo* a happy Omen which is known over all the World; also supposing you have heard what happened unto him as he was in the Coach with *Tanaquil*, I will only tell you how an Eagle hovering in the Air came gently to him, and took off his Head a Cap which he wore, according to the *Tuscan* mode, and after the Eagle had soared with it as high as the Clouds, she came down and put it upon his head again: And I must tell you that *Tanaquil* being a *Tuscan*, and having some skill in Augury, she was so extremely joyed at this happy Presage, and so assured her self it would be seconded with happy effects, that she embraced her Husband and told him, that there was no grandure so high but he might hope for it. So as *Lucumo* suffering his Ambition to be flattered by such sweet hopes, he entred *Rome*; where he no sooner was but he went to the King, and offered him his person, and all he had for the service of the State; and the truth is, he disbursed much towards the Wars upon divers occasions. And to be suitable every way unto the Custom of *Rome*, he quitted the name of *Lucumo*, because it was the Roman Custom to have two names, whereof one is particular and the other is the name of the family.

So

So he took the name of *Lucius* for the first name, and of the Town *Tarquinius* where he was born, he made the name of *Tarquinius*; so as he called himself *Lucius Tarquinius*; and left off the name of *Lucumo*. Moreover he was affable, civil, and popular; he courted occasions to do men courtesies, to the end he might oblige them; and he got such credit during the reign of *Ancus*, that this Prince determined upon nothing without him; also he was very powerful in the Senate, and extremely beloved of the people. The King left him Guardian of his Children by his Testament, so as making use of this favourable conjuncture to satisfy his Ambition, he did openly labour for the Crown before *Ancus* was dead: Declaring that though he was a stranger, yet that ought not to be any obstacle, since *Tatius* and *Numa* were such and yet Reigned. But to the end his design might take effect, the day that the people were to elect a King, he sent the young Princes unto whom he was Guardian to a hunting, left their presence should put the People in memory of the great qualities of their Father, and invite them to elect one of them two. And the common opinion was, that but for this trick *Lucumo* had not been King as he was: The truth is he was a very glorious King, for he acted nothing but great things ever since he was chosen: His very pleasures were magnificent, for it was he who instituted the Circensian Games, so famous throughout all *Italy*, and who built that which we call the Circle, which is between the Mount *Palatine* and the Mount *Aventine*. He was wont to say, that in all things there ought to be a difference between Kings and Subjects, even in their very Pleasures; and that it was absolutely necessary, there should be a character of Royalty upon every action of a King, be it in great or little matters, As for Martial matters, he is eternized, for his Acts against the *Latines* were all glory; he triumphed over the *Sabines*, and brought the City of *Collatia* unto subjection, as he had before the City of *Appioli*; afterwards undertaking a second War against the people of *Latium*, he became Master of all their strong places one after another; for he took *Cornicula*, *Ficulnia*, *Cumeria*, *Crustumera*, *Ameriola*, *Medulla* and *Nomenta*.

After all this he employed himself in building publick places of eternal memory; and he built one purposely to keep the people from being idle: After many great and good works which he did, either for the conveniency or Ornament of the Town; he laid the foundation of the Temple of *Jupiter*, which is within the Capitol, only to fulfil a vow which he made during the War against the *Sabines*. But before I speak of his death, I must tell you several passages purposely to make you the more hate *Tarquinius* the Proud when I shall come to relate his life, and acquaint you with his Crimes. Know therefore, that at the taking of *Cornicula*, there was among the Captives, a woman, (whose Husband died at this Siege) who was said to be very handsome and of good quality, and who was preferred unto the Service of *Tanaquil*; also she being big with Child, she was brought to bed in the Palace; for both being fair and witty and vertuous, *Tanaquil* did love her, and took a care of her: So as being delivered of a Son, he was brought up in the Palace; where they said this Child whose name was *Servius Tullus*, had his head all environed with a flame always when he slept, This Prodigie making a great noise, the King went

to see it and *Tanaquil* also; who would not suffer any Water to be cast to quench the flame, but assured her Husband out of her knowledge in presages, that this Child should one day be the light of the State, and the greatest support of the Royal Family. The King remembring what *Tanaquil* said concerning the Eagle, and that all came truly to pass; he gave credit unto her this second time, as at the first; he took so great a care for the good education of the young *Servius Tullus*, that he grew to be so excellent in every thing, as the King gave him his Daughter in marriage. But after this, the Son of the Predecessor unto *Lucius Tarquinius*, who pretended that he had hindered him from Reigning, being much incensed to foresee that *Servius* was like to Reign in his prejudice, he resolved upon a revenge for him, from whom they thought the injury proceeded: And indeed, they caused him to be murdered by pretended people, who upon a pretence of going to ask Justice of the King, did kill him in his own Palace; but since all the assassins fled after the fact, *Tanaquil* not using any fruitless Complaints caused the Gates of the Palace to be shut, to the end this News should not be divulged, she encouraged *Servius Tullus* to mount the Throne; she spoke unto the people out of the Windows, and told them that the King was not dead; but that he recovered, and that ere long they should see him; and that in the mean while *Servius Tullus* should do them Justice: And *Servius Tullus* being gone out of the Palace in the Robe Royal, which we call *Trabea*, he did render Justice unto each one in particular, seeming as if he referred all to the King, as if he were not dead: indeed both *Tanaquil* and *Servius Tullus* did carry all matters so cunningly, as the death of the King was concealed many days. During which time, the Children of *Ancus Martius*, who had caused the Successor of their Father to be murdered, retired unto *Pometia*; for those whom they employed in the crime being taken; and perceiving the power of *Servius Tullus* established, they knew not what course to take: And the truth is, *Tullus* having all the Patricians for him, was declared King, without any insisting upon the Suffrages of the people. 'Tis true, he was in very great esteem, and so generally beloved that this Ceremony was useless. Thus *Tullus* mounted the Throne; and with so much glory as none of his Predecessors did ever exceed him. For it was generally agreed by all sides, that he was the owner of all the virtues, and not of one vice. He had also the good fortune to have the advantage in Martial affairs, for he won a famous Battel against the *Vejentines*. And at his return to *Rome* he did an act which merited immortal Praise: For hearing how those who envied the grandeur of his fortune, did say, that he was only chosen by the Patricians, and that the People had not contributed their suffrages, he resolved though those who said so were not in any capacity to hurt him, yet to surrender his Authority; and publicly declared that he would not stand upon the legs of Patrician election, but that if the people would not have him Reign he was ready to quit the Crown. But believe it, in thus descending a step lower, he ascended a step higher upon the Throne; and by submitting to quit a Crown, he fastned it upon his head.

For the people being always much taken with surprising actions; the people of *Rome* were so charmed to see a King submit unto their suffrages, that he was pro-

proclaimed King the second time, with more acclamations and applauses than ever any of his Predecessors. However, as soon as he was settled in the Throne he shewed his Authority; for it may be said that he shook all the foundations of his State, by the several Laws which he made, be it either by regulating all qualities, or distribution of Goods, or contribution of all particulars towards publick affairs, or Military Discipline, or by the general Rule of the whole Kingdom. He enclosed the Mount Viminal, and the Mount Quirinal within the City, he built a Temple unto the honour of *Diana*, and many other publick edifices.

All this while, he found great happiness in the society of *Tanaquil*; and much more in the rare virtues of the Queen his Wife: But his sorrow was that he had only two Daughters; and to hear that *Tarquin* the Proud who Reigns at this day, and a Brother which he then had should murmur in secret, that they being Children of the late King, should be so far from the Throne. So as *Servius* being all goodness, generosity, and prudence, he began to look upon him with a very favourable eye, and to speak, as if he intended to bestow his two Daughters upon those two Brothers. But before I tell you any more, I must describe unto you these four persons, of whom this History is composed, to the end you may the more clearly see the crimes of *Tarquin*. Know then, that the two Daughters of *Servius Tullus*, were then both of them very fair, though they were different one from another in every thing, yet the name of them both was *Tullia*; but for distinction in our Court, the Elder was called the Princess without her name, and the younger the Princess *Tullia*. But to tell you truly, the Elder was the Elder in all things; for she was fair, full of wit, sweetness, modesty, civility, virtue, and infinitely charming. Her beauty was brown, but lovely, especially by reason of a certain kind of sweet languor which she had without any affectation, which inspires tenderness, and moveth love, far sooner than a sparkling and sprightly Air. Her stature was of the middle size, her eyes sweet, all the composure of her Face was lovely, and there was an unconceivable charm in every part of her person. Her humour was equal, and her Soul tender; she affected glory, and she would not buy any grandeur, at the rate of any baseness; for she did not think it impossible, but one might be happy, and not be a Queen. The Princess *Tullia* was nothing like her, for she was big, fair, and that very fair, but her beauty had that fierceness in it, as resembled an Amazonian Air, and it may be said, she was fair, but not lovely; her looks were bold, her actions disordered, her voice shrill, her spirit imperious, her soul ambitious, and she was so naturally inclin'd, never to submit unto any, that from her very infancy, she always made her Elder Sister stand in awe of her, whose disposition was rather to obey, than obstinately to resist. Moreover the Princess *Tullia* was ever full of dissimulation, malice, and disguise, and above all she was ambitious; so as though the Princess her Sister was one of the most sweet and charming Persons in the whole World, as I have heard a Cousin of mine say, who had the honour of her acquaintance, yet she did most horribly hate her, without any other reason in the World, but only because she was Elder, and because she imagined that *Servius Tullus* loving her the better, her fortune would be better. And on the

other side, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, they also were very unressemblant, and as much unlike, as these two Princesses were unto each other. But it was after another manner, for the younger of these was fair, handsome, of a sweet, moderate, and agreeable spirit, and all his inclinations were noble, and though he did affect glory, yet ambition was not the predominate passion of his heart, but was more inclinable unto Love than that turbulent passion. But as for *Tarquin* he did not resemble him in any thing; for he was big though far from a handsome stature; his Physiognomy was gloomy and fierce, his looks were melancholy and disdainful, his mind base and poor, but he had the boldest heart in the World, the greatest spirit upon Earth, and the most prodigiously ambitious, that ever was any. Moreover, his fancy was quick and ready, which made some turbulency appear in all his actions, so as one would say he was always upon some grand design. As for matter of pleasure he never seemed sensible of any, and doubtless his supreme felicity consisted only in this, that he could see nothing above him, so as it may very well be said, that he loved grandeur only for it self, and not at all for those diversions which follow it. He would always make use of any thing which might conduce to the satisfaction of ambition; when he thought it convenient to express some signs of his Piety, to blind the people, he would then send offerings unto *Delphos*, he would build Temples, and his prophane intentions would imploy all sacred things, when he thought them conducing to the execution of his designs. But on the contrary when he thought there was no need of any pretences, cloaks, and colours to dazzle and blind the people, then he would make no scruple at ruining of Orphans, and both by Steel and Poison murder Innocents; and indeed, he never thought that to be a parricide, and ungrateful, were crimes. This *Artemidorus*, is the true Character of *Tarquin*, as he was, and as he is: The Elder of the two Princesses was fair and virtuous; the younger fierce and ambitious: and in contrary to this order, the Elder of the two Princes who were designed for them, was ill-favoured, proud, and wicked; and the younger was pleasing, handsome, and virtuous. So as according to the order of Nature, he who had no virtue, was to marry her who was virtuous; and he who had all noble inclinations, was to marry her who had all the ill; but to take the matter a little further off, be pleased to know, that before the King had explained himself concerning this marriage, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, had ever a great familiarity with these two young Princesses. For the Queen, who was the Daughter of *Tanaquil* had so dearly loved the first of the *Tarquin's* who was her Father, that she took a particular care, these two young *Tullia's* should live very respectfully with these two young Princes who were of the same house, But there being a great suitableness between *Tarquin* and the Princess *Tullia*; and the like also between the Princess and the Brother of *Tarquin* (who was called the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he had preserved that Town by discovering a Conspiracy) so it was, that the Virtuous loved the Virtuous, and ambition had a natural inclination to ambition. Yet notwithstanding, since he was the Elder, and she was not; and since he observed that the King loved the Princess, better than the Princess *Tullia*, he concealed his inclination. But on the contrary, the Princess

Princess *Tullia* conceiving it would be more advantageous to her to marry *Tarquin*, then the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he was the Elder, and more ambitious than his Brother, she used all her endeavours to get him for her Husband. In the mean time, there being a sympathetical conformity of humours, between the Prince of *Ameriola* and the Princess, they knew that they loved one another without telling of it; and there was such a violent inclination to each other, that they were not able to hide it. And indeed, there was always such a conformity of mind between them, as they were never seen to differ in any opinion. On the contrary *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were always so opposite unto them, that no two contraries could be more; for never any conference happened, though of matters never so indifferent, but the Princess *Tullia* would be sure to contradict her Sister and the Prince of *Ameriola*; also *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, were never of one opinion.

I remember one day above the rest, when these two Princes and Princesses were all together, that the conversation of that day were upon such subjects, as made the various opinions of these two Princesses and these two Princes most manifestly appear. You must know, that the King who bore a particular veneration unto the Vestals finding that those four who were already instituted, had much ado to keep in the sacred fire, would have two more added unto the number. And this Ceremony not being often to be seen, the two Princesses had a mind to see it, and did so the day before this conversation which I am to relate unto you. Indeed this Ceremony was worth the sight, and therefore worthy of my relation unto you. At the first, the High Priest makes choice of twenty Virgins of quality, all under ten years of Age, and all without any defect either in body or mind: Then casting their names into a Lottery, the first who is drawn is the new Vestal: Then the Parents committing her into the hands of the High Priest, they cut her Hair off with a great deal of Ceremony, and after do go and receive her at a certain Tree destined unto this use, which we call *Lotos*. And afterwards they put upon her the habit of a Vestal, which is, a great, long, and high Caul, from which hangs negligently, variety of Ribbons and Tails: then they put her such a Veil as the Vestals use to wear when they sacrifice, which is buckled under their Chins with Lockets of Diamonds: As for their Robes, they are white, plated, and very ornamental; and over all they wear a purple Mantle which renders their dress very handsome and noble. And this habit being given them with a great deal of Ceremony and observance: there are always much company to see them. And when the Vestal is once within the Temple of *Vesta*, no more of any passages is to be seen; for they only are privileged to enter except the High Priest. So there being two Vestals chosen at once, it was the whole discourse; and the two Princesses according to their several inclinations discoursed upon this Ceremony. For my part (said the Princess *Tullia*) I conceive, that since they will have Vestals, they did very wisely to make choice of them under ten years of Age, and before reason had imprinted it self in them; for maugre all the fine priviledges they enjoy, and all the honours which are done unto them, I had rather be any thing than a Vestal. For my particular (said the Princess then) I am not of your

opinion; for I do find something so noble and glorious in the Function of the Vestals, that I never see them, but I do envy them. For it is only in them, that our Sex is held in any Rank and Consideration, since in all other conditions, they do not hold their own rank, but only that of their Parents: If a Woman be not married, then she is more or less valued according to the rank of her Father, and if she have a Husband, it is according to his quality that she is more or less honoured. But as for the Vestals their consideration is from themselves; and they are honoured by all that is greatest in *Rome*, since they are honoured by the King. What the Princess saith (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) is so judiciously spoken, as I conceive, none can contradict her. Though there was no other reason (replied *Tarquin*) to make me think the Vestals but a sort of miserable things, then that they must dream out thirty years; and still be nothing else but a Vestal, and never aspire higher, this I say, keeps me from envying their condition; for I care not for a dry and unprofitable passion, which can never be serviceable to me. For my part (said the Princess *Tullia*) I am clearly of *Tarquin's* mind, and say again, that since they will have Vestals, they do very well to take them before reason comes into them; for I am so far from establishing new Laws and Slaverys, as I do freely allow the same Liberty unto all which nature and custom have allowed Women: And if I should freely say, what I think, perhaps I should tell you, that were it in my choice either to be a valiant Souldier, or a Vestal, or even what I am, I should make choice of being rather valiant, than either a Vestal or a Princess as I am, so little am I satisfied with my own Sex. How Madam, (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) can you renounce your beauty and the Empire which it gives unto your Sex over the hearts of Men, to be a silly Souldier, rather than a great Princess? Yes (replied she sharply) and I am sometimes so ashamed at my being born a Slave, that were my Fetters such as could be broken, it should not be long before I would break them. Oh Sister (replied the Princess) doubtless you know not what you say; for methinks our Sex hath a thousand advantages above that of Men; for first it enjoys an eternal peace, since we are not obliged to go unto the Wars, and the same honour which invites Men unto it, forbids us. Beauty, as the Prince of *Ameriola* well observed, is our supreme Prerogative; we have the destinies of Men in our hands: Also we are dispensed with, for taking the pains in obtaining the Arts and Sciences; ignorance in us is no fault, there is no necessity of being valiant, a little wit, and much modesty will serve to make a complete Woman; but on the contrary to make a complete Man, there must be a thousand great qualifications both natural and acquired. It is confessed (replied *Tarquin*) that there is much wit in your language; but for all that I am of the Princess *Tullia's* mind, and had rather be a private Souldier than any Woman. For to tell you truly, a Souldier may become a King, but a Woman can never become free. I pray tell me (said the Princess *Tullia*) in what condition can we find liberty? When we are first born, we are not only Slaves to our Parents, who dispose of us as they please, and make Vestals of us when fancy takes them; but we are slaves also unto custom and decency; for as soon as reason begins to make us discern things, they tell us that we must submit our selves

themselves unto the custom and fashion. Also we are more miserable at *Rome* than any where else, where the Ladies have a fancy, that because the *Romans* are more valiant than other people, therefore their women must be more severe, more reserved, more ignorant, and more solitary; it is true as my Sister said, that a few good qualities will serve one of our Sex to get much reputation, but it is as true also that this is an infinite shame unto us; for it is as much as to say, that we are not capable of more: Oh Madam, replied the Prince of *Ameriola*, I must needs be the defender of your Sex against you; for I am fully persuaded that Ladies are capable of all the virtues, and that they have more wit than we. For if we do carefully observe both men and women in places where their education is alike, as in the Country, we shall find much more wit in the women than in the men, and conclude, that Nature hath given more unto you than us.

I do grant all this to be true (replied *Tullia*) and to speak in general we have better fancies, and fuller of imagination than men; but it must be confessed withal that we do want courage and hearts; we are contented to be the chief Slave of the house, and oftentimes worse used. Nay we have not so much liberty as to make choice of our Masters, for we are oftentimes forced to marry against our inclinations and it is commonly seen that all the great wit which the Gods have given us, is employed only in trivial talk, and those who are most esteemed amongst us, do make least use of their wit but conceal it as careful as they can, and endeavour to be owner of only one virtue which in my opinion is very difficult to be practised. Mean time, because the world hath a fancy that women are weak, and that they are put to a great deal of pains to keep themselves from loving those who love them, they are forced to live with so much constraint and wariness; as in my opinion this virtue which is thought so requisite amongst them, is no great glory to them: Truth is, they must set a guard upon their own eyes, they must shun the company of those men they like, and they must not go any whither alone. Lying abroad is forbidden us, solitude it self is sometimes ill interpreted, and we are so unfortunate that when it is not known what we do they think we are doing ill; and we must always have some body to answer for our actions, or else they will be ill interpreted. So that as the world goes, we are born with passions which inchain us; for we are not allowed either to love or hate any thing: Ambition is unto us of no use, obedience only is our share; judge therefore whether I have not reason to chuse rather the being a valiant Soldier than what I am; and I assure you there is not a day passeth, in which I do not envy the Sex of which I am none. When I see a man walking alone, I envy his liberty; when others travel my envy goes along with them also; nay some that are angry and can revenge themselves have my envy; for men may revenge, but women be they never so much wronged must not complain; or if they do, it must forsooth be so tamely, that their complexion must not alter, nor their eyes lose their languor, as if nature had made us insensible, and all by virtue of the Laws of Decency, which I assure you I cannot chuse but murmur against, and those that made them. For my particular (replied the Princess) I do think my self very happy in the calm mediocrity of my spirit; and I find that my Sex hath a thousand advantages over the other, since of

the virtues the least difficult are required from us; and I do find it much more glorious to Reign without force than by violence, and that it is the easiest thing in the world to submit ones spirit in matter of Decency. It is unquestionable, that Ambition is not a passion fit for Ladies; but it is a passion so full of tumultuous turbulencies, that I think it a great advantage to be without it. As every one loves to be arguing according to their own humours (replied *Tullia* sharply) so I do not think it strange we should not be of one opinion. For as you Sister, do find diversion in walking under shades, in gathering of flowers, in making Nodsgays, in hearing the birds sing, and listning to the murmur of Rivers, so I am often tired with that which diverts you.

The Princess being accustomed to indure a hundred such contradictions from her ambitious sister; she turned her discourse another way, lest *Tullia* should have uttered more then she desired to hear; for she was acquainted with the impetuosity of her humour. So as insensibly falling upon other discourse, they began to talk of Passions, and to examine whether Love was a more Noble Passion than ambition; and in case both chanced to be in one heart, one of them must yield unto the other.

So as since this question had some congruity with the Fortunes of these four persons, because *Tarquin* was in love with *Tullia*, yet his Ambition required that he should marry the Princess her Sister, rather then her; and on the other side the Princess loved the Prince of *Ameriola*, yet ambition and conveniency required she should marry *Tarquin*; each of them having a secret interest in the business, they spoke according to the present state of things, rather than according to their own thoughts; for had they spoke their thoughts, the Princess would have said that ambition ought to be made a sacrifice unto love: The Prince of *Ameriola* would have said the same: And the Princess *Tullia* doubtless would have said that Love ought to submit unto Ambition.

But since she would that *Tarquin* should marry her, though she was the younger, she found her self a little gravelled at this rencounter. Also she spoke less than the rest, but as for him he did not dissemble his thoughts, but maintained against his Brother, that Love ought to yield unto Ambition. For, said he, love is to be looked on only as a fading passion, which seldom lasts out a life; but Ambition is a Passion which continues unto the last gasp of breath, and it is glorious to die so; and it hath this particular quality, that it is a remedy against Love; for it is so buſied, and hatcheth so many several designs, as the other Passion which is both hatcht and nourished by idleness, can hardly ever subsist with it. But though perhaps Ambition doth not quite extinguish Love, yet it ought always to sacrifice it self unto Ambition, since one is not always certain to love his Mistress, but sure always to love Grandeur. For the favours of Love are limited, beyond which there is no pretending, and as soon as one is come unto the highest point it can arrive at, Love lessens: but it is not so with Ambition, for fortune is a Mistress whose favours are inexhaustible, who as she satisfies her Lovers augments their desires; and who hath no sooner given them one thing, but she shews them a thousand more which still are in her gift: So as continually shewing them guilded baits to catch new desires, Ambition hath always the force of a new passion. 'Tis true (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) that Fortune hath more

more to give than Love. But let me tell you, her favours are not so sweet, and the torments which she causes are not accompanied with a thousand secret Consolations which unhappy Lovers have in the midst of their sufferings. Oh Brother! (replied *Tarquin* hastily) these Chymical Consolations which you talk of, are not considerable in comparison of that pleasure which one finds in trampling ones enemies under his foot, and raising himself over the heads of others; and did you know what sweetness there is in plotting an Ambitious design to see it thrive happily, you would not speak as you do. I who have a heart sensible of this Passion, I must confess I do wonder how any can be without it, and how one can disclaim it for matter of Love; for I will affirm that few miserable people ever make any Lovers and to speak rationally, Love ought to be the consequence of Ambition. And truly if Love be without its pleasures; if the sports, the mirth, and all its graces do not accompany it, it is a very pitiful thing. And I think it to be extreme folly in those who cannot satisfy both their Love and their Ambition, not to prefer the last before the first, what joy can be expected from a poor Lover who wants an estate? how is it possible his Mistress should discern the sighs for the poorness of his Fortune, from those sighs which are caused by his Love? how miserably does he divide himself between his cares to please her and his cares to maintain himself? he cannot be liberal but he beggars himself; he cannot be merry unless forcedly; he dares not oftentimes thwart his Rival, lest he should prejudice his Fortune; and he entertains in his fancy so many things which are not within his reach of Gallantry, that of necessity he must needs be a troublesome Gallant. So as I must conclude, that it appertains only unto Ambitious, happy Ambitious men, to have any thing to do with Love: And those who quit the interests of their fortune, to content their passion, deserve to be forsaken by their Mistresses, for whom they have forsaken all things: And were I a Lady, and should see at my feet one of those faithful Lovers, who would sacrifice all the interests of their Ambition unto their Love, I would advise him to go and get the favour of Fortune, before he pretended to get mine: and would tell him that a greater injury cannot be offered unto a Lady, than to desire she should love him before he be happy. At the least I know (said he, and looked upon *Tullia*) that were I in love with a person of a high and heroick heart, and could not enjoy her unless I ruin'd my fortune; I will tell her ingenuously, that both for the love of her and the love of my self, I would think no more upon her: for I am sure if she be such a one, she will esteem me the more, and in her heart prefer me before such Lovers as will tell her, that they had rather live in a Cottage with one they love, than upon a Throne without her. But for my part I am none of those, and openly declare that I could never be happy, if I could reproach my self with an act of that nature. For my particular, said the Prince of *Ameriola*, I must confess I have no thoughts so Ambitious, since I think it not impossible but one may be happy in the poorest Cottage with a person I could Love; and since I could not be so upon a Throne unless she were upon it with me. Whilst these two Princes were talking so, the two Princesses who heard them had thoughts very different: For the Princess thought, the Prince *Ameriola* was in the right; and she gave such an interpre-

tation upon his words as he desired she should.

But as for the Princess *Tullia*, though her ambitious humour did concur with the opinion of *Tarquin*, yet she was angry with him, because what he said was not consonant with her designs. Her Wit did not furnish her with many arguments against what he had said, but since she would contradict him in something, she agreed with him that one ought to sacrifice all unto ambition; but she said after that the great difficulty was to know, what one should do to content it. For there are sometimes some Loves which may serve Ambition as well as prejudice it, if all advantages be well considered. *Tarquin* hearing what *Tullia* said, he made a right application of it; but he seemed as if he did not understand her, because he was not then persuaded that it was advantageous for him to prefer her before the Princess; and that on the contrary he believed, that if he married the eldest Sister, he should the sooner be King: Not that the Crown which *Servius Tullus* wore was a right of Succession, and that Eldership was any nearer Title to Reign.

But *Tarquin* was persuaded, that the tenderness which this Prince did bear unto his eldest Daughter, would move him to get the Senates Consent for him unto whom he should marry her; and that this would be a shorter, and more sure way to get upon the Throne. Also the People loving the Elder much better than the other, he preferred her out of Ambition, before her whom his own inclination did prefer as most amiable.

And therefore without any direct answer unto what *Tullia* said, he said that there needed no examination of any particular adventures; for he maintained onely in general that it was requisite to sacrifice Love unto Ambition. And I maintain the contrary (said the Prince of *Ameriola*) that one ought to sacrifice Ambition unto Love. For my part (said the Princess and turned aside, lest she should meet the eyes of the Prince of *Ameriola*) since I have nothing to do either with Love or Ambition, I know not what to say unto this dispute: All I can say is, that if any loved me, I would not be sacrificed unto any other interest. You are so fit to satisfy both Ambition and Love (replied *Tarquin*) that you are not in any danger of such an adventure. *Tullia* hearing what this Ambitious Lover said, she was in such a chafe, that she rose up and broke off the discourse: And imagining which way she might be revenged upon *Tarquin*, and satisfy her own Ambition, she conceived her self mistaken when she thought that it would be more advantageous to her to marry him, then to marry the Prince *Ameriola*. For (said she, in that angry mood) *Tarquin* is indeed more ambitious then the Prince his Brother. He is more busie and daring, and able to surmount all considerations that may bring him to his proposed end; but he would be his own chuser of the way by which he would come to the Throne: and if he rest upon his own choice, perhaps he may be mistaken and lose his way; for in all probability he will not know how to manage those opportunities which Fortune shall present unto him: Whereas, on the contrary, the Prince of *Ameriola* is of a more sweet temper, and more agreeable to the People then *Tarquin* is, and I may become Mistress of his spirit, either by the way of Love or Fear: And when I be in that state, I shall make him do as I please, and shall be then much more happy then if I were tied to the Fortune of this ambitious Lover. For the Prince of

Ameriola is questionless most accomplished to Mount a Throne.

Tullia arguing thus with her self began to flatter the Prince of *Ameriola*, and to disguise some part of her thoughts. Yet he stood constantly faithful unto that Princess who also entirely reserved her heart for him: But the fidelity which they had unto each other, conduced to render them the more miserable; for they understood presently after, that *Servius Tullus* was fully resolved that *Tarquin* should marry the Princess, and that the Prince his Brother should marry *Tullia*. Not but that this wise King knew well enough, that there was no great correspondence of humour between the Princess and *Tarquin*, nor between *Tullia* and the Prince of *Ameriola*, but in lieu of joyning Virtuous with the Virtuous, and the Ambitious with the Ambitious, he thought on the contrary, that since he made these two marriages only out of policy, and to keep these two Princes from raising any stirs in the State, he ought to separate interests, the Ambitious from the Ambitious. And he resolved upon it the sooner, when he knew the discourse which I have related unto you. for by it he came to know what the humour of *Tarquin* was. If *Tarquin* and *Tullia* be joyned together (said he one day unto a Senator) there is no violence which they will not attempt; and unless I should set them upon the Throne upon their marriage day, it were folly to make the match; for both of them are ambitious spirits, both violent, bold, and scruple at nothing; but in separating them, perhaps I shall correct their tempers; and in giving unto the ambitious *Tarquin* a person who hath no ambition, who is fair, sweet, and virtuous; one who loves and fears the Gods, it is probable she will sweeten the harshness of his temper, and will keep him from all attempts against justice: Also it is likely that in giving unto the Ambitious *Tullia*, a Prince who is handsome, generous, and incapable of any injustice, he will win upon her heart, and alter her mind. Also he having a legitimate authority over her, she cannot attempt what she would, as she might if she had a husband of her own temper. *Servius Tullus* being thus resolved, the Prince of *Ameriola* seeing all hopes of changing his resolution taken away, he was in extreme despair.

On the other side, the Princess having employed the Queen her mother, to endeavour the alteration the Kings resolution, she found by her that the King of was unalterable, so as she was extremely sad. But the most particular of all this Passage was that though the Prince of *Ameriola* did most passionately love the Princess; and though the Princess had exceeding tender thoughts of the Prince of *Ameriola*; and though they knew each others thoughts, yet they did never tell one another that they loved. For the Princess was so full of modesty, her Lover was so full of respect, they both of them saw so little hope of happiness, *Tarquin* kept such a vigilant eye upon his Brother, the two Princesses were so seldom a sunder, that the Prince of *Ameriola* never met with any favourable occasion to express his thoughts unto his Princess. He had told her a thousand times that she was the person whom he most esteemed; he had told her that she was the most lovely Princess upon earth; but he never told her in plain terms that he loved her. However when both sides had received such intelligence as put them out of all hopes, then melancholy did so much damp their spirits, as they were scarcely

knowable: Yet they set the best faces upon the matter that they could, and did the same things they were used to do. Not long after the Princess using to walk almost every evening, in a Garden which was in the Palace of *Servius Tullus*, by the Mount *Palatine* which he built, because he thought his Lodging at that house near the Mount *Esquiline* was not convenient, so it hapned that they going thither to walk according to their custom, the two Princes whom they were to marry were there also; and as chance would have it, *Tarquin* which engaged to talk with *Tullia*; for he knowing her to be extremely ambitious, though he had no mind to marry her, and though he was resolved to sacrifice his love to her unto his ambition, yet he desired to appease her a little.

Tullia as fierce as she was, had a desire to see whether she could work any change in his mind by a private conference: So as having engaged *Tarquin* to talk with her, he durst not deny her; and by this means, the Princess and the Prince of *Ameriola*, whose sorrows were extreme, had the liberty of talk together. But being both of them equally melancholy, they were no sooner separated some few paces from those who were the troublers of their felicity, but looking upon each other, they saw so much sadness in each others eyes, as the Love which they had unto each other was thereby much augmented, for they did easily divine the cause. So the Prince of *Ameriola* being grown more bold by the melancholy which he saw in the fair eyes of his Princess: Oh Heavens! Madam, said he unto her, I beseech you tell me truly, whether or no you think I may not wish, that those two persons which I see together, may never part; and whether you will give me leave to tell you, that if I have not my wish effected, the grief which I see in your eyes will be my death? and that a death most desperate, unless to make me expire the more calmly, you will permit me to believe that I have some share in those sorrows which I see in you. For truly Madam, you know that I love you; I think you cannot love my Brother, and I am so presumptuous also as to think, that you have less aversion unto me than unto him. Your language doth so much distract me (replied the Prince and blusht) as I know not how to answer you; unless this, that at at this time I dare not tell you what I think.

Oh Madam (said the Prince of *Ameriola*) I am infinitely obliged unto you for this answer. And I beseech you, give the most miserable Lover alive, leave to imagine what those thoughts are which now you dare not tell him; and believe that the pureness of my passion doth merit so much indulgence from you. I know very well that as the state of things stands, it is hard to find a remedy, against that evil which afflicts me. But however, one may dye more quietly one way than another, and therefore Madam, I must conjure you not to deny me this. Since I am very ingenuous (replied the Princess) I will tell you that I have a very high opinion of your virtue, and I think you are well perswaded of mine: I must confess that there is a natural antipathy betwixt your Brother and me, which makes me wish that the King had not commanded me to marry him; and I will confess further, that there is such a sympathy of humour between you and me, as I wish either that *Tarquin* resembled you, or that you were in his room. Also I am perswaded that you do hold me in some esteem; and I must tell you truly that I do much esteem you. But when I have said this I have said all, unless this, that when I have

have done all that Decency will permit me to break my marriage with *Tarquin*, then I must resolve upon obedience, and to be the most miserable person upon earth. But I beseech you Madam, (said he unto her) if Ambition be not the predominate passion of your Soul, as it is in the Princess your Sister, why should you marry my Brother? leave him to the ambitious *Tullia*, let us not oppose their fidelity as they do ours; I am originally of *Corinth*, let us go and seek that security in *Greece*, which we cannot find in *Rome*: Do you abandon *Tarquin* as I will *Tullia*, and take up a resolution worthy of the Love I bear you and of your own virtue. For, Madam, I am confident, that as soon as ever you are the Wife of *Tarquin*, he will move you unto such things which your generosity will never consent unto. I know very well, that as his Brother, I ought not to tell you thus much, but as his Rival, it is permitted me to tell you any thing that may serve my self.

Also Justice requires it, that I should not smother a truth from you, which may be of such a consequence, as the well-being of the King may depend upon it. The truth is Madam, I know that my Brother dares not love you, and that he doth love the Princess *Tullia*: Nor would he ever marry you, but that Ambition hath a greater prevalence with his heart than love hath. Imagine then Madam, what such a man is able to do who can act against his own felicity. Expect and fear all that is ill from him, Madam, and beware whilst it is time: Moreover I know of an infallible certainty, that the Princess *Tullia* doth love my Brother and cannot love me; but I value not the last of these, for knowing that I shall never love her, and that I shall ever love you, Madam, I should be unjust if I should take it ill from her. But I beseech you consider, that I am in a most miserable state, for knowing that the King is fully resolved that I should marry *Tullia*, and that you should marry *Tarquin*, I know not what course to take. If I refuse this honour which he would do me in giving me his Daughter, then I must go out of *Rome*, and must never see you again: And if I should stay with you, then I must marry a person who hates me, and whom I do not love, and must see you enjoyed by my Brother, who thinks it no happiness to enjoy you.

Imagine therefore, Madam, if I have not great reason to beseech you, that you will be pleased to take these things into your consideration, since they may produce such dangerous consequences: I do verily believe all that you say (replied the Princess) but I believe them without seeing any remedy against them; for my honour will not permit me to go with you into *Greece*, and though a resentment of glory should not give a stop unto it, yet my tenderness of the King and Queen is sufficient. Also I think my self obliged to advise you to marry my Sister, because I think she stands in need of your virtue, to temper her ambitious humour, and to restrain her from any unjust attempts. Oh! Madam (said the Prince of *Ameriola* then) I perceive I was much mistaken, when I thought you did not hate me; for where there is any tender affection, there cannot be so much wisdom; but one shall have more compassion upon the miseries of the person whom one loves. Since I have none for my self (replied the Princess) you would be unjust, if you should murmur that I have none for you: Then Madam, I beseech you (said he unto her) reflect upon your own condition; should I do as you advise, and marry *Tullia* who loves

not me, nor I her, but should still continue my love to you, then *Tarquin* would marry you but love *Tullia*; and it may so chance that you may love me then, more than now you do, and that I my self should contribute unto your misery; for I cannot think it possible you should see me so full of misery as I shall be, and your heart nothing touched with Compassion: Think well therefore upon what I say, Madam, and afterwards favour me so far as to tell me; what course you would have me take; I would have you (said she) submit your mind unto your fortune, since you cannot make Fortune submit unto your mind; and I would have you (if I could speak it without a blush) be as miserable as I shall be; that you should marry *Tullia* with as much aversion as I shall *Tarquin*; and yet live as well with my Sister, as I am resolved to live with the Prince your Brother. But I would have you to believe withal, that if I could banish you from me, I should do it this very hour, and believe also, that this day is the first and last that ever you should tell me of your love. I should take it as a singular favour if you would change your passion into amity and friendship, and to love me only as a Sister. Oh! Madam (replied he) it is impossible I should ever love you any otherwise than as a Mistress; and you have brought me into the most pitiful condition in the world: For I must love you without the least spark of hope; I must hate my brother as a Rival; and I must hate the Princess your Sister as a perfidious woman, all whose inclinations are opposite unto mine. Take heed Madam, and fear lest my virtue should forsake me. I should fear it in any other but you, (replied the Princess) but judging of you by my self, I fear no violence nor injustice to proceed from you; for I know very well (if I can speak it for shame) that I can never love *Tarquin*, and that I can never hate you; but I know withal, that I shall never do any thing but what I ought. After this, the Prince *Ameriola* talked unto this virtuous Princess of many things; in a language full of passionate expressions, unto which she answered with as much tenderness and virtue: So as finding new causes of admiration at each others great and noble thoughts, they still continued loving one another very tenderly. But for all that their virtues were still much stronger than their Loves; and say what this Prince could he could not obtain any thing further from this Princess. And truly, though she made him absolutely desperate, yet was he not transported so far as to attempt any violent resolution. But whilst these two were talking thus, the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the no less Ambitious *Tullia*, were discoursing after another manner: For they were no sooner at liberty to talk, but *Tarquin* who knew that *Tullia* had intention to dissuade him for her Sister) he spoke the first, and began to complain of what he himself did: Well Madam (said he to her) what do you think of capricious fortune, who disposeth of us in such a cruel manner, and will have me (for your interest) deprive my self of a thing which is infinitely dear unto me? Yet resolve upon it I must, and yet there is no remedy against this misfortune: Did I speak unto one whose heart were inferior unto yours, I should not speak thus; but knowing the Grandure of your Soul; I dare tell you how I am perswaded, that all the Kings favours will follow him who shall marry the Princess, and that the King hath as great an aversion to you, as he hath affection to her. So as if I should let my Brother

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marry

marry her, and I marry you, then we must both of us prepare our selves to be their Slaves. Therefore Generous *Tullia*, I must marry the Princess, purposely to keep you from being her Vassal. And you must resolve to marry my Brother; for he being naturally of a sweet and compliant temper, you may mould him unto my interests which shall be always yours, for my marriage shall not keep me from loving you as much as ever I did, and as between a Wife and a Mistress, the Mistress is always most dear; so it shall be you who shall be really the Queen, if I be King. *Tullia* hearing *Tarquin* say so, she did not answer as her virtuous Sister would, if it had been her case; but on the contrary, perceiving she had yet some share in *Tarquins* affection, she used all possible expressions to flatter up both his Love and his Ambition: But seeing it would be more advantageous for him to marry her Sister than to marry her, she went not about to alter his mind. So as this most abominable woman seeing she could not be his Wife, and foreseeing that perhaps she should have all the authority, she rested her self contented with the hopes of being his Mistress, though he married her Sister, and she married his Brother.

Thus out of a resentment both of Love and Ambition, together with their want of virtue, these two resolved not to marry, and yet not to break off. After which, they went and joyned with the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola* whose thoughts were quite opposite, since all that virtue could inspire were theirs. In the mean time, since *Servius Tullus*, required that these two Marriages should be solemnized out of hand, they were married within fifteen days after this conference, and done with all possible magnificence Royal; but with such sensible grief to the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola*, as I have heard say, that the day before the marriage they thought they should have died with sorrow, and that they did bid each other adieu, in the saddest manner imaginable. But afterwards, their virtue being stronger, they recovered themselves, and set the best face they could upon the matter, and behaved themselves with so much Wisdom, that few did perceive their despairs.

As for *Tullia*, her mind was full of tumultuous turbulence, but upon her consideration of things, she imagined, that perhaps she should be able to induce *Servius Tullus* to do as much for her, as for her Sister: And at worst, if she could not reign in the person of her Husband, yet she should in the person of her Lover. As for *Tarquin*, though he loved *Tullia*, yet he was glad his Brother had married her, because he was sure of her heart still, and because he looked upon his marriage with the Princess, as many steps nearer the Throne. Thus this great solemnity was passed over with thoughts very different amongst these four persons. Mean time, though *Tarquin* loved *Tullia* in his heart, and *Tullia* him again, yet did they secretly prejudice one another in things wherein there was any interest of Ambition. For if the Prince of *Ameriola* could be King, *Tullia* had rather been his Wife than *Tarquins*, because his mildness made hope to have all the Rule and Authority. *Tarquin* on the other side, who knew the humour of *Tullia*, was not sorry that he could be King without her assistance; yet they dissembled their thoughts, since their marriage kept a great league of correspondency. As for the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola*, it was not so with them; for though

this virtuous Lover asked nothing but the friendship of the person he loved, and though she would not grant him any more, yet as far as civility would give her leave, she shunned all occasions of speaking with him in private. On the other side, the King who equally feared both *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, was very cautious how he inclined more unto one side than another; and lest he should incense *Tullia*, he shewed no greater favour unto *Tarquin*, than unto the Prince of *Ameriola*; and lest he should incense *Tarquin*, he shewed no more unto the Prince his Brother than unto him.

But in thinking to be very prudent, and striving to carry even on both sides, he contented neither *Tarquin* nor *Tullia*; for never were two spirits greater enemies unto all equality than those two. And indeed it was most insupportable unto them to see the King favour both alike: Mean time, since they perceived the intention of *Servius Tullus*, they gave no rest unto the persons whom fortune had tyed them unto; for *Tullia* was continually persecuting the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he stirred no more both against the King and against *Tarquin*; and *Tarquin* would never let the Princess his wife be in rest, purposely to oblige and move her to draw some unto him and her self from that tenderness which the King had over her; and would needs force her to negotiate against the Prince of *Ameriola*. So as by this means *Tarquin* was perpetually acting against his Brother, and against his Mistress; and he would needs have his Wife act against her Sister and her Lover. *Tullia* for her part, her whole thoughts were how to ruine both her Lover and her Sister; how to pull the Crown off her fathers head; and to persecute her Husband, purposely to force him to do all he could against his Brother, and against the person he lov'd above all the World, and all to throw *Servius Tullus* out of the Throne: But let the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the Ambitious *Tullia* do what they could, the virtue of these two illustrious persons did not stagger: for the Prince of *Ameriola* never did any thing which could displease the King, nor which might anger *Tarquin*, nor which was against the interest of that Princess whom he loved. But as for that admirable person, her virtue went further; for in such things as could not be done without injustice, and which were advantageous to her Husband, and disadvantageous to her Lover, she never medled with them; yet at the very same time she bore a most horrible hatred against the one, and a most violent affection to the other; she served him whom he hated, and hurt not him whom she loved. 'Tis true, this was but upon certain occasions, where reason required it; for when *Tarquin* moved her by any unjust ways, either against her Father, or her Sister, or the Prince of *Ameriola*, she denied him with incomparable constancy; though yet it was always with a sweetness full of respect, able to allay even cruelty itself. However, out of her excess of virtue, and knowing that the thoughts of her Husband were extremely violent, that he stood not in any fear of the Gods, and that he scoffed at the Laws of men: She did much endeavour to get his love, and win some credit in his thoughts, in hopes to sweeten the sharpness of his humour. On the other side, the Prince of *Ameriola*, who ever bore a violent affection unto the Princess, and a most horrid hatred unto *Tullia*, did constrain himself; and for his own honour, because it should not be said he had a Wife who could be

be accused of any wickedness, he did what he could to correct his, by a million of examples of goodness and complacency, which he daily shewed. But it was in vain for these two virtuous persons to think of sweetning the natural fierceness of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for do what they could it did daily encrease. So as *Tarquin* despairing of ever inspiring any Ambition into his Wife; and *Tullia* seeing no likelihood of ever making her Husband to commit any Crimes, though to get Crowns by it, they began to scorn and hate them, and all that were not of their own minds. They began, I say, to love one another more then ever they did, and to repent they did not marry each other. But the chief reason of their repentance was because if they were married, then they should the sooner arrive at their desired ends; so as the fire of Love and Ambition both joyning together in their hearts, it broke out in such violent and unjust flames, as the most innocent talk, they had never ended under a promise of committing some crime or other, to unite their loves the more firmly.

Truth is, they talked of nothing but things most terrible; for sometimes they would say, that it was the most egregious folly in Men, to lose a glorious design for a little scruple of virtue, or out of a fond Chymical imagination of Glory; or for Men not to establish themselves unless by actions of generosity, which are absolutely incompatible with the execution of great enterprises. For my part (said *Tarquin* one day unto *Tullia*, as I understood by a witty Wench who waited upon this Princess) I take this for a most undoubted maxim, that those who will keep themselves within those bounds which the vulgar use to prescribe unto Justice and Generosity, they shall never arrive at any great matters by the way of Fortune: And unless Men will make bold with Laws they shall never exalt themselves above others; nor had there ever been any Kings, Kingdoms, or inequality of conditions. And therefore without any further dorrning at Laws, which those who made them will not keep, let us make use only of such as will serve our own turns, and never precisely insist upon it whether the thing be just or unjust.

These (generous *Artimedorus*) were the discourses of those persons at that time, and many more such, which I will not now relate; because hereafter, I shall tell you of things much more execrable. Mean time, since they had not always fit opportunities of talking together, they began to write very often unto each other: And as it is not easie for Persons of their Quality, that they should long conceal themselves, the Princess came presently to know, that there was a secret correspondence held between her Sister and her Husband: and the Prince of *Ameriola* also knew the like between his Wife and his Brother. However, out of a resentment of virtue and prudence, the Princess would not acquaint the Prince of *Ameriola* with the irregularity of his Wives courses, because this perfidious Woman was her Sister, and because that Prince was her Lover. The Prince of *Ameriola* on his side, it was long before he would discover unto the Princess, the infidelity of her Husband, thinking it would grieve her to no purpose.

Thus was he in a pitiful Condition; for it went against his mind to discover the Crimes of his Wife; he could not think of any revenge upon his

Brother, because he was Husband unto her whom he loved; who being all virtue, would never have looked upon him again, if he should kill her Husband. And therefore he did hide the matter as much as possible he could; yet since he knew the humour both of his Brother and his Wife, he was desirous to know the very bottom of their correspondence. And to that end, though he was never jealous, yet he employed all his diligence to discover it, and he carried the business so well, that the Slave who carried their Letters was absolutely his. So causing a Seal like unto theirs secretly to be made (for their Seals were both alike) he met with a Letter of *Tarquin's* unto *Tullia*, and the Answer of *Tullia* unto *Tarquin*. But these two Letters being the most horrid Letters of Love that ever were writ, and also being made publick, there was not a Man in *Rome* who was a hater of *Tarquin*, which knew not of them. And I knew them better then any others, and more hated the injustice of them, than any whosoever.

But before I acquaint you with the Contents of them, you must know, that the Prince of *Ameriola* was so surpris'd, as now thinking it not fit to disguise any longer, but that it was absolute requisite, the Princess should know the state of things, he resolv'd to go and acquaint her. And having taken Copies of these two Letters, he went unto the Princess, though he did not use to visit her in private, because she had forbid him, and he went in such a happy hour that he found her alone. Also he had the advantage not to fear his being interrupted either by *Tarquin* or *Tullia*; for the one was gone out to Hunt, and the other kept her Chamber, being a little sick. So as finding the Princess alone, according to his wish, he was very glad of it, though he had none but sad stories to tell her. But as for her though she still loved him very tenderly, yet was she troubled at the sight of him: So as this Prince perceiving it, I see, Madam (said he unto her) this my visit doth more displease than oblige you: But, Madam, I beseech you do not condemn me before you hear me, and the cause of my coming: For truly I have so accustomed my self to obey all your commands, and to deprive my self of the happiness in seeing you, that those respects I have ever paid unto you doth merit a grant of that audience which now I desire. Since the Princess knew the great virtue of the Prince, and since she found something in his looks, which told her, that he had some matter of importance to impart, she granted his desire; so as bidding him sit down by her, she began to lend an Ear unto what he would say.

It grieves me to the Soul, Madam (said he unto her) that what I have now to tell you, is of the most dismal consequence imaginable; but it doth so much concern you to know it, as I am fully resolv'd not to conceal it, that the discovery makes me ashamed. But before I explain this sad *Enigma* unto you, I beseech you give me leave to conjure you into a belief, that I aim at no other advantage in all I shall tell you, but in preserving the life of the most fair and virtuous Person in the World, in preserving yours.

Alas Generous Prince (said she unto him and sigh'd) I know not whether that be any great service or no: But however, I am much oblig'd unto you; and therefore I beseech you impart what you have to say. I will not tell you, Madam (replied he)

he) that if *Tarquin* were not my Brother, nor your husband, that you should have heard of his Death before you knew his Crime; for I hope you are better acquainted with that heart wherein you have long reigned, then to believe it capable of so much baseness, as to let Crimes of that Nature go unrevenge an hour. But Madam, to hold you no longer in suspense, I beseech you read this Letter from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*, and also this Letter from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*. You may perceive, Madam, that these two Letters were preceded by many others, which perhaps treated concerning your Life and mine. After this, the Prince of *Ameriola* giving the Copies of the two Letters unto the Princess, she took them, and opening that of *Tullia's* first, she read these words.

Tullia unto the most Generous and most Ambitious Prince upon Earth.

S I R,

I Have told you a hundred times, that if you will Reign in my heart, you must make me Reign in Rome. For as you would have me sacrifice all things unto your love, so you must sacrifice all unto my Ambition: Not but that I know this Passion is as much in your Heart, as in mine, and that you love me more, as I am Ambitious than as I am Fair: But yet methinks you are a little too slow in your Business. Make hast therefore and presently fix upon the day destined for our Liberty: And believe it, that it cannot be sooner than I desire, and that I have not a greater desire to see you Master of Rome, than to see my self absolute Mistress of your Heart. Be quick therefore, and sacrifice those two victims, which must render both Love and Fortune equally propitious, and be assured, that for my part, I shall not fail in any thing which I have promised.

Whilst this Letter was reading, the Princess changed colour above twenty times; and after she had attentively read it over again, she shut it up, and restored it back unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, who told all at night, unto him, who told it unto me: Then lifting up her Eyes, and taking the other Letter, Oh! ye just Gods (said she) is it possible that my Sister should be so abominably wicked? Afterwards opening *Tarquin's* Answer, she found thus.

Tarquin unto the Fair Tullia.

YES my dearest, and most Ambitious *Tullia*, I shall ere long do all things requisite to make you Reign in Rome, that I may Reign in your Heart: And before the next Ides be over, we shall be free, and in a condition to subject all others. Mean time, appoint you the day which you have designed for the sacrificing of those two Victims, which will secure our rest, for all things are ready for it. Adieu, be still your self, I conjure you, that is, incapable of any weakness, of any scruple, and of any repentance.

Well Madam, (said the Prince of *Ameriola* unto the Princess after she had done reading the Letters) what do you think upon these two Letters? and

what is to be done for the avoiding of those misfortunes which threaten us? for you may plainly see, that you and I are the two Victims that must be offered, and who must set *Tarquin* and *Tullia* at liberty. They cannot mean the King and the Queen, since if they were dead, they cannot be in their places, nor yet free; therefore I must conclude they mean both you and me. Since *Tarquin* is your Husband, and *Tullia* your Sister, I will not make my self a judge of their crime, though *Tullia* be the most perfidious Wife in the World, and though *Tarquin* be the most wicked and ungrateful Brother upon Earth. Speak therefore Madam, I conjure you, and consider that it concerns your Life; as for my own interest I do not value it: and if there be a way to save your Life by exposing mine unto a thousand dangers; I would be sure to take it: and the truth is, since I must never enjoy you, Madam, death is as welcome to me as Life, and I cannot die with more glory, than in dying to do you service. Speak therefore, Madam, and speak quickly; for minutes are precious upon such an important occasion. Alas! Generous Prince (replied she) what would you have me say, or what can I say in this trouble, that I am in; for I am so affrighted at the crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, that did I not know you to be most sincere and generous, I could hardly believe what I see. How is it possible I should think the hearts of two persons so illustriously born can be capable of such black, wicked, and horrid thoughts? how is it possible Love should inspire them with designs of such a Nature? which way can Love (I say) subsist with such a turbulent passion as Ambition? who can believe that a Daughter of *Servius Tullus*, that is the most virtuous Prince in the World, should ever offer to pull her Father from his Throne, and murder both her Sister, and her Husband? how can the Brother of the Prince of *Ameriola* ever contrive his death and mine? Alas, Madam, (replied the grieved Prince) 'tis not now a time to consider how things are possible; but to consider how we should preserve your life. It is so hard a matter to find out harmless remedies (replied she) that I think the best way is to seek for none, but resolve to die. Oh! Madam (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) I am never able to consent unto your ruine; and if you do not find out some way to save your Life, I will rather go presently and Poiard my Brother and my Wife; then hazard the seeing of you die by the cruelty of two persons who are so nearly related unto me. But Madam, there are examples of Marriages being broken off; one of our most famous Citizens have authorized what I say; and if ever it were expedient to separate two persons whom Marriage hath united, it is most fitting to separate you from *Tarquin*, and me from *Tullia*: And therefore, Madam, if you please, we will take one of these two courses; either tell the King your Father all we know, to the end, that by his Regal Authority he may break off your Marriage and mine, and banish *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; or else without making any great noise of the matter which cannot help us, because the King is very slow in his resolutions, let us steal away from the violences of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; your Marriage and mine may be broken, as well when we are not here, as when we are: We have no reason to mistrust the gods; and we have our own virtues to guard and comfort us against the cruelties and calumnies of Men, if you will but be pleased to fly unto some safe Sanctuary,

Sanctuary. And to testify unto you, Madam, how pure, and un-interested my Love is, if you think it not permittable I should be your Husband, since you have been my Brother's Wife; I am contented to be with you as a Brother, who would protect and defend you as his Sister, and never pretend any further. Thus without shedding the blood of an inhumane Brother, and an unjust Wife, and without your consenting unto the ruine of an Ambitious Husband and cruel Sister, we may sit safe in some Sanctuary where their cruelty cannot reach us; we may be there in security and live happily, if you will but hold me in the degree of friendship; for I do find my Love so subjected unto my reason and your virtue, as it will never move me unto any thing that will anger you, nor say any thing that will displease you. Consent therefore, Madam, I beseech you unto this happy Exile, if you will not consent unto the ruine of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*. No, no, generous Prince, (said she unto him) I will neither consent unto the one, nor the other. For if I should go as you propound, doubtless I might save my life; but since I cannot do it, and save my reputation, also, I must not entertain the least thought of it: For what Calumnies will not the unjust *Tarquin* asperse upon me? and what scandal will not the cruel *Tullia* belch out against me? Pardon me, Madam, I beseech you, replied the Prince of *Ameriola*, if my zeal to your service will never suffer them to ruine you. To take the *medium* between these two extreames (replied she) we must endeavour to let the King my Father see one of those Letters, either that from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*, or that from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*; to the end that by his Prudence and Authority, he may shrowd us from these two dangerous persons. Perhaps he will think it convenient to put me in some place of safety for a while, upon some pretence which he will invent, and will command you to travel into some Country, until such time as reason hath wrought upon the spirits of our enemies; or else he will find out some other way to secure us.

But Madam, (replied this Prince) whilst you are contriving ways how to let the King see these Letters, you may perish; and not to deceive you, I beseech you do not think, that as things stand I am able to be far from you: And therefore, Madam, if you do not approve of either of these ways which I propose, you must let me go this very hour unto the King your Father, and impart all I know unto him; and I advise you that under some pretence or other, you do not eat at your own house, nor liethere; for I cannot tell whether it be by poison or sword, that the inhumane *Tarquin* and the cruel *Tullia* would have us perish. But if you should go unto the King (replied she) and are not able to prove what you inform, you will thereby make such a noise as perhaps will forward our deaths, in lieu of preventing them. And therefore, if you will be advised by me, have a little patience: Perhaps, those who desired our deaths have repented, and since the slave who useth to carry their Letters is for you; since you have a Seal like unto theirs, and since you can see all they write, we are yet in safety. For *Tarquin* would know from *Tullia*, the day which she will design for our deaths; so as when you see that, then let us take heed unto our selves; and since it is lawful for any to defend their own lives, I give you leave to use all your endeavours to save ours;

but I will never allow of any violent remedies; for I had rather die for want of prudence, and by excess of goodness, then to ruine others by too much unjust precipitation. But, Madam, (replied he) can it be any injustice to prevent ones death? However (replied she) Death is not so terrible to me, that to avoid it people should say, I had ruined my Husband; and I had much rather that *Tarquin* should be eternally branded with my death, than I should be suspected to contribute unto his. And generous Prince (said she and blisht) since my heart tells me that it hath a tender share of friendship for you, I ought to be more circumspect then otherwise I should; and it is fit I conjure you to be gone, lest this long conference (should it be known unto our enemies) should give them a colour to hasten their wicked designs into execution. However, I conjure you to take a care of your self, for it would grieve my Soul to hear that I should have a Sister who was the cause of your death. Oh! Madam, (replied the Prince) I beseech you never think of me; but think how to prevent I may never hear the dismal news that a Brother of mine hath been your death. After this, abundance of tender expressions, passed between these two virtuous persons; never proceeded so many heroick, so many passionate, and so many innocent thoughts from any two upon Earth, as from them; they resolved at parting to communicate unto each other what they discovered: After which, the Prince of *Ameriola* went unto the King, in such a profound melancholly as it was impossible for him to hide it, and it was observed by all the people, and the King himself. As for the Princess, as soon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was gone, she went unto her prayers, and prayed both for *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; and in lieu of praying for their ruine to hinder her own, she only prayed they might repent. But whilst the Prince of *Ameriola* had been with the Princess, it happened unluckily, that *Tarquin* who was gone to hunt, returned sooner than he intended; and in lieu of going to his own house, he went unto *Tullia's*, who kept her Chamber that day: The reason of his so sudden return was, that resting himself under a Tree while they were mending his Bridle, which was broken by riding through a thick Wood, he began to read over *Tullia's* Letter unto him; and in reading of it in the open light, he plainly discovered that it had been opened, and that there was some small difference between his Seal, and that wherewith it was sealed. So as being naturally suspicious and violent, he made no question, but that it was either the Prince of *Ameriola* or the Princess who had opened it. And judging others by himself, he feared being prevented, if a remedy were not immediately applied. But lest the business he was about should be too much noted, he seemed as if he intended to hunt out the day, as soon as his Bridle was mended he got on Horseback, and upon the first handsome opportunity, he stole away and came with all speed to *Rome*. In lieu of going home, he went as I told you to *Tullia*, where he heard, that the Prince his Brother, was with the Princess his Wife. So as according to his natural impetuosity, his thoughts ran upon nothing else but what poison he should chuse to give them. With these thoughts he entred into *Tullia's* Chamber; he told her that his last Letter had been opened, and desired her to look whether hers had been so also; and indeed this cruel Woman with *Tarquin* looking upon

upon it, they plainly saw that it had been sealed with a counterfeit Seal; which no sooner spied, but *Tullia* speaking first, well (said she) had I not good reason to say that you were too slow in your courses, and that you must make all hast possible to remove all these obstacles which hinder our happiness? Yes my dear *Tullia* (said he unto her) you are in the right, and I am in the wrong; but to make amends I will make the more hast, and therefore without any more delay, these two persons who hinder our happiness must be poisoned this very day. It hath been so long resolved upon, and their ruine is so requisite unto our rest, and unto the Grandeur of *Rome*, as it is injustice to defer the execution any longer. Make sure work on your side, as I will on mine; be not so simply weak as to repent; and be sure your eyes do not betray the secret of your Soul: Look unto your self (replied the wicked and violent *Tullia*) be sure the fair eyes of your Wife do not change your heart: Never think upon either gods, or Men, or Laws; but think only upon the Crown which you aim at: Remember how *Romulus* got the Crown by the death of his Brother, and that by this death the people will rank you among the gods. Consider how those who make along War to get a Crown, do sacrifice many more Victims then you shall; and above all consider, that *Tullia* will be yours, as soon as the enemies of our happiness are dead. For generous *Artemidorus*, you must know, that though *Tullia* was not capable of any scruple, nor any Religion, nor any virtue, yet she would never let *Tarquin* enjoy her, until he was in a condition to marry her; for her fears were, that if he should satisfy his Love, he would not be so diligent to satisfy her Ambition: And therefore desiring that the passion of this Prince, might help on her Ambitious designs, she was very reserved in that point, though she expressed as much affection to him, as he to her.

Mean time you must know, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* having both of them impetuous spirits, and shrill voices, and their souls being wholly taken up with the grand Crimes which they were to commit, they were not so cautious, but a Woman over-heard them; one who had been brought up with the Princesses, and waited upon *Tullia* in particular, only since she was married, she heard this dismal discourse; and plainly understood how *Tarquin* told *Tullia* at parting, that he would send her the poison as soon as he came home; inasmuch as this Woman who loved the Princess, and had some goodness in her, she had so much horror against the crime of her Mistress, as being desirous to prevent the death of these two innocent persons, whose sentence of death she heard pronounced, she went unto her Chamber, where she writ two notes, the one to give the Prince of *Ameriola* when she saw him, and the other to send unto the Princess. But since some time was taken up in writing, and some in seeking out a slave trusty enough to carry a note of that consequence unto the Princess, her good intentions took no good effect; for you must know, that *Tarquin* after he had been a while with the King, because he heard the Prince of *Ameriola* was there, and after he had observed that melancholly in his eyes which every one saw, he went home in all hast to send poison unto *Tullia*, and to give it unto his Wife. But as ill fortune was for that virtuous Princess, this Tyrant came in before she was acquainted with the conference of *Tullia*

and him; and he came in so just in the nick to hinder her, as the Slave (who had the note which would have saved her Life had she received it) was speaking unto one of her women in the Anti-Chamber, as he came in. He offered to take the note from him, the Slave refused to give it, saying he was to deliver it unto none but the Princess; but *Tarquin* being naturally suspicious, and thinking he was interested in all manner of whispers, he took it from him, and said, he would take upon him to deliver it; you may well imagine that the Slave and the Woman were much surprized.

Yet *Tarquin* was so terrible unto all that knew him, as that they durst not murmur, though they were extremely troubled; for the Slave knew the note was of some great concernment, because he had such a charge with it, and the Woman thought so as well as he, seeing the obstinacy of the slave to part with it, unto any but the Princess. However, they must be patient, the slave went away, and the Woman went into the Chamber of her Mistress, whilst *Tarquin* was reading the Note, where he found what he imagined; so as seeing that if the business were not quickly dispatched, it would be difficult to effect; he presently sent away the poison to *Tullia*: after which he went into the Chamber of the Princess, who was not a little troubled, for the Woman who had told her what *Tarquin* had done. So as since the Prince of *Ameriola*, and she had agreed to advertise each other of all they heard, she believed, knowing the slave who brought the note was his, that it was this Prince who had written unto her. So as being extremely jealous of her glory, and valuing it above all things else, she feared lest this note should induce *Tarquin* to think that she held some criminal correspondence with his Brother. But he rested not long in those fears; for this cruel *Tarquin* intending to delude her, and judging by the sorrow he saw in her eyes, that she knew more then she spoke, he went unto her with more freeness of spirit than usual. And to execute the violence which he had used in taking away the note from him that would have given it unto her, he told her with a laugh, that he would have her guess from whom it came, and what it concerned, adding that if she could not guess right, she should not have it until the morning: The Princess seeing him so pleasant, suffered her self to be deceived, not but that she knew *Tarquin* could dissemble as well as any Man living; but as commonly persons that are highly virtuous can hardly believe that any can be extremely wicked, so she thought the note to be of no great importance; and she thought moreover, that the Prince of *Ameriola* and she had given too bad an Interpretation upon the Letters; or else that surely *Tarquin* had repented. So as setting the best side outward, she indeavoured to guess from whom this Note should come, which he would not shew unto her, though she knew not whom to name, for she would not mention the Prince his Brother, and *Tullia* was not used to write unto her. But after this forced mirth had lasted a while, supper was ready; and *Tarquin* that he might have the satisfaction to see her take the poison, he would sup with her. I have heard a Man say, who saw her that night, that though she was melancholly, yet she never in her life looked fairer; and he assured me, that *Tarquin* himself was a little troubled, and that when she called for drink, and he knew it to be the poyson, which he had

had prepared, he changed colour. But when he found that the sight of so great a beauty did mollify his heart, this cruel Man turned away his head, that he might not see her drink the poison: And indeed he talked unto one of his Servants whilst she took it. After which, glorying that he had surmounted the weakness, and foolish qualms of his heart, he was so impudently inhumane as to look upon her as before, and so cruel as to jest several times with her during this fatal repast. But to the end, that the poison might have the more leisure to work its effect, he seemed to have some private business to communicate unto her; so as carrying her into his Closet, he obliged her to be there near two hours, though she began to find herself ill within half an hour after she entered; for the Man of whom he had the poison, assured him, that if no Antidote was applied within one hour after the taking, all remedies after would be in vain, and the party would certainly die. So as though this fair and virtuous Princess did complain at first of her being ill, yet this Tyger *Tarquin* did keep her there, telling her it was nothing; and talking to her of divers things which he desired her to tell the King. But at last, after he thought the poison had wrought its effects, he seeming very busy in helping her, he would be always by her, lest if she should suspect the cause of her death, she should not discover any thing unto the by-standers. Thus this admirable person did, so her Murthrer seemed to interest himself in the pain which she endured. And indeed, when she went out of the Closet, her Women seeing a mortal paleness in her face, did persuade her to go to bed: But she answered very mildly, that ere long they should carry her to her Grave. And as they were very earnest to send for the King's Physicians; I pray do, (said she) see they bring intentions with them to make me die more easily; for to cure me (added she and sighed) they cannot, nor do I desire they should. Mean while, amidst all the hatred which she might well have against her Husband, and her Sister, and notwithstanding, the Love she bore unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, yet she used not one sharp word against those who killed her, nor one sweet expression of him whom she tenderly loved; but she whispered one in the Ear, whom she trusted with all the secrets of her Life, and commanded her to tell that unfortunate Prince, that she desired him not to revenge her death, but to preserve her memory: After which she asked twice to see the King and Queen; but though *Tarquin* said he had sent unto them, yet she never saw them, because he hindered any from going, saying it was too late of the night and that he hoped the Princess would pass it over, and that she herself would be sorry they should obey her. The Princess having a great Soul, knew very well she asked in vain, nor was she very earnest upon it, but lifting up her eyes unto Heaven, let me die then (said she with a deep sigh) in hopes long to stand in need of no Consolation. After this her pain increased, and she grew very weak, but when the Physicians came, they did a little revive her, but they hoped never the more for that, but on the contrary said they could not save her; and in saying so, one might have seen by their eyes, that they durst not tell the cause of her death, and that they imagined *Tarquin* would not have them to tell it, but they spoke in ambiguous terms, enough to make it

known: Mean while, this cruel Murthrer stood by still; and he had so much dissembling inhumanity as to feel the Pulse of this deplorable Princess, that he might guess how long she had to live: So as this languishing person did in a manner pull back her Arm, and being out of all patience, turned towards *Tarquin*, with a languor able to inspire compassion into cruelty it self, I ask you pardon, Sir (said she unto him and blusht) for being so long a dying, but it is not my fault (said she and turned another way) for I took all the poison that was given me, and never looked for any remedy; yet these words were not heard by any but *Tarquin*, and that Lady who knew all the secrets of this deplorable Ladies heart. But she was so full of sorrow as she could not speak, and *Tarquin* who was as bold as wicked, beginning to speak, he said she began to swoon, and that she would never recover out of it. And indeed, losing her speech, a little after she fell into a Trance which lasted four or five hours. But as soon as *Tarquin* saw her swooned, and thinking she would never speak again, he sent to acquaint the King and Queen, who coming in all haste were extremely grieved to find the Princess in that condition; yet they never thought her to be poisoned, nor of any thing else but remedies, but all in vain, for she died some two hours after the Sun was up: Afterwards the unjust *Tarquin* bethought himself how to render her all imaginable honours after death. But whilst this inhumane Butcher was sacrificing this fair Princess unto his Love and Ambition, the cruel *Tullia* was offering the same sad sacrifice that he was, and as soon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was returned home, and according to his custom went into a Bath, he began to find himself ill; for *Tarquin* had made up his Dose of such a Composition, as when *Tullia* had put it into the Bath, the very vapour of it did stifle him, and took away the use of his reason as soon as he was in.

The two Servants who waited upon him, being privy unto *Tullia's* Conspiracy, they had Antidotes to keep this vapour from hurting them; and *Tullia* had cunningly sent away all others that were not of the confederacy: But after this poison had wrought its effect, and the Prince in that condition, the cruel *Tullia* herself took him out of the Bath, and put him into Bed, causing those who were of this horrid plot, to say that he desired to sleep, and had forbidden any to enter into the Chamber. She herself seeing he did not die so soon as she desired, she would not go to Bed that night, and going often into the Chamber of this unhappy Prince, her impatience was such, as she caused him to be strangled with two Handkerchiefs tyed together, to the end there might be no signs of a violent death, and that it might seem he was choked with a Fluxion of Humours. However it was, this Prince died the same night with the Princess whom he loved, which made so great a noise in *Rome*, that nothing else was talked of. Yet *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were so terrible unto all the World, that People durst only whisper what they thought concerning the sudden death of these two both at one time, though none called the cause of their death by the name of any disease: These most cruel and inhumane Barbarians, did well enough foresee that causing them to die so both at one time, people would think as they did; but they foresaw more danger to themselves, in causing them to die at several times; for if the Princess had survived

ved the Prince of *Ameriola*, she would have told the King her Father what she knew concerning his death: And *Tullia* would not poison her Husband until she was sure that *Tarquin* would poyson his Wife; lest after he was rid of him who might dispute with him about the Crown, he should not go on in his business. *Tarquin* for his part would not poison his Wife, had he not been sure of his Brothers death; for he was sure that if his Brother survived the Princess, he would revenge her death, so as seeing much less danger in the mutterings of the people, they resolved to commit these two horrid Crimes both at once, with as much boldness as cruelty.

And as *Tarquin* did render all imaginable honours unto the Princess, as soon as she was dead; so did *Tullia* unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, as soon as he was expired. This cruel person had the impudence to go and comfort *Tarquin* after the death of his Wife: And *Tarquin* also sent this Complement unto her, that he was more sorry for the Prince of *Ameriola's* death, as he was her Husband than as his Brother. All this while the wise and prudent *Servius Tullus* was strangely amazed; for though at the first he did not suspect that the Princess his Daughter was poisoned; yet he was of another mind after the Prince of *Ameriola's* death, and knew that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were they who sent them into another World, which grieved this good King to the very heart: These two virtuous Persons who were dead, were extremely dear unto him, and their deaths struck deep into his sorrowful Soul; *Tarquin* and *Tullia* after this horrid Crime were a horror unto him, but they were a terror also and he feared the same treatment to himself, which he saw used unto others. Yet this Consideration had not kept him from publishing his resentment, had not a reason of honour restrained him. For (said he unto one whom he trusted with all the secrets of his heart) why should I stain my own glory, by accusing my own Daughter for poysoning her Husband and her Sister? Why should I accuse my Son in Law for murdering his Wife and his Brother? When I have accused these two persons can I prove their Crime, or am I assured that I can punish them? for it is likely that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* would never have attempted a thing of this nature, unless they were sure of some great party in the Senate. Besides I know no further than by conjectures; and say I had a certain knowledge, it is hard for a Father to punish his own Children, unless they be obliged unto it, for conspiring against the Senate; for in that case the general interest ought to be preferred before the particular, and ones Country before Nature. But this is only to be revenged for the death of a Daughter, and a Son in Law, *Rome* hath no interest in the business, or if it have it is in a different manner: For I conceive it is a shame unto all *Romans* to have a King that shall convict his Son in Law for poisoning his Wife, and that shall convict his own daughter for poisoning her Husband. I conceive it better to dissemble it, and look upon *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as innocent. This certainly is the best and most safe way for my self; and certainly the most advantageous unto *Rome*: for unless I should poyson *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as they have others, they will raise a Rebellion in the City which may hazard my Crown, and therefore it is the best way to dissemble my Resentments. You may imagine Sir, that the man unto whom he spoke, did not contradict what *Tullus* said; for besides the strength of

reason which was in what was said, it had been a hard tale, to tell a Father that he ought to put a Daughter and a Son in Law to death; knowing well that there was no middle way to take, and the banishment of such persons was not enough. So as this being the resolution, the King did dissemble the matter so well, that all the World were constrained to dissemble with him, and seem as if there was not any suspicion either of *Tarquin* or *Tullia*, for causing the deaths of that illustrious Prince and Princess. But Sir, not to relate what discourses *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had, nor what kind of Love this was, which was begun by the impoisoning of so great a Prince and so great a Princess. Give me leave only to tell you, that as soon as the time of mourning was past, which amongst us lasts Ten Months, *Tarquin* did marry *Tullia*, and *Tullus* could not hinder it.

Not but that this marriage appeared most horrid and execrable unto him, as oft as he considered that *Tarquin* poysoned his Wife purposely to marry *Tullia*, and *Tullia* poysoned her Husband only to marry *Tarquin*; but *Tullus* having begun to dissemble and cover their Crimes, so he would continue it. Also since it was extremely expedient for him to unite the family of the *Tarquins* with his own. Policy allowed of that which vertue and justice would not, so as suiting himself to the times, this abominable marriage was made up with all magnificence: For the King knew very well that *Tarquin* as wicked as he was, had gotten much credit in the Senate and minds of the people: Not but that, as is said before, the Crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were most horrid in the eyes of all the World; yet the people being inconstant, changing every minute, and equally forgetting both vertues and vices, the memory of this cursed act did insensibly wear out, as if the people of *Rome* quite forgot it. For you must know, that since the death of the Prince of *Ameriola* and the Princess, *Tarquin* seeing himself a step nearer the Crown, and desiring all might be forgotten, he became that out of policy which naturally he was not, for he grew exceedingly civil, and was more forward to salute the common people, than persons of quality; he always went through the most popular streets, purposely to meet with more occasions of shewing his civility unto those, from whom he expected one day a Crown. Moreover, he would very earnestly interest himself in private business; he would needs be the only *Pacificus*, and taker up of all Quarrels; he would be the Arbitrator and ender of all differences; he divided those whom he thought might prejudice him, and united all such as he conceived fit for his service; he lent money unto some; he gave money unto others; his Gates were open unto all comers; he itched to serve such as he called his friends; and was infinitely zealous to do all good Offices: Again, he would sute himself most admirably well unto the humours of any, when he was in private with them: And unto such as were religiously devoted, he would seem religious even to a very scruple; he was a very Libertine with the Libertines; he would scoff both at the Gods of the Grecians and the Gods of the Romans. He was voluptuous with those that were so, and he was a Philosopher when he met with men of that profession. Yet I have heard say, that for all these various forms into which he would transform himself, he was still *Tarquin*, and when he would be the most sweet and courteous, he had still a sullen, gloomy, and fierce look: But for all that

that the people looking more upon his Civilities than his Physiognomy, he deceived them; and this most abominable *Tarquin* did get great credit, under the Reign of the most virtuous King on earth. As for *Tullia*, it was not so with her, for her spirit was not able to vary into so many several shapes as *Tarquin* was. But on the contrary she thought her self above all she saw, that all the world was her Vassals, and that she owed not observance unto any; that Fortune owed her a Crown, and that she needed not to endeavour the pleasing of any, or getting their Loves. She did extremely slight all Women, and would not admit of any conversation but men. As for her reputation she did not care for any; and when any told her that if she carried her self as she did, unto all the Ladies who did visit her, she would procure their hatred; she would then return answer, that so she could make her self feared, she cared not for being loved. And indeed, she never used any of those trivial obligations, which Custom hath established as a Law among Ladies. Not but that she loved to be commended, though she said she did not care for it, but she could not endure to commend or flatter any. And indeed she was never commended or flattered by any, but out of fear; and certainly they had great reason to fear her, for her actions were all violence, and she was terrible to all the world.

It happened once that she put a most horrible affront upon the Wife of a Prime Senatour, who being of a high and sensible spirit, could not chuse but complain as soon as she was out of that Princesses Chamber. For meeting with one of her intimate friends, she no sooner saw him but beginning to speak; Good Friend (said she) rejoyce with me, for being delivered during all my life from one of the most scurvy visits in the World; for I am fully resolved never again to go unto the Princess *Tullia*, no not though she should become Queen. She is so accustomed to be uncivil, (replied her friend) that you need not wonder at her; but I am so little accustomed to suffer incivilities, (replied this incensed Lady) as I cannot endure them. But do you know one (added her friend) that ever went unto *Tullia*, who received no affront from her? and do you think it is a shame for you to endure what all others do? I think (replied she half angry) that such as do endure them are people of poor and base hearts, and that I am sure mine is none such. If I could not live unless I went unto *Tullia*, were I born her Slave, or at least, did my fortune depend upon her; were I sure she would do some great matters for me, then perhaps it might be said, I was too delicate and nice, and that I were to blame if I did not go unto her: But since none of these things are so, for I can live and never visit a Princess who is void of virtue, I am none of *Tullia's* Slave; my fortune depends not upon her, nor will she ever do any thing for me, and therefore my best and shortest course is never to come at her; for I am not troubled with the disease of those Ladies, who when they have been with *Tullia* on one of those days, when she did not treat them very ill can go all the rest of the day from house to house, bragging, whether to the purpose or no, that they were to see her, and that she spoke to them. And I remember one whose whole discourse was of that nature, and who had such an art of bringing in all she had to say, to make it believed she was high in *Tullia's* favour, as I wondred how she could link her discourse together. For at every word, I came from

from the Princess, the Princess told me, I spoke of that business unto the Princess, the Princess took me unto the window to talk with me in private, the Princess made me promise her to come again to morrow; and the Princess did at every word so fill up her discourse; as if that word had been taken away all the rest had been nonsense. However she was very well pleased with her self, and thought her self very happy. But I who cannot pay any open respect unto any who are not virtuous, or such as affect incivilities, I will never visit any but such as receive me as I conceive they are obliged to do. And this is my way of behaviour, when I am amongst my inferiours, I am as careful as I can to use my Civilities unto them, when I am amongst my equals I use to measure my civilities with theirs, and I care not how they carry themselves to me so there be no strangers in the Company, though I conceive that familiarity and affability, never ought to banish Civility; but when I am in the company of women whom fortune hath set above me; I am very circumspect, and have an eye upon their very looks, I cannot endure to be brow-beaten, and if those of that quality be not civil, they have naughty hearts and ill wits; for as the world goes it is so easie a matter for them to oblige every one that sees them, or if they do not, it must be concluded they have no wit, or else so foolishly proud, that they think all their inferiours not considerable. And I do openly declare, that I would not be *Tullia* with all her Grandure upon a condition to have all her ill inclinations. This Lady being in the heat of her anger, did not take any notice that she spoke before some people who were not obliged to be faithful unto her: And indeed this discourse being reported unto the furious *Tullia*, she threatned her in such a terrible manner, as the Lady was glad to go out of *Rome*, purposely to avoid an ill turn. However the secrets of the Gods being inscrutable, the marriage of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, as abominable as it was, seemed to be concordant to their wills, for all things prospered according to their wish: *Tullia* had three Sons and a Daughter; abundance was in their House, *Tarquin* and she were never sick, and every thing prospered unto them; *Tarquin* did signalize himself by his courage upon several occasions in War; and one would have thought that the great Governour of the World had forgotten their Crimes, so happy did they seem in every thing, and yet it was but a seeming happiness; for because they were not upon the Throne, and *Tullus* lived longer than they would have him, they thought themselves very miserable. And indeed *Tarquin* from the very first day of marriage with *Tullia*, never durst attempt any thing against his Father in Laws life; but rather endeavoured to make the people forget that Crime which he was accused of, and get a strong party in the Senate. But the most cruel *Tullia* being of a more impetuous temper, and having less prudence in her Ambition than he, she thought the way which *Tarquin* took to ascend the Throne to be too long; and that if he would have his design to prosper, he must take a nearer cut. She would have been glad if her Father would have been so good natur'd as to have given over the Government into *Tarquin's* hands; But she saw quite contrary, that this virtuous King did not intend he should Reign; and that if he did part from his Royal Power; as some reports went, yet he intended it should be upon conditions, that he should not be King: So as not seeing in *Tarquin* all those virtues that

that were requisite to be in a good Prince, he kept the Royal power in his hands, and used it with such moderation as deserved to be a pattern for all the Kings upon earth.

But as it is very hard for Kings to hide their thoughts, so *Tullia* quickly discovered that the King her Father did not intend to put the Crown upon her Head: So as being in a mighty rage, she made it reflect upon her Husband, who did not act according to her mind in the speedy compassing of her desired ends; and not being able any longer to dissemble the thoughts of her heart, she began to look upon *Tarquin* with eyes full of extraordinary fury. And this Prince being of his own nature very sensible, he asked her from whence this alteration in her humour did proceed? It proceeds (said she) from your tame sitting still, and from your putting your self into such a state, as you shall never be able to remove; for truly *Tarquin* to be plain with you, I did not consent unto the death of my Sister, nor Poyson my Husband to become the Wife of a bare Citizen of *Rome*; for the Daughter of *Tullus* needed not to employ such violent means to find a Husband of that quality, but I thought to find in you a Prince worthy to wear a Crown, and one that would do all things necessary to get it. Know then that if your thoughts be high, you will remember that you are of the Blood of the first *Tarquin*; you will aspire to sit in his Seat, and out of an heroic impatience of Reigning, you will force *Tullus* to surrender his seat unto you, and will not tarry until death drive him out, or till old Age make the Scepter to drop out of his hand. Know, I say, that if you do this day begin to make the first step up the Throne, if you do it with a firm resolution never to retreat but go on, and either dye or Reign; and if you will do all I bid you, then I will hold you for my Husband and my King: But know withal, that if your thoughts go less I will hold you for my Slave; for my Slave that is Criminal; for *Tarquin* I must repute those culpable, who commit Crimes to no purpose: And therefore I conclude, that if we do not sit upon the Throne, we deserve to be reproached with the death of those two persons, whom we sacrificed unto our Love and our Ambition: But on the contrary, all Crimes will be blotted out, when they are followed with happy success. Make hast then *Tarquin*; and keep the promise which you made when you married me; you are in so fair a way, that I wonder you should go no faster. You came from *Corinth*, and are descended from *Tarquinia* to make your self King of a strange people, as the first of the *Tarquins* did: you are of a Royal Family, you see in every publick place, Statues erected unto the first of the *Tarquins*, you dwell in the same Palace which he built, you see the same Throne which he did sit upon; you have the same heart, spirit, and ambition; you fear neither any thing above your head nor about you; the authority of the Laws nor servile fear of Imaginary Penalties do not affright you; you have friends in the Senate and among the people, and if you had not been over prudent, you had been upon the Throne already; and if you should continue still upon this prejudicial Prudence, all that you have already done is to no purpose; what good will all your extraordinary Civility, which you have used unto the most base and abject of the People do you? unto what end serves all your cringing complacency unto all the Patricians? why have you lent out some monies, given o-

thers, and been unprofitably Prodigal, will all your Ambition and turbulent Pangs of Soul serve to no end? Truly *Tarquin*, if you will make no more hast, I will even advise you to return unto *Tarquinia* and *Corinth*, and to seek out for felicity, by some other way than by Ambition. But as for me, since *Tanaquil* who was a stranger, was so bold and happy as to dispose of Crowns, either in the person of her Husband or her Son in Law, I will see what I can do, and not stay till *Tullus* refer it to the Senate, who will not render it unto you; nor will I stay so long as till he die, which perhaps will be a long time: Speak then *Tarquin* will you be a Slave, or will you be a King? In telling you that I will be worthy of you, (replied he) methinks I tell you as much as need; but to let you see that you accuse me wrongfully, I will discover unto you those reasons which move me to defer the execution of so great a design. And indeed, *Tarquin* told *Tullia* all his several plots, which he had in the Senate and among the People, but say what he could to move her unto patience, and not to go precipitately to work, he was forced to promise her, to make more hast than well he could; for every minute seemed an Age unto this Ambitious and cruel person, which was employed in the advancement of her abominable design. However she went unto the King, and asked and obtained favours for men unto whom she would not have done them, but upon conditions to serve her against that Prince who did them, whensoever she should need. Thus this virtuous King did by his own benefits contribute to his own ruine; for not a day passed wherein *Tarquin* or *Tullia* did not obtain something from him for those whom they had engaged in their wicked designs.

In the mean time *Tarquin* lived the most wretched life in the World, for he rested neither night nor day: he had always a hundred several matters which tended all unto one end; for labouring to engage all sorts of people in his design, he held all manner of correspondencies, some men under pretence of eating at his Table came to confer with him, others whom he never saw but at the Temple, others also unto whose houses he went; and some in the Kings own Palace whom he treated with to ruine him: Moreover, scarce a night passed but he went out of his own house in a disguise, to confer with some of the Senators who were of his Intelligence, during which time it was given out that he was gone to Bed. Also he employed the most sacred things to serve his abominable ends; for he engaged some of the *Salian* Priests, and he made an under hand Proposition unto the Grand Vestal to enter into his interests, but she would not, though he promised to secure her from all danger. Mean while, the common opinion was, that he courted her to extinguish the sacred fire, to the end it might be said, that *Rome* was menaced with some great misfortune, and that this accident did signify the authority to be weak in the hands of so old a Prince as *Servius Tullus*; for he knowing very well the nature of the common People, he knew that matters of Religion make a deep impression in their spirits, and that a silly scruple aptly applied to the multitude, will work more with them than all the solid reasons in the World. Moreover, though *Tarquin* was always full of tumultuous business, though he scarcely ever slept, though his mind was perpetually unquiet, and though he saw himself always upon the very brink of a dismal precipice, since if his design was once discovered, he was utterly ruined;

ruined; yet he was as healthy and as vigorous, as if he had enjoyed the greatest tranquillity of any man alive. But for the better advancement of his design, he asked divers things of the King, particularly concerning *Rome*, which were of such a nature, as neither ought nor could be granted, so as they were denied him; and he asked them, purposely that he might have a pretence of murmuring against *Servius Tullus*; and at the same time he began to complain, those whom either he or *Tullia* had suborned began also to declaim against the government, and to belch out a thousand bitter invectives against the best of Kings. And it is very observable, that *Servius Tullus* who was the first of our Kings who made money, and brought in the use of it amongst us, did thereby make the way of suborning those whom *Tarquin* had need of, more easie. For thereby gifts might be given in private, and without a noise unperceived, which before could not be. Also *Tarquin* had engaged abundance of all sorts; there was not any Trade or Art, but he had some in it ready to do what he would, he had a Party also working among the very Slaves; so as it was easie for him to scatter what reports he pleased against the King, some said therefore, that he was but a Slave born of a Slave, who after the death of the first *Tarquin* had usurped the Crown by the Artifice of a Woman, who got him made King without the suffrages of the people. Others told the Senators, that *Servius* smelling of the baseness of birth, had taken the goods of all the rich Families, and divided them among the poor; others told the People, that the King had taken from them the nomination of all their principal Officers, and bestowed them upon the great ones, to the end they might oppress the weak: And others said, that this Prince who had caused the particular Estates of every one to be numbred, had done it onely to know unto whom he should address himself, when he had a mind to undo his Subjects and enrich himself.

So as every one going the way of his own interest and cunning, dispersing several reports amongst the dull multitude (who are not able to discern justly, and who always are apt to murmur against Authority, especially against an old King) they were presently perswaded, that the most just Prince upon earth, was Tyrannical. *Tarquin* and *Tullia* seeing so happy a beginning in their enterprize, they were beyond measure joyed; yet it was a joy not communicable unto others; for the discourse at *Tullia's* house was onely such as were of the intrigue. And I have heard say, that they would sometimes pass away a whole afternoon in nothing but whispers; for all that came thither had some secret or other to tell *Tullia*, or *Tullia* them.

But at last, the fatal *Puncto* of time destined for the ruine of *Servius Tullus*, and the Grandure of *Tarquin* being come, *Rome* was a witness of the most horrid adventure, that ever happened in any place of the World. Be pleased to know, that this Ambitious Prince, having ordered all things for the execution of his Barbarous design, and being fully resolved to kill the King, he went that fatal day unto the Chamber of the Devilish *Tullia*; for he had passed away all the night in going from street to street in a disguise, and from house to house, to make sure of all those who were of his damned Faction. He was no sooner there but that detestable Princess went to meet him with eyes full of joy; and speaking first, courage *Tarquin* (said she unto him) you have but

one step now to make, before you are upon the Throne, ascend it boldly, and render your self worthy to be the Husband of *Tullia* by an act so heroick: Leave tenderness and pity, and such puling qualities to the dull vulgar, and know that I permit you to sacrifice all unto your Ambition, not excepting the King himself. Go then this very day, and with undaunted resolution either ascend the Throne or descend into your Grave; for as the case stands with you there is no middle way to take. No, no, Generous *Tullia* (replied this Prince) you never need to fear I will startle back, nor need you doubt the happy success of my design, be assured you shall be a Queen before the Sun set, and you shall never see me again unless upon the Throne. After these expressions, this inhumane Prince left her, and went with a great number of armed men unto a place close by the great Theatre where all the publick Assemblies were held. But in going thither the common Crier who was gained by that Prince, did command all the Senators in a tumultuous manner to assemble themselves, and come before King *Tarquin* to know his Will. Mean time, you must know Sir, how that which the sooner advanced this Princes design was, that the first of the *Tarquins* had augmented the Senate unto a very great number; so as all the last addition of the Senators were of the second faction, and were much disposed unto a Revolt. And there was not one who did not obey the summons of the publick Crier, and came to *Tarquin*.

Those of the ancient Senators who had been gained by him came also; the friends of *Servius* came likewise, some out of fear, others out of a persuasion that *Tarquin* did act by the consent of *Servius*, who during his life would have him sit upon the Throne; for they could not believe that any Son in Law unto such a virtuous Prince would offer to pull the Crown so violently off his head. So as both friends and enemies did all equally obey, and followed *Tarquin*, who without more ado did sit down in the Royal Seat.

This action seeming very strange, and there being a great multitude of the conspracy gathered together in that place, so it chanced that this great Croud of men and the great noise of the thing, did in an instant draw thither a vast multitude of people and that which *Tarquin* did was so strange unto them, as those who were of his faction themselves, could not chuse but shew wonder in their Countenances; so as never such a general consternation was seen. Mean while, the arrogant *Tarquin* assuming a new pride, as soon as he was set in the Royal Chair of State, he began to accuse *Servius Tullus* as an Usurper, and told the people all that he had caused to be infused into them before: After which, he began to aggravate the great virtues of the first *Tarquin*, he treated *Servius* as a Slave, and spoke in such bold and arrogant eloquence, as if *Tullus* had been the Tyrant and he the legitimate King. So as there arising a great noise of acclamations amongst those who were hired to it, and a great murmur amongst those who did not approve of what was done, the confusion of voices was such that *Tarquin* could not be heard. Things being in this Condition, *Tullus* being advertised of this disorder, he came upon the place, at the least to die upon the Throne which he had so worthily enjoyed. When this venerable King was within four paces of *Tarquin*, he looked steadfastly upon this Arrogant Usurper who insolently took

took his place; and beginning to speak, *Tarquin* (said he unto him) how durst thou be so bold as to assemble the Senate, and to sit in my Seat? Thou art mistaken *Tullus* (answered this cruel Usurper) for the Royal Chair wherein I sit, belongs unto the first of the *Tarquins*, from whom I am descended; and thou art only an old Slave whom Fortune only hath elevated, and whom I will put into Fetters that I may take from the Romans the shame of having such a Master. At these words the noise redoubled, and there was such a hurly burly as *Tarquin* might plainly see, all the World was not for him: So as fearing lest the sight of this old and good King, should turn any of them who were for him, and lest so great a number of people should come, as that he should not be the stronger party, he resolved to execute his resolution in case he found any resistance; for he being tall, young, nimble and strong; and *Servius Tullus* being old and weak, this Tyrant without any respect either unto the quality of a legitimate King or unto his Father in Law, or as the Grandfather of his Children, he did most insolently lay hold upon him, and throw him down with a most horrible violence from the top of the steps to the bottom.

Thus the unfortunate *Servius Tullus* as his last and greatest misfortune, saw himself forsaken by his Guards, and almost all his friends; except my own father, who preserving a most constant fidelity, did help this miserable King to rise, and to get unto his own Palace, for he could hardly walk: But alas, he was no sooner got unto the end of that street, which then was called the Cyprian street (and which the people ever since called the detestable street in spite of all *Tarquins* Tyranny) but this miserable King was pulled out of my fathers Arms who defended him, as long as he could: and presently after was killed by some whom the cruel *Tarquin* had sent purposely to that end. And my father after he had striven in vain to incite the People unto a revenge of the Kings death, was forced to retire home. Mean while, the cruel *Tullia* who had given orders to advertise her every moment of all that passed, she no sooner heard what inhumane *Tarquin* had done, but she took Coach in all haste, to go unto the place where the Senate was assembled; and sending to call her Husband, she told him that she was come to render him the first homage, and salute him as King of *Rome*. But he having business of neer concernment in hand, he advised her to stay no longer among the croud of people, where Peace was not yet established. *Tullia* returned to her Coach; and when the Coach came to the further end of the Cyprian street, and the Coachman ready to turn upon his right hand towards the Mount *Esquiline*, he espied the body of *Servius Tullus* all blood and dirt: and spying this pitiful Spectacle he stopped his Horses out of respect and humanity both, and turning towards this cruel Princess whom he did drive, he shewed unto her the body of the King her Father, thinking the sight would have obliged her to stay: But the pitiless *Tullia* inspired with cruelty it self, did chide him for his respects, and with inconceivable inhumanity and anger, commanded him to drive on without any stay, for any way unto a Throne was good: So as the Coachman not daring to resist her, gave the Bridle unto his Horses, who being fuller of pity than the Barbarous *Tullia*, did out of horror at the sight of the dead Corps, avoid treading upon the feet of this great King; but the Wheels of the Coach touching the body of this great and unfor-

tunate Prince were all bloody, this sad horrid spectacle not moving the heart of cruel *Tullia* unto the least sign of Compassion. But on the contrary when she was told that the Coach had gone over the body of her Father, she turned her head to look upon it, and was so far from any sorrow as she looked upon it with joy. Thus smeared with the blood of her own father, she was so impudent as to return unto her Domestick Gods; but to speak truly *Tullia* regarded neither Domestick Gods nor any other; and indeed it is not to be wondered at, for she being naturally cruel and wicked, she was not capable of any humanity, but all signs of joy were to be seen in her eyes and all her actions. Mean while, *Tarquin* being the stronger party, he imposed Laws upon the weaker, and commanded so absolutely the very first day of his Reign, as if he had been the peaceable Possessor of that Throne out of which he had thrown his Father in Law; he could not have carried it otherwise than he did: But to shew his inhumanity to the height, he would not suffer a burial to be given unto the Corps of the late King, lest it should move the people to compassion: saying in most cruel rallery, that *Romulus* who was ranked amongst the Gods had none: And that his cruelty may appear beyond all that imagination can conceive, the Widdow of this unfortunate King went in the Night, (accompanied with my Mother, who was the only woman that did not forsake her) unto the place where the Corps of this Prince did lye, and being assisted with some old Domesticks, she got the Corps as far as the Palace, which the most cruel *Tarquin* and *Tullia* hearing of, they sent to strangle her; at least, it is certain that this deplorable Princess having sent my Mother to take some course for the private Funerals of the King her Husband, she found her dead at her return, but could not discover any further, for the Kings Palace was grown to be a desolate Desert, presently after he was assassinated.

However, all *Rome* was in a most horrible consternation; for most of those who had served *Tarquin*, no sooner saw him upon the Throne, but they repented that ever they helped him up, and found that in lieu of having a King they were like to have a Tyrant. For as soon as *Tarquin* was Master of *Rome* he flattered the people only to get so much power from them as to lessen the Authority of the Senate; and therefore he was resolved not to augment either their Authority or their number; he made himself Master of all the strong Forts in the City, and kept always a strong Guard about his Palace. After which intending to become terrible, and to Reign by fear, he put to death a great number of the most illustrious Senators, he exiled many, and became such a terror, as not any were able to oppose his will. Nor did he content himself with putting to death and exiling all those who were in a capacity to hurt him; but he charged divers Citizens with supposed crimes, purposely to pick or make holes in their Coats, and so enrich himself by their Ruines. He took away all meddling in matters of State from the Senate; he made both Peace and War, as he pleased; he contracted Leagues and Alliances with his neighbours, according as he fancied; he was himself sole judge in all criminal causes wherein the honour of many noble Families, and liyes of many illustrious Citizens were deeply concerned, and he did so unite all the Authority in his own single person; that he was more absolute Master of *Rome* than ever any was.

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This *Tarquin* who was so sweet, so civil, and so courteous in appearance, who did salute the people so humbly, favoured so many men, helped so many poor, and was so complacential unto all, now he had got upon the Throne, did not desire or endeavour to be beloved, but all his care was how to be feared: For (said he one day) it is the maddest folly in the World for those who Reign, to pretend unto love of the People, since it is the onely way to be scorned; but on the contrary, Prudence and Wisdom bids him make himself a terror unto those from whom he expects obedience. For a people who obeys a Prince only out of Love, will desert, and deliberate upon the Commands which are put upon them; but when the Commander is accustomed severely to punish such as do not obey, and hath rendred himself terrible, as soon as ever the command is heard of, the imagination is so taken up with the thought of punishment, in case of disobedience, as that the people for their own interest will blindly and presently obey, without any examination or deliberation upon the matter: And therefore I conclude, it is better to make himself feared then loved. And I am perswaded, that none do love any that are above themselves; but that which is called Love among the people, is only a Love of their own Liberty, which is alwaies greatest when they have an easie and weak master, one who is not absolutely enough, nor knows how to make himself feared and obeyed. This Sir, is the true character of *Tarquin*, unto whom the surname of Proud was given; but it must be said to the shame of all Romans, that they all did sit still, with their hands in their Pockets, and all submitted themselves. For, except *Clelius*, the Father of *Horace*, and my Father, and a man of noble quality called *Publius Valerius*, who courageously maintained the interests of the Senate and People, all obeyed the Tyrant. But at last, the three first of these, whose courages for two years together did resist against the violences of *Tarquin*, they were banished by this Usurper. But *Clelius* is there still; as for my Father, and the Father of *Horace*, they died presently after they went out of *Rome*. The truth is, that in dying my Father did an act so extraordinary as is worthy of a relation, which if I do, I shall do an act extraordinary also, since I needs must make an Elogy in praise of him unto whom I ow my life; and since the knowledge of his vertues will help you to hate *Tarquin* and *Tullia* the more, I shall without any scruple let you know them. Be pleased to know then, how that virtuous person whose name was *Sevilia*, was one of the fairest women in all *Rome*, and one who after she had been adored and courted by the most illustrious persons in all our City, did marry my Father, followed his Fortunes, went with him into exile, with such admirable Constancy, as she was not affrighted at the troubles of travel; nor the sufferings of such as are exiled. For besides that *Sevilia* had a great and high soul, and was so perswaded that her duty was to be preferred before all things, she never made any difficulty to do what she thought she was obliged unto; especially when it was a duty which amity imposed upon her. And her Amity was ever so un-interested, as she considered only the persons whom she esteemed, never considering her self; and if it was more advantageous for them, whatsoever it was she consented unto, she generously consented unto it; so joyning together, a great beauty, a great spirit, and a great wisdom, it is not strange, if when she went out of *Rome*

with my honoured Father, the People should murmur, and say openly that *Tarquin* had banished virtue in banishing *Sevilia*. But to return from whence I digressed, be pleased to know, that my Father falling sick, and perceiving he should not escape it, did speak unto *Sevilia*, like a man who feared not the approaches of death; so as my mother seeing his Constancy, and desiring not to dishearten him by shewing all her sorrow, she concealed a part of it, and striving with her self, she spoke to him with extraordinary Constancy. It may be, Sir, (said she unto him) that the Gods will hearken unto my Prayers; but in case they are not pleased to let me enjoy the happiness of your life: I would gladly know, what your pleasure is, I should do? and what education you would have me give unto your Children? for they being very young (added she and shewing me and two others unto him) perhaps I may be able to inspire them with such thoughts as you desire: Tell me, I beseech you, in what part of the World you would have me live, until they are grown able to follow those ways of virtue which I shall shew them? I would have you return unto the place from whence we are banished (replied my Father) to the end my children may be affectionate unto their Country, and may not learn strange Customes, which may keep them from hating the Tyrant of *Rome*. I would have you use all the ingenuity you can, to infuse into their hearts, the Love of virtue and the hatred of vice. But, Sir, (replied she) should we return to *Rome*, we must be known unto *Tarquin*, we must obey him, and ask his permission to enter: Consider well (I beseech you) whether honour will allow me to do what you desire, and whether it were not better to die out of *Rome*, then enter into it upon such conditions? However (said my Father) I would have my Children brought up in *Rome*, to the end they may hereafter be Thorns in the sides of the Tyrant; and that I may die with so much comfort as to hope I have left behind me, Children who will contribute unto the Liberty of their Country; as for the waies of getting them thither, I do refer them unto your Prudence, for I cannot divine what will happen when I am dead. After this, Sir, my Father grew weak upon a sudden, and could say no more, for he died the same night. *Sevilia's* intentions, were to obey her dead Husband as exactly, as if he were living, and she carried her self with so much Prudence and Wisdom, that her kindred and friends who lived in *Rome*, did get her leave to return, and bring her Children, *Tarquin* himself not believing that she desired it, nor that she was any thing obliged unto him for it. Yet her firm Constancy was such, after she returned to *Rome*, that she would never go and see the cruell *Tullia*, and she hath inspired such generous and noble thoughts into me, that I were the most ungratefull of men if I did not publish and acknowledge it. I remember one day when she understood that I had been solicited to be one in a Plot against *Tarquin*, and coming to me in my Chamber when I was alone, you know *Herminius* (said she unto me) that hitherto I have punctually obeyed your Father, whose last words you did hear, and that I have laboured to inspire your heart with the Love of your Country. But to tel you truly, my care hath been more to make you hate the Vices of the Tyrant then the Tyrant himself: And I have ever thought, that attempts to ruine him are not lightly to be undertaken, lest by endeavouring to set your Country at Liberty, you should bring it more

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into Slavery. Do not therefore ingage your self to no purpose, not so much for fear of exposing your life which is so dear unto me, as for fear of exposing *Rome* unto a more cruel servitude; for Trees that are onely shaken with the Wind, and not blown down, will take deep root.

This, Sir, was the sage advice of *Sevilia*, which I did blindly follow, yet was she but ill recompenced: For there was no persecution which that vertuous Person was not put to suffer; but the truth is, she did not suffer alone; for to return unto *Tarquin*, it may truly be said of him that since the first day he ascended the Throne, unto this hour, he never did any act in which there was not some injustice, or some cruelty, or some confenage in it. All the Wars which he made have also the same character, and one may more properly call the Towns which he hath taken, rather thefts, then conquests; and subtil craft, and deceit have the greatest share in all his actions during his Reign. After he had made Alliance with the Latines, he deceived them, in mixing their Troops with his own, when they had no Commanders of their own Nation. He caused a man whose name was *Herdonius*, to perish upon a bare surmise, he caused him to be loaded with Chains, and thrown into a place where he was drowned. 'Tis true, he took the City of *Pometia* with some honour, and he shewed himself a great Captain in that Recounter: But afterwards he took the City of the *Gabians* by such a terrible piece of craft, as if it did not more relate unto the Prince *Sextus* his son, then unto him, I would tell you the whole passage; but after he had made that City desolate, and put all the Riches of it into the hands of the People, except what he reserved for himself, he indeavoured to taste the sweets of Peace and to blind the People: And for a guise upon all his injustices, in ruining so many, he set himself to finish that stately Temple of *Jupiter*, whose foundation the first of the *Tarquins* had laid. But there being many other Temples in building near the Tarpeian Rock, where the foundation of this was laid, and *Tarquin* having a mind to make this greater than the Prince who laid the first foundation intended, he made no difficulty of pulling down all those Temples, and not to incense the People by it, he made a shew, as if he would first observe the flying of the Brds; but certainly the Augures were hired, and though the Gods had given such an evident sign as should have restrained him, yet he would have done it. There was yet one Temple standing which was dedicated unto the God *Thermes*, and *Tarquin* desiring to make use of all, seemed to give credit unto the predictions of the *Tuscans*, to the end, that giving this example, the People alwaies follow the mind of the Prince, might also believe with him, and be perswaded of what he thought good; and as they were digging up the earth to lay the foundation of this stately Temple, they found the head of a man whose face continued still in form; and *Tarquin* to make some use of this accident, he sent into *Tuscany*; and procured the Divines with whom he consulted to say, That it was a most certain sign, that *Rome* as *Tarquin* had ordered it, should be the chief City of all *Italy*, and Mistress of all the World; and indeed, they gave unto that place the name of *Capitol* which it bears at this present. So as after this, he pressed forward the building of this Temple; after this he made Seats and Scaffolds about the Theatre, at an extraordinary expence. He established two new Colonies; but in doing all

these things, he still was doing injuries, injustices, and cruelties. He put the eldest son of his own Sister to death, he had not married his own Daughter but with an intent to be perfidious; and he omitted nothing which might merit the Title of a perfect Tyrant. All this while, *Tullia* in the midst of all her Grandure, she never had any content since she was upon the Throne; for she was still so jealous of authority; as she did not think that *Tarquin* gave enough unto her, and that having more inhumanity towards *Tullus* then he had, she thought that she might at least divide with him in the Sovereign Power. So as time wearing out of her heart, that lovewhich she bore unto *Tarquin*, she grew most horribly jealous; for as soon as she saw this Prince regarded her no more than another woman, she began not to regard him, and treated him so ill, that sometimes she made him go out of *Rome*. Also, she was so horribly hated there, as when any took the liberty of speech, they called her the detestable *Tullia*. As for *Tarquin*, in spite of all his Guards and Power, every one called him *Tarquin* the Proud. At the first, he did not take this well, and did most severely punish such men, as had no other Crimes but calling him so; but afterwards he was so insensibly accustomed unto it, as he thought this Title not injurious, nor did he take it ill, men should call him so. And to merit it he grew so abominably terrible, as those who were his most private Confidants of all his Cruelties, were sometimes so terrified themselves, that they durst not come near him. That famous *Sibyl* who came unto him, did yet bring him to her ends for all his cruelty, and it hath been worded a hundred, and a hundred times, that a Prince so violent as he was, did not treat her as sharply, as he was used to do others who denied him any thing. Yet this *Sibyl* whose name was *Amalthea* did bring him unto her Bow, though he thought to bring her unto his; for when she had presented unto him the nine Books which she had composed, and which were said to contain such high matters, as soon as he denied her the price she demanded, she burned three of them: *Tarquin* thinking her to be out of her wits, and having a Curiosity to see those which remained; he asked her what she would have for them? but *Amalthea* answering him that she would have as much for those six, as she would for the nine, this Prince took her for one that was absolutely mad; but *Amalthea* without any astonishment at all, took three more of the Books and burned them as she did the first; in so much, as *Tarquin* being more astonished, he changed his mind, and admiring the Constancy of this Woman, he asked her the third time, what she would have for the last three Books? and she answering as before, *Tarquin* did verily believe that they did contain some great matters, therefore he assembled the Augurers; for though he made a mocking stock of Religion, yet still he observed the Ceremonies. But those whom he had assembled thinking it fit, he should buy those Books at any rate, he gave the *Sibyl* her demands for them, after which she went her way. Yet the People say, she vanished; and those who knew things best, did say that *Tullia* commanded her to get out of *Rome*. However it were, these Books were to be kept as sacred, and consulted with upon every thing; but that *Rome* might feel all sorts of miseries, it was infected with a most contagious disease, which was so mortall, especially amongst Children, as there was not a family in *Rome* which had not some

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subject for tears. So as since *Tarquin* had always the outside of Religion, he sent two of his Sons unto *Delphos* with grand offerings. A Nephew of *Tarquins* called *Brutus* went with them, though his true name was *Lucius Junius*, but they called him *Brutus* because his blockishness did resemble that of *Brutes*. Yet he was in such a condition to be envied by those of the wiser sort, and his folly made him more safe under the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, than all their wisdoms could. He had a father of a great spirit whom *Tarquin* put to death, but for this man he being harmlessly incapable of hurting any, *Tarquin* was contented to take his estate which was very great, without sacrificing him unto his cruelty. I shall not insist any longer upon a particular relation of all his wickednesses, nor his reasons which moved him to banish me; for that would be to relate the whole History of my life, which I will not mix with the story of so wicked a man. Yet I must be so just, as to confess that of four Children which he hath, three of them deserve to have a Father less cruel, and a Mother more virtuous, for the second of his sons who by his first name is called *Arminius*, and afterwards named the Prince of *Pometia*, because he did signalize himself at the taking of that Town, is a Prince that is every way admirable, the third who is called *Titus* is also a man of very noble inclinations, and the Daughter of *Tarquin* who is married, hath all the sweetness and modesty of a good woman. But as for the Prince *Sextus*, who is also called the young *Tarquin*, he is much different from his Brothers, though he be not so very bad as *Tarquin* the Proud; for he is handsome, of a good mind and a pleasant spirit, he is naturally eloquent; his Ambition is not unmeasurable; he is merry, frolick, and of a quick fancy; his inclination is to love all manner of pleasures, without any distinguishing of the innocent from the Criminal; and of the two, he loves those of a Licentious Debauchery, better than those who are not so: So as having a smack of his Fathers fierceness, and a little of his Mothers cruelty, and mixing these two with his Libertinism and Debauchery, it may well be said that he hath a hundred dangerous qualities for one good one. This Sir is the Character of *Tarquins* Family at this day, and this is the character of *Tarquin* himself, who now intends to besiege *Ardes*; and who maugre all his Crimes, is so terrible and considerable unto all his Neighbours, as no Prince in all *Italy* more; and this Sir, is the original of the famous City of *Rome*.

Herminius having ended his Relation, was thanked by *Artemidorus*, by *Aronces*, by *Amilcar*, and by *Zenocrates*, for the pains he had taken, and the pleasure they found in his History of the greatest City in the World, and the greatest Tyrant that ever was. After which reasoning upon all they had heard, and considering that Love and Ambition were the chief causes of all these miseries; *Artemidorus* wished, that there were no passions in the hearts of men. Oh for Heavens sake (said *Amilcar* and smiled) make no such dangerous wish; since I conceive that if men had no passions, in lieu of wishing to live they would wish to dye; for nothing is more odious than to have a sluggish luke-warm life, without either desires or fears, a life that is no more sensible than that which we see in Flowers or Leaves. I conceive indeed (said *Herminius*) that all pleasures have their rise from passions: That is so true (said *Amilcar*) that if all the

wise men of *Greece* should rise again, I would make them all confess, that all their wisdom were not worth a straw, if there were no passions in the hearts of men, and that wisdom were a treasure which they knew not what to do with. I dare go further than so, (added *Aronces*) for I am persuaded that all the heroic acts which have been done in all ages, had never been done had there been no passions. I do agree unto what you say (replied *Artemidorus*) but yet you must confess with me also, that without the same passions few or none of all the great and abominable Crimes had been committed. I do confess that (replied *Amilcar*) but I must tell you withal, that as we do gather Roses though they have some sharp pricks, admire the Sea, though she causes many Shipwracks; love the light of the Sun though sometimes it burns, and love the earth though she produces dangerous as well as wholesome Plants; so I say the same of Passions and all the evils of them; that I should be sorry they were quite taken away from men for if they were, all pleasures and delights would be taken away with them, as *Herminius* well observed. But yet I would gladly know (added he and addressed himself to *Zenocrates* who had not spoke a word in this dispute) what opinion you are of? had I known what my self (replied he very pleasantly and smiled) I should ere this have told you, but to be sincere, I know not, for since I am very sensible of Love, I would gladly reserve that passion; but otherwise I am so naturally lazy, as I should not be sorry if there were no other passions in the World, because I fancy that if there were none, all would slumber in a continual languor of spirit, and a pleasing phantasm of idleness, which would be exceedingly charming. As for matter of idleness you are in the right (replied *Amilcar*) for if there were no passions, all brave men would have nothing to do; if there were no Ambition, millions of men would come and go in and out of the World without any thing they had to do in it: Take the passion of Love from a Lover, and he's but an idle creature; take from a brave man that which gets him honour, and he will never go to the Wars, Kings without Ambition might have subjects enough, valiant men not having the passion of getting glory would all sit still undistinguished from Cowards; I believe likewise, that the fields would all lie fallow, Cities and Houses would not be built, men would remain dispersed in the Fields, not seeking for any other lodgings than Grotts, such as nature shall make them. And as for Ladies, if there were no passions in the World, I know not what they would do; for they being the weaker Sex, if their beauty did not cause Love in the hearts of men, and that beauty hold them in obedience in lieu of force; I had rather be a handsome Butterfly than a fair woman; for besides their being certainly Slaves, they would live in a most irksome idleness; since they would not know how to spend away that time which now they employ in dressing themselves; do but look upon a fair Woman in a place, and at a time when she thinks none will see her, nor she see any, that would be enough to make one think that if Ladies did know they could never cause Love, they would never take so much pains as to spend all the day in dressing themselves, to be undressed again at night. I once knew a Woman in *Africa* whom I never saw but twice, yet I saw her very different; for the first time I saw her, she was so well dressed and so handsome as she charmed me, though she was but of a mean Beauty. But a

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while after, this Lady being gone into the Country, in a place where she never thought to see any; and being alone with her Husband, I happened to come upon a sudden, and I found her so negligently drest, so ill-favoured, and so different from what she seemed before, as I knew well she did not much care for pleasing her Husband, and that if all passions were taken out of the World, all handfomness, and all that makes women appear fair would be taken away also. So as though I went with intentions to offer incense unto her, and perhaps my heart; yet I was cooled and offered nothing, but brought away my heart and my incense again, of which I was very glad, for within a few days after, I knew not how to employ them better.

But to return unto passions, judge you if it would not be the greatest loss that is imaginable, if Passions were taken away; for if there were none then all Ladies would be less lovely and never loved; but as they would not be loved (replied *Herminius*) so they would not be hated; for it is only love that makes them hated, and commonly only ill treated Lovers, or jealous Husbands do hate them. 'Tis true (replied *Amilcar*) that they would not be hated, but yet if they be not loved their lives would be strangely tedious to them, and I am confident there is not one woman that is young and fair, but she had rather be hated by a hundred ill treated Lovers, and as many jealous Husbands. than not to be loved by one complete Gallant whom she affects, or to be in such a condition, as to be neither in love nor be loved by any. Let us not complain therefore against Passions, since they are the whole business and the greatest delights of men. Yet I must tell you (replied *Artemidorus*) it is a business of great difficulty to overcome them. 'Tis true (replied *Amilcar* in his usual freedom) but since it is so difficult do not strive against them, submit unto them, and in lieu of striving to overcome them, rather seek to satisfy them, and then you will not be so tormented. For my part, I do not wonder that Passions should so tyrannize over the hearts of all men, for every one can say, they must strive against them and subject them, the lesson is written both in Verse and Prose, the Philosophers teach it, the Sages command it, Fathers teach it their Sons, Husbands their Wives, and Mothers their Daughters; so as these poor Passions seeing so many enemies, do more courageously strive not to be overcome, but to reign in the hearts of those who with so much injustice would drive them out. And indeed this is their original, they could not subsist otherwise, they afford infinite delights to those who seek to satisfy them, and seldom do any hurt, but unto such as would destroy them. For my part (replied *Zenocrates*) they never tormented me in that sort; for since I am persuaded that it is very difficult to overcome them, I had rather submit so as my reason and my Passions never jar, for when my Passions are stronger than my reason, my reason submits unto them; and when my reason is stronger than my Passions, it flatters but would not destroy them.

You know so little what great passions are (replied *Herminius* and smiled) that it appertains not unto you to speak of them; but if you were possessed with a very violent passion of Love, or if your own desires had caused you to endure a thousand torments, or hopes had raised in you a thousand inquietudes, then you should be permitted to speak of the force of Passions; for had you but experience of one, you

might easily imagine what is the tyranny of the rest. 'Tis true (said *Aronces*) that whosoever knows the force of Love may easily comprehend that of Ambition, and all the rest of the Passions. Yet I am persuaded (replied *Herminius*) that one cannot judge of the passion in others rightly, or ought to speak of any but his own; for though they are still passions all over the World, and love is love in *Greece* as well as in *Italy*, yet the hearts of men do differently resent it, and variety of tempers do produce several effects out of the same passion, for love in the heart of *Tarquin* makes him commit a thousand Crimes, and the same passion in the heart of *Aronces*, makes him to perform a thousand Heroick actions. 'Tis true (replied *Artemidorus*) but still I must maintain that in what heart soever Passions do Reign, they cause abundance of trouble to him that will content them; and I must maintain still (replied *Amilcar*) that without Passions we cannot be happy. This dispute had not ended so soon, if a great noise of horsemen had not interrupted them, and caused them to look who they were, but they were quickly satisfied; for they understood that they were Troops, which were marching to be Posted about *Ardes*, on that side towards the sea, within a mile of the Town.

They understood likewise that *Tarquin* was to set out of *Rome* the next morning, and would go unto the Camp: Mean time since *Herminius* would not be known unto those who commanded those Troops of that Prince, he would not look upon them; only *Aronces*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, who since they could not be known, they saw them pass by. But after they were past, *Aronces* was extremely impatient for the return of *Celeres*, and the Slave he went unto *Ardes*, because he feared that when *Tarquin* was come to the Camp, the Town would be so beset, that he could not get in if the interest of *Clelia* should require it. But to his happiness, his impatience did not last long; for *Celeres* who was the most diligent and zealous friend in the World, did return about midnight, and confirmed what he heard before concerning *Tarquin's* departure; and told him further, that it was not believed *Tarquin's* design was to force *Ardes*, but only to take it by famine, and therefore he might easily get into the place if he heard that *Clelia* was there. He added further, that the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, and the Prince *Titus* would follow the King unto this Siege; and that their Equipage of War would be so magnificent, that every one was so full of Curiosity to see them go out of *Rome* as if it were a Triumph. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, (replied *Herminius*) I shall not fear being his Prisoner, for he is much my friend, and I am sure he will not expose me to the cruelty of his father, but would release me; as for *Tarquin* I would as soon take poison, as fall into his Power. After this *Aronces* being pricked on by his love, he had a mind to be going towards *Ardes*, and not stay for the Slave; but *Amilcar*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so persuade him that the interest of *Clelia* required his stay until the Slaves return, that he resolved to stay until the next day towards night. But after that (said he unto them) I will not stay, for very probable the Slave is taken either in going or coming by the Troops of *Tarquin*, and so will not return.

This being probable, the friends of *Aronces* did not contradict what he said, but gave themselves unto their rest that night. But *Aronces* was waked with

with joy; for when the Sun was an hour high, the trusty Slave whom he expected so impatiently did arrive; he knowing that his Master would take it well if he waked him, because his business did concern his love unto *Clelia*, he did awake him, but he awakened him by pronouncing the name of that admirable person, imagining that he could not interrupt his rest in a more agreeable manner. Sir, (said he unto him) I have seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*, and— how (said *Aronces* and interrupted him, rubbing sleep from his eyes) hast thou seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*? yes, Sir (replied he) I saw her in the Temple, and I know the house wherein she lodgeth, but I could not speak unto her nor let her see me, do what I could; for *Horatius* being continually in her company, I durst not approach; for as you know he knows me, and I was in fear that had he seen me he would have Arrested me. However, I know that he carries himself with much respect towards *Clelia*, though he guards her very closely; for she goes no whither but unto the Temple, and then he follows her. She hath a Woman with her who waits upon her very carefully, as I understand by those who informed me. They say also, that *Horatius* is very earnest in persuading those of the Town to use all their endeavours for their own defence, which they seem resolved to do, that every day he proposeth some new fortification to be made, and he seems to be very angry with those of *Ardes*, for thinking that without all those, *Tarquin* can never take it; for besides his interest in *Clelia*, he is in great fear (as they say) to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, who being an inveterate hater both of his Father and him, will infallibly put him to death. And Sir, since I was afraid that if I staid any longer inquiring after the designs of *Horatius*, I should not have liberty to get out, nor you to get into the Town, I returned as soon as possibly I could.

After this *Aronces* dressing himself with all haste, he began to consider with himself what he should do or not do; but at last, he resolved to entreat *Amilcar* (who had matters to negotiate in Italy concerning the interests of the Carthaginian Prince) that he would go unto *Tarquin* with those two Grecians, whilst he went unto *Ardes* with *Herminius* and *Celeres*, to the end, that if *Tarquin* did take that Town, he might oblige that Prince to protect *Clelia* not letting him know that she was the Daughter of *Clelius*; for he pre-supposed that if *Amilcar* would he might get the love of that Prince. And indeed this resolution being pitched upon after serious advice, they went about the execution of it. *Herminius* and *Celeres* did well see that it was an odd business for *Aronces* to go and shut himself up in a Town where his Rival also was; but they hoped that offering themselves to defend the besieged, they should be protected, and that since they had nothing to fear but *Horatius*; *Horatius* was also in as much danger as *Aronces*, since *Aronces* was no less valiant than he. So as then separating themselves, *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates* wended towards the Camp, where they pretended to meet *Tarquin*: *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*, took a blind way which their guide directed them, to the end they might skulk in the Woods which were not far from *Ardes*, until it began to be dark, conceiving it more easy to get in at that time than by day light; but the time being come, in which they

hoped to get into *Ardes*, by a blind way, where the Troops of *Tarquin* were not Posted, they went out of the Wood, and went down a little Valley full of Osiers, which grew by the side of a little Brook, which turned and wended it self through a pleasant Meadow, they saw at a distance Armed Men a fighting, and they heard the Voices of Women mingled with the noise of Horses and Arms. *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Clelia*; so as riding on towards the place where they heard this voice, he saw two Coaches, and he saw *Clelia* under a Tree with four or five other handsome Ladies complaining in a very doleful manner; whilst ten Men, in the head of which was *Horatius*, were fighting against twenty. *Aronces* never studying what to do, went strait towards *Clelia* being followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*. He was no sooner with her, but without any insisting upon ceremonies, whosoever these are that be fighting (said he unto her) I believe they are all against us; and therefore, Madam, let me carry you away whilst they are busied in vanquishing each other, or else let me have the honour to die in defending you. *Clelia* being extremely joyed to see *Aronces* whom she loved so tenderly, and also to see two friends whom she much esteemed, did not stick upon it; but abandoning her self to the Conduct of *Aronces* he set her upon one of his Horses; but for all this haste, she told those Ladies who were with her, that she wished them who fought for them victory, and having desired them to pardon her, if having enemies on both sides, she accepted of this relief which the gods did offer unto her: After which, being mounted on Horse-back, and *Aronces* also; a Woman who saw this and was given her by *Horatius*, began to cry out so loud that this valiant Roman hearing her, and looking about to see what the matter was, he saw *Clelia* on Horse-back riding first and conducted by a slave, and followed by three Men on Horse-back also, who by their Tires seemed to be Men of Quality, though he did not see their Faces; when he saw this, he prepared himself to follow *Clelia*: *Aronces* and *Herminius* turning their heads to see if they were pursued, there chanced the strangest accident in the World. For *Horatius* knowing his Rival did spur his Horse, to take away *Clelia* the second time, and cryed unto those of his party that they should follow him. In the mean time, a Man whose Name was *Hellius*, who was Commander in chief over those who fought against *Horatius*, and who was much in favour with *Tarquin*, he knowing *Herminius*, also knowing how the virtues of that excellent Man were odious unto the Tyrant, he believed that he should be a made Man for ever, if he could bring him alive or dead unto *Tarquin*; and therefore commanding his Men to follow after *Herminius*, at the same time when *Horatius* did go to relieve *Clelia*, so it was, as without any compact between them, they changed their designs of fighting to go and fall upon the Protectors of the admirable *Clelia*, who then found her self to be in a most pitiful condition; for when she saw both *Tarquin's* Men, and those of *Horatius* come thundring with all violent impetuosity upon *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* who turned head against them, though they could not pretend unto any other glory than to sell their lives dear, and to die with honour. So as the admirable *Clelia* seeing these three Men who were so dear unto her, in a condition to be assaulted by thir-

ty, and imagining them already dead, she did an act which was worthy her great Soul, for turning her Horse upon her left hand, and lifting up her hood. O ye Cowards, said she unto them, are ye not ashamed being thirty to fall upon three Men, who have no other design but to set me at liberty? this great and generous action did so surprize *Horatius*, *Aronces*, and the Commander of *Tarquin's* Men, and wonder did so suspend their thoughts as they stopped, and staid a while before they could tell what to do. But at last, *Aronces* putting on his Horse, and followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*, he advanced towards *Clelia* in the presence of all his enemies, telling them with a menacing action, that they must kill him, before they carried away the fair Person as a Captive. *Horatius* then finding himself separated from his own Men, and chance had mingled his with the Men of *Tarquin*, he did not think himself in a capacity to fall upon *Aronces*, and take *Clelia* from him, for he conceived that *Hellius*, who endeavoured to have her in the power of *Tarquin*, would take her from him again; and therefore he would have had *Hellius* begin the Combat, apprehending that *Hellius* aimed at *Herminius* as well as him, so as *Hellius* being moved at that great action of *Clelia*, and the resoluteness of *Aronces*, he began to speak, and advancing in the head of his Men, whosoever you are (said he unto *Aronces*) who thus resolutely hazards your Life upon the hazard of infallible ruine, I promise to treat you well, and this fair person also; upon condition I may secure my self of an enemy unto *Tarquin*, whom I see with you: *Herminius* hearing *Hellius* say so, began to speak before either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, and looking sternly upon *Hellius*; if thou desirest to carry my head unto the Tyrant thy Master, and not take me Prisoner (said he unto him) I am contented it should be the ransom of that fair one: But as for *Aronces*, I advise thee to take heed what thou doest; for didst thou know him, thou wouldest fall down upon thy knees and ask him forgiveness. *Horatius* hearing what *Herminius* said and fearing lest he should make his Rival known, he fell furiously upon *Aronces*, who warding the blow without any leisure to return answer unto *Hellius*, he returned another blow, whose weight made *Horatius* to stagger. But whilst these two furious Rivals were fighting, *Hellius* gave command to make sure of *Clelia*, and that she should be guarded with the rest of the Ladies, which was an easie matter to do. For *Herminius* and *Celeres*, seeing some of *Horatius* his Men making towards *Aronces*, they went to him with their Swords drawn; so as *Hellius* then intending to compass about both *Herminius* and *Horatius*, there began such a confused fight as none could know friend from foe; for the Men of *Horatius* fought sometimes for *Aronces* and *Herminius* in fighting against *Hellius*. *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* they fought also for *Hellius* in fighting against *Horatius*; and *Hellius* he fought for *Horatius* in fighting against *Aronces*, and the confusion was so much the greater, because night came on, and would not let them know one from another, so as there was the most terrible disorder that is imaginable. For the interest of those who fought were so different, as it seemed they could not every one drive on their own: indeed *Aronces* would if he could have delivered *Clelia*, both out of the hands of *Hellius*, and out of the hands of *Horatius*, because it was more dangerous to be under the power of *Tarquin*, if she

were known then under the power of her Lover. Moreover, he had a mind to defend *Herminius*, and kill *Horatius*. As for *Herminius*, his wish was that *Clelia* was in the hands of *Aronces*, that the two Rivals were at Peace, and were united to fight against one of the Ministers of unjust *Tarquin's* cruelties. As for *Horatius*, he wished himself dead, he was so desperate to see he was like to lose his Mistress, and not able to kill his Rival; and also like to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*: As for *Hellius*, his aim was to take *Herminius*, to take *Horatius*, to secure *Clelia*, and the rest of the Ladies, and to know who *Aronces* was: However, night was the cause they could not do as they would. Things being thus, they all heard a great noise of horses coming as if from *Ardes*; so as *Hellius* fearing to lose all, in desiring to get all, he commanded that all the Ladies should go into their Coaches, and be driven towards *Rome*. *Aronces* hearing this, not being in a condition able to hinder it, nor to discern his Rival, he designed to disengage himself and follow the Coaches, and to go and make himself known unto *Tarquin*, to protect *Clelia*, rather then suffer her to be a Slave. This design had many dangerous consequences in it, but the time and place would not let him examine them; so as being prompted to do only as his love invited him, he disengaged himself and so happily that *Herminius* and *Celeres* knowing his voice, they joyned, and made good their retreat fighting until they got into a little Wood which secured them. They were not got a hundred paces within this Wood, but the bridle of *Aronces* being broken, he alighted to mend it: During which, *Hellius* understanding that those Troops which he thought did come from *Ardes*, did belong unto *Tarquin*, he went unto them; but finding neither *Horatius*, nor *Aronces*, nor *Herminius*, he was extremely sorry that he had lost so fine an opportunity, and was forced to be contented with the taking of *Clelia*, and those Ladies who came out of *Ardes*, because they would not stay in a Town which in all probability would be taken. Thus *Hellius* sent them to *Rome*, supposing that *Tarquin* would not set out before the next day. But in the meantime, the Moon rising, and beginning to shine, *Celeres* could the better help *Aronces* to mend his Bridle, yet it was not long before he could finish it, for commonly in such things, the most hast the worst speed; but during that time, *Herminius* asked *Aronces* what he intended to do? and he answered that since *Clelia* was under *Tarquin's* power, he could not chuse but go unto him, and meet with *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, to the end he might procure her liberty, not telling who she was, nor that he was the Son unto the King of *Clusum*, unless the interest of *Clelia* did force him to it. Not but that I consider (said he) it goes against the grain of my heart, to go and serve a Prince who hates *Herminius*, and who would have murdered the Father of *Clelia*; but yet since that admirable person was under his power, he was forced unto it. You have good reason for it, Sir (replied *Herminius*) and the worst is, in all the design, that I cannot wait upon you to *Rome*. And therefore, I conceive it my safest course to go into *Ardes*, and fight against him that seeks my Life, and is an enemy unto all virtuous Men. As soon as *Herminius* had said so, *Celeres* who helped *Aronces* to stold his horse did hear the voice of one who lamented; and all of them being the more attentive, they did plainly hear a Man making most

most lamentable complaint. So as *Aronces* being got upon his Horse, he told *Herminius* and *Celeres*, that he would go towards the place from whence the sad sound did come; for said he, it is the duty of miserable people to help those who are in the like condition. The heart of *Herminius* being no less sensible of compassion than *Aronces*, he consented unto the motion, and *Celeres* did not contradict them, and so all three made softly towards the place, from whence they heard this doleful exclamation. But at last, when they were so near as to understand what this Complainant said, *Aronces* knew it to be the voice of *Horatius*. So as stopping his horse, and imparting his knowledge unto his friends, they all began to hearken, and plainly heard that indeed it was *Horatius* who lamented. Alas (said he unto a friend who was with him) into what a miserable condition am I reduced? I am wounded by *Aronces* and he knows not that he is revenged upon my ingratitude; for I knew him by his voice when he gave me such a blow, as made me stagger, and my horse being wounded fell down dead in this Wood, where I found you in a worse condition than I am; and yet I must deny what I said, for I have lost my *Clelia* and am in danger to fall into the power of *Tarquin*. Thus my Rival triumphs over me, my Mistress is escaped out of my hands, and I am like to fall into mine enemies, not being able to rid my self from all these miseries by a generous death, since my sword is broken, and you have lost yours. 'Tis true (replied his friend) you are in such a miserable condition, as I am persuaded that if *Aronces* saw you in it, he would have compassion upon your ill fortune. Oh my dear friend (replied *Horatius*) you are much mistaken; for as generous as *Aronces* is, I am confident he would carry my head to the unjust *Tarquin*, thereby to deliver *Clelia*. Thou art deceived (cried out *Aronces* and went towards him) and to make it appear that my virtue is greater than thou thinkest, I will entreat thy old friend, to take thee up behind him, and carry thee into *Ardes*. *Horatius* who was leaning against a Tree and wounded in the hip, was so surprized to hear the voice of *Aronces* and to see him (for the Moon shined) and both *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so admire the virtue of *Aronces*, as they were a long while before they could speak. As for the friend of *Horatius* who lay upon the ground mortally wounded, he was so charmed at it, as striving to express himself; Oh *Horatius*! said he unto him) how happy are you in your misfortune in having such an enemy? No (replied *Horatius*) but

on the contrary I am much more to be pitied; yes, *Aronces* (added he) I am so much assisted by your generosity, as I should think my self more happy, if you would take your sword and run me through, rather than thus to loaden me with shame by your virtue. Were you in a condition to defend your self (replied *Aronces*) I should deal with you as with an enemy, who hath done the most unjust act in the World in ravishing away *Clelia* from me; but being as you are, I will not upbraid you with unprofitable reproaches, but will keep you from falling into the hands of an enemy, who would neither spare your life nor mine. But (replied *Horatius*) still I must say again, and again, that you do too much; for do what you will or can, I must still love *Clelia*, and shall love her until I die. As long as she is not in your power (replied *Aronces*) I care not if you do love her; but if ever fortune should give her you again, I would pursue you all the World over, though I owe you my life. Ah cruel *Aronces* (cried out *Horatius*) cannot you remember what I have done for you, but you must also remember what you have done for me? No, no, you cannot but upbraid me with ingratitude. After this, *Celeres* telling them that it was equally dangerous unto them both, to be long in that place, they took his advice; and though *Herminius* did love *Aronces* infinitely above *Horatius*, yet he undertook to conduct his Rival into *Ardes*, and took side with the party opposite unto that which fortune had engaged *Aronces* to take against his inclination, and which both honour, revenge, and virtue did engage him to take. And as they were taking care for the help of him who lay upon the ground, they perceived that he was expired: So that after *Celeres* had set *Horatius* behind *Herminius*, *Aronces* and he conducted them until they came to a little blind path, by which *Horatius* said they might get into *Ardes* without danger, because there was a little River between them and the enemy. Thus the friendship of *Aronces* unto *Herminius*, together with his own generosity, moved him to be a Convoy unto his Rival. Afterwards, one taking the way towards *Ardes*, and the other towards *Rome*, they carried with them such tumultuous thoughts in their hearts, as the way seemed much longer than it was. They never thought of those dangers unto which they were exposed by the way; for they had interests which took up their souls and spirits more sensibly, than any dangers could.

The End of the Second Book of the First Part.

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK III.

THe truth is, *Herminius* in carrying *Horatius* back to *Ardes*, went from-wards *Rome* with extreme repugnancy; for since *Aronces* was to be there, he could say that all the object of his friendship and love, was there also; for he had a most passionate affection to the place, he had a Mother there whom he most dearly loved, and he had a friend there in the person of *Clelia*, whom he esteemed infinite dearly. But for all that, his hatred of *Tarquin* was so great and well grounded, as it did surmount all the tenderness of his Soul. As for *Horatius*, the virtues of his Rival were his greatest torments, except the love of *Clelia* which was above all, and though he did hate *Tarquin*, yet his jealousy was such, that he had rather be a slave of that Tyrant, than to be delivered by his Rival. Again, *Aronces* as he drew near *Rome* his thoughts were confused; for he would never have gone thither, but that by serving *Tarquin* during the Siege of *Ardes*, he might oblige him to release *Clelia*. So as the aversion which he had conceived against that Prince, ever since he would have murdered *Clelius* at *Capua*, and since *Herminius* had related the story of his Life, did cause in him a strange repugnancy to execute his design, if the interest of his love had not surmounted it. On the other side, when he thought that *Clelia* perhaps would be treated as a slave, and that if ever she were known to be the Daughter of *Clelius*, her self would be in great danger, then he was almost out of his wits, and gave himself wholly over unto sadness. Nor as a Cordial to himself durst he hope that *Clelia* had preserved her affection intire for him, or if he had any glimps of such hope, it was so weak, as he was nevertheless miserable. He feared also that he should be obliged to make himself and his quality known unto *Tarquin*, that he might thereby be the better able to serve *Clelia*; for he conceived that if he should make his love appear, and that it should be known unto the King his Father, who afterwards would know that *Clelia* was enemy unto the Daughter of *Tarquin*, with whom he had received such a solemn Alliance, that his Father would not approve of his love; but perhaps would make it known unto that Prince who she was, purposely to ruine her. Not but that he knew the King his Father to be a Man of much virtue, but yet his love making him to fear every thing, he feared lest the beauty of *Cle-*

lia should add unto her miseries; for considering how *Herminius* had described the Eldest Son of *Tarquin*, he thought it impossible but he must fall in love with her, so as the miserable *Aronces* went to *Rome* with such unquiet thoughts, as *Celeres* had much ado to comfort him. The reason why he went to *Rome* rather than the Camp was, because he heard *Hellius* had commanded those who conducted the Ladies, to go unto that famous City. But that he might not be there without some acquaintance, *Herminius* at parting from *Aronces*, did give him such particular tokens to deliver unto the virtuous *Sevilia* his Mother, as he doubted not but she would be ready to do him any good Office. Since it was not above eighteen Miles betwixt *Ardes* and *Rome*, and the place where they parted being near *Ardes*, they had arriv'd at *Rome* before the Sun had been up, if they had not lost their way, and been stopped; but having no guide they went much about, and were forced to rest their Horses and themselves at least three hours. So as they arrived not at that Gate in *Rome*, which they then called the Gate *Carmentale* until the Evening. This Gate was not that, through which they use to go from *Rome* to *Ardes*, for that is close by the Capitol, quite contrary, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* having lost their way, they came in at this Gate, and went to lodge at a place where formerly they lodged, when they were at *Rome* only out of curiosity. They were no sooner alighted from their horses, but they went to enquire of *Clelia*, and to find out *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, whom they thought to be in *Rome*, because *Tarquin* was there, though it was told *Celeres*, that he would set out the morrow after he was there. So as imagining (knowing the humour of *Amilcar*) that they should find them about the Palace of *Tarquin*, *Aronces* went thither with *Celeres*: but in their way thither, he was much surprized to see two Coachfuls of Ladies, guarded by Soldiers, who entred into *Rome* at the Port of *Janus*, and going to the King's Palace. The cause of his wonder was, that he spyed *Clelia* in the first of them, it is true he saw her without her seeing him; for she being very melancholy no objects invited her looks, not imagining that *Aronces* should be in *Rome*, for considering the danger wherein she left him, she imagined more probability of his death or being a Prisoner, then to be in that place. However, notwithstanding

standing all her melancholy, her beauty was of such a lustre, as the people only followed the Coach to look upon her. As for *Aronces* he no sooner espied her, But he shewed her unto *Celeres*, and was joyed beyond all imagination. he was joyed to see her and to see her sad, because he thought he had some share in her sadness. But also he was infinitely sad to see her a Captive, and a Captive unto the most mortal enemy of *Clelius* her father. As he was divided between his joys and his sorrows, he saw two Vestals, who walking with all the Ceremonies usual when they go through the Town, they stayed and asked whither they carried those Ladies? and being answered that they were Captives, and carried to be presented unto *Tarquin*, the elder of the Vestals whose name was *Verenia*, commanded the Officer who had the charge of them to stay the Coaches.

The Vestals being held in great veneration at *Rome*, the Officer did as he commanded, and speaking very reverently unto *Verenia*, he asked what her pleasure was? My pleasure is (said she unto him) that according to those privileges which have been granted unto us from the first Kings of *Rome*, and which have been confirmed by all their Successors, you set those Ladies at liberty; for since there were any Vestals they never met any prisoners, but they set them at liberty. I once saved the lives of some Criminal persons, and may much better release innocent Prisoners. I do believe (wile *Verenia* replied the Officer) that your privileges are such as you say, and that they extend unto Captives as well as unto Criminals; but since you know it is not in me to decide a business of this importance, I beseech you come your self and maintain your right before the King, and let me wait upon you thither, as well as upon these Ladies; for I assure you that if I could release them into your hands without danger of my life, I should do it with joy. *Verenia* finding the Officer to speak reason, and having consulted a little with her Companion, she went towards the Palace which was not far off. But this contest lasting a little long, there stocked abundance of people about the Vestals, and about these two Coaches; so as *Aronces* took hold of this opportunity, and pressed so near, that at last the eyes of *Clelia* found him out, who was so overjoyed to see him, as she could scarcely contain her self, yet since she knew not whether or no it was expedient to take notice of him, she restrained her self, and was contented with shewing him the thoughts of her Soul by her eyes, also she looked upon *Celeres* in a most obliging manner. Yet this mute discourse lasted not long, for *Verenia* going on, the Coaches followed her. And this being a matter of Novelty, all the Croud that was gathered together in that place, did follow also to see what *Tarquin* would do in the business; so as *Aronces* and *Celeres* crouding in amongst the rest, they followed also, and not to be altogether useless, they got as near the Vestals as possibly they could; and as an encouragement unto them to insist more stiffly upon their Privileges, *Aronces* and *Celeres* did applaud unto the Heavens their design of delivering these Ladies. Mean time, *Aronces* remembering that *Clelius* told him he had a Sister who was a Vestal, he asked a Roman next him of what families these two Vestals were? and the Roman answered, that the grand Vestal was Sister unto a banished man whose name was *Clelius*, and that the other was of the house of *Aquilines*. So as *Aronces* now knowing that the grand Vestal was

Aunt unto *Clelia*, he consulted with *Celeres* whether it were not expedient to make it known unto this Vestal that *Clelia* was her Niece, before she spoke unto *Tarquin*? and conceiving she would be more zealous if she knew it, they resolved to trust her with this important secret. To that end, when she came near that great and stately Frontispiece, before the Gates of *Tarquins* Palace, and descending from that Chariot wherein she was carried, *Aronces* after he had asked leave of one that waited upon her, did address himself with all reverence unto her, and told her in a low voice and few words, that there was among the Captives one who was the daughter of her Brother, and conjured her by the name of *Clelius* to protect her and be silent. *Verenia* knowing how her Niece was stoln away, she did more easily believe what *Aronces* told her, and the beauty of *Clelia* having attracted her looks, she did find in her the Air of her Family; so as promising to be secret, and to insist importantly upon the Privilege, she ranked her self in the Front of all those Ladies, who came out of their Coaches, and being ushered in by that Officer who conducted them, she asked to speak with *Tarquin*, who being then in the Chamber of the cruel *Tullia*, commanded that the Vestals and the Captives should enter. But though the Curiosity was very great, all those who followed could get no further than the Anti-Chamber, except some few whose minds were too high to be denied entrance into the Kings Chamber. So as *Aronces* being as handsome a person as any was in the world, he entered and *Celeres* also. But they were much amazed when they saw *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates* close by the King; especially to see the first of these in such great familiarity with him, though there were many considerable Romans with him, and that though *Collutius* and the Prince *Sextus* were present, yet the King talked only with *Amilcar*, and that with as much familiarity as if he had known them all their lives, though it was but two days since they came unto him. But as *Aronces* and *Celeres* were astonished to see *Amilcar*, *Amilcar* was much more at the sight of *Clelia*, *Aronces*, and *Celeres*; also *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* wondred to see *Celeres* and *Aronces*, yet they concealed their several thoughts, and every one kept their places to see the business. And indeed the business was worthy of Curiosity; for *Verenia* was a person who had been admirably fair, and yet had a most comely mind, the Vestal who accompanied her was not above five and twenty years of age, and one of the most pleasing persons in the World: So as these two Vestals approaching the presence of *Tarquin*, all the Captive Ladies ranked themselves behind her, in expectation of their doom, whether Liberty or Fetters; so as this was a very delectable Object, for all the Ladies were fair and pleasing; it is true the beauty of *Clelia* did so much dim the Lustre of all the rest, as only she was looked upon. Things standing thus, the grand Vestal began to speak with as much boldness as eloquence, and addressing her self unto *Tarquin*, Sir (said she unto him) we address our selves unto you with a Petition so just, as I need only to tell you what our pretensions are, without seeking for any reasons to uphold them; I shall not insist Sir, upon telling you our original; for you who are knowing in all things cannot be ignorant that it is much more ancient than *Rome*. But I must take the liberty to tell you, that since *Romulus* brought us from *Alba* unto this day, no Kings that

ever

ever Reigned in this Town, did ever offer to infringe the least of our Priviledges; and that we have ever been so considered by Kings and People, as both the one and the other have looked still upon us as the nearest cause of publick tranquillity. The first of the *Tarquins* did rather add unto our Priviledges than diminish them: We have received no causes of complaint since our first institution neither from People, Senate, or Kings; and I am confident Sir, that you will give us none, but that you will grant liberty unto all these fair Captives, whom I met by chance; for you know Sir, the Law is, that if a Vestal accidentally meets any who are carrying unto execution, she saves his life and releaseth him; provided she will swear that she did not seek to meet him: And Sir, I can safely swear that I never knew of these Ladies, until I accidentally met them. I know you may tell me Sir, that these Ladies are prisoners of War, and not Criminals; but since they are innocent they are more worthy of favour, and according to all Laws and reason, those who can do the greater things can do the less; and therefore I conclude, that since we can save the lives of Criminals, we may save the innocent from imprisonment, and give them liberty. I know also, that the chance never yet was, when Vestals met Prisoners of War, as divers times they have Criminals, but still I say the Law ought to be expounded as I say, and the conjuncture is so favourable for us, as I cannot think you will lose an occasion of doing a thing of so great a glory; for I do not ask the liberty of any heroick Captain, or of any valiant Soldiers, but only for five or six silly miserable Ladies, who never did any thing against you, nor knows not how if they would. Grant therefore Sir, what we ask, we conjure you unto it, by the sacred fire which we so vigilantly preserve, and by all that is most holy and venerable amongst us. When *Verenia* had done speaking, *Tarquinius* who heard her with a mocking smile, answered her in these terms. As you are a Vestal (said he unto her) I have willingly hearkned unto you but as you are the Sister of *Clelius*, all that you say is suspected. It is very probable, that there is some craft in your Proposition, for being sure that I would deny you, you think that you may justly tell the People, I have infringed the priviledges of the Vestals, that the sacred fire will quickly go out, and that the Gods in revenge will ruine *Rome*, nor do I know whether out of a premeditated design, you have let it extinguish already. But however it be, I do declare that no Vestal under my Reign shall ever deliver any Prisoners of War, and these Ladies whose Liberty you demand shall not obtain it. Get you gone, and look well to your sacred fire, if you would not be under Guard your self, and in lieu of treating you as a Vestal, I treat you as Sister unto my most mortal and ancient enemy. As I am a Vestal Sir, (replied *Verenia* boldly) you ought to respect me; and as I am sister unto *Clelius*, all the people of *Rome* ought to arm themselves in my defence; especially since you would have oppressed my Brother, by your unjust violence and power. Though the Laws (replied *Tarquinius* in a fury) do not condemn Vestals to be buried alive, but for one kind of Crime only; yet I shall make you try what punishment it is, for a Crime of another nature, if you continue insolent a little longer. Get you gone I say once more, and look to the sacred fire unto which you are appointed, and believe it that if *Clelius* or any that relates unto him, do ever fall into my power, and I send

him or them unto execution, you shall not save him though you meet him with all your fellow Vestals; Go, go, *Verenia*, for I find that if I see you any longer, the Purple Mantle which you wear, will not hinder me from seeing the Sister of my enemy in the person of a Vestal, nor can I be any longer Master of my own resentments. Oh Sir, (said she unto him) your injustice goes too far; and after I have spoke unto you as a Vestal, I must tell you as the Sister of *Clelius*, that I think it a greater glory in being the Sister of him who opposed you, than if I wore the Crown of those Kings from whom I am descended. *Tarquinius* seeing the resoluteness of this Vestal, and not daring to follow the impetuosity of his resentments, because there was nothing in greater veneration amongst the people than the Vestals, he only commanded that the Captive Ladies should be carried into a Chamber in the Palace, until he should further dispose of them. And without any more regard unto *Verenia*, he addressed his talk unto *Tullia*, *Colatine*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, and scoffing at the Vestals, he made it appear, that though the sacred fire did extinguish, yet he should not be troubled at it.

So that *Verenia* was constrained to retire, and leave her Niece under the power of a Tyrant, who would infallibly put her to death if he knew who she was, and yet there was no remedy. As for *Aronces* he was troubled beyond measure, and he admired the wonderful Constancy of *Clelia*; for though she heard what *Tarquinius* said, yet did she not change colour; but hearkned unto all he said, as if she had no interest at all in it: and her spirits were so free that as she went out of the Chamber with the rest of the Captives, she did strive to pass handsomely by *Aronces*, to the end she might the better testify by a sign with her head, that she had much consolation in seeing him. As for *Aronces*, he was so sadly afflicted that he was not Master of his own Spirits; and he was so taken up with sorrow, as he followed *Clelia* when she went out; and if *Clelia* had not restrained him, he had followed her unto the Chamber where they carried her, and would have made himself known to be of her acquaintance. Mean while, the Prince *Sextus* who had a general inclination to all beauties, he looked upon *Clelia* as he was wont to look upon those whom he could not look upon with eyes of indifferency, and his mind was so much upon her, as he went out presently after her, to bid those who had the conduct of those Ladies to treat them very well, and he came to *Clelia* who walked last; whosoever you are Madam, (said he unto her) I do verily believe you give more heavy Fetters, then those you wear. Be they as light as they can (replied *Clelia*) yet they do much trouble me, for I am not used to carry any, and if those which you say I give, do trouble those who wear them, perhaps they are miserable without any merit of pity. *Sextus* had a mind to say something else, but *Clelia* being entred with the rest of the Ladies into the Chamber where they were to be, he durst not follow them for fear of incensing *Tarquinius* who was jealous of his Authority, even in the most trivial things. Mean while, *Aronces* and *Clelia* did walk before the Kings Palace, expecting *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, imagining they would not stay long before they came out. But in expecting them how full of doleful expressions was the sad *Aronces*? Good *Clelia* (said he) confess by way of comfort to me, that I am the most miserable

miserable man in the World; do but consider how wilful is my wicked fortune, and in what danger *Clelia* is, were she less fair there was some hopes she would not be known; but being so glorious a star as she is, every one will be gazing and enquiring of her: Methinks also, that though she speak the Romans Language very well; yet one may know that she hath the accent of an African, though when we were at *Capua* I did not think so. I am afraid lest those Ladies who are with her, should tell that *Horace* was with her at *Ardes*; nor dare I trust unto her great spirit and prudence; for I fear that she will not disguise her name; but that the name of *Clelia* will make her known to be the daughter of *Clelius*: for doubtless the Tyrant is still inquiring of him, and would have murdered him at *Capua*; he knows that he hath a daughter, that she is fair, that her name is *Clelia*, and that *Horace* carried her away. Those that are so over Prudent (replied *Celeres*) are doubtless more miserable than any others, for in all probability *Clelia* will disguise her name: The Ladies with her perhaps knows not what it is, nor know who *Horace* is, and therefore the best way were to wait, till time tell you more.

As *Celeres* said so, *Amilcar* came out of the Palace, and came to them with *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, but he was as blith and jocund in countenance, as *Aronces* was melancholy in heart. But coming to them, Come, (said he unto him) come and fear nothing; I have already tam'd the Tyger which put you all into terror; it shall be long of your self, if you do not see what I say is true, and if you be not ere long in a condition to protect *Clelia*, if he would offer to hurt her, which I do not at all believe he will; for I am extremely mistaken if he do not think *Clelia* to be very fair, and if *Tullia* do not observe it as well as I. I left her telling *Tarquin* that he did ill in treating the Vestals so ill; and that since it was only for the delivery of Women, he ought to have consented unto it. So as since I know that *Tullia* is not over-scrupulous in matter of Religion, and observing that she sees as well as I, how *Tarquin* thinks *Clelia* to be the fairest of all the Captives. I must needs conclude, that *Tullia* will ere long get her released. *Tullia* is so unaccustomed to make use of any harmless remedies (replied *Aronces*) as I fear, that if she be jealous she will rather put *Clelia* to death, than set her at liberty. To cure you of any such apprehensions (replied *Amilcar*) I will get into favour with *Tullia*. That will not be much difficult (said *Zenocrates*) for you have already so great familiarity with her, as I believe if you will you may quickly be the Confident of all her Crimes. For my part (said *Artemidorus*) I do wonder how it is possible *Amilcar* should in so short a time as since we came hither, do so many things; for he hath shewed us all the Town, he is very much in favour both with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and much more with the Prince *Sextus*; the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* do court him, he knows the names of all the beauties in *Rome*: The Eldest of the Salians believe him to be a Salian, so well is he versed in all their Ceremonies; and if you had heard his discourse with an Augurer you would have been affrighted. It is not possible (said *Celeres*) that *Amilcar* could shew the one half of *Rome* unto *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*. To shew you that they tell me no lies (replied he) ask them if I have not shewed them the four Ports of *Rome*, the Carmental, the Roman, the Pandane or the Romulide, and the Janiculan: ask them if I did

not bid them observe how that City was a Quadrangle? if I did not shew them the Capitol and the stately Temple which *Tarquin* built? if I did not shew them the place where the Vestal *Tarpea* was buried? and if I did not shew them the little Temple of the God *Thermes*, whom the people would needs adore, maugre all the Power of *Tarquin*? ask them still whether I have not shewed them the Mount Palatine and the Mount Quirinal where the Temple of *Romulus* was built? whether I have not shewed them the Mount Celius, the Mount Aventine, the Mount Viminal, and that of *Janicula*? ask them still whether I did not let them see the Ruminal Fig-tree, where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found? whether I did not let them see the Sublician Bridge? whether I did not exactly shew them all the magnificence of the Amphitheater and Cirque? whether I did not carry them unto that Grove which is consecrated unto the Muses? if I did not tell them in that place some things that were uttered by the Nymph *Egeria*, such as aspired *Numa* with those admirable things which he did? ask them on, if I did not go with them into the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is seldom or never open but in times of War? if I did not shew them that Temple which *Romulus* vowed unto *Jupiter* when he fought against the Sabines. Further, let them tell you if I did not shew them the first Prison which was ever built in *Rome* by *Ancus Martius*? if I did not shew them the sacred street, the street *Cyprionna*, where the Palace of King *Numa* is, and where *Tullia* went over the Corps of her Father? if I did not let them see the Bulwarks which *Tarquin* finished? several Temples of *Vesta*, of *Jupiter*, of *Hercules*, of *Diana*, and of many other Divinities? For my part (said *Celeres*) I do not so much wonder you have shewed them so many things in so short a time, as I do to see you in such familiarity with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and the Princes their Children; for they are almost all of different humours. That which did it (replied *Amilcar*) was my remembrance how *Herminius* described them; so as going confidently unto *Tarquin*, in the Prince of *Carthage*'s name, and presenting *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* to him as two of my friends, not telling their names or who they were, I was so happy as at my first conference to get into some credit with him; for he having a desire of being instructed in the present condition of *Carthage*, knowing well there was some difference of interest between *Sicily* and that Common-wealth, I recalled into my memory all the Policies and Intrigues of those who reigned the most absolutely, and all that I had learned upon this Subject in all my Travels and books. I did highly applaud *Periander* King of *Corinth*, who knew so well how to make himself obeyed by force; I preferred *Semiramis* above *Cyrus*, because she was more stern than that illustrious Conquerour, and mixing some ingredients of half prophanation with my politicks, in an hour I got to be high in the favour of *Tarquin*. As for *Tullia*, when I was alone with her, I let her understand how all the World said that *Tarquin* was a debtor unto her for the Crown, and that she merited a Million of Praises, for knowing so well how to set her self above her own Sex, by not dorring at such scruples as Ladies of low and common capacities use, who had not hearts so great as hers. As for the Prince *Sextus*, remembering his inclination unto all women, I talked unto him of nothing but our African Gallantry, and of the pleasantness in Grecian beauties. And knowing that

that he was not over Regular in his loves, I made a Satyrical invective unto him, against all such pulling lovers who use to sigh a whole year, before they will tell they love, and who are so constant as to vow their services unto one Mistress. So as he believing these to be my thoughts, he was as open unto me as any voluptuous person who neither believed the Gods nor feared men, could be unto his dearest friend, when he would relate the manner of his life unto him. But he did open himself very pleasantly, for one could never meet with a more amiable Libertine than *Sextus*; and my greatest wonder was, considering his quality, that he was acquainted with all the handsome women in *Rome*, even from the Vestals to the very worst of Slaves. But after you had so well gotten the opinions of *Tarquin*, of *Tullia*, and of *Sextus*, (said *Aronces*) what did you to enter into the favour of the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*? these two Princes being of contrary humours to their Brother (replied *Amilcar*) they had no commerce together; so as seeing them asunder, I talked with them after another manner, and without any blaming of the Prince *Sextus* for his irregularity of life, I commended them so highly as they had a very good opinion of me; and falling into a discourse of gallantry and love, I quickly observed the heart of the *Pometian* Prince, was full of such great and tender thoughts, as did become a noble Passion: So as telling him all that I had gathered from others, and was sensible of my self, concerning any amorous matters, he was ready to open his very soul, and to tell me that he was in Love.

As for the Prince *Titus*, he being naturally of a cold and reserved temper, he did not so freely open his heart, and yet I perceiv'd that he had a great disposition to love me. *Amilcar* did one thing extraordinary more (replied *Zenocrates*) for there was one of the Kings Nephews, whose name was *Brutus*, who seemed to be a very Block-head, and in whom one should never find the least glimpse of any wit; he being behind those Princes whilst *Amilcar* talked unto them, did hearken very attentively unto him, and *Amilcar* talking with a sprightly and agreeable Air, *Brutus* did laugh twice so pertinently, as it was observed a great wonder and a miracle of *Amilcar's* wit. And a Cavalier did say unto another who stood by him, in a low voice, that *Brutus* was very happy in giving this sign of his understanding when *Tarquin* was not present. It is most true (answered the other Cavalier) for I am confident that if he had seen him laugh so opportunely and pertinently as he did, he would have put him to death as well as his Brother; for he lets him live only because he thinks him to have no wit nor spirit. I must tell you (said *Amilcar* then) that *Brutus* is not so senseless as is believed; for I having an universal curiosity to know all things; and sometimes taking as much delight in seeing the several follies of men, as their several wisdoms, I began to talk with him a quarter of an hour, and since every one had described him to be extremely stupid, I put a hundred foolish questions unto him, which I perceived did displease him, and unto which he would not answer. They say (replied *Artemidorus*) that he speaks so little, as that it cannot be taken for an effect of his reason, but for an effect of his stupidity; for I have heard of men many times, who could hide their treasures; but I never heard of any who could hide their spirits and wits. However it be (said *Amilcar*) he hath more wit than he is thought to have:

I know not that (replied *Amilcar*) but I am sure that you have more than is possibly to be believed. Had you but heard him yesterday you would have wondered (added he and spoke unto *Aronces*) when he discoursed with an Augurer near the place where the *Sibyls* Books are kept; for he made the man believe that he was far more knowing in matters of Divinations, than himself; and they were so great in favour together, as he promised to talk concerning the sacred Chickens, and told him that he came from *Negrepoint*, which is the place from whence they say, those come who are most able to presage the truth. But (said *Aronces* to him) since you are so cunning and happy in all things, I pray what can you do to help me unto a sight of *Clelia*? It is requisite (replied *Amilcar*) that to morrow I present you unto *Tarquin*, under the notion of a man whom I was acquainted with during my Travels, and as a man of courage who would be glad to serve him in the siege of *Ardes*; but we must endeavour to let *Clelia* know, that she must give it out and say she was born at *Noles*, and that *Celeres* is her Brother: And after this is hinted unto her, I will present *Celeres* unto *Tarquin*, who shall beg leave to see his Sister, and we will intercede for him; by this means she will not be thought the daughter of *Clelius*, but the principal difficulty is to speak unto *Clelia*. I know not (replied *Artemidorus*) how is it possible to find a way how to instruct her in all you desire she should know. Perhaps more possible than you imagine (replied *Amilcar*) and when I return at night from the Palace, I may chance find out an invention for it. When *Aronces* heard *Amilcar* say so, he conjured him very importunately, to use his best endeavours in doing him this good Office, and *Amilcar* taking the business upon him, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* went with *Aronces* to visit the virtuous *Scvilia*, who at the very name of *Herminius*, did bid them most heartily welcome; and *Amilcar* went to *Tullia*, where he found the Prince *Sextus*, with whom he tampered as if he would be the Confident of all his pleasures. And knowing that he should please his genius if he talked of Ladies, he fell into discourse concerning the fair prisoners, and extolling them to the skies, he asked *Sextus* if he would make a visit unto them at night? For Sir (said he unto him and laughed) in matter of love, it is good always to be the first man; and therefore if there be any of those Captives which pleaseth your fancy, make hast and tell her that she hath given you Chains more heavy than her own. It being an easy matter to perfwade *Sextus* unto a business of this nature, he told *Amilcar* that he would go presently with him, and accordingly making use of *Tullia's* name to see them, those who guarded the Prisoners did let them enter; but they found them in several humours, for two of them did so extremely droop in their Captivity, as if they were almost dead; and another who being of a more blith composition, was a looking her self in a Glass, and mending something about her dress, as pleasantly as if she had been in her own Chamber; also there were other two, who were not very melancholy. But as for *Clelia*, without either the despair of the two first, or the insensibility of the other three, she was only serious, and gravely sad, and looked as if she were a most perfect Mistress of her self. All this while, *Amilcar* not desiring to be known, he saluted her after such a manner as at the first made her to understand that she was to take no notice of him. And *Sextus* at the first entrance talking

talking to one of those Ladies who came from *Ardes*, and seemed the most considerable, he had time to make such signs unto her, as signified his intention. And he had so much time also as to ask her in a low voice whether there was any of those Captives whom she durst trust? And *Clelia* pointing unto one who was called *Cesonia*, he left her as soon as *Sextus* came towards her, and he went unto that Lady, to whom she pointed, unto whom he told all that was agreed upon with *Arcones*, to the end she might tell *Clelia*. Thus he let her understand that if any asked who she was, she should say that she was born at *Noles*, and that she had a Brother whose name was *Celeres*. But after *Amilcar* had said all that related unto *Clelia*, he began to cheer up all the Lady-Prisoners, and he was so pleasant in talking unto those who seemed so dejected at their Captivity, as he did suspend part of all their sorrows. Mean while, *Sextus*, unto whom the beauty of *Clelia* was infinitely pleasing, let her understand (following the counsel which *Amilcar* gave him) that he thought her fitter to give Fetters then to wear them. But she answered him in such a manner, as did something cool the impetuosity of his fiery temper. So as this Prince, who till now never loved without hope of obtaining them, and who knew not what either fears or respect did mean, did find his heart so stricken with a reverent and respectful fear, as restrained him from talking unto *Clelia*, as he used to do unto others; so as calling *Amilcar* to his aid, there began a discourse more general which was very pleasant; for as there could be no talk so far from any matters of Love, but *Sextus* would apply it that way, so after he had pitied the misfortunes of these fair Captives, and protested that he would protect them as much as ever he could, he began to say, he believed their Captivity did make many sad hearts both at *Ardes* and at *Rome*. Truth is, Sir (said *Amilcar*) since there is not one of these Captives, who is not fair enough to make Captives, I am confident there are many sad Lovers at *Ardes*, and ere long will be many ill treated ones in *Rome*.

The Romans have such a reputation of glory (replied that person who endured her Captivity so well, and whose name was *Plotina*) as it is not credible there is any one of them that will be a Slave to a Slave. Oh Sir, (said *Amilcar* after his natural and sprightly freedom) this is the finest opportunity in the World for a Roman that hath a mind to make any gallant declaration of Love, and were I one, I would not let it slip; for certainly there is nothing more difficult then to do it handsomely, and gallantly; at least I am sure that since I was first a Lover, I think I have made a hundred, and amongst them all there is but two which ever pleased me. It is true (said *Sextus* and laughed as well as *Plotina*) that for these regular Lovers who woe in print, it is difficult for them, to find out such a happy minute, wherein they can, with a good grace, say I love you. But as for my part, I never wooe so; for I am so perswaded that the very thing it self is pleasing, as I cannot believe it will make one angry be it told never so ill-favouredly; and therefore I use to out with it boldly, whenever any occasion is offered. Were one a great Prince as you are (replied *Amilcar*) were one handsome and had wit at will, then I think indeed, that the difficulty would not be great, to tell you love,

and to tell it well; but when one is no Prince, not handsome, and but of a mean wit, and but indifferently in love, then I assure you it is a business more difficult then you imagine, to make declarations of Love; unless unto fair Prisoners, for in such a case I find no difficulty. For indeed (added he and smiled) these words, Slave, Captive, and Prisoner, do furnish one with a thousand gallant thoughts, and Fetters, Chains, and Torments, are so naturally applicative unto what one would say, as one shall find out a thousand several ways to express their minds. But when one is but cold in love, and hath no great Talent of Wit, (as I said before) then there is no greater difficulty, then to say I am ready to die for Love. But (replied the pleasant Captive) if one be neither in love, nor have any Wit, why should he ever torment himself with seeking of declarations of Love, and talk of that which he is not sensible off? Alas, fair *Plotina* (said he unto her) if one should never talk of Love, but when the heart is full of it, one should never talk of it above once in all his life; for one cannot be twice violently in Love. And all his discourse would be very cold and languishing, since to tell you truly, when any one is long with a Woman, he must needs talk either of her love unto others, or her causing others to be in love with her; for I am most confident that the gravest and most demure Matrons of *Rome*, when they were young would be very weary of the best accomplished Men, if they should never talk unto them of any thing but Divinity, of the Vestal Ceremonies, of the Laws of the Land, of the order in their Families, or of the news of the Town: A fair and young Lady takes no delight in hearing one tell that such a one is dead, such a one hath made his will, such a one is married unto such a rich Man; this Man is gone into the Countrey, that Man hath a suit in Law, and this Woman hath a very rich Gown; and therefore it is the only way to be always talking of Love, be it either in earnest or in jest; for follies of this nature handsomely spoken amongst Ladies, do please them better then any moral or politick discourse whatsoever, or any news. I am so much of your opinion (replied *Sextus*) that even in visits of consolation after the death of Friends, I would find out some invention or other to speak of love; for be it unto a Woman who had lost her Husband, whom the most dearly loved; she must be pitied principally because she hath lost him she loved; or be it so that she did not love him; she must be comforted by giving her some hopes of having a Husband whom she shall love. Yet I believe (replied *Clelia* modestly) that they use to talk of Love less in *Rome*, then any where else; they use to speak of it more mysteriously (replied *Sextus*) but for all that it is spoken of in all parts of the World; and it will for ever be spoken of as long as there are such beauties as you are. It were enough to say (replied *Amilcar*) as long as there are any Men; for since there are very few beauties comparable unto her you speak unto, you leave over little room for discourse of Love. Whilst *Sextus* and *Amilcar* were talking thus; there was one of those melancholy Ladies, who of her own nature was very proud, and a little capricious, and who not being able to endure any discourse of this nature, she began to quarrel with *Amilcar*; but being very handsome, and seeming witty, he answered her very civilly, though in a very ingenious way of

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Rallery;

Rallery; on the other side, that jocund Lady whom *Amilcar* had much pleased, she opposed her friend and told her that she was much too blame in offering to make *Amilcar* as melancholy as her self, so as there grew a very pleasant contest, yet it lasted not long; for it growing late *Sextus* and *Amilcar* went away; but *Amilcar* having done the business he came for, as soon as he had waited upon *Sextus* to his Chamber, he returned unto *Aronces*. Yet before he went from that Prince, he observed that *Clelia* had taken his heart; and he made him confess that he thought her very fair; and that the only fault that he could find in her, was that he thought her too good and over-wise. However, the friendship which was between *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres*, would not suffer them to part Lodgings, but they all three lay together, as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates* did: *Aronces* was not looked upon as a King's Son, nor *Artimedorus* as a Prince, for the state of their fortunes would not permit them; but *Amilcar* knowing them both, he desired they should know what one another were; So as after he had told *Aronces* what he had done, and had filled his heart with joy and hopes, he obliged *Aronces* to discover himself unto *Artimedorus*, and *Artimedorus* to discover himself unto *Aronces*; who no sooner heard of his true Condition, but he knew him to be a Brother unto the Princess of the Leontines, unto whom he was so much obliged; so as embracing him then with abundance of tenderness, he begged his friendship, and promised his most faithful service, not speaking a word of the Princess his Sister, until he knew what opinion he was of, and whether what he thought of the lovely *Zenocrates* was true or no.

However, it being very late, and having talked away most of the night without any sleep, they silently gave the rest, unto their rest: And in the morning, as it was resolved upon the day before, *Amilcar* went unto *Tarquin*, to present *Aronces* and *Celeres* unto him, as two friends of his whom he knew very well in his Travels; and as two Men who came to offer their service at the Siege of *Ardes*. Adding afterwards a most humble petition for the release of *Clelia*, whom he called by another name before *Tarquin*, then that she was called at *Ardes*, saying that she was carried thither by her Lover against her will; and that being born at *Noles* in *Campania*, and being Sister unto a Man who would die in his service, she deserved to be treated better than the rest of the Captives, who were Daughters Wives, and Sisters unto his enemies. At the first *Tarquin* received *Aronces* and *Celeres* very well, and hearkned unto the Petition which *Amilcar* made in behalf of the pretended Sister unto *Celeres*; but *Clelia* seeming in his eye to be very fair, and having a desire to keep her, he told *Amilcar* that indeed his petition was very just, and told *Celeres* that his Sister should not be a Prisoner; but withal told him, that he must desire a favour from him also, which was that she might remain as a Prisoner until after the Siege of *Ardes*: For (said he) it doth exceedingly concern me, that it should not be thought the Vestals have any right in releasing Prisoners of War, as they have of Criminals; for if this Privilege should be granted them, there would be in every street a Vestal, when any considerable Prisoners of War were brought into *Rome*. But Sir (replied *Aronces*) since this Prisoner for whom we intercede,

is no inhabitant of *Ardes* you may release her, without any thought that it is by virtue of the Vestal Privilege if you do declare, that you release her only upon this account that she was not born among your enemies. What you say (replied *Tarquin*) is very judiciously spoken; but for all that the people will think her to be released by the Vestal authority; and therefore it is absolutely requisite, that this fair one stay where she is, until after the Siege of *Ardes*. But lest her Captivity should be troublesome unto her, or that she should pass under the notion of a slave, I will entreat *Tullia* to be civil towards her, as perhaps she may like being in *Rome*, as well as in *Campania*.

Celeres, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates*, did use many more arguments unto *Tarquin*, to make him change his mind, but he began to give them such sharp answers, as they fearing to incense him, and make him suspect something of the truth, they did not importune him any further; and *Celeres* carrying himself as *Clelia's* Brother, he gave *Tarquin* a thousand thanks for promising her to release her after the Siege of *Ardes*, and in the mean while to treat her well. And indeed *Tarquin* commanded that some of *Tullia's* Servants, should the very same hour go and wait upon her, and that they should let any see her who would: So as *Aronces* making use of that liberty, he went unto her that afternoon, but was carried thither by *Celeres*, who went to see her as his Sister, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, went also with them, to the end this visit should not render her in the least suspected.

Clelia was that day in her negligent dress, but yet in the midst of negligence so handsome, as it was apparent that she was naturally so, and so when she had no company. There being then none with her but the Captive Ladies who loved her dearly, she had so much liberty as to receive *Aronces* as a Man whom she was glad to see; yet she had restrained herself by reason of *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*, had not *Celeres* in presenting them unto her, hinted that she needed not to stand in fear of them. So as this meeting, notwithstanding the pitiful condition wherein they were, was very comfortable unto them. And to the end they might have the more freedom of discourse, *Amilcar* who had seen all the Ladies but the day before, began to talk with them as familiarly as if he had been acquainted all his life, for being between the pleasant *Plotina* and the lovely *Cesonia*, who carried out their misfortunes with more constancy than the rest, it was an easie matter for him to turn discourse in a more merry mood. As for *Artimedorus*, he durst not talk over-much because he was no Roman: And as for *Zenocrates*, though when he pleased he could speak the Language very excellently well, yet it was never his custom to talk much upon the first acquaintance; yet he listened with such ingenious attention, as made it apparent that he knew what wit was, and that he was a Master of it himself. As for *Celeres* he addressed himself and his discourse unto those Ladies who were of the most melancholy mood; so as by this means *Aronces* talked with *Clelia* in private, with whom he had not had a minutes discourse never since that terrible Earth-quake, which separated them upon the Banks of the River *Volturnus*; and he was so transported with joy at the opportunity, that it did appear in his eyes, in his actions, and in his voice. I beg your pardon, Madam, (said he unto

to her) for that joy which perhaps you find in my face; for considering the condition whereint you are, I may seem much too blame to express joys; yet I must needs tell you Madam, that at this time I am not a Master of my own thought; but am so overjoyed at the sight of you, to see you out of my Rivals power, and to find some sparks of goodness towards me yet in your eyes, as I cannot chuse but abandon my heart and soul unto joys. But Madam, to plump up joys into a fuller strain, I beseech you tell me whether you are any thing joyed at the sight of me, and in seeing me fuller of love then I was, when I had the happy honour to be the most amorous person upon Earth. If the very sight of you did not please me (replied *Clelia*) truly Sir, I should think my self so unreasonable, as that I should be extremely ashamed at my self. Oh Madam, (said he and interrupted her) I beseech you do not Sir me so, for I am still the very same *Aronces*, whom the fair *Clelia* was once pleased to call her Brother, when she began to cast a favourable look upon him as her Lover; and be confident, Madam, that I shall most joyfully renounce the Quality of a King's Son, rather then you should take from me that glorious Title of your Slave. Treat me not therefore, I beseech you in a ceremonious manner; imagine your self to be upon the Throne, and me in Fetters at your Feet, and use no such offensive Sirs unto me; for my thoughts are so tender and so full of respects unto you, as if you do not call me as you were wont to do, my joys at the sight of you will lessen. Since you will have it so, my dear *Aronces* (said she unto him) I shall live with you as I was wont at *Capua*, and I can assure you that you are to me no more considerable, since I know you to be a King's Son, then you were before; for truly, fortune in giving you a Crown, hath not given you any thing which I can put in comparison with your virtue. Oh Madam (said he unto her) I beseech you commend me less, and tell me a little more plainly; that you do love me as you were wont to do; and without any telling me of my virtue, tell me only, that the tenderness and constancy of my love, hath moved your heart: That my Rivals hath made no impression in it, and that you would be glad to reign still in mine. In telling you, I am the same in *Rome*, I was in *Capua* (replied *Clelia* modestly) surely I shall tell you as much as you can desire: After this, *Aronces* used the most tender expressions in the World unto *Clelia*; and in the transports of his passion, he talked to her of compleating their Marriage, though she was a Prisoner, though *Clelia* could not come to *Rome*, nor think of carrying her unto *Clusium*. Also he himself perceived that his reason was not sound, and was glad that the prudent *Clelia* did set some limits unto such tumultuous desires, as made him think upon things both unreasonable and impossible.

After which, he gave a short account of all the passages which had happened: And she also did tell him all she knew; for she told him how *Horatius* went unto the place where the Earth-quake was, which gave him the occasion of his voyage, that was so variously talked of at *Capua*; she told him how strangely she was amazed when she saw her self without any relief in the hands of *Horatius*, who yet did treat her with very much respect; she told him afterwards; how when the Earth-quake was ceased, *Horatius* carried her into a house which was

not shaken down, which belonged unto one of those that were with him, when he carried her away; that there he got a Coach, how he procured a Woman to wait upon her; and how after he had written unto *Stenius* after he was at *Capua*, he was forced to seek his fortune: She told him afterwards, how *Horatius* resolving upon *Perusia* for his retreat, he took that way. But Madam (said *Aronces* to her) when I saw you in a Bark upon the Lake of *Thrasimenes*; and when *Horatius* defended himself against the Prince of *Numidia* who assaulted him, then you were not in the way to *Perusia*. It is true (replied *Clelia*) but chance so ordered it, that in this voyage *Horatius* did meet with the Son of him who commanded, in one of the Isles of that Lake, which is beyond that, where they then kept the Queen your Mother; so as contracting friendship with him, and having trusted him with all his secrets, *Horatius* changed his intention, and resolved to carry me into that Isle, where the Man assured him to find a safe Sanctuary. And accordingly, he did put me into a Bark with him, his Men and with those of him he met, we were no sooner upon the Lake, but the Prince of *Numidia* appeared upon the Shore with Armed Men, and having found another Bark he and his Men went into it, and fell upon *Horatius* as you saw; and I am most confident, that if these two had not stood in fear of hurting me, the meeting had proved mortal to them both. But I beseech you Madam (replied *Aronces*) how came the Prince of *Numidia* so just in the nick with his Armed Men? I conjecture (answered she) that I was the cause of it; for you must know, that meeting accidentally with a Pencil and some paint, when I fell into the power of *Horatius*, I writ upon all places where I passed, on doors and walls, both my name and the place where they carried me. And understanding that Morning we should go unto this Isle, I writ these words in a Window.

If any Friend unto Clelius chance to pass this way, let him know, that they carry Clelia unto one of the Isles upon the Thrasimenean Lake.

So as supposing, and with reason, that the Prince of *Numidia* passing by chance that way, and finding this writing, he took these Men and followed me. However, after the Combat with *Horatius*, and this Prince who was wounded, we came unto this Isle where he presently recovered. But hearing of that express command which the Prince of *Perusia* had sent to seek me and *Horatius* in all his Dominions. He who promised unto *Horatius* a safe Sanctuary in this Isle, recalling his word did oblige him to depart; so as then seeking out for a place of shelter from the violence of *Tarquin*, and for a protection against all the World, he carried me to *Ardes*, which he knew was in no correspondency with the King of *Rome*. And indeed, he was there very well received; but as for my part, melancholy was much my disease: yet I was so happy as to find much comfort in the Company of *Cesonia*, whom you see there with *Amilcar*, and whom I found to be a most generous friend; for when *Horatius* saw that in all probability *Tarquin* would be prosperous in the Siege of *Ardes*, and resolved to get out, *Cesonia* at my request came out also, and perswaded all the rest of these Ladies

Ladies to come with her. As soon as *Clelia* had said so, the Prince *Sextus* entred, and caused the discourse to alter; but *Amilcar* knowing that *Clelia* pleased the Prince very much, and having a desire to take him off, he went unto him, and speaking in a low voice, Sir (said he) this fair Prisoner whom I see you look upon more then any of the rest, is indeed the fairest of them all; but let me tell you, that the pleasant *Plotina*, whom you see on my right hand, is far the jocondest, and more easie to be wrought upon: It is true (replied *Sextus*) but her beauty is infinitely more charming then any of the rest: I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but the worst is in gaining her, you must sigh, and cry, and cringe, and pule, a long time for it; but in all likelihood the conquest, of the other will be obtained with a laugh and a pleasant jest.

After this, *Sextus* sitting down, and finding what *Amilcar* had said to be very pleasant, he made it the subject of discourse, but in such a manner, as it was taken only for general discourse, wherein none of the Company had any particular interest. After he had stated the Question in hand, it is not (said he) to know whether a fair and merry Mistress, be more amiable than fair and melancholy, or a fair, proud, and capricious Mistress, but the question is, which of them is the most fit to cause Love? Oh Sir (replied *Celeres*, not knowing *Amilcar's* design) a fair and merry Mistress makes men in love with her, but will not be in love her self, and I know nothing more intollerable than a sprightly blith humour, who will oblige one with a thousand civilities; concur with one in a hundred pleasures, let you tell her what you will, and will her self be very free; who the very first day you see her will laugh, sing, dance, and play with one as freely, as if he were of Twenty years acquaintance, who will desire you to come and see her, who will bid you extremely welcome, and who will give one the greatest hopes in the world, and all to no purpose. And as soon as ever ones back is turned, she will never think on what he said, or what she answered. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I wonder why you should complain so; for I conceive nothing more sweet than to find some hopes growing with ones Love; to find some recompence as soon as he begins to profess affection, to meet with that pleasure in the beginning of a Passion, which others never meet with but in the end; and all the while never to shed any tears but those of joy: As to that which you say concerning the forgetfulness of a fair and merry Mistress, I say, pay back oblivion for oblivion; and if she will forget what you said, do you forget what she said. Were I of *Amilcar's* temper, (replied *Celeres*) I should without difficulty do as he says; but I assure you (replied he) the matter is not so easie as you imagine, for I have seen all sorts of Lovers; I have my self loved persons of a blith, jocond, and frolick temper; I have loved melancholy, proud, fickle, fantastical Mistresses, I have loved the little, the great, the black, the brown, the fair, and all sorts. Since so, said the Prince *Sextus*, you are the most experimentally able to tell us, whether it be more sweetness in loving a pleasant, merry Mistress, or a Melancholy or a fantastical. It is very true (replied *Aronces*) *Amilcar* is fitter to speak unto the Question than any other; yet he himself is of so pleasant, equal, and merry a composition (said *Artemidorus*) as I fear his partiality will make more against the melancholy, than against the proud and

fantastical fair ones. To shew my freeness from partiality (replied he and laughed) chuse which of these three you will maintain, and I will undertake to defend the other. Oh I beseech you (said the pleasant *Plotina*) do not forsake the cause of the merry ones, and let him take part with the merry and fantastical; you will defend that side so well your self, both by your beauty and agreeableness of humour (replied *Amilcar*) as you need none to take your part, yet I consent to be the Protector of the fair and merry ones.

For my particular (said the Prince *Sextus*) I will pretend to judge: As for my part (said *Aronces*) I will not put that in any doubt which my heart hath been so long resolved upon. And for my part (said *Zenocrates*) since I am yet much unresolved in matters of Love, I still pretend unto no side, but only to be an Auditor. Since so (said *Celeres*) I will make choice to defend the melancholy Ladies: And to undertake a task more hard than that (said *Artemidorus*) I will maintain, provided you will pardon the defects of my Language, that there is more pleasure in being loved by a fair, proud, and fantastical Mistress than any other, though I must thus far agree that there is much more sweetness in being loved by a melancholy beauty who is not fantastical. As for your Grecian accent (replied *Amilcar*) I will excuse it, but I beseech you give me leave to speak first, for I cannot endure to take so much pains as to answer the reasons of others. But consider, I pray, (replied *Amilcar*) that others had rather reply upon your reasons: Perhaps (replied *Plotina*) his reasons will be found so good, as none will be so bold as to reply unto them, or shew their own. Since you are the only she in all the company (replied *Cesonica*) who can pretend unto this quality of mirth, perhaps others will also find their Protection as well as you. I assure you (replied *Amilcar*) it will not be an easie matter to find it; for to enter in the Argument, hath not love its rise and life out of joys, out of pleasures, and looked upon as the greatest felicity in the World, the most amorous sighers that are, never sigh but for joy, all the sobs and sorrows of a Lover are caused by his hopes of being happy. Is it not much better then to meet with love in delights and joys, than to seek it by sad sighing and difficult ways, in such as will never let one laugh but after they have cried? Had I been called unto Natures Council when she invented all these several sorts of Flowers which she produced, I should never have given any Prickles unto Roses; such a Lover am I of all delights as I would have them without any mixture of sorrows; and I am such a professed enemy unto all gloomy and melancholy Lovers, who will always go the most painful ways unto love, and had rather sigh with the Turtle, than sing with the Nightingale, as I cannot chuse but sigh to think upon their follies. Oh *Amilcar* (cried out *Plotina* and laughed) you defend our cause methinks so faintly, as I fear you have a will to be baffled in it. Experience is so much above all reasons (replied *Amilcar*) as we shall be able to defend our cause against all the protectors of the proud and melancholy Mistresses; and if to give them a most sensible example, you will be pleased to let me love you, and you love me again this will be reason enough, to prove that it is better to be loved by a fair merry Mistress, than either a melancholy or a fantastical. When you have shewed your reasons (replied she and smiled) we shall see whether we shall authorize them by

by our example. I must tell you then again (replied he) that I know nothing more vexatious than to Court a melancholy, or a proud fantastical Mistress, nor any thing so sweet as to be lov'd by a fair and pleasant merry Mistress: For first when one Courts a melancholy Deity, he must be full of all familiarity, he must pay all possible reverence, he must sigh and pule a long time, he must be extremely circumstantial in the declaration of his love, he must pay both great and small services, he must be full of applauds, of sweetness, of tenderness, of rapture, of assiduity, and amongst all these one ingredient of despair. And when all is done, you must either be loved or not loved; if you be not loved then there is abundance of time lost; and if you be loved, commonly it is but a little; for of a hundred melancholy Mistresses, there are not two to be found who are not both jealous and hard to be obtained, and who does not drive into despair by their continual complaints. So that often one is much more miserable in obtaining their affection than in being denied it. As for the proud and fantastical (added he) they are yet worse, for one knows not where to find them. At first, they will hardly look upon those hearts which are offered to them, one would say that they wronged them in adoring them, or at least one is infinitely obliged unto them, for doing so much honour as to receive their offering; they will disdainfully turn away their head, because one shall not look them in the face, and will sometimes so behave themselves, as if you were to render them all humble thanks for that they have not killed you. I know very well that there are some good fantasticks, and that some days one shall oblige them, by telling them such things as angered them the day before: I know also, that at another time the same things will displease, which before did please, so as you can never be at any certainty with them in matter of love; nor be sure you can keep that love which you get the day before; how can one be ever at any quiet, or enjoy any delight in them? for my part I cannot endure to be limited upon one day, and brow-beaten the next; I know these proud ones and fantastical ones, will sometimes go further than others will, but I know withal that they will repent it, and what is gotten with a great deal of pains, is kept but by chance, for one will never enjoy their affection with any tranquil delight. Therefore I do conceive it much better to court the love of a fair, jocund, frolick, and merry Mistress: For first, the Conquest is much more easie, one shall enjoy it in peace; if she should have any tang of jealousy or anger, she is pacified with a serenade, and all quarrels are but trifles which will be reconciled at the next treat, or diversion; I know very well that these merry Mistresses perhaps do not love so zealously; but withal, they do not expect one should love them so extremely; so as giving as much liberty as they take, both parties will be well agreed. They will require nothing from you but such things as are pleasant in themselves; for they will walk with you, they will laugh, they will rally, sing, and dance, and to do all these for the love of them, are no difficulties: and therefore is it not much better to serve such, than others who are so full of the morals and politicks of love, and who require if you will get their loves that you also do exactly know them, who rank sighs, sobs, and tears instead of pleasures.

I have divers more arguments to use (added Amil-

car) but I shall not stand in need of all my force against such enemies, as I fear not, since their cause is so bad, and mine so good. Though I want your eloquence (replied *Artemidorus*) yet for all your Art, I hope Justice will carry it against your specious reasons which have no solidity in them. For the question is not whether hath most or least trouble in loving a merry Mistress, or a fantastical; or a melancholy; but the question is, which hath most sweets in it. And I do very confidently affirm, that of all the several tempers which a Mistress can be of, none is so fit to move great and sensible delights as she that is fair, proud, and a little fantastical. For it is most evident, that whosoever does take away resistance and all difficulties from Love does murder Love; or at the least doth take away all the sweet and pleasing transports which makes all Lovers happy. And I must also affirm, that to be compleatly happy in Love he must mix with his love, the glory to make it fervent, and must have an amorous kind of ambition, to redouble the violence of that passion; it is a most high delight after a Man hath been long a slave unto a Mistress, to be at last a Conquerour, and to deserve that glorious title he must have met with such resistance; he will imagine it most glorious to have vanquished that heart which seemed invincible, and he must be able to tell himself that he deserves to vanquish.

Moreover, though a resentment of glory were not necessary to render that passion the more ardent, yet it must be confessed that Love is either hot or cold: And it must be concluded as impossible, that those desires which a merry Mistress creates in the heart of a Lover, can ever be so sharp as those inspired by a proud beauty, which seem more delicate because they are more difficult to obtain. Not but that a well accomplished Man who is resolute in his Love may be assured to vanquish, if he doth but know how to manage all occasions, and to make use of several favourable and critical minutes which may be met with in the conversation of all proud and fantastical Mistresses; there are some hours when it may be said there is an *interregnum* in their hearts: I must also maintain that the most sensible favours, are more often obtained by humour, and fancy, than by tenderness and acknowledgements: and a proud fantastical Mistress wins more in an hour, than a merry Mistress can in a year. I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but commonly all proud and fantastical Mistresses, do within an hour repent themselves of all the favours they have done; they will even hate themselves for loving you too well: and sometimes they will punish you for what they themselves did voluntarily grant: and their repentance for doing any thing over obligingly moves them unto a thousand more angry words. 'Tis true (replied *Artemidorus*) sometimes quarrels do arise when one loves a proud beauty; But oh, *Amilcar*, how sweet are the reconciliations? and what delight is it to see them repent and pay with usury those favours they suspended; and to confer fresh favours to repair the wrong? what pleasure is it I say, to see this lofty and noble pride to stoop and make excuses, and give many marks of submission? what high delight is it sometimes when they would favour you, to see them vex and fret at themselves, and their hearts out of obliging weakness, to pant so as they are forc'd to be favourable unto you? when one hath obtained any favour from a proud beauty; her

her pride will be the sweetest thing in the World unto you : for her pride unto others will make you give hearty thanks, she is not so to you ; whereas an equal tempered Mistress who is universally merry and affable unto all , she does rather vex then please one. Therefore I conclude, that there is more glory and delight in loving a proud fantastical and coy Mistress, then one that is pleasant, merry, and affable, and though perhaps one may be happy, in a melancholy and in a merry Mistress both ; yet the conquest of a proud Mistress is more easie, then the conquest of one who gives hopes the very first day that one begins to love them.

If *Celeres* (replied *Amilcar*) do defend the cause of fair and melancholy Mistresses, as you have of the proud, I shall stand in need of the fair *Plotina's* help, to maintain the cause I undertake. Grecians being before all others in eloquence ; replied *Celeres*, and *Artemidorus* having a most vast will ; Perhaps my reasons will not sound so well as his ; Not that his side and that which I am to defend are much opposite, for few proud and fantastical Woman who are very merry ; and few also who have not some touch of melancholy ; but it is a certain kind of sweet and charming melancholy which makes most violent and tender passions grow in the heart of a Lady. When I speak of a fair and melancholy Mistress (added he) you must not imagine I mean such as are of a gloomy, frowning, fretting and angry humour : for I make a great difference between Sadness and Melancholy. But I mean such a sweet and charming melancholy as is not an enemy unto all pleasures, and gallant diversions. I mean, I say, a melancholy which has a sweet languor and passion in its looks : which makes the heart great, generous, tender and sensible ; and puts into it such a zealous disposition unto love, as those who know not what a melancholy heart is, do not know what love is ; and I am confident that a Lover who is acquainted with all the delicacies of this passion, does find more delight in a certain kind of languishing and passionate lustre in the eyes of his Mistress, then he shall in all the mirth and jollity in the World : He will not value those eternal laughers who think themselves worthy of pity if they do not laugh from morning to night : and certainly the most sensible delights of that passion, are not those delights which move laughter : And if after a thousand sighs and secret groans, a Mistress afford but one favourable word which gives any spark of hope, a Lover will not hearken unto it with more sensible delight, then unto all the ingenious rallery in the World : not but that he has his joys ; but they are such joys as are rather languor then mirth ; such joys as are peculiar only unto love, and melancholy is so particularly proper unto that passion, that his very pleasures have a tincture of melancholy. His studies and musings, which seem so dull and heavy, are infinitely pleasing unto him : and at his faintings of spirit are preferable, before all diversions in the World ; and though there appear no blithness in his eyes, nor ever laugh, yet he thinks himself very happy. I know very well that at the first acquaintance, a merry person is extremely pleasing : and that it is much easier to get acquaintance with such, then those more serious. For, as *Amilcar* said very well, one shall get familiarity with them the very first day of acquaintance ; they will laugh, sing, dance, and tell a thousand merry stories : whereas

on the contrary, one must go more slowly to work, with those whose temper, most take me ; for commonly, upon the first acquaintance with them, one shall see but the out-side of their beauties and wit, nor will they shew all their ingenuity of a long time ; and when you do know all, still you are to seek their hearts ; so as discovering every day fresh graces, you have every day fresh delights ; but it is otherwise with jocund and pleasant persons ; for at the very first they shew you all their beauty, their hearts, and all their affections ; and certainly if you love them not at the very first, you will never love them. And also, if she love not you at first, she will never love you, nor afford you any but common favours.

And the very truth is, they only who have passionate Souls, do know how to take every thing as a favour, who only can invent innocent delights, and can make hope last, after they have given you their affections. For my part, I must ingenuously confess that I do love the merry better then the melancholy ; but I must withal tell you, that I would not spend all my life in mirth. I would have my friends of that temper, but not my Mistresses, for there is nothing more cruel then to love one who never minds nor observes any thing but pleasures : It is otherwise with a passionate melancholy Mistress ; for if you give any obliging language she remembers it a hundred times, she repeats it unto her self in secret, and she will make you glad to see she remembers it, by hinting something or other handsomely which will let you know it. If you play a lesson on the Lute unto her, and there be any passionate Ayrs in it, which seems suitable unto your love of her, she will resent it with tenderness ; she will make application unto her self, and answer you with such sweet and languishing looks, as shall most sensibly delight you : But on the contrary a merry Mistress never minds any passionate Ayre, but begins her self to sing some song or other which signifies nothing. If you send any passionate or amorous Epistles unto her, she runs over it in reading ; or if she have any diversion in hand, perhaps she will put it in her pocket and not read it, till she be more at leisure ; and when she hath read it, perhaps she will burn it, or may be throw it into her Cabinet, and never read it at all. But when a serious, passionate, and melancholy Mistress receives a Letter from her loved servant, her heart beats when she takes it : she opens it with a blush, and she reads it with care and secrecy ; she reads it over and over an hundred times, and seriously ponders upon every syllable, and though she remember every word, yet will she read it again and again. The truth is, there is nothing so sweet as when one is loved by such a melancholy virtuous person, to see how she will be troubled in denying any slight favour which you shall ask of her, and will deny it in such an obliging manner, as a merry Mistress would oblige you less in granting it, then she in denying. I do know very well, that such use to love very ardently, and desire also to be ardently loved, and therefore they use to complain very often, but what though ? is there any thing in this World so sweet as to see a Mistress complain she is not loved enough ? can she possibly give you a more apparent testimony of her Love ? a merry Mistress indeed complains sometimes that you do not enough divert her, but she will never find fault that your passion is not strong enough ; yet quite contrary

trary with a melancholy Mistress, for she will complain she will grieve, and will even be sick for sorrow and anger, she will break off with you by all means though God knows she cannot, and when you have once appeased her, she will fill up your Soul with infinite joys, and you will find in her all the favours and ardency of a new affection, nothing is so sweet as these reconciliations in Love.

You shall also have this advantage by loving a Mistress of a serious and passionate temper, as never to hazard any thing as you shall often in loving a merry and fantastical humour, for if you find the last of these in a good mood, when she hath not power to deny her heart unto those who divert her, she will give her heart unto you, but yet she gives it rather by chance than choice: a proud and fantastical Lady will often do the like, and love you more out of an humour than out of any inclination. But a virtuous melancholy Mistress, who hath a tender Soul and a noble heart, she is long in denying you, and will not bestow her affection, but when she cannot chuse but give it, but yet when she doth give it she giveth it freely; and yet she gives it not all at once as the others do, she shews her heart by degrees; and when you do see the bottom of it, you shall be so happy as to see none but your self in it. Indeed a passionate and melancholy Mistress, hath love in her head as well as her heart; she can remember and repeat every passage, and wheresoever she is, her mind is still with her Lover, she thinks upon all the places where she hath seen him, and would never be out of his sight, she hath continually a hundred thousand things to tell him, which yet she never does; and there is in this kind of Love such a sweet miscellany of joys and inquietudes, as she is continually in the one or the other. For not to be mistaken, I must affirm, that to know all the delights of Love, one must know all the bitters of it, and whosoever cannot make a great misery out of a trivial matter, shall never take any great delight in a great favour. But if one will be happy in love, he must pick out great pleasures from slight favours, and must have a heart so sensible, as the very sight of a place where once his Mistress hath been, must fill his heart full of joy, as such joys as must grieve him; his heart must be full of thoughts upon her, he must think upon nothing else; and he must think upon her, sometimes with delight, and sometimes with grief. But the fair and merry Mistress, and also the proud and fantastical never use to have any such tender thoughts, It is onely the charming melancholy which is able to inspire a zealous, lasting, and pleasing Passion; As for a merry Mistress, it may be said she rather lends you her heart than gives it; for she never gives it so absolutely, but she can recal it as often as she finds any one that can divert her more. As for a proud and capricious Mistress, it may be said that one can never get her heart without a ravishment, unless perchance she cast it upon you out of anger, rather than give it you of good will; and you can never be so sure in possession of it, but you may lose it again by the same capricious toy which gave it you. But as for a melancholy Mistress, when she gives her heart, she gives it wholly and absolutely, and gives it in such an engaging manner, as (when one knows all the delicacies of this kind of affection which so few do know) it is impossible there should ever be any change in love: And if it were lawful in *Rome* to use so sacred a comparison with a prophane, I would say, that melancholy is the Vesta

which preserves the fire of Love in the heart of a Lover, since without it, a zealous and lasting Love cannot be.

Good *Celeres* (said *Amilcar*) say no more; for though I have undertook to be the defender of merry Mistresses, and mirth, yet I think if I were not near the lovely *Plotina*, you would convert me. The truth is (said *Artemidorus*) that *Celeres* and his expressions have tendered my heart. But the wonder is (said *Aronces*) that *Celeres* who hath so eloquently discoursed upon Love, yet never had any of those great and violent Passions, is able to instruct others so well. It is true (replied *Celeres*) and though I was never any more than a piddler in Love matters, yet I am very well acquainted with the Passion: And had I not thwarted my own temper, or had ever met with a lovely Melancholy Mistress who would have loved me, I should have been the deepest in Love of any man living. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I can scarcely believe you; for since my first beginnings in matters of love, I have begun a hundred several loves, which have made me so knowing in that Passion, as I have been loved two or three several times with all imaginable violence. For ought I see (replied *Sextus*) if one should desire you to tell us the History of your life, they should desire more than one single History. True Sir (replied *Amilcar* and laughed) and to speak properly, you must desire me to relate the History of my Adventures. For my Part, said *Plotina* then, I have a great desire to know them: I think, added *Cefonia*, that this curiosity would be general if there were any hopes of being satisfied. For my particular, pursued *Clelia*, I cannot tell whether or no I am deceived, but I think *Amilcar* had rather relate the adventures of any other than of his own. It is very true Madam, answered he, there is nothing more unhandsome than to relate ones own worth; for if one be modest he will not enough commend himself, and if one be not he will commend himself too much.

But I perceive (said *Plotina* unto *Sextus*) That the dispute is ended, and no judgment is given, whether the merry or the melancholy, the proud or the fantastical, have the advantage. Though I took upon me to be Judge (replied *Sextus*) yet I should be very presumptuous if I should pronounce any sentence before so many beauties whom I know so little: perhaps there may be more of them merry than I imagine; and those who seem melancholy, are so out of some accidental Cause, and not out of temper; and therefore I think it much better to entreat *Amilcar* that he would be pleased to relate unto us, some of those beginnings in love which he spoke of. Oh Sir, replied he, I am not fit to be my own Historian: But if you desire to have a Relation of some such Adventure, I have had a hundred friends in my life who have had many gallant and extraordinary adventures; which I am acquainted with as well as my own; and you need only but to tell me what kind of Story you would have. Since it is fitting to divert Prisoners, (replied *Sextus*) I pray let us have no tragical stories: With all my heart, replied *Amilcar*: for I am the least acquainted with them; but still I would gladly know a little better of what nature you would have a History. I would if it be possible, replied *Sextus*, have one that should not end either with a death or a marriage: Oh Sir, replied *Amilcar*, I can fit you, for I have a friend who has run through adventures enough to afford a hundred stories; which never ended

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so. All the Company laughing at what *Amilcar* said, and at his manner of saying it, they began to press *Amilcar* unto a Relation of one of these hundred Histories which he spoke of; so as he thinking it to be good service to *Aronces* if he kept *Sextus* from talking unto *Clelia*, he set himself to relate an Adventure, in which he was very perfect, and which for its singularity deserved to be told unto so noble a company: and therefore with eyes full of jollitry, he began to speak in as free an Air, and little troubled as if he had but three words to speak: But as he was turning towards *Sextus*, with intentions to address his speech unto him, that Prince desired him to make his address unto all the Ladies in general: And *Amilcar* obeying him, began thus.

The History of Artaxander.

Since I was ever very sincere; I must at the first tell you, that the names which I shall name in the Relation of this adventure, are names only suppos'd, That I shall also vary from the true places where the things were done, and that I my self do not well know, whether he whom I shall name *Artaxander*, was big or little, black or fair. But yet I can assure you, it is not more true, that you are all of you the fairest Prisoners in the world, than it is that all I shall now tell you did really happen in some place of the world or other, and that not long since: For I cannot endure old stories of three Ages ago; but what I am to tell you is an amorous adventure, a new adventure, a gallant adventure, and a most certainly true adventure. I must further tell you, that *Artaxander* who ere he be, being come to *Crete*, a Town which harboured the most fair and gallant women upon earth, and having quickly gotten the most accomplish'd men and fairest women for his friends, not then having any engagement of love upon his soul; he went out to walk with one of his friends in a Garden out of the Town, which is one of the most delectable places in the Isle, and the Isle you know is one of the best in all the *Aegean Sea*. And this Garden being from the Town two miles after the *Italian* measure, they went on horseback. In coming thither they saw two Coaches before the gates; And *Artaxander* presently enquiring whose they were, he understood that one of them belonged unto a Lady whom I will call *Cephisa*; and the other unto a Lady who had a Niece which lived with her, whom I will call *Pasitheia*, because indeed she resembled one of those Graces who owned that name. But he no sooner heard this, then he was very glad of it: for he had heard much talk of *Pasitheia*, though he had never seen her, for she had been in the Country ever since he came to *Crete*: so as turning towards his friend, whose name shall be *Philiontes*: well friend (said he unto him) I shall now see her whom I have heard so much of. Doubtless you will (replied he) and I am not the most mistaken man alive, if she be not as well pleased with the sight of you, as you will be with the sight of her. After this *Artaxander* whose action was all freeness he entred into the Garden; and no sooner in but he spied five or six women about a Fountain, who talked very loud and with much joy. Among the rest, *Artaxander* fixed his eyes upon one who was of a middle stature, and a most rare beauty: her Action was

sprightly, her Garb pleasing, her eyes shining and merry, the smile in her Looks and the blitheness of her behaviour, seemed as if she did counterfeit some body as she talked unto one of those Ladies whose name was *Cephisa*. And indeed, *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* staying behind a Hedge and looking upon all this good Company, they perceived that *Pasitheia* was counterfeiting a Lover of the old fashion, who was then in *Crete*: and one who had a kind of forced ridiculous Air with him, which rendred him intolerable, though otherwise he had wit enough. *Pasitheia* did counterfeit him so admirably well, as though *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* did not hear the name of him whom she did imitate, yet by her tone, her walk, and her action, they knew very well whom she did so perfectly personate. So as *Artaxander*, who was excellent good at the same faculty, and who was a particular friend unto all those Ladies except *Pasitheia*, he undertook a piece of Gallantry, which hit very happily: for knowing him very well whom *Pasitheia* did counterfeit, he came from behind the hedge, walking as the man used, and putting himself into the same garb and posture as he used, when he would be pleasing: After he had saluted all the Company in general, he accosted *Pasitheia* in particular, in a language so like that which she was imitating, as all the Company were very pleasingly surprised. But as for *Pasitheia*, she was so astonished and took such delight in this kind of gallantry, that after she had heartily laughed at this passage; I beseech you Sir (said she unto *Artaxander*) let me enjoy your friendship and acquaintance; for having a great desire to see my self, and know how I behave my self, and how I speak, I will then entreat you to personate me as well as the man which you now did imitate: As for my friendship Madam (said he in his own ordinary tone) I cannot well tell whether you can have it or no: for the truth is, you are too fair for friendship: Oh Sir, replied she, I shall be very well contented with your friendship, and let love alone; and therefore to be my friend is no such difficulty as you imagine: Whatever it be Madam, (said he unto her) let us leave the future unto the will of Love and Fate, and give me leave to tell you thus much, that though I never had the honour to see you until this quarter of an hour, yet I have expected a sight of you this fifteen days with much impatience: And let me tell you further, (added he and laughed) you are obliged unto me, for not giving away my heart unto one of these fair ones, until I had the honour to see you: lest I should have been forced to have recalled it when you came: 'Tis very true indeed (said the amiable *Cephisa*) *Artaxander* as great a Gallant as he is, has not yet made any addresses of Gallantry unto any of us: I must confess my self much obliged unto him (replied *Pasitheia*) and to return civility for civility, I can assure him that in all my voyage I did not accept of one heart which was offered unto me. And yet I must confess I was somewhat near it, when *Cephisa* spoke to me in your behalf; for I make no doubt but that you are the same *Artaxander*, of whom she hath spoken so nobly. Yes Madam (said he unto her) I am the same *Artaxander*, but the difficulty is how I should make good the commendations of *Cephisa*, as Madam, you are able to make good those praises which all the world gives you. But Madam, give me leave to tell you, that though I have professed I would not have any to throw away their loves upon me, yet I think my self obliged to give my heart to you in recompence

penance of your not accepting any heart for my sake. Though I should not give it, yet you have power to take it away from me whether I would or no; and therefore to keep you from theft, I had better be liberal and give it. Did you know my good humour (replied she and laughed) you would not speak as you do: for my foolish fancy is to love that which is stolen better than that which is given me: If so Madam, replied he, I beseech you give me my heart again to day, and steal it from me to morrow. After this all the rest of the Ladies and *Philontes* also mixing in the discourse, it became extremely pleasant: for *Artaxander* having a new design of pleasing, and *Pasitheia* the like, they did exceedingly divert themselves and others also. For they did put into practice all that I had said concerning mirth and merry people in the height; and if *Artaxander* had been acquainted with *Pasitheia* all his life, he could not have been more familiar with her than he was: before they parted, *Pasitheia* and he were whispering their conceits of all the company; he taught her one Song, she him another; he composed a Copy of verses *ex tempore*, upon a Poësie of Flowers which she gathered and threw unto him; and she again replied. Moreover she gave him her hood and gloves to hold whilst they were at a Collation in a green Arbour; she gave him also some of those fruits which were upon the Table; and letting a Ring accidentally fall, which was of no high price, and which he reached up she let him wear it, yet asked it of him at first: but when he told her that he loved to keep that which he found, as well as she did what she stole, she answered him that he should not have it unless he staked something against it and won it; then if you please Madam, (said he unto her) I will stake and lay my self against this Ring, that you are the fairest in the world; and because we will not put it unto chance; Judges shall be chosen to divide the wager. So this pleasant wager was laid, and the Ring was adjudged unto *Artaxander*. After this, they all went to see the house unto which the Garden belonged, there to rest themselves and where all this fair company did sit down and enjoyed a pleasant prospect out of a Closet with an open Balcony. But *Pasitheia* entring last because she stayed talking with *Artaxander*, all the places were taken up except two before the Balcony. I perceive (said *Pasitheia* and laughed) they know I am not like those Ladies who will be always in the shade, since they seat me with the Sun in my face. Those who have such a complexion as yours (replied *Artaxander*) who are so young, so fair, and eyes so sprightly cannot be seated better than you are: especially (added *Cephisa* and smiled) when they would shew themselves. I must confess indeed (replied *Pasitheia*) that I desire both to see and be seen: but withal I must tell you I am not so affectedly foolish as some Ladies are, who will at any rate be always shewing all the beauty they have, and whose minds run wholly upon such setting themselves off as makes them ridiculous to all beholders. And it is very ordinary (said *Artaxander*) for I never came in any place where I did not find some Ladies in placing themselves in an advantageous light as any would be in placing of a picture. I know one *Cretan*, replied *Philontes*, who is the most ambitious woman upon earth; so very extreme, as I think she would not appear fairer than others, but only out of her ambition, and without the least smack of Gallantry: This Lady was one day put to a pitiful perplexity, for be pleased to know, that this Lady who had a thou-

sand quarrels in her days about matter of place, and would contend for it with such as were much above her quality, this Lady, I say, came one day to one of her friends, whose chamber was so contrived as the highest place in the Room was the worst in the world for a beauty to be in: for the purest complexion there seemed to be yellow, by reason of reflection from a window opposite to a plot of yellow flowers, which caused that yellow reflection. Also the composition of this Ladies face was such, as if she were in an advantageous place, her eyes seemed hollow and ill-favoured, so as knowing this place was not favourable to her, she was then much perplexed between the interest of her ambition, and the interest of her beauty; for she knew well that if we took up that place, she should look pitifully upon it; and if she did not seize upon it, then another Lady would sit above her: so as not knowing upon a sudden what to do, because it was a thing she could not foresee, for the Chamber was new built, and she had never been in it, she fell into a miserable perplexity. But I pray Sir (said one of the company unto him) if she had never been in that Chamber, how could she know it had that ill quality? The Question is ingeniously asked (replied *Philontes*) and as easily answered. For you must know that when this ambitious Lady first entred, she saw one standing in this dangerous place; upon whose face she saw what would reflect upon her own, if she were in her room. So as not knowing whether she should take it or no, to gain a little more time of consideration she stepped back, and seemed as if she had some private business with one behind her, she carried her unto the other end of the Chamber to talk with her; but the best jest was she knew not what secrecie to talk of, inasmuch as the other was as much amazed, to hear her talk of so many senseless nothings, as that Lady was in finding out an expedient, how to avoid this disadvantageous place. But at the last, after much talk to no purpose the other Lady did guess the cause; for she began to find fault with the Chamber, and say her own was far beyond it, she said this was ill situated; she could not find a convenient place to set a bed in it; she would alter all the doors and windows; purposely to make better lights, such as would make her seem fair, and and to satisfy her Ambition, she would turn the very course of the Sun, she would have the whole house pulled down, though it was a most stately Fabrick, rather than expose her self unto a light which was disadvantageous unto her beauty. I know a Lady in the place from whence I came (replied *Pasitheia*) who would do as much, if the occasion should present it self; but I know others at *Crete* who are as ridiculous; for there is a woman whom *Cephisa* knows as well as I, who because she hath very white hands; is continually doing something or other which may give her an occasion of shewing them. For one while she will be mending somewhat about her own dress, and another while she will be so officious too, to be mending something about her friends; sometimes she will purposely let fall her hood, that she may take it up and so shew her hands; and when she is at any gallant Collation, she will always eat of that which is far off her, and not that which is near, because she would have a pretence to reach forth her hand and arm, and so shew their fairness. *Eie, Pasitheia*, (replied *Cephisa*) you have said too much: No truly (replied she) I have not said enough yet; for there are some who think themselves so fair, as that they do not on-

ly shew their hands unto others, but are continually looking upon themselves.

For my part (said *Artaxander*) I know a Lady who indeed hath admirable white teeth, who most certainly had never laughed, if her teeth had not been so; for all the composure of her face was serious and melancholy, yet knowing the whiteness of her teeth, she laughed in spite of nature's teeth, and got an artificial smile which is the most ridiculous thing in the World; for her mouth is always opened with a laugh though there be no signs of any mirth in her eyes or face; and her lips are so used to shew her teeth, as I am confident that she sleeps open mouthed. All the company laughing at this pleasant description which *Artaxander* made of that Lady, it was confessed that such things were often to be found, and that it was a weakness which beauties ought to correct themselves for, since nothing is more ridiculous than affectation. And yet nothing is more ordinary (replied *Cephisa*) especially amongst young people; nothing is more fantastical than to rowl the eyes by Art, and yet many women consult with their Glasses, only to learn the trick of it, but the truth is, a woman should not use any arts to please, but only such as belongs to the handsome dressing themselves, and chusing such colours as best becomes them, but I cannot endure any should practise to make faces, nor to shew any parts of their beauty with so much affectation as if they had a design to sell them. The *Tirian* and *Sidonian* Merchants do not use more care in shewing their rich Dies and Tapestries, than many great Beauties in shewing theirs. For my part (said *Pasitheia*) I am resolved none shall ever upbraid me with any fantastical affectation. I believe it (replied *Cephisa*) but yet you may be upbraided with that jocund humour which will not let you think upon any thing else; they wrong me who think my mind runs not much upon pleasures (replied she) for indeed I will always love that which pleaseth me, the way then to get your love (replied *Artaxander*) is always to please you, It is true (said she and laughed) and if you please me always as well as you have pleased me this day, we shall always agree very well. Oh! sweet *Pasitheia* (replied he) I am much joyed to hear you say so; and that you may know me better, give me leave to tell you I am nothing like those men who cannot be Masters of their own minds; who are sometimes merry and sometimes sad, and cannot speak out of their humours: As for me, I have four or five several sorts of spirits, and I am able to chuse which of them I please at any time; therefore since that in which I am this day doth please you, you shall see me in it as long as I live.

And indeed after this, *Artaxander* and *Pasitheia* grew as intimately familiar as any two in the world. *Pasitheia* told him where she dwelt, *Artaxander* asked leave to come and see her, she granted, and when he went, he stayed always very long with her. They parted always with so many signs of friendship, that never any growing affection appeared more sensible than between these two. And since the first day of visit they were almost always together; for the humour of *Artaxander* much delighting *Pasitheia*, and the humour of *Pasitheia* much pleasing *Artaxander*, an interest of pleasure did unite them, and caused them to be continually together; so as in a few days *Artaxander* perceived that his heart was wounded with the sharpest darts of Love; it is true, his Passion met with no bitter rubs, but he might in reason and with-

out vanity, have as much hope as love; for *Pasitheia* was so sweet towards him, and he knew so well that he pleased her, as he was almost sure of being loved. And indeed within a few days *Pasitheia* gave him as many signs of affection as she possibly could; she permitted him to talk of his love, and did not forbid him to hope; a while after she let him believe he was beloved: Indeed the hearts of these two were so accustomed unto pleasures, as perhaps they did not so sensibly as others, gust the happiness which they enjoyed; and it must be granted that when any do come out of a state of sorrows into a state of joys, they are the most sensible, but happy they both were, and if *Artaxander* contrary to his custom had not taken a fantastical conceit in his head, his love of *Pasitheia* had lasted longer. But the better to make you understand the business, you must know, that when *Artaxander* was most pleased with *Pasitheia*, and most confident of his being pleasing unto her, he fell in talk with *Cephisa*, who was no hater of him, and aggravating his good fortune, he opened his whole soul unto her; but conceiving this, *Cephisa* did lend but an hollow ear unto him, nor did think him so happy as he thought himself, he asked her the reason, wondering very much she did no more congratulate his good fortune. For truly, (said he unto her) *Pasitheia* is wondrous fair, her humours are infinitely pleasing, I please myself in pleasing her, she esteems me beyond my merit; she loves me almost as well as I would desire, and we see one another continually. You do very well Sir, (said *Cephisa*) to mention this last thing, for without it all the rest would not make love subsist. For certainly, if *Pasitheia* were but one month out of your sight, as pleasing as she is she would easily forget you.

Melancholy people (replied *Artaxander*) are so confidently persuaded that merry people will find Consolation in all conditions, as I can hardly believe what you say, unless you can give me an example of it. If that will convince you (replied *Cephisa*) I shall easily find one; but since you may perhaps think I disguise the truth, I pray ask *Philontes* who is your particular friend, what passed between *Pasitheia* and a most handsome man who died about four months since, and for your further satisfaction desire *Pasitheia* her self to relate the adventure of that illustrious dead man: to the end you may engage your heart no further than she engaged hers. *Artaxander* was very desirous that she would tell him further, but she kept firm to her resolution, and therefore as soon as he was parted from *Cephisa*, he went unto *Philontes*. As soon as they met, he asked him whether *Pasitheia* had lost a friend or a Lover within this four months? As for a friend (replied *Philontes* and laughed) *Pasitheia* can never lose him, for people of her humour can never have any; but as for a Lover, she did lose one whom she loved as well as she could love, and whom she ought to lament as long as she lives: But pray why did you never acquaint me with this Adventure (replied *Artaxander*) I perceived you so well pleased with *Pasitheia* from the very first, (replied *Philontes*) as I thought it not fit to acquaint you with a passage which the knowledge of it could not be advantageous to you: And I should never have spoke of it had not you spoke first. But I pray (replied *Artaxander*) what was the name of him she loved, and what kind of man was he? he was so very handsome and of so noble a mind, (replied he) as my eye never yet saw a better? his Quality was much above *Pasitheia's*; they

they began to love when they were Children playing together; this lovely Lover gave a thousand heroick Testimonies of his Love unto this Lady, he ventured his whole estate for her sake, he adventured his life for her several times; and it was impossible to express more love than he did to her. *Pasitheia* also, in requital of his affection, answered him in all that virtue would allow; and I am confident that *Philocrates*, as long as he lived had no cause to complain; for he being continually in her eye, he did continually please her, yet did not know her heart to the bottom. How (replied *Artaxander* then) was it *Philocrates*, whom I saw about four months since? who died in the same place where I was? was it that same *Philocrates* who loved, and was loved of *Pasitheia*? The very *Philocrates* (replied *Philontes*) the very same *Philocrates*; who though he was most dearly loved all his life, yet was soon forgotten after his death. Oh *Philontes*, (replied *Artaxander*) unless there were some great disgust between *Pasitheia* and him at parting, it is impossible a Man of his merit should be so soon forgotten: you are so far in favour with *Pasitheia* (replied *Philontes*) as you may easily make her tell you all passages between them; and therefore I will tell you no more; and indeed, do what *Artaxander* could, he could not get *Philontes* to tell him any more: so as curiosity augmenting, by the difficulty of finding satisfaction, the fancy took him in his head to go unto her, and know how it was possible she could comfort her self so soon, after the death of a lover who had so much merit. So going unto her, according to his custom; and finding her alone, he seemed at the first not to know any thing of *Philocrates* his love to her, but only named him as one who was his Friend. He had no sooner named him, but *Pasitheia* began to speak, how (said she without any extraordinary distemper) did you know *Philocrates*? Yes, replied he, and he died in my Arms, for whom I much lament; for he was a Man of great parts. For my part, replied *Pasitheia*, he has diverted me many a time: but as for you *Artaxander*, I believe you have no great reason to lament him: for had you seen him in *Crete*, I believe you would not have been good friends. I understand you very well Madam, replied *Artaxander*, and to speak truth you are in the right; for it is not usual for two Rivals to be friends. You know very much for a stranger (said she unto him) I cannot tell what I know as a stranger (replied he) but I conceive that I know not enough as a Man unto whom you have given your heart; and therefore I beseech you lovely *Pasitheia*, tell me ingenuously all the passages betwixt you and *Philocrates* until he parted from *Crete*; and fear not that I shall be jealous, for you may imagine there is no danger of a dead Rival. At the first *Pasitheia* was something shy in satisfying the curiosity of *Artaxander*; for, said she, I cannot endure to trouble my self with talking of past things unless they were serviceable to things present, or things to come. But at last, being overcome by the persuasion of *Artaxander*, she began to relate all the passages of *Philocrates* his love unto her, especially all the Diversions, Treats, Feasts, and Merriments, which he had given her; so as they being all pleasant passages, she laughed as heartily in relating all these things, as if the Man who gave them all unto her, were not dead, at least not

dead so lately. But the wonder was, that in this relation, she confessed ingenuously that she did most tenderly love *Philocrates*; that he never gave her the least distaste, and that they parted as most dear friends, and that she was much obliged unto him after his death, because by his last Testament he had given her a great part of his Estate: Sure then Madam (said *Artaxander* to her) the memory of *Philocrates* must needs be very dear unto you; I assure you (said she) I do think upon him sometimes with much delight, for we have laughed together many a merry time; then remembring some things which she had not told before, she began to tell them with such freeness of spirit, as if she never had any interest in what she told: so that as long as this Relation lasted, *Artaxander* could not see the least grief or sorrow in her eyes, or face. But on the contrary, there was such extreme joy in her words, in her voice, and in her eyes, that as well pleased as he was to see his Rival's death, did not move the heart of his Mistress, yet he was very sad.

Thus *Pasitheia* supposing that he would think she did too obligingly remember him whose adventures she had related, she affected to shew her insensibility; by shewing her jollitry. And to that end she began to talk of a hundred merry passages; and she related to *Artaxander* some things which her dead Lover had spoken unto her: He told me the day before his departure (said she unto him) that though death was alike to him in all places, yet he should grieve more to die far from *Crete*, then to die near me. Believe me (said I unto him) I do not understand your reason, since I profess unto you, that if you were very sick in danger of death, I would not see you: For what delight soever can be taken in the sighs of a dying Lover, I profess I would not be present at your last groan; and therefore I cannot see any reason you have to desire dying in *Crete*, more then the furthest part of *Africa*. Yes Madam (said he unto me) if I die in *Crete* I shall have a Tomb, and I should hope that the sight of my Urn would hinder you from engaging in a new affection. And therefore, *Artaxander* (added she and laughed) if you take any care for the burial of your Rival, you do not know that you do a thing against his intention, and a thing which hereafter will be serviceable unto you.

However, since it was his Fate to die; I am very glad it was in *Africa*; for I should have been troubled in passing by his Monument; and I cannot endure any sad objects; for I do not know any greater folly in the World then to grieve, when it is a thing cannot be helped by grief. Believe me, Madam, (replied *Artaxander* very discontentedly) in this you are the wisest Woman in the World: You speak in such a tone (said she) as if you took it ill I did not cry for the death of your Rival. I know not, Madam (replied he) whether I should take it well if you should cry; but I confess I think it strange you should so little grieve; and to be plain with you, I will do what I can to persuade my self, that it is my self who gives Consolation to you after his death. But Madam, it is impossible I should ever be so persuaded; for the first time, I had the honour to see you in the Garden, where you were so pleasantly personating that ridiculous Lover, whose gallantries were all after the old mode, you had then more jollity and blitheness in your eyes and mind, then ever I saw you since; yet it is so short

short a time since my Rival died, and as one can hardly imagine him to be dead. Thus I must conclude, with sorrow to my self, that it was not I who did comfort after your loss, but that it is only your own natural temper, which is to love the diversion, and not the divertor, unless it be for such diversions as proceed directly from his person; so as such as think to be tenderly loved by you, will be much deceived, and miserable; for since my Rival could not attain to any perfection of love from you, no Man else can ever pretend unto it; and to be plain with you, I think it wisdom in any person to disengage himself from such a one as you, who is not capable of any violent passion.

Since you think that you have found out a new fantastical, and pleasant way of complaint (replied she) I wonder not you should make your self a little merry with it, and since I think my self a little good at Rallery, as if I did believe you spoke your real thought. Seriously Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I am much afflicted to see you so much incapable of loving aright, and that you should so little love the most lovely Man upon earth. I assure you (said she) that I loved him as well as ever I could, and that I do not love you better then I did him. I do believe it, Madam (answered he) and believe it easily; for my Rival was a Man incomparably above me in all things, he hath done you a million of services; a million of services more then ever I did, and I make no question but that you loved him more than you do me. And therefore you need not think it strange, I should grieve at the small affection which you had unto him. For Madam (I must tell you again) that I wish I had been the Man who had comforted you, and that I had seen you weep the first time I had the honour to see you, in lieu of seeing you laugh, I wish that I had wiped away your tears. But had you seen me crying (replied she and laughed) you would not have loved me, and so far would you have been from courting, that you would have fled from me, and therefore I see no reason you have to complain. I complain, Madam (replied he) because you did not well enough love my Rival; for being perswaded that you did not love me so well as him. It much concerns the happiness of my life, to think that you loved him very well; and therefore it is not so fantastical as you imagine, that I should grieve that you grieve no more for his loss. I do not tell you (replied she) that I love you less, then I loved him; but out of my plain sincerity, I told you that I loved you no better then I loved him. I do believe you, Madam (replied he) indeed I do believe you, and I do too much believe you for my own tranquillity; for when I do consider that an absent Lover, and a dead Lover are both alike unto Women of your humour; and when I consider, that as soon as I am out of your sight, you will forget me as one whom you never saw, my vexation is more then I am able to express. Moreover, my imagination is so weak and apprehensive, as I cannot chuse but think that if I were either dead or absent, you would within one month contract affection with some other, and would relate unto him all our adventure as merrily, as you have related unto me, the adventure of my unfortunate Rival. And therefore to be downright plain with you, I am resolved to the utmost of my endeavours to disengage my heart; and considering your extreme insensibility, if I could revive my Rival I would do it, to the end he might

upbraid you with your affection unto me. Oh Sir (said she and laughed) if you could work that wonder, you would put me to it indeed; for then I think I should quit you both together, and perhaps make choice of a third, before either of you two. As *Pasitheia* said so, much company came in, so as the discourse of necessity became general.

But as chance would have it, the discourse did fall upon the very same subject; for *Cephisa*, began to talk of a Lady, who after the Death of her Husband did strange things to testify the excess of her sorrow, and who afterwards did so cheer up self, as if she had quite forgotten him. For my part (said *Pasitheia* then) I think these things the greatest follies in the World; for when any hath received a loss of this nature, all a whole Town will run to comfort the party afflicted: If you chance to meet one of them, and ask whither he is going? they will answer, that they are going to comfort forsooth; ask another, and they will answer the same; and yet those they go to comfort would not be comforted unless they came, as if the tears of others were the Pearls that must enrich them; but there is no greater folly in the World, then excessively to grieve when there is no remedy, and the greatest wisdom is to cheer up presently as soon as one can; and I assure you it is my maxim, that when I lose any whom I love, I will do all I can to forget him.

Indeed I have heard say (replied *Cephisa* craftily) that when *Pasitheia* lost a person whom she loved dearly, and from whom she had his Picture and several Letters, she presently burned all his Letters and threw away his Picture. I do confess it (replied *Pasitheia* sharply and blusht) and so both I and all else ought; to what purpose is grief for the dead? And to what purpose is your affection unto a living person, replied *Artaxander*, since it is a thing impossible to be sure of it? Do you think (said she) that the affection of these death-lamenters, is more sure then mine? for I am most confident, they cry, and pule, and lament more out of temper than affection. I grant they do cry out of their tempers (replied *Artaxander*) but it must be granted also, that they do love zealously or coldly, by the same reason, and you are of a temper to love nothing but pleasures and joys, you are incapable of any sorrow or affection. I would gladly know (said a Lady in the Company what precise limits are to be allowed unto sorrow: If you will believe *Artaxander* at this time (said *Pasitheia*) he will tell you, that you ought to live ever upon the grave of the party loved, or at least to cry Eternally, and make Fountains of your eyes. And if you will believe *Pasitheia* (replied he) she will tell you that you may dance upon the grave of your friends that sorrow is a fond weakness, and that the loss of a fair day to take the Air in, deserves to be lamented more, then the loss of the most perfect Lover or the most faithful friend in the World.

For my part (said *Cephisa*) I love not extreams in any thing: I think a middle way may be taken, and that without either despair or insensibility, we may grieve, and comfort our selves in a reasonable manner. I would gladly know (saith *Pasitheia*) how you mean it, that when one hath lost a Lover, they may know whether they may make another; if when one hath lost a Husband, she may marry again; and

if

if when one hath lost a friend, one may get another in his Room. You ask many things at once (replied *Cephisa*.) And which is most strange (added *Artaxander*) though you should make the most just Laws in the World, yet she would break them all. Since I cannot deny *Pasithea* (replied *Cephisa*) I will endeavour to content her though I am as well as you persuaded that she desires to know more then she would learn, at least put in practice. Though I should break all your Laws (replied she) yet I should do no such work of wonder, since the Laws of the greatest Kings are broken every day: Speak then *Cephisa* (said she and laughed) and teach me the art of crying handsomely. You know so well how to laugh handsomely (replied *Artaxander*) that I cannot believe you will ever learn to cry: if I had known how to laugh so well as you say, you would have taught it me since I first knew you (replied she) but good *Cephisa*, answer unto all my questions one after another; and to begin with the first, tel me whether when one hath lost a Lover, one must bury themselves with him, or make a vow against being fair, and use ones eyes in nothing but crying? for if it must be so, I promise you I will never permit any to love me, unless he can lay in good security that he is immortal, lest I should be put to die with him, or else lead a life so melancholy as is not worth the living.

To give you my opinion clearly (replied *Cephisa*) one should never be engaged in any particular affection; but since an innocent love is allowed, and one hath the misfortune to engage the heart to love one whom death takes away, one ought never to engage again, without any excessive sorrow; yet since it is so natural to be so comforted with time in the most sensible sorrows, I will not absolutely condemn one whose heart shall be moved the second time unto a particular tenderness; but if any woman shall go beyond twice, I profess I shall hold her to be neither reasonable nor virtuous. Then you allow one to have a second Lover? replied *Pasithea*, after one hath lost the first: It were much better never to have any or at least no more but one (replied *Cephisa*) but to suit my Laws with humane imbecillity, I will allow one to have two Lovers, provided there be a long interval between the death of the first, and the beginning of the second love, also upon condition that the second Lover be worthy to succeed the first; and that one should defend ones heart against the second more resolutely, then against the first; that one should be secretly ashamed of any new engagement; and that one should not engage until time and reason, have allowed some comforts: I would not have any new Lover banish the first out of the heart of a Lady: but I would have it to be time and reason which should comfort her, and to put her into a Condition of loving the second time: And I dare boldly say that any woman whosoever which shall engage her self in any new affection, presently after the death of the first Lover, as a most unfaithful person, more unhumane and more insensible then if she were unfaithful to her living Lover. It is manifest (replied *Pasithea*, that all your Lovers are living and well; but if you were in fear they would dy before you, then perhaps you would not speak as you do. Yet I am contented with this Article; and therefore tell me whether it is lawful to have two husbands, as well as two Lovers? Since Custome hath allowed it (replied *Cephisa*) I shall not contrary it; but if you would have me tell you

ingeniously what I think, I must positively confess that I would more willingly pardon a woman who admits of two Lovers, then her that admits of two Husbands; for it less wounds a delicate *Genius*, to bestow the whole heart twice for a time, then to give it for all the life. And indeed, if some strong resentments of Love or Ambition will not excuse a woman that marries twice, she is inexcusable: At least I am sure it is better to be a proud nice Mistress then to be one of those wives who as soon as ever they have buried one Husband are in bed with another, and never lament his loss, but in hopes that their tears will prefer them unto another more agreeable to their fancy. Yet those who are onely possessed with two innocent passions, they have much more to say in excuse of their imbecillity; for it cannot be denied but that there is some sweetness to reign in the heart of a well accomplished man, and to be zealously loved; and the delight to have a faithful and obedient servant, may in some sort excuse her who after a long lamentation for the loss of the first, does desire to have such another Captive; but I cannot conceive what delight a woman can take in taking a new Master: And I should not believe it possible, if experience did not every day shew us examples of women, who without any Ambition or love or reason for it, do marry themselves again onely to marry, without any other reasons for their marriage. Nor will I ever trust those great mourners, who would shut themselves up in the Tombs of their dead Husbands; for I have seen so many of them so soon comforted, as I like much better a sorrow that is more wise and lasting, and will sooner allow a woman two Lovers then two Husbands. As for that (said *Artaxander*) I believe *Pasithea* will not contradict you: I do confess it (replied she) and I will dispense with her from the pains in telling whether she may take new friends in lieu of others that are dead. I do believe, replied *Artaxander*, that you have no mind to know it. I confess that also, said she; but it is because all my friends are well, and I would not trouble myself so far as to consider upon any others. You should have said, replied *Cephisa*, that you know well enough already how to use them; for have you not lost *Philocrates*? 'Tis true (said she without any blush, or shame) and I have taken *Artaxander* in his place: I know not Madam, replied he, whether I am in the place of *Artaxander*; but I think his place to seem better then mine, but it is much better to be at rest in a grave, then to be in the heart of such an humored woman as your self.

But methinks (replied *Pasithea* and laughed) that *Cephisa* hath not ranked *Philocrates* aright: For he was my Lover, and she has ranked him amongst my friends. After this the spirit of *Artaxander* was so incensed against the insensibility of this hard hearted woman, as he returned her a hundred sharp expressions: And then the company parting, *Artaxander* carried *Cephisa* to her lodging, who doubtless bore him so much good will, as was very likely to become love; and therefore she was not sorry to see him so incensed against *Pasithea*: but rather on the contrary did blow the bellows to kindle a greater dislike; for she acquainted him with an hundred particularities of her former gallantry which *Pasithea* had not told him, because she did not remember them. And indeed *Artaxander* with all jollities, was much grieved that *Pasithea* should so indiffe-

indifferently resent the death of his Rival: and he could not have grieved more if she had loved some other than he was, that she loved not him enough: For truly (said he unto *Philontes*) what security can I even have in the affection of *Pasitheia*; since I have it from her own mouth, that she cannot love me better than she did *Philocrates*, whom she loved not at all since she can be so soon comforted. But you have not loved many others, replied *Philontes*, who loved you no better than she doth, and yet never torment your self. 'Tis true (said he) but I loved them no better than they loved me: but my affection unto *Pasitheia*, for I intended towards her such a violent passion as might have been set for an example unto all Lovers: yet now I see, my best course is, not to love her at all; and methinks I owe so much respect unto my dead friend, that I ought not to contribute unto the pleasure of one who does so little lament him; Also I should serve *Pasitheia* but right, if I did make her lament *Philocrates*. The way to know whether this jocund Lady do love you better than she did her first Lover (replied *Philontes* and laughed) is to let *Artaxander* die. Oh *Philontes*, (replied he) that remedy is too violent: when you understand me well, replied he, you will find it a better remedy than you imagine; For my meaning is, that *Pasitheia* shall not find it in you for a certain time, that same *Artaxander* who loved her, and who had the art to please and divert her. Cease therefore if you will be ruled by me, from being so complaisant and sweet unto her; never see her unless it be to chide her; be reserved and melancholy; and make that pleasing *Artaxander* whom she loved to die, and see if she will love him after death, and use all her endeavours to revive him: And indeed *Artaxander* smothering all his joys, he seemed to be a very sullen and melancholy man, and behaved himself as one who cared not a rush for diverting her: he never saw her but with a sour face; he talked not as he was wont: he did not laugh at what she said, he moved no delight, but when he spoke he complained against her, so as *Pasitheia* began to think it much better if he were dead, then to be present with her in such dumpish humours. And one day she told him her mind; for as he began to upbraid her with her cold affection: I pray *Artaxander* (said she unto him) either assume your good humours again, or else I shall be worse to you than to *Philocrates*: for I do but forget him, but I shall hate you most horribly. Oh Madam, said he unto her, I do defie you: for I am confident that you can neither love nor hate: and therefore I cannot hope to be loved, so I do not fear being hated. But Madam, if you will not have *Artaxander* to trouble you, you must not do more for him then you did for *Philocrates*. Truly, said she, I cannot; for I did as much for *Philocrates* as virtue would permit me, and neither will, nor ought do more. Then, Madam (replied he) I must love no longer, since I cannot be contented with such an affection as you had unto *Philocrates*. Were I inspired onely with a bare piece of gallantry, a light Love, such as I have seen a hundred in my daies, you should not speak thus: But, to my misery, I was resolved to love you otherwise than so; and since there is no medium, you must either love me more than you did *Philocrates*, or else I must not love you at all. *Artaxander* (said she) as I cannot do as you would have me, so if you can do what you say you would I perceive Madam (said

he unto her) that you think I cannot; but perhaps I shall shew you, that it is possible to break any chains which you can give; and to try whether I am master of my self, I will deprive my self of the happiness in seeing you. And indeed *Artaxander* did presently rise up, and went away from *Pasitheia*: Also to make it appear, that his design was to break off with her, he sent her back her Picture which she gave him, and went the next morning into the country with *Philontes*, at whose house he lay; for *Philontes* being the onely son, and a very well accomplished man, he was almost master at home, though he had a Father and Mother, and having a very noble and pleasant house in the Country, he carried *Artaxander* with him for a month who by the help of himself and the Muses doe cheer up himself after the loss of *Pasitheia*, and all this voyage was as pleasant as any man alive. Thus this beginning of love did end, neither by death nor marriage, nor hatred, nor jealousy. But to pass from one into another, you must needs know what accident fell out that same night *Artaxander* and *Philontes* returned unto *Creet*. But first I must acquaint you, that since their departure there was come a Lady to the town, whom *Artaxander* never had seen, which Lady had a daughter who passed for the onely rare beauty in the world.

This Lady having formerly lodged in the house of *Philontes* Father, and had contracted a great league of friendship with his Mother; they came thither very often in the absence of *Artaxander* and *Philontes*, their house being just over the way. But to come speedily into this other beginning of Love which I promised, and to acquaint you with that which absolutely chased *Pasitheia* out of *Artaxander's* heart, you must know, that there being much company at supper with *Philira* (for so will I name the Mother of the great beauty whom I will name *Cynesia*) as ill luck was after all the company was gone, those servants who should have extinguished the lights, and made clean the room, were so negligent, as that within an hour after the house was on fire; and so violent at first, that *Philira* and *Cynesia* fearing their lives more than any thing else, went out and went unto the house of *Philontes* his Father which was over the way, and so far off the fire, as there was no fear of catching: but by the help of neighbours the fire was quickly quenched, yet *Philira* and *Cynesia* durst not go home, for all the household stuff was carried out in haste for fear of burning; and the Mother of *Philontes* desired *Philira* and *Cynesia* to take a lodging in her house: and she with more convenience offered this piece of civility because *Artaxander* and *Philontes* being out of town, their chambers were ready prepared to receive these Ladies. And so *Philira* was carried into the chamber of *Philontes*, and the fair *Cynesia* unto that of *Artaxander*. But as commonly in all such disorders, things are not done regularly, and as *Cynesia* had not her own woman to wait upon her, so the servants of the house did but half shut her door, and making haste to go into bed and regain the time of sleep which they had lost, they left a candle burning in the chamber of the fair *Cynesia*, who was not at all sorry for it, because being frighted with the accident of fire, she thought she should not sleep; but she was mistaken; for silence, rest and weariness, did lul her into a deep sleep as well as all the rest of the house. Mean time, you must know, that the weather being very hot and

and night's much better to travel in then daies, *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* to avoyd the excessive heat, did take Boat at Sun-set. to return unto *Creet*, giving order unto their men to come by land the next day; for the Moon shining all night, fancied much pleasure in returning thus; for the night was clear, the sea serene, the boat covered over with Orange and Mirtle branches, which gave a most admirable odour; they had cushions to lean upon, if a desire of sleep came upon them, and the Rowers were excellent at the art, neither was the boat so little, but they might talk and not be hard by the Rowers; so as I have heard both *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* say, that they never pailed a more lovely night then that; for two such wits could not want discourse: sometimes they would sing, sometimes muse, sometimes make verses, sometimes rally with the Rowers; they admired the beauty of the Sea which the sparkling of the Stars did silver; they lent a pleasing ear unto the murmur of the waves in the silence of night, and at last harkning to the stroaks of the Oars, which are very apt to cause sleep, they slept; and when they waked they enjoyed the most pleasant prospect in the world at their approach to *Creet*: also they had slept so soundly, as they imagined they had slept as much as ordinary, and as much as they needed: At last they came to *Creet*, and the town having no other wals but the sea on that side, they might easily goe to their own house; and they went through all the City and met not a man in the streets, for it was very late, and about an hour after *Philira* and *Cynesia* were gon to bed: Mean time, as they could not imagine that their chambers were taken up, so they went directly home; and indeed they were much amazed to see some signs of burning in their neighbourhood. But at last knocking gently at the gate for fear of waking the Master and Mistress of the house, a slave who lay close by, heard the knock, so as imagining that perhaps it was some of *Philiraes* servants who came to speak with their Mistress, he did rise up, and half awake, and half asleep, he went unto the door; at the which he no sooner was, but knowing the voice of his Masters son, and of *Artaxander*, he opened the door in all hast: As soon as they were entred, this slave would have called up some men to wait upon them and light a candle, but *Philiontes* would not let him wake any, and the Moon shining as light as day he forbad him, but bade him go to bed again: The slave obeyed, and being one whose office was only to open the door, and beside, a dull fellow, he knew not that *Philira* and *Cynesia* had taken up the chambers of *Philiontes* and *Artaxander*: He knew well that they were in the house, for he saw them come in, but his business not being above stairs, he never enquired where they lodged, so as *Philiontes* and *Axtaxander* parting, because their chambers were not both up the same stairs, they went each of them to their own. But *Artaxander* was strangely surpris'd, when coming to his chamber door he saw it open, and a light burning in it; but much more was his wonder, when he saw such night dresles as Ladies use, lying upon the Table; but again his admiration was incomparably great, when he saw one of the greatest beauties in the world lying in his bed, who did lye in the most advantageous posture to appear fair, and make *Artaxander* in love with her; For the weather being very hot, the Purple Curtains about her bed were all drawn open, and gave him the liberty to see and admire

her beauty, which seemed the more wonderful, by reason of his surpris'e at such a fair object. *Cynesia*, who was of a notable tall stature, did ly upon her right side, and the cloths upon her being very thin, one might see the whole shape of her body; her head leaned upon one arm, and the other lay loose upon the pillow: also having undressed her self in a kind of tumultuous hast, a part of her dresles were untied, and her black locks lay curled upon her most admirable white neck: As for her left arm, it lay bare upon her Pillow, and shewed its delicacy. *Artaxander* found every part of her face most rarely excellent; and though her eyes were shut, yet he judged of them by the rest. She slept with a lovely smile; and though complexion does not use to shew it self much in sleeping, yet *Cynesia* was as fresh as any rose; her lips so red, and her curled hair so black, together with her pure complexion, was the most inviting object in the world. *Artaxander* being strangely surpris'd at this fair apparition, he knew not what to think; and his wonder was the greater because he knew not *Cynesia*: He judged her to be a person of quality both by her dres, and a Caraket of Diamonds about her neck, which she had forgotten to put off, and also by a Case of Picture which was tyed about her left Arm with a black Ribband, though the Case was not a very rich one yet *Artaxander* knew that none wore any such but people of quality.

Artaxander being then in this Condition, he knew not what to do; for he had a good mind to waken this fair one, to see whether her eyes were as fair as he immagined them; but fearing to procure her hatred, if he should affright her when she waked, and found her with a man in that place, he durst not attempt, but bethought himself of a more respektive and gallant a course. For having in his Pocket by chance the case of a Picture, much more rich and handsome then that which *Cynesia* had tied about her Arm, he went softly towards the fair one, and kneeling down, he untied the black Ribband about her arm extreemly nimble, and tying his own case in lieu of that which *Cynesia* wore, he never awaked *Cynesia*. But I forgot to tell you, that this Case which *Artaxander* tied upon *Cynesiaes* Arm, was made to put *Pascheaes* Picture in; and ever since he had sent her back the Picture he wore the empty Case: So as having a Silver Pen and Ink about him, and having a quick fancy, he writ these four Verses within the Case, before he tyed it unto *Cynesiaes* Arm.

*Night's better than the Day
Such Mysteries to discover,
As you my Love know may
And yet not know the Lover.*

He had no sooner written these four Lines in the Case and had tyed it unto her fair Arm, but he heard some coming up the stairs: So as fear left he should wake this fair one he went hastily to the place where he heard the noise, and went so gently as he did not awake *Cynesia*. He was no sooner at the stairs top, but he met his friend, whose adventure was much different from his; for in lieu of finding a great beauty in his bed he had found the Mother of *Cynesia*, whom time and age had withred into extreem ugliness. Yet he knowing her, because the Moon shined as light as day in the Chamber, he made

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a gentle retreat without any disturbance to her rest, and came to his friend: So as meeting upon the stairs top, and relating to each other their several adventures, *Artaxander* whose sleeping beauty had weakened his spirits, he intreated his friend to go out again with him; they commanded the Porter to speak not a word of their returning, went to lye both together at a friends house. And *Philontes* finding it a pleasant conceit, that *Cynesia* should not know how her Picture Case came to be exchanged, he consented unto his friends Proposition. And so all was done as *Artaxander* desired, for they went out of the house; they charmed the Port for speaking of their return out of the Country, and went to lye all night at the house of a Cousin unto *Philontes*. But to the end, they should not go to their own house until night, they sent to meet their men who were to come by Land, commanding them not to come to Town till the latter end of the day, and charging them to keep it secret, that they came by Water; but on the contrary to say that they came by Land and with them.

But the most pleasant part of all the adventure was, that *Artaxander* having slept sufficiently in the Boat, and being very fresh and lively, he fell into discourse with *Philontes* concerning his sleeping beauty, and to ask a hundred several Questions. For Heavens sake (said he unto him) do not hinder me from loving her; and you cannot do me a better Office any way in the World, then to contribute something which will make me in love: But to tell you truly, I would not have this fair one of *Pasitheas* humour but would have *Pasithea* with all her jollities so vexed to see me captivated by another, as she shall grieve more for it then for *Philocrates*. I assure you friend (replied *Philontes*) you have found out any excellent expedient for it: For first all fair ones in generall cannot indure to lose their servants, and *Pasithea* in particular will be vexed no the Soul if you should love *Cynesia*. Moreover, be assured that this fair one is of a far different temper from the other; for her temper is melancholy, though she be very pleasant in Company, and hath a most merry Ayr with her: But withal, she is sometimes a little fantastical. Yet having a Passionate Soul and a tender heart, her capricious fancies never last long. Oh my friend (said *Artaxander*) this is enough; for *Cynesia* being fair, witty, pleasing, melancholy, and a little fantastical, I shall hope even out of variety onely, for a thousand delights in loving her; but you do not love her yet (said *Philontes* and laughed) Truly friend (replied *Artaxander*) though I do not yet, yet I shall do ere long, and did I but once see her eyes open, I should not doubt but to be in love with her: However (added he) I am engaged to be so, since I told her as much by the Verses which I writ in the Case that I exchanged with her; and therefore though I should not be in love with her, yet I must seem so a while. But if you be not in love with *Cynesia* said *Philontes* and she keeping your Picture Case, your gallantry will cost you somewhat dear: If she keep it (replied *Artaxander*) she will do me such a favour as will make me in love, for I must tell you that favours and beauty have a strong influence upon me. But how can she know (replied *Philontes*) that it was you who made the exchange? she may easily guess it (replied he) for I intend this evening to wear the Case which I took from her in such a place as she cannot

chuse but see it. In saying so, *Artaxander* took the Case out of his Pocket which yet he had not opened, because his mind was wholly taken up with this adventure. But he was astonished, when at the opening he saw the very same Picture of *Pasithea* which he had sent her back, when he quarrelled with her. At the first he believed that these two Ladies were friends, unknown to him; and that *Pasithea* had sent *Cynesia* her Picture whilst he was in the Country; but he was not long in this belief, for *Philontes* told him that they were enemies; so as not knowing what to think upon the adventure, he was extremely perplexed. For my part, (said *Philontes* unto him) I am apt to believe that *Pasithea* being of no reserved humour, she hath giving this Picture unto some new Gallant that hath sacrificed it unto *Cynesia*. But if that be so (said *Artaxander*) it must be concluded that *Cynesia* hath some Lover whom she doth not hate; for those who take such pledges do engage themselves as much as they think to engage others. What you say (replied *Philontes*) perhaps is but imagination, which I will think to be but upon an ill foundation; for since you are resolved to be in love, at what rate soever, I must take heed of telling you any thing which may hinder you. The truth is (replied *Artaxander*) love is an excellent Antidote against wearisomeness, in a place where one hath nothing to do; for there the sending of a common Message, or the receiving of one, doth pass for a whole daies work; if you be in love, you will have no sooner done one thing, but you will be thinking upon another; your own very musings will please you; and nothing doth so sweetly take up the spirits of a gallant love; as for great and violent passions, they possess them over much. For my part (said *Philontes*) I conceive one should either not be in love at all, or else love in good earnest; for certainly the greatest Passions procure the greatest pleasures. It is true (said *Artaxander*) but withall, they bring with them the greatest sorrows: I must confess it (answered *Philontes*) but I am of such an humour, as I would have all or none: I value not those slight affections, which require as much pains about them, as a high Passion; they will take you up as much time, but will not recompence the labour. For a thousand of these half loves will never be able to conquer a whole heart; and therefore if you will be ruled by me, either love not *Cynesia* at all, or else love her in the height. So I am resolved (replied *Artaxander*) though it were onely to be revenged upon *Pasithea* for caring so little to lose me, and bestowing her Picture so quickly upon another, as it is very likely she hath. But whilst *Artaxander* and *Philontes* were thus talking, the fair *Cynesia* slept soundly, and it may be well said, that by her sound sleeping, she prepared new Arms for the Conquest of *Artaxander*. For when she awaked, her complexion was more fresh, and her eyes more sprightly. But in awaking, she was all wonder to see a Case about her Arm all set with shining Diamonds in lieu of her own, and which was incomparably more rich; she no sooner saw this surprizing change but she blusht; and raising her self upon her bed, she held her Arm out to the light, as if she had been mistaken; but the more she looked upon this Case, the more sure she was that some came into the Chamber whilst she was asleep, and did imagine it to be a man, thinking such a kind of gallantry could not proceed from any Woman. So as a resentment of

of modesty, did for a while raise some inquietudes in her mind. Yet upon second thoughts of the adventure, she concluded, that he who made that advantageous exchange, had a noble heart, so as she hath since confessed, that she was then fuller of curiosity than care. Her greater wonder was that she knew there was not any Man in the house but only *Philontes* Father, who being very old, could not be suspected of such a thing.

She knew very well that he had a Son, for she was acquainted with *Philontes*. And she was not ignorant that *Artaxander* also had lodged in the house, for though she knew him not yet she had heard talk of him. But she could not dream of them, because she heard say, that they were in the Countrey, and no speech of their return. As she was in this amazed particular Friend of hers whose name was *Cleophila*, came in to see her, and to rejoice with her that the fire in her Mothers house had done no greater hurt. But as soon as she saw her, and saw her so fair: Oh *Cynesia* (said she unto her) it appears by your eyes that you have rested very well, for all the trouble of the night: But for my part, had I been in such a fright, I should have hid my self all the day after. For my complexion would have been so dull, my eyes so hollow, and my heart so faint, that I should have swooned with fear; yet I see that you had not the least fear of being burned. It is true (said *Cynesia*) I have slept as soundly this night, as if no accident had happened, or as if I had not changed my Bed. And to make it appear true, I will tell you of the strangest piece of gallantry, that ever you heard of: After this, *Cynesia* told *Cleophila* all the passage, and that she might better see the Cause, she held out her Arm, entreating her friend to untie the Ribbond. *Cleophila* had no sooner untied it, but *Cynesia* opened it; but she was extremely surprised at the sight of those Verses which *Artaxander* had written, and so much, as that she could not read them aloud, but first read them to her self, and then recited them unto *Cleophila* in this manner.

*Night's better than the Day
Such Mysteries to discover,
As you my Love know may,
And yet not know the Lover.*

Afterwards, she looked upon *Cleophila*, who was not less surprised then she: And upon serious consideration, *Cleophila* concluded, that it must of necessity be *Artaxander*. Not that I can discover it by his stile in Verse (said she) for he useth to write much better; but since they were doubtless writ upon a sudden, they may very well be his; for I have known sometimes when *ex tempore* he hath writ no better; and therefore I will conclude that it was *Artaxander* who is the Authour: That it was he who saw you asleep, and that it is he who is in love with you. But *Artaxander* is in the Countrey (replied *Cynesia*) *Artaxander* then is in more places then one (replied *Cleophila*) for I tell you it can be none but he: And I must tell you that to conquer such a heart as his sleeping is no small glory to you. Alas (replied *Cynesia*) as for his heart I cannot pretend unto it, for hearts are never taken sleeping. I do assure you (replied *Cleophila*) that though you had fewer charms then you have, yet *Artaxander* loves you. For this beginning of acquaintance and ad-

venture, is in such a pleasant way, as I make no question but he will answer it as pleasingly. It vexeth me exceedingly (said *Cynesia* then) that he who writ those Verses, hath left me such a Box as I will not keep; and the worst is, that the Picture of *Pasithea* is in it which he took from me. So as those who know not how the case stands, but are ignorant that she and I are enemies, will think that I have shewed it out of malice; for as the case is between us, they cannot imagine she would give me her Picture. How? (said *Cleophila*) had you *Pasithea's* Picture? and was it in the Case which is taken from you? Yes (replied she) and that is it which most troubles me, for I cannot endure to be suspected of being guilty of any malice: But I beseech you (replied she) how came you to that Picture? Ah *Cleophila*! (answered *Cynesia*) I shall blurt to tell you; yet know it I must (replied she) if ever you will know any thing of me. Since you will know it (replied *Cynesia*) I will tell it in two words. So I know it (said *Cleophila*) I care not whether it be in two, or a thousand words; but lest we should be interrupted, I pray tell me quickly. You know (replied *Cynesia*) that *Clidamis* hath a long time born a little good will unto me; and you know also, that all the World has laid it in his dish, that he hath been an unfortunate Lover all his life long. 'Tis true, (answered *Cleophila*) for *Clidamis* had been in love with above a hundred Women, and not one of them ever loved him; and yet he is handsome, and has wit and spirit enough: yet I thought that his misfortune would have ended in you, and that you were no hater of him: for I know he has been often with you in the Countrey. 'Tis true, replied *Cynesia*, but it is as true also, that the more I saw him, the less I loved him: And in my opinion, the reason why *Clidamis* makes no better progress in his loves, is, because whosoever sees him one day shall see him eternally the very same: he is always equally handsome; always equally civil and respectful; he will never love you more nor less; nor never hath any spirit and wit more one day then another. So as I believe people are so accustomed to see him always the same, as their opinion of him is also always the same, and he shall be no better loved at the end of the thousand visits then he was at the first.

But be what he will be (added she) that's no matter, and to return from whence I digressed, know, that *Clidamis* one day being extremely earnest with me to tell him why I did not love him, I answered again, that the reason was, because I knew that he was never loved by any. The truth is (*Clidamis* said I unto him, though I would, yet I dare not love you: for after all your battles in matter of love: I should be ashamed to be more indulgent then any other unto you: and I am so addicted to do as others do, that I never was the inventor of any fashion: you may imagine then, that I who will not so much as wear a Ribbond which others do not, will never give my heart to an unfortunate Lover, unto whom never any gave any heart unto: And therefore if ever you would have me love you, you must first make your self loved by some other; that having an example to follow, I may the more easily be persuaded to follow: But Madam (said he unto me) should I court another to love me. I should seem as if I did not love you. Seem what you will (said I unto him) but I assure you I shall

Never love you unless some do first begin, and unless all the World do know it. I believe Madam, said he unto me, that all this is but ingenious rallery; for you being perswaded that I cannot love any but you, and that none will ever love me unless I love them, and therefore it will be very difficult for me to procure that example which you require; and though I should procure such an example, yet you would not follow it. Seriously Sir, said I unto him and laughed, I believe I should love you more than I do, if any else had loved you. We'll see that Madam (said he unto me) for I will go immediately unto *Crete*, with a full resolution to try whether I can make any beauty love me, upon condition you will not take it ill, if I do dillemb with her in seeming to love her. Since my aim was only to be rid of *Clidamis*, and believing that he would not be loved in the future more than in time past. I told him that I consented unto the condition. So he left me in the Countrey, and went to *Crete*, just as *Artaxander* broke off with *Pasitheia*, because she did not lament the death of *Philocrates*. As chance would have it *Clidamis* heard of the difference between them, and hearing of *Pasitheia's* humour, he applied himself to her; and he found her heart so inclinable to him, as either to be revenged of *Artaxander*, in letting him see she could as readily forget him living, as *Philocrates* dead, or for some other cause, she received him very well; she gave him her Picture, which he sent unto me yesterday, summoning me to keep my word, and assuring me that *Pasitheia* loved him, and that he still loved me. As chance was, I tied this Picture to my Arm, intending to restore it unto *Clidamis* the next time I saw him; and so it chanced that it was taken from me in manner as I told you.

I profess, replied *Cleophila*, it is a most excellent adventure: for if *Artaxander* have this Picture, as I am confident he hath, it will amaze him to think how you should come by it: for it is not possible he should be ignorant of the enmity between you and *Pasitheia*: Also the Adventure may be more pleasant yet: for if *Pasitheia* be drawn with a garland of flowers upon her head, very likely it is the same Picture which she gave him, and which he restored back to her. At least I am sure, the Limner told me that he did draw *Pasitheia's* Picture after the same manner.

I assure you (said *Cynesia*) the Picture is so drawn, so as if it be *Artaxander* who took it from me, he will wonder extreamly, to see a Picture which was once his in my hands. However it be (said *Cleophila*) I am confident you would not be sorry to see *Artaxander* your Captive. So as it would spite *Pasitheia* (replied she) I must confess I should not be very sorry. Truly, replied *Cleophila*, though it should spite no body, you could not be sorry, for *Artaxander* is so brave a Man, as that to conquer such a heart must needs rejoyce one. But I beseech you (said *Cynesia*) let us talk no more of *Artaxander*, for perhaps it was not he who came into my Chamber: and though it were, yet perhaps my eyes when he sees them will blast the adventure. Your eyes are so lovely (replied *Cleophila*) as you may assure yourself that though the heart of him who saw them sleeping, was not captivated, yet waking, he will be. However since it is very likely, that you will see him this day, who saw you in the night, I advise you to dress up your self as handsomely as you can.

As *Cleophila* spoke thus smilingly, *Cynesia* smiled also: And as I have been told since, did dress herself with a little more design of being handsome, then if her aim had been only a general design to please every one. But being not at home, as soon as her Mother and she were ready, they returned thanks for their entertainment, and went to their own house. Yet *Cynesia* did not shew her Mother the Picture Case which *Artaxander* had left in lieu of her own, lest the adventure should become too publick. *Cynesia* was most perplexed to think what she should say unto *Clidamis*, who she imagined would come to see her; for she could not restore *Pasitheia's* Picture unto him. Nor would she have him think that she kept it as a sign of her love. So as to gain time, upon a pretence of setting their house in order after that tumult of fire, she desired her Mother to pass away that afternoon at a friends house, and not to stay in her Chamber to receive all the visits which would be made after that accident. So as by this means *Cynesia* was not at home until night, and so *Clidamis* would lose his labour, if he came. Mean time, *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* being advertized that their Men were at the Gates of the Town, they went through a back lane to meet them and crossing over a great plain, it chanced that they passed just before the Gates of that Ladies house, where *Cynesia*, her Mother and *Cleophila* did pass away the day: So as these three Ladies came out, at the very same time when *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* passed by in their Countrey habits, as Men newly come to Town: *Cleophila* was much surprized at this; For all she spoke unto her Friend, was only her imagination, yet she shewed her *Artaxander*, who took no notice of these Ladies no more than *Philiontes*, because they were talking together very earnestly: So as they being on Horse-back, and the Ladies on Foot, they lost the sight of them: for since it was not far from home they were entred in, before they could come to the door. However, since *Cleophila* was full of curiosity to know the truth of this adventure, and since the arrival of *Artaxander* did much perplex her, she got *Cynesia* to entreat her Mother, to desire *Cleophila*, that she would let her visit her house. And indeed so it was, These Ladies had no sooner supped, but *Clidamis* with other Ladies of the Neighbour-hood came to visit *Cynesia* and her Mother: And all were no sooner iet, but *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* entred. The first of these presented his friend unto the Mother and the Daughter, as a stranger which their Town had gotten during their absence - *Philiontes* spoke so highly of *Artaxander* unto these two, that they received him very civilly. But *Cynesia* was strangely amazed, to see the Picture Case which was taken from her, tyed with a lively coloured Ribbond, and worn by *Artaxander* in such a place as was most obvious to the eye of *Cynesia*. But as she was amazed at the sight of it, so *Clidamis* was much more; for he could not imagine by what adventure, this Case which he had sent unto *Cynesia*, could come into the hands of *Artaxander* whom she never saw before, but was presented unto her as a Man absolutely unknown unto her. However *Cynesia* could not doubt but that it was *Artaxander* who came into her chamber when she was asleep, & therefore out of modesty could not chuse but blush; but to hide it, she began to talk with *Cleophila* in a low voice, who being very glad that she had guessed aright, began to ask her in

a merry manner how she liked her new Lover? I am so perplexed at the perplexity of *Clidamis* (replied she) as I have not leisure to answer your foolish question. Why, said *Cleophila*, you need not perplex your self about *Clidamis*; for since he knows that you are a stranger unto *Artaxander*, he cannot think you to have any hand in this pleasant adventure. After this every one taking their places, *Artaxander* did so well order the matter, as that he sate next *Cynesia*, and talked with her, so as *Clidamis* could not hear what he said; for *Philira* the Mother of *Cynesia* having set her self to relate unto him the accident of fire which happened, and being extreme earnest in telling how frightened she was, he was almost all the night taken up with hearing, and could not put in a word to interrupt her; for she was an eternal talker, and would never give over her tale as long as she had any breath. But whilst poor *Clidamis* was hearkning to her much against his will, and whilst all the rest of the Ladies were hearkning also, *Philontes* talked with *Cleophila*, and *Artaxander* with *Cynesia*, whose intention being earnest to restore the rich Cafe unto *Artaxander* which he had left with her, and to get back that which he had, that she might restore it unto *Clidamis*, she was very glad of the opportunity of talking in private with him; hoping to find a fit occasion for compassing her ends; yet it was not so easie as she imagined; for *Artaxander* turning the talk another way she could not bring it about, and he according to his ordinary jollity, began to chide her for being so long in the Country, as familiarly as if he had been her most intimate and ancient friend, and he made the most pleasant and satyirical invective against a Countrey life that ever was heard. But (said *Cynesia* unto him) why should you complain against me? for you knew me not yesterday, and hardly know me to day. That's the reason, Madam, why I complain (replied he) for if I had had the honour to have known you sooner, I should never have had the shame of bearing any other chains but yours, and perhaps by this time, I should have had the glory of getting some place in your heart. But, Madam, that you may not think me one of those common flatterers, who use to talk, and often knows not to whom, I beseech you give me leave to tell you, that you are not so unknown to me as you imagine; and that within these eighteen hours I did admire you, and something more. But first (added he, and looked earnestly upon her) give me leave to rejoyce that I find your eyes more lovely than I did imagine them; though I must tell you, I did imagine them to be the fairest in the World; and certainly I had great reason for it; for it was nothing likely that the gods should bestow upon you so many several excellent beauties, and not give you fair eyes also. And I assure you, most charming *Cynesia*, as soon as ever my good fate brought me to the place where I saw the most lovely sleeper that ever eye beheld; I presently conceived you to have the most dangerous and captivating eyes in the World. Oh I beseech you *Artaxander* (said she and turned away her head) do not make me blush. Oh I beseech you Madam (replied he) think your self beholding to me for staying so long as eighteen hours before I would see your lovely eyes; and as great as my desire was to see them, for being so respective as not to waken you. The truth is (replied *Cynesia*, and blushed) your boldness made me more ashamed then ever I was in my life. Ah Ma-

dam (said *Artaxander*) I was happy then, but not bold; and if you will be so good as to pardon my boldness, in telling you that in all likelihood I shall be extremely in love with you, I shall acquaint you with the whole adventure. Since I am of opinion (replied she) that there is not so much power in me as to make any in love, I cannot easily believe you have any inclination that way: but I will confess, I would forgive you any thing, upon condition you will ingenuously tell me what made you so liberal when you plaid the thief; yet I must declare unto you before-hand, that the Picture Cafe which you took from me was none of mine, and that which you left in lieu of it shall never be. I assure you, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I know not any thing you have of mine but my heart, which I beseech you seriously not to restore; for I am confident it can never be in better, or more fair hands. However it be (said she) tell me by what enchantment this adventure came about? You phrase it right, Madam (replied he) in calling it an enchantment: for since the time that *Cupid* was in his Cradle, never any fell in love so until now. I pray (replied *Cynesia*) let *Cupid* alone with his Mother, and only acquaint me with the accident. So *Artaxander* began to make her a faithful relation of the whole passage, and so happily for himself, and pleasingly unto *Cynesia*, as she took some delight in it: yet she always interrupted him, when he told her how fair he thought her. It is enough *Artaxander* (said she) it is enough; for I desire to know no more then so much as will justify you; and to make it appear that I am not unjust, I am contented to treat you as an innocent person, and will think my self obliged unto you. Though it would be most glorious unto me to be obliged unto you, Madam, (replied he) and more then for you to be obliged unto me; yet I must assure you that there is nothing in the World which I would not do for your service. If so, said she, then I pray restore unto me the Picture and the Cafe which you have, and I will restore that which I have unopened; for as I told you before, that which you have is none of mine, and that which I have of yours shall never be. As for the Picture which is in the Cafe I took from you, Madam (replied he) I shall without much difficulty restore, since it has not the honour to be yours, but upon this condition, that you will tell me whose it is; for I should be very glad to know unto whom *Pasithea* gave it. But Madam, as for the other Cafe which you have, since you say you did not open it, I beseech you do; and know that what is written within it, is more true now then when it was written. Did I not know *Artaxander* any other way (replied *Cynesia*) I should think him to be all Rallery; but since I do know his humour, I will make a better Interpretation of him; and to testifie it (added she) I will trust my self with you, and confess that the Picture of *Pasithea*, belongs unto *Clidamis*. How, Madam? replied *Artaxander*, is *Clidamis* my successor? thanks be to the Heavens he shall never be my Rival, unless he be in love with you. You speak with so little seriousness (replied *Cynesia* and smiled) as I hardly know whether I did well in trusting you with a confidence of this Nature. However, since divers reasons make me desirous to let *Clidamis* have his Picture again, and to keep him ignorant by what strange accident you come to have it, I entreat you if he talk with you, to tell him, that upon your return you found it upon the Table in your Chamber, where

where I had forgotten it I will tell him as much, Madam, replied *Artaxander*, provided you will likewise tell me, why *Clidamis* did put this Picture into your fair hands; for he can't be ignorant that you and *Pasibea* hold no correspondencie of friendship, and so if he be in love with *Pasibea*, he is very unwise to trust you with her Picture. We have been so small a time acquainted (replied she) that I were out of my wits if I should tell you all you ask. Then Madam (replied he) you have driven me out of my wits; for though I have known you as little as you have me, yet I am ready to trust you with all the secrets of my heart and soul. But to return unto *Clidamis* (added he) I perceived that he looked upon me from time to time with much curiositie; and he look'd upon after such a manner, as moved to think that if he were my successor in the heart of *Pasibea*, he might perhaps also be my Rival in the heart of *Cynesia*. As *Artaxander* said so, *Cleophila*, who had gotten *Philiontes* to tell her all the adventure of the night before she came unto them; and *Philiontes* joyning also, the discourse between these four persons was very pleasant. For my part (said *Artaxander*) I am more then ever perswaded of the infallibility of Destiny; for if Fate had ordered, that the fair *Cynesia* had layn in *Philiontes* his Chamber, then perhaps it would have been he who should have fallen in love with her, and not I. For heavens sake (said *Cynesia* pleasantly, and interrupted him) do not think your self engaged to say you love me, because you have told it me in four verses; and least you should (added she, and offered him the case) I pray take it again. But, Madam (said he unto her) you said even now you did not open it. 'Tis true (said she) but as I am willing to pardon all the flattering untruths which you told me, in talking with you, so you may very well pardon me this. Oh Madam, replied he, I will pardon you with all my heart; provided you will believe I cannot flatter when I speak of you. After this *Cynesia* still demanding the Case which he took, and offering to restore his, he told her that he could not do that all in one day, but beseeches her to stay the restitution of that which he had from him, untill he had so far advanced himself into her favour, as to obtain her Picture: And indeed, do what *Cynesia* could, she could not make him take it that day, but was contended with his restoring that which belonged unto *Clidamis*, who was so astonished to see such private discourse betwixt *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*, that he knew not what to think upon it. But it bring late, the company parted; and *Cynesia* being desirous that *Clidamis* should not be too much troubled at this adventure, she entreated him to wait upon *Cleophila* home; and that Lady undertook to restore the Picture and Case unto him, and to tell him (as it was contrived) that *Artaxander* found it by chance upon the Table in his Chamber; and that he need not trouble himself about it, because *Cynesia* never told *Artaxander* that the Picture was his.

As for *Artaxander*, he found *Cynesia* more charming awake then asleep, and returned home with his friend with a strong disposition to love her: And indeed he did easily apprehend this growing passion; for though it was never wont to break his rest, yet now he slept not a wink all that night; for when he fancied himself in the same Chamber where he had seen *Cynesia*, and in the same bed where he

saw that fair one asleep, his imagination did so perfectly represent her, as he could not possibly rest although he had some pleasing slumbers. On the other side, *Cynesia* hearing that *Artaxander* was never hated by any, she thought him more amiable then *Clidamis* who was hated by all; and she was nothing sorry, that she had gotten this new acquaintance. But since she was resolved not to keep his case, she sent it unto him the next morning; and so handsomly that he could not chuse but receive it; for she caused it to be left with one of his servants for him, the servant not knowing what, or from whom it was: And *Cynesia* being a person unto whom such presents were not to be presented: he durst not any further importune her to keep it. This his gallantry passed for a noble piece of Liberality, and cost him nothing; but to speak the truth it cost him something that was dearer to him then the Case; for had he never seen *Cynesia*, he had not lost his heart and his liberty; yet at the first, he was not sensible of his misery, but on the contrary he thought himself so happy in this affection which was growing in his heart, as he could not hide the joyes which she had. Moreover his thoughts of revenge upon *Pasibea*, did kindle in him much satisfaction; for he had such a hatred unto the follies of that Lady, as made him consider that if *Cynesia* did not make him quite forget her, it was not impossible but he might renew again with her. On the other side, *Pasibea* who never looked for any thing in love but what would divert her, and who thought that *Clidamis* did love her, she valued not the loss of *Artaxander*, though every hour in the day did allow her one minute of sorrow for it, because she could not meet with any who could divert her as well as he. As for *Clidamis*, he was in a most miserable condition; for he was not loved by her whom he did love, and was loved by one whom he did not love. Thus did he receive all the favours which love could confer upon a lover, and yet was not happy. Also he was sensible of all those sorrows which that passion could inflict upon a lover; for he was loved where he would not be, and not loved where he would: He was jealous, and knew not directly the cause: The new acquaintance of *Artaxander* did fret his heart; he was vexed that *Pasibea's* Picture had been in his hands: he knew not whether he should cease counterfeiting love, or whether he should seem to cease loving *Cynesia*, and see whether she would recall him: And indeed his perplexity could not be greater. As for *Cynesia*, she also had some secret disgust of heart; yet since those disgusts were not very disagreeable she was not much disquieted: But for *Artaxander*, he was so glad at his being in love, as not being able to hide his joyes, he shewed it unto *Cynesia* within the space of five dayes, from his first acquaintance; And being alone with her he began to give most humble and hearty thanks and that with such earnest expressions, as she did really believe that she had either said or done, something which had obliged him, though she could not remember it. And she began to rub up her memory, and find out the reason why he should so emphatically expresse his gratitude: Upon a recollection of all her thoughts, she could find nothing, unless it were that she having spoken much good of him unto some she had conversed withall, he might come to the knowledge of it. Yet not thinking this cause enough to oblige unto so many thanks, she asked him, what she

she had done for him to deserve them? At the first he would not tell her; for truly, Madam (said he unto her) I am afraid lest you should repent of your goodness unto me, and lest that repentance should lessen my joys, if I should tell you. It is not my custom (replied she) to repent of any thing done that may please such men as I esteem; and I assure you, the principal reason why I am so desirous to know what it is, is only to the end, that I may do the same again.

Oh Madam (said *Artaxander*) then I must tell you what it is you have done for me, not because it will oblige you to do it again; for you cannot chuse but do it whether you will or no, you will do it as long as you live, and the thing which you will do is absolutely the most pleasing thing in the World unto me. For Heavens sake *Artaxander* (said *Cynesia* then) tell me what it is I have done which so much pleases you, and which I cannot chuse but do again? You have made me in love, Madam (replied he) and in so doing you have done me the greatest pleasure in the World, you have delivered me from a most drowsie idleness, and I thank you heartily for it, for otherwise I know not what I should have done in *Creet*: Thus, Madam (added he, and would not give her time to answer) you have infinitely obliged me; for you have roused my spirits out of a dull sluggishness of mind, which is the most unsupportable thing in the World. Though I should grant, I have caused you to be in love (replied she) yet I cannot confess that you owe me any thanks: For (added she and smiled) unless you were sure of a favourable reception, I cannot see you have any reason for your thanks, which I am sure you cannot know, because I know it not myself. Oh Madam (replied he) it is a most high happiness to love you; and love hath such a secret and charming influence upon me, as I do prefer all its torments, before all other delights whatsoever; and therefore, though I know not whether you will be sweet or sharp unto me, yet I must thank you, for making me in love, as much as for the most obliging favour you could bestow upon *Artaxander*. Though I know very well (replied *Cynesia* very sweetly) that it is not handsome for me to entertain any Lovers, yet I think my self obliged to treat you less severely than any other; for since you think that to be in love is sufficient to make you happy: one need not to fear the being too much importuned with your Complaints. I did not say, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) that to be in love is the height of happiness; but my meaning was, that I should be most miserable if I were not in Love; and that I should be less miserable by being in Love, than by not being so.

After this *Cynesia* answered him with all the modesty becoming her Sex, but yet without any bitterness or incivility; and though she did forbid him any more talk of his Passion, yet it was in such a manner, and made him not fear being hated, though he did not obey her. And *Artaxander* did continue his expression of Love, and so often, and handsomely as he persuaded her to hear him. *Artaxander* as pleasant as his humour used to be, yet he could be of a very serious temper when he would; and he found in *Cynesia* all qualities requisite to please him: such as expected mirth from her did always find it, they who looked for Melancholy found it in her also, for she could suit her self unto every humour; moreo-

over, she was exceedingly modest, but such a modesty, as did not muzzle up the spirits of men, but allowed the fancy so much civil Liberty, as made her Conversation very pleasing; Sometimes she would have some little and delicate fantastical quirks which did marvellously increase love; but these fantasies never appeared unto any but her Lovers, and not at all in common Conversation. The worst in *Cynesia* was, she was extremely subject unto her own inclinations; and so very much, that if she had not been very virtuous, her reason could not restrain her. However, it is without all question, that *Cynesia* was as amiable a person, as was in the World; and *Artaxander* loved her extremely, who hoping to be loved again by degrees, and desiring to spite *Pasitheia*, did use all such endeavours as are expedient to win upon *Cynesia*, and to be revenged upon his first Mistress. As for *Clidamis*, *Cynesia* did treat him so courteously since her acquaintance with *Artaxander*, as he sought for all occasions to vex her, since he could find none to get her love; And for *Pasitheia*, no malicious stratagem was un-invented, and un-sought after, to spite both *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*. But in lieu of spiting them she did very much delight them; for *Artaxander* was very glad to find a greater share in *Pasitheia's* heart than he imagined; and *Cynesia* also was glad that she had gotten a Slave from that merry fair one. So as joyning all these petty circumstances together, they began a most tender, gallant, and publick love between *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*. For *Clidamis* and *Pasitheia* did watch them so circumspectly, as that they to vex them did publish every trivial thing that passed between them. They never walked together but it was divulged; they never held any long private discourse but it was told; and *Artaxander* was generally as well known by the name of *Cynesia's* Lover; as by his own, but so far from being vexed that he was very glad of it; for *Cynesia* being known to be a most illustrious person, her honour was not in any danger; and indeed, she was noble every way, her quality was high, she was admirably fair; she had a most sublime wit, and those who said *Artaxander* was in love with her, then said also that he was not hated.

Things being upon these terms, a chance happened which wrought a great change in the heart of *Artaxander*, who then certainly did love *Cynesia* most tenderly: But before I directly tell you the cause of it, I must let you know; that there was a man in *Creet* whose name was *Aphidemon*, whose misfortune was to be esteemed of none; Yet he was not very unhandsome and to speak truly of him he was not worse than a thousand others, of whom people use to speak neither well nor ill. His quality was high enough, to excuse his mediocrity of merit if he had been discreet. But however, he was ranked amongst those who were displeasing, even by those who were displeasing themselves, and was not at all esteemed. *Artaxander* at his coming to *Creet* had seen him amongst others, and had rallied with him a hundred times, never thinking he should hereafter have any further interest in him. But *Artaxander* being upon such terms as I told you with *Cynesia*, he went to walk one evening in a Garden with *Philontes*; unto whom he talked concerning the joys he had in loving *Cynesia*, and of his hopes of being loved, aggravating the great delight he took in having moved the heart of so noble a person. After a long time of walking they entred into a green Arbour,

Arbour, intending to rest themselves; but as they entred they found *Cephisa* and *Pasithea* there. At firsts they would have retired as if out of respect; but *Pasithea* being that evening in her merry and malicious humour both, she called unto *Artaxander*. I pray, Sir (said she unto him) do not shun *Cephisa* who is your friend, in expectation of your new Mistress. Since I do not love to molest the pleasures of others (replied he and laughed) I would have retired lest you should expect there my Successor, unto whom I will yield in every thing. I assure you (replied she sharply) it is more honour for you that *Clidamis* should be your Successor, then for you to be the Successor of *Alphidemon*: And to be plain with you, it is more advantageous to me, to be upbraid for not loving a brave man, then it is for *Cynestia* for loving a man of so low a merit: And I think it a greater shame for you to succeed *Alphidemon*; then for you not to be loved more then *Philocrates* was. This discourse did so surprize *Artaxander* that he knew not what answer to make; for he knew, that she durst not be so bold as to speak thus in the presence of *Cephisa* and *Philiontes*, if there were not some ground of truth for her accusation which she made against *Cynestia*. Yet he smothered his resentments and did not appear any thing moved at what she said; Did you know (said he unto her) what advantage I draw from all this you speak against *Cynestia* and me, you would never have told it; but you would rather give *Clidamis* a thousand commendations, then to blame *Cynestia* whose merit and virtue cannot be blemished.

I speak not concerning the merit of *Cynestia* (replied she subtilly) for I know it is much, and that's the reason I blame her, since she loved a man of no merit. As *Artaxander* was going to answer, though he knew not well what to say (for I know all his thoughts as well as himself) A great company of Ladies with *Alphidemon* came into this Arbour. As soon as they were entred, *Alphidemon* bolted out such poor expressions, as *Artaxander* was forced out, and went presently to enquire, whether it was true that *Cynestia* who was a person so full of wit could ever love such a man. As soon as he came into a solitary walk which was not far off, he looked upon *Philiontes* who followed him: and beginnig to speak, I pray *Philiontes* (said he unto him) deliver me out of this perplexity of mind; and tell me ingeniously, whether that which *Pasithea* said concerning *Cynestia*, have any ground of truth in it? For since I am but a stranger at *Creet*, I am ignorant in the History of it; and therefore I conjure you by our friendship to tell me whether *Cynestia* ever loved *Alphidemon*? All I can say (replied *Philiontes*) is, that all the town doth say it, and all the world believes it. But *Philiontes*, how comes it to pass, replied he furlily, that you did not acquaint me with it when I began to be acquainted with *Cynestia*? because you did earnestly entreat me (replied he and laughed) to say nothing unto you which might hinder you from loving her, and told, that I was a very bad friend if I did. And to tell you truly, I did not think it fit to acquaint you with a past adventure which was not advantageous unto *Cynestia* whom I esteemed very much, and who is a Lady of infinite merit. And when all is done, though she did love *Alphidemon*, yet she loves him not now; and scandal it self could never say there was any criminal affection between them two. Oh *Philiontes* (said *Artaxander*) a woman

of any wit could never be innocent, if she could love such a man as *Alphidemon*, though she were as modest and chaste as *Diana*: And I had much rather be successor to a brave man who had obtained some considerable favours from the person I should love, then to be the successor of a fool: and truly there is something in this adventure which doth so cruelly wound my imagination, as from this very minute, my heart which was such a subject unto *Cynestia*, begins to revolt. But what does it concern you (replied *Philiontes*) whom *Cynestia* did love, so she love you now? It concerns me so much (replied he) as I do not think I can love her, any longer, at least I am sure that having such an opinion as I have of *Alphidemon*, and since *Cynestia* hath loved him, and all the world knows it, it is impossible she can confess any favour which can oblige me, or be honourable unto me: For when I remember all the fond grossities and foolish absurdities of *Alphidemon*, and all I have heard say of him, and all I have seen him do, I am so ashamed to succeed him in the heart of *Cynestia*, that as charming as she is, she ceaseth to be so unto me, as soon as I consider she could love *Alphidemon*. Truth is, I shall value her heart as a prophane place, wherein I would not reign; nor shall I now think her eyes lovely, since she has looked favourably upon him: And me thinks she has done me a manifest injury in loving me after *Alphidemon*. I profess (replied *Philiontes*) this is a most pleasant adventure, that after you have broke off with *Pasithea*, because she did not enough love a brave man, you should break off with *Cynestia*; because she did love a fool. Oh *Philiontes*, replied *Artaxander*, this last adventure is much worse then the other, for it blasts both honour and love. For to tell you truly, the hatred of *Cynestia* would be more honourable to me then her love, since she can bestow her love where no merit is: and I think that I should suffer less if *Cynestia* had been perfidious to me by dividing her heart with some of my Rivals, who were a brave man, then I should in her being faithful unto *Alphidemon*: And if I can but once cure my self of this Passion which I have to her, I will make a vow never to engage my self in love with any other before I am very well informed whom she hath loved: For to be the successor of a Fool in matter of affection is the worst quality upon earth. I think it a less shame to have a Fool to ones Father then to succeed *Alphidemon*: for I cannot help the one; it is none of his fault; but in the other case the fault is all his own; he might have chosen whether or no he would offer his heart; or he might make a retreat after the offering, if he hear that he cannot be loved unless he be the Successor of a Fool. But since many things are spoken which are not true, I will know from the mouth of *Cynestia* whether it be so; as I did from *Pasithea* also the passages betwixt *Philocrates* and her. So the next morning *Artaxander* sought for an opportunity of finding *Cynestia* alone; but as ill luck for her was, he could not find it, for she was not within: so as *Artaxander*, going to visit some other of the neighbour-hood in expectation of her return, he heard nothing but speeches very disadvantageous concerning *Alphidemon*. One said he was ill-favour'd; others that he was dull; some said his wit was but shallow; others that he was too rough; other that he was a clown; and every one had such a terrible cry upon him, as made *Artaxander* extreamly sorry: For though commonly

monly men love to hear faults found in their Rivals, and to hear them ill spoken of, yet *Artaxander* had other resentments, for he thought that all which was spoken in disadvantage of *Alphidemon*, did reflect upon him; and that every ill quality which was attributed unto *Alphidemon*, was shameful unto himself: so as his mind being extremely incensed, he went the second time to *Cynesia*, and found her alone; for *Philira* was gone another way and not returned; she received *Artaxander* with all those joys which she used at her first seeing him: but as for him, he had such anger in his eyes, and a kind of fullness in his humour as quickly moved *Cynesia* to ask the cause. So as without pumping for any set speech to satisfy her desire, he began to speak: Madam, said he unto her, I do conjure you to be sincere, and promise to answer directly and truly to what I shall ask. I do promise it (replied she and blusht) for I am confident you will ask me nothing, unto which I may not answer. Nay, nay, Madam, said he, do not deceive your self; for the thing which I shall ask is of such a nature as it will never be told unless you be engaged by oath; and therefore before I ask the Question, I will have you swear to tell me truly. If you do well consider, replied she, the strange manner of your importunity, you may well think that I will not engage my self by oath, for you tell me that you would have me promise to tell a thing which I ought not to tell unless I be engaged by oath; how can you think then that I should promise to tell you that which reason forbids me to tell? Think better with your self, and without any oaths or obligations upon me to promise anything, tell me what you would know; and afterwards I will see if I can satisfy your curiosity or no. Oh Madam, (cried he out) If you were clearly ingenious, I would promise what I desire: but in telling me nothing, you have told me all, and I have no more to ask you. *Artaxander* spoke all this in such a surly and angry manner, that *Cynesia* being troubled at it; and knowing that she had done nothing since she was acquainted with *Artaxander* which could anger him, she promised to tell him truly whatsoever he should ask her. Then I conjure you Madam (said he unto her to tell me ingenuously whether you ever loved *Alphidemon*? *Alphidemon* (replied she and blusht) was of my acquaintance so young, as it may well be said, we began to see light, and be acquainted both together. The matter is not, replied he, when you began your acquaintance; but to know whether you loved him or no: what caused you to love him; how it came to pass you loved him no longer? and what reasons did induce you to change your mind? you ask me these Questions with such an arrogant tone, replied she, and they are so troublesome to be answered, as if I were not exceedingly indulgent towards you, I should not answer them at all: but since perhaps you may think I conceal'd some crimes if I do not satisfy your curiosity, therefore I will ingeniously answer to your demands, and tell you that as soon as ever I began to open my eyes, I began to be acquainted with *Alphidemon*; and I will confess that from the very first dawning of my days, I had a strong inclination towards him and permitted him to love me. And that you may see my great confidence in your discretion, I will confess farther; that the

nuance and assiduity of his courtships, joyned with my own inclination, brought me at last to love him; and should have still loved him, had he not been guilty of such a lightness as damped my spirit, and obliged me to break off with him. And the truth is, though I well enough knew *Alphidemon* to be a man of no great reputation in the world; yet should I have continued faithful unto him, had he been so to me. For I must in my own justification tell you, that the world doth much wrong *Alphidemon*; and that he is much more amiable, then is believed, to one he loves; being certainly very sweet, and complacential. Oh Madam (said *Artaxander*) *Alphidemon* is less amiable towards those he loves then towards those he loves not, because he sees them oftener; but certainly he is not less amiable towards those of whom he is loved; and that's the reason you find him not so disagreeable as all the world doth. As I have already confessed, that I bore affection to him (replied she) so I must with the same ingenuity tell you, that I do not love him. I would willingly believe it, Madam (replied he) but that you did love him, is enough to make me the most miserable of all men: And such is my mind, as I should think my self much less miserable, if you had loved one who was worthier of you then I am, to know that you loved the worst, and most unworthy of all the lovers you ever had. I must confess, Madam, I wonder how it was possible I should win any thing upon your heart, since *Alphidemon* did; for I am nothing like him, my making is not like his; I do nothing that he does, I speak not like him, nor are my thoughts the same with his; and indeed I know no two greater contraries then *Alphidemon* and *Artaxander*. How was it possible he should please you and I too? How could you love him and me likewise? I wonder that the man whom of all the world I most despise, should be the man whom you the most of all esteem. As for that, I shall give you satisfaction (said she) by explaining the affection which I had unto *Alphidemon*, and the affection I bear unto you; for I loved him by inclination only and you by inclination and knowledge. Oh Madam (said he unto her) blot out your inclination to me, for I will have nothing in common with *Alphidemon*.

I will blot you out of my heart also (replied *Cynesia* sharply, being angry at *Artaxander's* surly tone) for men may render themselves unworthy as well by phantasticalness, as by want of merit. When I began to love you Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I gave you most hearty thanks for making me in love, as for a very great favour: But since I understand you have loved *Alphidemon* I must confess Madam, that if you should take me out of love again; I should thank you much more; for I know nothing more cruel then to be successor unto *Alphidemon*. Since certainly Madam, this happy *Alphidemon* could never have won upon your heart but by telling you a thousand simple and ridiculous fooleries, and as many impertinencies, and by doing the same things before you, which have made all the Town despise him. Judge Madam, I beseech you, what honour it will be unto me to make the same conquest he did? *Cynesia* being much offended at *Artaxander*, though she could not give one good reason to excuse her affection unto *Alphidemon*, yet they quarrelled untill the return of *Philira* who turned the discourse. At

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his going from thence he went unto *Cephisa*, who as I told you, bore such good will unto *Artaxander* as was likely to grow over tender, if she had not striven against that growing inclination: So as when *Artaxander*, who loved her very well, did relate unto her the squabbles 'twixt him and his Mistress: But first, since she had not seen *Artaxander*, since *Pasitheia* in her presence had vexed him by calling him the successor of *Alphidemon*, she no sooner saw him come into her Chamber where she was alone, but beginning to smile, *Artaxander* (said she) you are very much obliged to me; for though that which *Pasitheia* said unto you before me, was enough to make any one laugh, yet I did not laugh at all; but on the contrary, I did chide her for what she had said, and almost fell out with her in your behalf. I do confess my self obliged unto you (replied *Artaxander*) and should be much more, if you could make me out of love with *Cynesia*. Oh *Artaxander*, replied *Cephisa*, you do not consider what you say. I consider but too much (answered he) for the more I consider, the more I find it a shame to be the successor of *Alphidemon*: And I am so weary of my two last adventures, as I am almost resolved to alter my course of life. Indeed (pursued he) if you will give me leave to love you with such a tender amity as shall be a medium between love and common amity, and will endure I should turn weather cock, and relate unto you all my follies, I will absolutely renounce all those high passions which they say do only afford great delights: For my part (said *Cephisa*) I am willing to accept of your offer, but to tell you truly I do not think you are able to do as you say. I am not indeed (replied he) but in all likelihood I shall be ere long; for I assure you I cannot find either pleasure or honour in *Pasitheia*'s love, since she could not love a man of much merit long enough. Neither can I endure *Cynesia*'s love, since she could love a man unworthy of her affection; and to tell you truly, the affection of a woman to a fool cannot be innocent: It is men of wit, ingenuity, and gallantry, who can only devise a thousand innocent delights to entertain their Mistress, between the time of their first being in love and the time of consummation. As for a fool lover, as soon as ever he has grossly told his Mistress that he loves her, he tells brutishly that he presently expects a recompence of his love, and if he find it not presently, two to one but he casts off his Mistress. Truly *Artaxander* (said *Cephisa*) me thinks you go a little too far; for *Cynesia* is virtuous. I think she is, when I think well upon it (replied *Artaxander*) but when I do not, I sometimes doubt it; for what can a man of ingenuity say unto such a man as *Alphidemon*? and what innocent delights can you imagine from a lover that hath no smack of gallantry in him? Never ask what delights one can find in love (replied *Cephisa*) for love brings its delights with it: and as soon as a heart is possessed with this passion, the mind is also prepossessed: it cannot see things as they are, but sees them only as love will have them: So *Cynesia*, being very young, and having a strong inclination to *Alphidemon*, love will not let her reason see his faults; not but that I do condemn her; for I cannot endure one should love that which is not amiable. 'Tis true (replied *Artaxander*) and if one will love, let them love where they may have rest, and not as I did; though I can say to my comfort; that

any other then my self might have been caught; but how could I guess, that those things which do afflict me, should have done so: My fears also at the beginning of my love to *Cynesia*, were wrong placed; for I feared her wit would have been too delicate and high, that she would have thought me a Man not sufficiently accomplished; that my Gallantry would have seemed to her of too merry a strain; and that she would be insensible of my passion; but the truth is, I feared those things which I needed not to fear; and I did not fear that thing which only I ought to fear; 'tis true there was no shadow of any cause to fear it; for how could I possibly imagine that *Cynesia*, who stood upon her wit and glory, should ever love *Alphidemon*, whom all the World despised, and who indeed deserved no esteem? The truth is (said *Cephisa*) this could not be divined or believed, unless there had been a hundred such circumstances as would have put it out of all doubt. For my part (said *Artaxander*) I am better informed then any else; for *Cynesia* hath confessed to me that she loved *Alphidemon*, even with the same breath that she spoke kindly unto me; unto me, I say, who does not a jot resemble nor never will, nor will ever have to do with any thing that ever was his.

After this, *Artaxander* began to walk about the Chamber and muse, as if he had been alone. though *Cephisa* was with him, naming sometimes *Alphidemon*, and sometimes *Cynesia*, as they came into his mind; and he was above a quarter of an hour in this dump; *Cephisa* would not disturb him, because she thought it good sport, and indeed because she was not sorry that *Artaxander*'s heart was disengaged from the love of *Cynesia*. But at last, perceiving himself, he roused out of his study, and had many pleasant conceits upon his being *Alphidemon*'s successor. After which, he returned to his Lodging, and in his way he met *Alphidemon*, whose very sight did much incense him; for he was very unhandsome and slovenly; he saluted clownishly, as if he were a Man of poor quality; and when he came to the house of *Philontes* his Father, he there heard a hundred simple passages of *Alphidemon*. So *Artaxander* being more and more exasperated, and conceiving that it was not fit he should any longer love a person who could love *Alphidemon*, he resolved to break off with *Cynesia*. For (said he unto *Philontes*, who would have dissuaded him) I shall have this satisfaction that those who will say, she would have made me *Alphidemon*'s successor, will say also, I refused it, and renounced the succession. If you quit *Cynesia* (replied *Philontes*) you will so rejoice *Pasitheia*, as if you be of any vindictive temper, you will not leave her. I am fuller of revenge then you imagine (replied he) but I will not be revenged upon my self; and if I should continue loving *Cynesia*, only because I will not joy *Pasitheia*, I should be extremely ashamed of being *Alphidemon*'s successor. But (said *Philontes*) can Men love when they list, and cease when they will? I know not that (replied he) but I will try. And indeed *Artaxander* went no more unto *Cynesia*, but went every day unto *Cephisa*, chearing up himself with his Amity for the loss of his love. Mean time *Clidamis*, who quickly heard how squares went between *Artaxander* and *Cynesia*, he returned to her and quitted *Pasitheia*; but *Cynesia* not liking him so well as she did *Artaxander*, she gave him but cold entertainment; imagining that *Artaxander* would

would take it well. On the other side *Pasithea* was vexed to the soul to see *Clidamis* forsake her, and that it pleased *Artaxander* whom she would gladly re-call.

As for *Cynesia* she could not imagine what course to take to cure *Artaxander*: It was in vain for her to say that she never loved *Alphidemon*, because she had confessed it: nor would she make *Alphidemon* more esteemable or esteemed than he was. So as she had no other way, since she stood much upon her honour, then to seem as if she cared not for *Artaxander's* slighting her. Mean time *Artaxander* being quite out with all manner of gallantry, the friendship of *Cephisa* was a real Cordial to him; for beginning the rules of friendship with her, he found himself in a very good condition, and did not alter as long as he was at *Crete*: He gave *Cephisa* an account of all his follies, and took more delight in telling, then he ever did in the acting them; for *Cephisa* being of an excellent and pleasing spirit, having also much good Will unto *Artaxander*, and he likewise to her, their Conversation was with such a friendly liberty as made it very agreeable: And when *Artaxander* left *Crete*, he was more sorry to part from his friend, then from all his Mistresses; and I am confident he lived in more content with *Cephisa*, then ever he did with *Pasithea* and *Cynesia* with whom he had those beginnings of love which you desired to know, and which I have told you with so little Art, as I have reason to fear that all these illustrious persons who have heard me, will repent of their curiosity.

For my particular (said *Clelia*, seeing *Amilcar* had no more to say) I am far from repenting, for I do think these two beginnings of love worth a whole History. For my part (said the Prince *Sextus*) I am very affectionate unto *Artaxander*, because methinks he resembles *Amilcar*. Truth is (replied *Aronces*) *Artaxander* is set out in an excellent Character: I concur with you (said the merry *Plotina*) but yet methinks if *Amilcar* had been in *Artaxander's* place, he would either not have quitted *Pasithea* so slightly, or else he would have returned to her, after he had quitted *Cynesia*; for I do not think him so fit for a friend, as for a Mistress. I have yet been so little known unto you, Madam (replied *Amilcar*) that methinks you judge too rashly. However (said *Cesonia*) I much desire to know what this *Artaxander* is? my desire is the same (said *Artimedorus*) for my particular (said *Zenocrates*) I would gladly know both *Pasithea* and *Cynesia*; my curiosity is for *Cephisa* (added *Clelia*) for methinks a friend that gives more comfort then two Mistresses, must needs be of much merit. I profess (said *Plotina*) I would give any thing to know the true names of all these persons: Truly all your Curiosities are to no purpose (said *Amilcar*) for if you did know the Names you do not know the persons. If you will (said *Celeres* in a low voice unto *Plotina*) I will give you the Key unto this History, upon Condition you will seem as if you had it by Inchantment. *Plotina* having a pleasant and merry wit, she thought it would make good sport, if *Celeres* would be as good as his word; so as pressing him very obligingly unto it, he told her the true Names of all those whom *Artaxander* had introduced in the adventure which he had related; and then retired handsomely from *Plotina*, of whom *Amilcar* took no notice when she whispered with *Celeres*; for his design being to keep *Sextus* from talk-

ing with *Clelia*, he applied himself in talk wholly unto that Prince: So when *Celeres* was gone from *Plotina*, she began again to entreat *Amilcar* he would be pleased to tell them the true Names of *Artaxander*, of *Pasithea*, of *Cynesia*, of *Cephisa*, and all the rest of whom he had spoken; and he still persisting in his denial, she told him that she requested a thing from him which she could tell, as well as himself. And to testify that I sought only to be obliged unto you, if you will promise me to confess the truth, I will engage my self to write such a Key as all the Company shall know the true names of every one they desire: Ah lovely *Plotina* (replied *Amilcar*) if you can make that good, I will not only engage my self to tell you whether your Key be true, but I will engage to be in love with you as long as I live, though you should too little love another *Philocrates*, or too much love another *Alphidemon*. I desire no more (replied she) so taking Pen, Ink, and Paper out of her Pocket, she went unto the Window to write the Names which *Celeres* had told her. And after she had written them, she gave the Paper unto *Zenocrates* to read: So as all the Company flocking about him, he began to read what *Plotina* had written; which was in these terms.

The true Key unto the History of *Artaxander*.

<i>Artaxander</i> .	Amilcar.
<i>Pasithea</i> .	Belisa.
<i>Cynesia</i> .	Lindamira.
<i>Cephisa</i> .	Liriana.
<i>Alphidemon</i> .	Phelinix.
<i>Clidamis</i> .	Alberites.
<i>Philontes</i> .	Timaides.
<i>Crete</i> .	Sydon.

Zenocrates had no sooner done reading, but every one was earnest to tell *Amilcar* that they knew him to be *Artaxander*. Well (said *Amilcar*) I will be *Artaxander* if you will have me; for I am as merry a Man and Complaisant as lives: But I would gladly know, by what Inchantment *Plotina* did find it out. After this, *Amilcar* mused a while, and then looking upon *Celeres* who could not chuse but smile: Ah *Celeres* (said he) it is you who have betrayed me, for I have heretofore made you the Confident of my Follies. Yet I would gladly know (said *Clelia*) why you took so much pains in changing all the Names of all these persons and your own? for we know neither *Belisa* nor *Pasithea*. It is true (replied he) but you do know *Amilcar* better then you do *Artaxander*, and it was for his sake only that I put a guise upon the rest.

But the wonder is, that in my haste of changing names I have committed a merry error and none takes any notice of it; for I have given a Grecian name unto an African. For my part (said *Sextus*) I see no reason more than the rest of our Company, why you should conceal your having interest in the Company, why you should conceal your having interest in having what you have related. I told you already, Sir (replied he) before I began to re-

late the story, that I did not love to be my own Historian, and I must tell you again, that I never will, and that those who will write such Books as that famous blind man did, whose works all *Greece* adores, must always introduce some persons to tell the adventures of others. For then the Relator commends or condemns those of whom he speaks according to their merit. They will impartially describe the persons whom they do introduce, they will descant upon things, and mingle their own thoughts with theirs; but when any are their own Historians, all that they shall say in their own advantage is suspected; and it is so difficult to do, that if it be a woman who tells her own tale, she cannot handsomely say, I made him in love with me; and if it be a man, he cannot well say, that he was loved, or that he was valiant; and therefore it is a thousand times better to have the Story told in the third person than in the first. There is reason in all you say (replied *Aronces*) yet some men would think it strange that a third person should know so many particulars of things, wherein he himself hath no interest. I am perswaded of what you say (replied *Amilcar*) but yet it may be an ill grounded perswasion; for some men do better know all the advantages of others than of their own, because they may come to the knowledge of them from the mouths of persons uninterested, yet true it is, that those who read, ought to enter into the very thoughts of the Writer, and so the relator of the person whose story is related; but upon the whole matter, I cannot indure to hear a Woman tell of all her Conquests, or a man of his exploits; sometimes when they are forced upon it, I will allow them to do as well as they can: and to put in practice what I speak of others, I make a promise unto my self, never to relate any thing that hath happened unto me, unless to one person only at once, and as seldom as possibly I can. I am very glad of this resolution (said *Plotina* and laughed) for since it is very likely that we shall have some adventures together, I shall be safe, and need not fear that you will ever tell what passeth between us; unless it be under such disguised names as will keep me safe from my dangerous interpretations. I do believe (said *Cesonia*) that you would not be glad to have your adventure told in that manner: but am perswaded that if it were, you your self would find out a key for it as you have done unto the History of *Artaxander*. For my part, (said one of those melancholly Ladies, who fretted at her captivity) I wonder much at the excessive curiolity which I have observed in all the company to know the true names of the persons whom *Amilcar* brought into his Story: for since it changeth nothing, neither in the adventure nor in the thoughts, what matter is it whether the persons were *Grecians* or *Africans*? And why should so much ado be about that which cannot afford any real diversion; for my part if *Amilcar* had said at the beginning of his relation, that he was going to relate an adventure which he had invented, I should have hearkened with as much delight as I did, and should have more admired the ingenuity of him who could so handsomely invent an adventure. Whatsoever you are pleased to say (replied *Plotina*) certainly there is more pleasure to be taken in hearing a thing which is known to be a truth, than in hearing a known falsehood. There are some truths (replied *Clelia*) which are so unpleasing, and so far from

probability, and there are some inventions so full of delight and likely, as it may be said, that sometimes a lye is more pleasing than a truth, and resembles truth, more than truth it self doth. Since every one speaks after the rate of their own beauty, I will not dispute by reason, to uphold that which concurs with his own inclination.

You speak very well (replied *Sextus*) and therefore pleasures are not to be condemned in any who-soever, and my humour is such as I will never condemn them in others; but I cannot endure that others should condemn them in me. For my part (said *Zenocrates*) that sometimes I see many things which do not please me; but the natural irksomeness which I have to all things which do not delight me, cannot make me condemn them, but pass by, and say nothing. For my particular (said *Amilcar*) I always condemn those who condemn others. Certainly (said *Aronces*) one ought to be very reserved in giving his opinion upon the pleasures of others. And yet it is so little used (replied *Celeres*) that nothing is more subject to censures than pleasures. 'Tis true, replied *Artimedorus*, but it must be confessed withal, that nothing does better discover the bottoms of mens hearts; and therefore it is not without cause that some should so accustom themselves to observe them: for in solid and serious affairs, the mind is close, and cannot be known; but in matter of pleasures, ones hearts and spirits lie open; they are discovered to the bottom: And by them best are mens manners and inclinations known. 'Tis ordinarily seen (said *Clelia*) that by little things great ones comes to be known. For my part, said *Amilcar*, men may be much deceived in judging of me, by my pleasures: For I take them so many several wayes; when fortune brings me to a place, where I cannot have them, I make pleasures of my business, rather than want them: The truth is, one cannot live without pleasures; and those who seem never to enjoy any, but are naturally sober and grave, most certainly they find delight even in their own Melancholy. After this, *Sextus* finding by the silence which *Clelia* and the rest of the Ladies observed, that they thought it time to end discourse, he did rise up; and went away with *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*: Who after they had waited upon *Sextus* to his lodging, they went every one to their own: But the sweetest part of that night unto *Aronces* was, that when *Sextus* did rise up, and *Amilcar* had cunningly engaged him in talk with *Plotina*, *Aronces* found an opportunity of a little talk with *Clelia*, when none could hear but her self: So as this pretious opportunity made him pass away the night in much delight. Mean while since the siege of *Ardes* drew on, and since the presence of *Tarquin* was necessary he must prepare himself for a departure. Yet he had found *Clelia* so fair, that he could willingly have deferred it some days, if his ambition had not been so prevalent with his heart: For though *Tarquin* had never any violent inclinations to love, yet he found something so extraordinary in this fair prisoner, that fee her he must in the Morning; giving orders that she should be waited upon very diligently; and conferring many favours upon others for her sake. Mean while, the proud and cruel *Tullia*, knowing it, she was very importunate in behalf of the Vestals, with *Tarquin* to release them; she caused *Verenia* to come the second time unto that Prince: But he was more moved

moved against her this second visit, then the first: For he told her, that to recompence her endeavours of raising a Rebellion in *Rome*, he would send to seek her brother all the World over, that he might send him and all his Family into another World. After which preparing for his departure, he did depart the next morning: Followed by the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, the Prince *Collatin*, the young Sons of *Brutus*, two other young men of quality of the *Aquiline* Family; all the bravery of *Rome*, *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres* and many others. This departure was so sudden that *Sextus* could not see the prisoners: But *Celeres*, passing for the Brother of *Clelia*, he went to her, and carried *Aronces* with him, who had the happiness to bid her adieu; But this adieu was so sad, as it may be said they did onely communicate sorrows, and make an exchange of grief. For when *Clelia* considered, that she was under the power of *Tarquin* who did most horribly hate her Father; when she thought that this proud Tyrant did too favourably look upon her; that the Prince *Sextus* did the same: That the cruel *Tullia* had shewed no civilities unto her: That *Aronces* was going to the Wars where he might die: The *Celeres* who passed for her Brother, might perish also as well as *Amilcar*; and that she was to be left without any help in the hands of most wicked people, it was impossible but she should be extremely grieved. On the other side *Aronces* who more sadly resented the miseries of her he loved, then his own, never considering what might be said of him in the King his Fathers Court, he thought upon nothing but the pitiful condition of *Clelia*. Yet since *Tarquin* had promised to deliver her, when the siege of *Ardes* was ended, this hope did something moderate his sorrows. But the truth is, his fears of her being known to be the daughter of *Clelius* did take away the greatest sweetness of his hopes. Also the very grief of being from her, and leaving her under the power of that Tiger *Tullia*, did so extremely afflict him, as it may be said, this onely was enough to make him worthy of compassion. Also they expressed themselves unto each other, the most sadly that can be imagined, whilst *Celeres* and *Amilcar* who was with them this visit did take their leaves of the other Ladies, But the adieu of *Plotina* and *Amilcar* was as merry as the other was Melancholly, and at parting were as full of their pleasant frolicks as ever. Yet *Amilcar* set a more serious face upon the matter, when he took his leave of *Clelia*: For maugre all his mirth, he did most obligingly resent the misfortunes of this fair one. But after they had left her, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, and he, durst not go and see *Verenia*, lest if it were known, *Tarquin* should suspect them: But they went secretly unto the virtuous *Sevilia*, purposely to oblige her to let *Verenia* know, that her illustrious Niece had in their persons, some defenders against the Tyrant. After which they went unto that Prince, as well as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*. Mean time, there might be seen go out of *Rome* that day; the most magnificent equipage of War, that ever was seen since the first Foundation of that proud Town; for under their former Kings the *Romans* either out of poverty or moderation, never used any superfluities. Moreover *Amilcar* being equally agreeable unto *Tarquin*, unto *Sextus*, unto the Prince of *Pometia*, and unto *Titus*, he shared himself amongst them during this march; for he was

sometimes with one, sometimes with another, and though their humours were all different, yet he pleased them all. As for *Aronces*, he was so full of sorrow, that he entertained only himself. *Artimedorus* he talked with *Zenocrates*, for they two had enough to talk on in matters wherein none else had any interest; and for *Celeres* he entertained *Collatin* in discourse of the siege. However *Tarquin* Quarter being betwixt *Rome* and *Ardes*, the Camp was so near that Famous City: as one might goe and come betwixt them in a day, but reason did forbid *Aronces* from doing so, lest he should render himself suspected: So as it might be said, that he was as miserable as if he had been further off from *Clelia*, since he durst not go and see her. But *Tarquin* was no sooner come to the Camp then he gave out orders concerning the siege; he went to view all the several Posts, and would have the strangers with him to the end they might see that the way of *Roman* War had great congruity with the *Grecian* and *African* way. As for *Aronces* he accompanied *Tarquin*, he reasoned so rightly, and gave such good advice unto this Prince, he began from that day to look upon him not as an ordinary man: But as *Tarquin* and this brave Troop were upon a hill which *Aronces* said was requisite to be made good, they of *Ardes* made a salley: And so advantageously for themselves at first, as by the favour of another hill upon the left hand *Tarquin* was set about before he was aware. So as then he was very happy in having so many brave men about him: For maugre the vigorous assault of his enemies, who doubled them in number, they repulsed them, and did such prodigious things that day, as made all who saw him admire: For knowing that *Horace* was in *Ardes*, he bore a secret hatred unto those who defended him; yet when he considered that *Ardes* was the harbour of his noble friend whom *Tarquin* hated only for his virtue, his heroique heat, which made him do such great exploits did began to slack; But for all that when he considered that at the end of the siege *Clelia* was to be delivered, he thought upon nothing, but what might conduce to the taking of this Town; so as bestirring himself that day to defend him who besieged it, he did defend him as if he had infinitely esteemed him, as if he had most dearly loved him, and as if he had been incomparably tender of him, though at the bottom of his heart he had a most horrible aversion against this proud Tyrant. So as desiring to signal him self upon this occasion; he did as I told you before, such marvellous things as made both his friends and enemies admire him. Also all they who followed *Tarquin* did acts worthy of eternal memory; and one would have said, that the *Romans*, the *Grecians* and the *Africans* did vie valours with each other in vanquishing those who assaulted them. So as all these brave men fighting together, they beat the other as brave and as strong as they were, and did drive them to their very gates, after they had killed many, and took more prisoners than they themselves.

But amongst those who *Aronces* took with his own hands; hee found two who told him things very different; for after some of *Tarquin* Troops were come up to relieve them, and that they could retreat without fear of any sallies, he asked these prisoners concerning the state of the town, and the number of men to defend it? Sir, said one of the souldiers, there are men enough to find you work; and

and if the valiant *Horace* doe escape his wounds, as it is hoped, he and *Herminius*, joyning together, will make you pay dear for your victory. How? (said *Tarquin*, and blusht for anger) is *Horace* and *Herminius* both in *Ardes*? Yes, Sir, replied the courageous souldier; and had they been in the head of those troops you have beaten, perhaps you had found a sharper busines of it. *Tarquin* being incensed at the boldness of this prisoner, commanded him to be put to death; but since it was *Aronces* that took him; oh Sir (said he to *Tarquin* with extream generosity) since this prisoner belongs to me, I beseech your Majesty not to be so cruel unto him, for I think my self obliged to defend his life; and I assure you he did so stoutly defend it, that he merits better usage. I will give him to your valour (replied *Tarquin* in a rough one) though his infolency deserves death; for how durst he in my presence commend two of my most mortal enemies and enemies whom I hate as much as *Clelius*, and *Horace* and *Herminius* deserve it.

After this, *Tarquin* casting his eye upon the other captive, whom *Aronces* took, he began to ask him who he was? for he seemed to have the ay of a stranger. Sir (said he in very broken Roman language) though I am taken amongst your enemies, yet I am not so; for I belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, who sent me into *Ardes* to know whether a daughter of his who was stoln away was there. He had no sooner said so, but *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres* did know the man, and that he did belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, therefore their hearts began to beat extreemly, fearing he would tell something which might give *Tarquin* some cause to think that *Clelia* was the daughter of *Clelius*; but as good luck was, the man had heretofore been servant to *Amilcar*, who turning his eyes towards him; he made such signs to hold his peace, and in such a menacing manner, as the poor fellow not knowing what to say, or not to say, he said just nothing. *Tarquin* seeing him to be a stranger and ignorant in in what he desired to know, he let him go amongst the rest of the prisoners, at which *Aronces* was very glad; but desiring to know a little more concerning the Prince of *Numidia*, when *Tarquin* was gone to his quarters, he went unto him who kept the prisoners to speak with this *African* who might satisfy his curiosity; and he went with *Amilcar*, who made the man to tell, that the Prince of *Numidia* desiring to get into that party which was opposite unto that which *Horace* took, he had a desire to know whether he was in *Ardes*, as it was reported he was; so as *Aronces* was likely to see his Rival arrive in the Camp of *Tarquin*, and to arrive in such a manner as to be known who he was: However he must dissemble his resentments, and for *Clelia's* sake comply with all the pleasures of the Prince *Sextus*, because it was he above all the rest, from whom he was to hope for *Clelia's* protection, if *Tarquin* should hear by any ill fortune that she was Daughter unto *Clelius*; for *Sextus* being not capable of that politique hatred which the King his father was, it was to be hoped that *Clelia* being very fair, and pleased him, he would defend her in case *Tarquin* should offer either to hurt her or love her too much: for *Aronces* saw she was in danger of these two extreems; so as though he was very melancholy at the heart, yet he was forced to seem merry in the face, and though he was free from any licentious Debauche-

ry, yet he lived as if he were the greatest Libertine of all men upon earth. And since *Tarquins* design was not to take *Ardes* by force, but by hunger, the time was likely to be long, and *Sextus* brought into the Camp a way of life more voluptuous then in *Rome*, for they did nothing but feast continually from Tent to Tent, and from Quarter to Quarter: However there was a necessity of complying with his humour, though against the hair of ones own; and sometimes it is wisdom not to seem wise. Thus *Aronces* being both amorous and prudent, did comply with the times, and was at all these tumultuous feasts of which *Sextus* was the Ring-leader, also he treated this Martial and merry crew, in his own Tent, and treated them in a manner so magnificent as did amaze the *Romans*, and in such a neat fashion as made all the *Grecians* admire. *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and also *Zenocrates* did treat them in their turns, as men that knew how to goe through any thing they undertook. But *Sextus* mixing matters of love in all things, the discourse in all these feasts was commonly either upon Beauty, or the humours of women, either in commending or blaming of them. So as all this merry company was at Supper one night with the Prince *Sextus*; he began to chide *Collatine*, because his wife could never be seen, though she had the reputation of the fairest woman in all *Rome*. For indeed (said he unto *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* though) *Collatine* be Nephew unto the King my father, and by consequence *Lucrecia* of quality to be known by all in *Rome*, yet she is known by none, but her Reputation which seems to be upheld by Enchantment; for since she will not see the Queen, because she was once ill treated by her, she will not be seen in any place where her beauty may be judged of; if she do pass through the streets unto the Temple, her Head is always pulled down, and she never frequents any other place. If she do walk, it is in places so solitary as none ever use to come at them; and the truth is, *Lucrecia* is never seen but by five or six people, whom none ever sees: And yet for all this, she hath the reputation of being the fairest Woman that ever was seen in *Rome*. But to tell you truly, I do not believe it (added he and laughed) for if she were so fair as reported, I am confident she would shew her beauty, mauger all the Roman austerity, in spite of all the vigilancy of Parents, mauger *Collatine* himself and all his jealousy; for I must certainly conclude, that if she be fair, he must needs be jealous, since none ever sees his Wife. Oh Sir (said *Collatine*) you are extreemly unjust in accusing me of any jealousy; and I were the most unreasonable Man living were I jealous of *Lucrecia*. I must tell you (replied *Amilcar*) that a beauty solitary, and a solitude voluntary, is one of the rarest things in the World; and therefore though you be not jealous, yet the Prince *Sextus* is very excusable in suspecting you to be so. For my part (said the Prince of *Pometia*) I know *Lucrecia* a little better than you do, and I am sure that the cause of her retiredness proceeds not from any jealousy in *Collatine*, but only from her own modesty and from a fancy she hath, that there ought to be a great difference between a fair Mistress and a fair Wife. For my particular (said *Sextus*) I am not of her fancy, for I think it fit a Wife should be the Mistress of her Husband, and that a Mistress never ought to be the Wife of her

her Lover. The truth is (said *Artimedorus*) a Wife ought not to give over her gallantry towards her Husband, as soon as she is married; and a Mistress should be so familiar with her Lover as to become his Wife, by her little care she takes to please him. And yet it often happens so (replied *Aronces*.) I would have a Lady rule her Lover (said *Amilcar*) for if the Husband do cease loving as soon as she is married, I would have the Wife cease being his Mistress, and I would not have any such difference made betwixt Gallantry and Love as usually is. I do confess it (said the Prince *Titus*) for I cannot endure that Men when they see any Ladies, should say, I could like such a Lady for my Mistress, but not for my Wife; and on the contrary, I could affect such a one for my Wife, but would not chuse her for my Mistress; for I conceive what becomes a Wife, becomes a Mistress; and what becomes a Mistress renders her to be a charming Wife; and I would have my Wife as charming as my Mistress; and I would not have my Mistress more Cocket then I would have my Wife. Then you would have her as austere as the Sibyls (replied *Sextus*) and that she be as solitary, salvage, imperious, critical, censuring others, thinking ill upon the least conjectures, and melancholy; that she deprive her self of all pleasures, to have this only, that she hath the reputation of a good Woman and when she will can give over the World. Oh Sir (replied the Prince of *Pometia*) *Lucretia* is none of these; for she is excellent society though solitary, she is severe and rigid only to her self; she always thinks well of others, and she maintains it neither good nor modest for any Women to suspect those of their sex in general, of any great weakness; she never condemns pleasures in others, she puts a good construction upon every thing, she is not lumpish nor Melancholy; and if she were not solitary she would be adored by all the World. You love her Sister in law so well (replied the Prince *Sextus*) that you are not to be believed in all you speak to the advantage of *Lucretia*. If a Husband may be allowed to commend his own Wife (replied *Collatine*) I would say, that the Prince of *Pometia* doth not flatter *Lucretia*; and that the affection he bears unto my Sister, doth not move him to speak against truth. For my part (said *Sextus*) I do not insult upon such critical formalities; and therefore *Collatine*, without any consideration of being Husband unto *Lucretia*, I pray you tell me ingenuously, and impartially whether her beauty be comparable to the beauty of that fair Prisoner which you saw when the Vestals demanded her liberty? For my part I must profess unto you, that I never in my life saw any so fair.

The truth is, she is very fair (replied *Collatine*) yet I know not whether it be because I affect black beauties, better then the fair: But I profess unto you, that I think *Lucretia* as fair for a black beauty, as that prisoner is for a fair beauty: And of the two I would leave the fair and take the black. For my part (said *Aronces*) I should not do so; upon this the Prince *Sextus* having an extream desire to see *Lucretia*, did beckon unto all the young Gallants to second his design, so as every one began to affirm that *Lucretia* was not so fair as reported. If she be so as she is represented (said *Zenocrates* then) I am sure she is not so fair as one I have seen in *Sicily*. For my part (said *Artimedorus*) I know one that will not yield unto her. For my particular (said *Amil-*

car) I have met with many *Lucretia*'s, but I know onely one fair prisoner in all the World. *Aronces* had a good mind to say so also, but he durst not for fear of suspicion; so as he let all the rest speak, who all confessed, that though they had Mistresses of their own, yet the fair Prisoner, was the fairest that ever was seen. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, he did not say any thing against her great beauty, but only said that *Lucretia* and his own Mistress could not be compared together, because they were so opposite as two contraries could not be more, the one having fair hair, and grey eyes; and the other black hair and black eyes. Mean time, This feast which *Sextus* made, having raised the spirits of *Collatine* to a jolly height, he was that time full of rallary; so as the Prince *Sextus*, beginning again to chide him for his pretended jealousy, though he knew well enough that he was not jealous, *Collatine* did rise up upon a suddain, and looking upon all the company. To make it appear I am not jealous (said he unto them) And to let you know that *Lucretia* does merit all the reputation of beauty which she hath, I freely offer to take horse immediately, and carry you all unto my house. *Collatine* had no sooner said so, but *Sextus* ravished with joy, did take it at his word: So as though it was late, they all took horse, and went to *Rome*: so came to *Collatine* where *Lucretia* was, who not expecting so great a company was working with her Woman, an excellent piece of work she made the business of her solitude. However being always naturally handsome, though she did not think of seeing any that day, yet she was not in such a negligent dress, as did any thing take from her beauty; but on the contrary, her dress was very advantagious. So as all this Company making a great noise at their coming, and hearing that her Husband brought them, she prepared her self to receive them very well. So *Lucretia* leaving her work, she went to meet them, and not knowing that her beauty was the cause of this journey, she shewed it in its full lustre: for she had four slaves who walked before her with lights, which made it at first appear unto all that came, she merited all the reputation of beauty which she had: and that there was none but *Clelia* who could dispute with her for being the greatest beauty in the whole World.

The Prince *Sextus* was so blasted, that he stood dumb as he was the first time he saw *Clelia*; so as *Amilcar* observing him, he jogged *Aronces*, who was very glad to see it, in hopes that perhaps his inclination to *Clelia* would lessen, by his liking *Lucretia*. So as *Amilcar* (after he had asked *Aronces* pardon for the injustice, I was going to do his Mistress) he began to cry aloud that the fair prisoner was vanquished; that *Lucretia* had got the victory, and that *Collatine* was the happiest man upon Earth. *Zenocrates* also did highly applaud the beauty of *Lucretia*. *Artimedorus* did the same. The young Sons of *Brutus* as much. The two young *Aquilines* no less. The Prince of *Pometia* asked every one what they thought; the Prince *Titus* said as others did; and *Collatine* himself in saying nothing, did yet imply that *Lucretia* was never fairer then she was that night. All the while, this Wife and Modest Lady was so surprized at their expressions, and at their tumultuous commendations which they gave her, as she knew not what to think. Yet being of an admirable spirit, and not having forgot the mode of the World in her solitude, she did handsomely retire

tire. But the Prince *Sextus* being charmed with the beauty of *Lucretia* as much as with *Clelia*, he was something deaf to the motion, and with *Amilcar* began to make a long invective against solitude: For truly said *Amilcar* unto (*Lucretia*, whilst *Collatine* was talking unto some others whom he had brought thither) you are infinitely to blame for thus hiding as you do, the greatest beauty upon earth; for take in which way you will, solitude is good for nothing. Yes Sir, replied *Lucretia*, it is good to satisfy those who seek it and love it. But Madam, answered *Sextus*, those who do love it and seek, if they were as you are they ought not to love or seek it. 'Tis true (added *Amilcar*) for solitude will not let either beauty or virtue shew it self; and is good for nothing, but to give the World occasion to say that when the Wife is fair and solitary, her Husband is jealous. Though I do not expose my self unto the World, replied *Lucretia*, yet I do not think that any will say that *Collatine* is jealous. If they do not say so, replied *Sextus*, it is in your presence, when they can say nothing else but that you are the fairest person that ever was seen. But yet, said *Amilcar*, I would gladly know, what delights can solitude afford? Though no other, but to be sure they will trouble none (replied *Lucretia*) nor be troubled by any, yet this is a great pleasure; for these are two things which often happen unto such as expose themselves unto the World. Did I see in all your Chambers (said *Amilcar*) abundance of great and stately Mirrours, which would let you see your self every way, I should not then wonder what pleasure you could take in your solitude, for I am confident you would be infinitely pleased with looking upon your self: but that you should pass away your life poring upon works, and that a piece of several coloured Tissue should take up your eyes and mind, this is a thing above my understanding. I know (added he) that a person who has some secret affection gnawing upon her heart which makes her apt to muse and study, she indeed may easily pass away whole daies in working upon some excellent piece, because that would be a handsome pretence for her entertaining her self, and talking unto none; but that a Woman of Spirit should find any delight in passing away her life with drooping eyes and hands busied in Works like Bees in their Hives; this is a thing which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I must conclude that those who pass away their whole lives so, have either very shallow Spirits; or else have some secret cause of reservedness which doth busie and divert them. For my part (replied *Lucretia* and blushed) since I have no secret confederacy with any; It must be then concluded that I delight in my works, because my Spirit is very shallow. Oh no Madam; said *Sextus*, I can never believe that: But perhaps you have a fancy by this way to make all the World believe you have as much virtue as beauty: But Madam, let me tell you, after a long accustomacy unto this kind of life, you will not know how to enter into society again and commonly all your sage beauties, do make themselves the most miserable people in the World, by beginning a form of life too severe. But Madam, if you will follow my advice, you shall add nothing to the Roman austerity: Be not more severe then the Vestals; Quit *Collatia*, and return to *Rome*, and do not anticipate old age, by a living death: For so I must phrase solitude. For my part, replied *Lucre-*

tia, I think the life so infinitely sweet, as I cannot give it so terrible a name: And to tell you truly (added she and laughed) I think the life so pleasant, as I assure you, I think this is the worst night I passed away ever since I became solitary at *Collatia*. *Lucretia* spoke this with such a sprightly Air, as that it was as much as told the Prince *Sextus* it was late, and time to retire; so he left *Lucretia* with so much esteem of her, as all the company (except *Collatine* who took no notice of it) did plainly see she had pierced his heart.

The truth is, it was a thing not difficult to do; for the love of *Sextus* was only of sensual love, wherein the mind was not much considerable. But at last all the company after they had left *Lucretia*, in her Chamber they rested themselves an hour, and such repast as halt would permit, they returned to the Camp: But in their return, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, who had a desire to advance *Lucretia* in the heart of *Sextus*, and so chase out *Clelia*, they did nothing else but commend the beauty of *Lucretia*, and envy the happiness of *Callatine*. Also they told *Sextus* in a low voice, that certainly *Lucretia* with all her virtue was of a very passionate temper, that her eyes did speak as much; and that she was not so hard to be overcome as *Clelia*, who was of a more cold temper: So as *Sextus*, whose nature was impetuous, abandoning his heart to the beauty of *Lucretia*, and not quite chasing out *Clelia*, he returned to the Camp, not knowing directly whether he was more taken with the black or the fair beauty. Truth is, since he had seen *Lucretia* last it seemed she had the advantage of the other. Also hearing so many cry up the beauty of *Lucretia* his heart was the deeper wounded; for nothing does more blow the fire of a growing love then applauds of her who is the cause of it. As for *Aronces*, though he wished heartily that *Sextus* would love *Lucretia* rather than *Clelia*, yet he could get no further expressions from him then that *Clelia* was less fair than *Lucretia*. So he returned to the Camp without almost speaking one word; and when they came near the Camp, he rid some twenty paces behind the rest, because he loved more to muse then mix with such tumultuous discourse, and he observed that all the company stayed; so as coming up to them, he saw one of the King of *Rome's* Officers, who told the Prince *Sextus*, that there was come into the Camp an Envoy from the King of *Clusium*, who came from the King his Master, to advertise *Tarquin*, that the Prince his Son, who stole out of his Court was unknown in his Camp, and beseeched him that if it was so, he would secure him, lest he should marry the daughter of a man who was his enemy, with whom he was in love; adding, that the Ladies name was *Clelia*, that she was the daughter of *Clelius*, that she was taken away from *Horatius*, and that she was lately come out. This (said the Envoy) was no sooner told unto *Tarquin*, but he imagined that the daughter of *Clelius* must needs be one of those Ladies captives which were in *Rome*, and therefore I was sent in all haste with orders that they might be more strictly looked unto; for *Tarquin* remembering how earnest the grand Vestal was for the liberty of those captives he did not doubt but *Clelia* was one of them; and he seemed so incensed against her, though he knew not which was she, that he swore he would put her to death, though for no other reason then to hinder the King

King of *Clusium's* Son from marrying her. But (said the Prince *Sextus*) does the King believe, that the King of *Clusium's* Son is in his Army? Yes, Sir (replied he, and whispered) for he told that Envoy there was many strangers with you, whose mind might well become the Sons of Kings; so as this man does very impatiently wait for your return at your Tent door, to spy if any of those who are with you be Son to the King of *Clusium*. Though *Tarquins* Officer spake this in a low voice, yet *Aronces* heard it, and heard it with unimaginable grief, yet he conceived that it was extremely expedient for him not to discover his thoughts, and therefore set the best face he could upon the matter: when the Officer had left the Prince, and was gone away, he observed that *Sextus* looked sometimes upon *Amilcar*, sometimes upon *Celeres*, and sometimes upon him; for he could not imagine *Artimedorus* or *Zenocrates*, two Sons unto the King of *Clusium*, because their Accent was purely Greek, and he knew very well that the King of *Clusium's* Son was not brought up in *Greece*. But desiring to talk of this with the Princes his Brothers though they seldom used to talk and converse together, he severed those from the rest, and rid some twenty paces before, not taking any notice of those who followed; for he did not think that the last thing which the King his Fathers Officer had told him, had been heard; so as *Aronces*, closing with this occasion, he beckned unto *Celeres*, and staying some places behind, they rid softly, so as they were a hundred paces behind the rest when they entred into a thick and dark Wood. So as *Aronces* desiring so much liberty alone as to think what he should do, he took a little blind path way with *Celeres*, which after a hundred turnings and windings did bring them into a little solitary Valley, where there was four or five poor Shepherds cottages upon the side of a little Rivulet; no sooner were they there, but they stayed, and imagining that *Sextus* would send to seek them, *Aronces* looked upon his friend with eyes so full of sadness, as was enough to melt a heart into sorrow. Now *Celeres* (said he unto him) what say you now to the cruelty of my destiny? Fortune indeed is very cruel unto you (replied *Celeres* unto whom *Aronces* had told all he heard) for I must confess I know not what course you ought or can take. I can dye *Celeres* (replied he) and that's the most reasonable course I can take. Consider but my condition well and you will find that I have reason to do so; for as I gathered from the speech of the Officer, *Tarquin* does almost certainly know that the Daughter of *Clelius*, is in his Power, and he will be glad to know that *Clelia* is she that is the Daughter of his Enemy. Moreover if I do return to the Camp, I am sure to be a Prisoner, for I shall be known: If I do not return they will follow me, and which is most considerable, I shall do an ill Office unto *Clelia*, since I cannot return unto *Rome*: both you and I, and *Amilcar* also shall pass for cheats and impostors; for we have told *Tarquin* that you are *Clelia's* Brother. And yet in not going I see more danger towards her; for perhaps by talking unto *Tarquin* I shall stay his fury against that admirable Lady. Your greatest comfort is (replied *Celeres*) that since *Tarquin* hath some inclination towards *Clelia*, certainly he will not treat her so cruelly. Oh *Celeres* (cried out *Aronces*) what comfort can it be to see a Tyrant in love with ones Mistress? Yet I must confess that now

I am angry that the beauty of *Lucretia* pleaseth *Sextus*, more then the beauty of *Clelia*; for I know none fitter then he, to stand between her, and his Fathers fury. But alas unto what a pittifull condition am I brought, who for the safety of *Clelia*, must wish well unto my most insolent Rivals? As they were thus talking, they heard a great noise which made them look about; and they were no sooner turned, but they espyed coming out of a corner in this Valley, the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horacius* who were fighting, and *Herminius* parting them, though they were both Rivals unto his friend, and though by their death he had been rid of two redoubtful enemies.

This sight did so surprize *Aronces* thar as the state of his mind then stood, he knew not whether what he saw was true or no; for he could not imagine that *Horacius* should be so soon recovered. It is true that it well appeared, those two stout Rivals had not all their strength; for though they fought with abundance of animosity and courage, yet one might plainly perceive, that both of them were weak, especially *Horacius*; as for the Prince of *Numidia* it was long since he was well recovered of his Wounds, and therefore had time enough to gather strength, if his melancholy had been no hinderance. But *Aronces* and *Celeres* seeing this Combate, and seeing *Herminius* very busie in parting them, *Aronces* was in sufficient perplexity. However men of great Souls when they see others fighting, have but two wayes to chuse, either to part them, or to take side. *Aronces* not being able to take the latter of these wayes, because it was hard for him to chuse between two Rivals, and because he scorned advantages, he went straight towards them with *Celeres*, whom he acquainted with his intention. But though they went as men whose intentions were to help *Herminius* in parting them, yet they did not at the first take it so, but recoyling back some paces, they turned both against *Aronces*, as against him that was most to be feared, and asked him, which of them two he would have to fight with him: But *Aronces* not hearkening to what they said, cryed out that it was not a time to fight and kill one another, when there might be some use of each other to deliver *Clelia*; but it was better to suspend their Animosities, as he would his, until she were free. He had no sooner said so, but he saw the Prince *Sextus* appear at the end of the Valley with all his Troops; for he seeing that *Aronces* did not follow him, he believed therefore that it was he who was Son to the King of *Clusium*; so as turning back, he fortuned to light just upon the place where these three Rivals were together.

Mean time, as things stood, since neither the interests of *Aronces* nor *Horacius* was not to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, they both of them took a way through the thick of the Wood, and *Herminius* followed them. But when *Aronces* saw that the Prince of *Numidia* stayed behind them, he hastily bid Adieu unto his friend and his Rival, and turned back, not being able to leave such a terrible enemy as the Prince of *Numidia* about *Tarquin*, lest though that Prince should not be so cruel as to put *Clelia* to death, yet he might be so unjust as to marry her unto that Prince. So as finding it more safety for her, to return to *Tarquin*, since his Rival was to be there: He went to *Sextus*. And when that Prince asked him who those were which rushed through

the Wood, out of his friendship to *Herminius* and generosity to *Horatius*, he said that they were men he knew not, and that as he met them he parted them, imagining that *Sextus* could not discern them, because their faces were turned the other way.

After this, *Aronces* presented unto him the Prince of *Numidia* though his Rival. After which, *Sextus* taking *Aronces* apart, he asked him whether it was true, that he was Son to the King of *Clusium*? I have asked *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates* (said he unto him) who are all your friends, but they will tell me nothing; yet since I love you, I shall be glad to know it, that I might the better serve you. *Aronces* was now hard put to it; for considering the inclination which *Sextus* seemed to have to *Clelia*, he thought it no prudence to tell him who he was, since it was likely that ere long he would know *Clelia* was the Daughter of *Clelius*, whom they would not have him to love. Yet the new inclination of *Sextus* unto *Lucretia*, did take off that objection: and judging also that he could not long hide himself, he confessed that he was *Porfenna's* Son. He had no sooner confessed this, but *Sextus* blusht, and looking upon *Aronces*, tell me truly (said he) is this pretended Sister of *Celeres*, the Daughter of *Clelius*? I know she is, and therefore will not seek for the reason, why you would not say that *Lucretia* seemed fairer in your eye than she. However, (added he, and would not give *Aronces* time to Answer) I will not advise you to put your self into the hands of the King my Father, unless you will hazard the life of *Clelia*, but I will promise you to protect her as far as I am able, and also to steal her away if *Tarquin* should come to the last extremities against her. And therefore when I begin to march steal you away from me the second time, and I will promise none shall follow you. Since what *Sextus* said, seemed to be very obliging, *Aronces* thanked him, and without telling him precisely whether he would follow his Counsel, or not, they began to march; but in

marching *Amilcar* being come to *Aronces*, he gave him an account of all passages: Afterwards marching a little asunder from the rest, he began to examine the pitiful condition wherein they were, and their ir-resolution what course to take. For truly, said she, he who advises me to keep out of the hands of a violent Prince, he himself knows not what Justice or Generosity is; he seems to be in love with *Clelia*; he can love as many beauties as he can see, and consequently may love *Clelia* and *Lucretia* both at once; he tells me of stealing away the Person whom I love; to save her life, and doubtless if he should steal her away, he would not give her unto me.

But on the other side, if I should put my self into the hands of *Tarquin*, I should be a Prisoner both to him and to the King my Father: I shall perhaps be only an unhelping Spectator of all those punishments, which the Tyrant will inflict upon *Clelia*, and shall not have so much liberty as to die with her. But alas, if I should flie or hide my self, what can I do that way either for *Clelia*, or for my self? I durst not go to *Rome* and endeavour to deliver *Clelia*, I cannot go into the Camp and kill *Tarquin* if he intend to put her to death; and which way soever I look, I see nothing but inevitable misery. As *Aronces* said so, and as *Amilcar* was going to reply, they came to a place in the Wood, where several ways crossed: So as *Sextus* turning aside his head, he made a sign unto *Aronces*, as who should say, this is the place where he should separate from him; but that which seemed to prompt him to a resolution, was it which made him more un-resolved, not being able to imagine that *Sextus* could have so much generosity, as to have no self end in the counsel which he had given him: So as staying in that place with *Amilcar* not knowing himself which way to wend, his Soul was tumultuously agitated with those various thoughts which Love did raise, as he could not stir a step either backward or forward.

The End of the First Part.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADemoisELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The SECOND PART:

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monſieur de Scudery*,
Gouvernour of *Noſtredame de la Gard.*



LONDON,

Printed for *Dorman Newman* and *Thomas Cockerel.* 1678.



TO MY
HONoured LADY,
THE LADY
Dorothy Heale.

MADAM,



F to comply with your *Modesty* were not to sin unpardonably against your other *Vertues*, whose infinite merit enforceth all persons to disobey you, by a professed admiration and acknowledgement of them, I should fear to own this Duty. But the offence being so general, and the Person against whom it is committed of so great a Goodness, I am the better encouraged to hope your Pardon for a zeal so inconsiderable, that the noise thereof will be soon lost in the crowd and universal acclamations of your Admirers.

Amongst these, *MADAM*, you may behold those generous Persons upon whose Vertues *Rome*, the Empress of the World,

was

The Epistle Dedicatory.

was Founded, suing to yours for Protection, which (if you please to hear them relate their misfortunes) I am confident your Charity will not deny, and they shall then confess themselves rewarded far above the merit of their unjust sufferings. It is not, *MADAM*, that I dare wish these vacant hours should betray the least minute of yours to a loss; it will be happiness enough that *you* allow them to live under your Name, in whom all those scattered excellencies, which are here divided amongst many Persons, are united and perfected; for which there cannot be a greater veneration than that of

MADAM,

Your most humbly devoted Servant,

J. DAVIES.

CLELIA.

The Second Part.

BOOK I.

O Ye gods, cry'd out *Aronces*, with a doleful accent, viewing the several ways, whereof it was now in his power to take his choice, into what a strange confusion am I reduced! Why do you not either enlighten my mind, or force my Will? Or why must I be ignorant of what I ought, or might, or would do? It is indeed high time, replied *Amilcar*, to resolve on something; for when all is done, you must either for the Camp or for *Rome*. It is resolv'd, replied immediately *Aronces*; it is resolv'd, and what ever may be the event, I must go thither where *Clelia* is, and there expect how Fortune shall dispose of us. The Sage *Sivelia* will haply favour me with a retirement, she well knows the tender affection of her Son *Herminius* towards me, she hates the Tyrant, and loves Virtue, which is motive enough to oblige her to do me any good office. If I repair to the Camp, continued he, I shall be discovered to be the Son of *Porfennas*, secured, and sent to *Clusium*, without being able to do any thing for *Clelia*. In the mean time it is easily conceived she will want assistance, whether *Tarquin* consider her as the Daughter of his Enemy; or look on her as a Servant; or that Prince *Sextus* forgetting the beauty of *Lucrecia*, be absolutely subdued by hers. Therefore my dear *Amilcar* do you repair to the Camp, and there employ that noble Talent which the gods have bestowed on you, cunningly to divert *Tarquin* from causing any search to be made for me at *Rome*; nay acquaint not even *Sextus* himself with my resolution thither; be both the Protector of *Clelia's* fortune and mine; engage our friends to contribute their services; and to be short omit nothing which your generosity, friendship, or courage shall suggest unto you, as fit to be done.

This said, *Aronces* and *Amilcar* resolved on a certain place, where they should hear from each other, and so parted, the former making towards *Rome*, the other to the Camp. *Amilcar* made such speed, that recovering the time which he had spent with his friend, he overtook Prince *Sextus* before he had reach'd the Camp, which he did purposely, that he might be an eye-witness of the first transports of *Tarquin*, when he should understand that *Aronces* was not in his power. But having joyned with

this Prince, and those which accompanied him, *Collatine* asked him where *Aronces* was; whereto *Amilcar* answering, that he had lost sight of him in the Wood, and believ'd he would soon overtake them: *Sextus*, who was satisfied, he would not return, and had his imagination filled with the beauty of *Lucrecia*, began to play upon *Collatine*, and told him that *Aronces* was fallen in love with his Wife, and haply was returned to *Collatia*. Be it so my Lord, replied *Collatine* smiling, you may lament the misfortune of your Friend; for as to the humour of *Lucrecia*, if I were not her Husband, I would never be her Servant, were I not resolved to be the most wretched of all Men. Hah *Collatine* (replied *Amilcar*, who made it his business to divert the company from thinking on *Aronces*) what a happy Man are you to be Husband to one of the greatest Beauties in the World, and yet be guilty of no Jealousie? It is indeed, says the Prince of *Pometia*, a very rare thing. I am of your mind, replied *Sextus* smartly, but when all is done it is not so strange that *Collatine* should not be jealous of a Woman that never sees any body, one that views not her own beauty, and one so jealous of her self, that she will not be seen by any. What *Sextus* says, replied *Artimedorus*, is questionless considerable, yet the felicity of *Collatine*, is not to be esteemed the less, who is married to one who only loves him and solitude. For my part, said the pleasant *Zenocrates*, I should rather wish to be a while jealous, than to have my wife given so to solitude. But I, replied *Collatine*, am very well pleased with mine, not that if she were of an humour to be as gallant as they say your Grecian and African Ladies are, I should be ever the more jealous. You would indeed do very well in that, replied *Amilcar*, for to speak truly, jealousy in a Husband many times hastens the misfortune by fears, since that his jealousies rendering him hateful to his wife, she most commonly bestows all the love she abates him, upon some other.

Such was the discourse this merry company entertained themselves with, when they came to the Camp: but they had scarcely reached *Sextus's* Tent, but he sees a Man conducted by an Officer of *Tarquin's* who very earnestly viewed all those which followed him, whence he inferred, that it must be that Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, who came to seek

seek *Aronces*. So that approaching *Amilcar*, he communicated this observation to him, and asked him softly, where his friend was. My Lord, replied he, I left him so distracted, as to resolution, that as I dare not assure you whether we may not see him here to morrow morning (though it be contrary to my advice) so am I utterly ignorant where he is, as having onely a promise that I shall know. In the meantime I conjure you to serve him what lyes in your power, as also to protect *Clelia*; and this continued he, I conjure you to do by the beauty of *Lucrecia*. It is but a day since, replied *Sextus*, that if you had made any request to me, I was onely exorable by the fair eyes of *Clelia*: but now, added he laughing, those of *Lucrecia* carry it. Ah, my Lord (replied *Amilcar* laughing with him) you do well to prefer the *Brown Beauty* before that which is *Flaxen hair'd*, for the latter is often guilty of coldness and indifference, and seldom discovers any piquancy or passion.

Upon this the Prince enters his Tent, taking no notice that he had seen the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, who having viewed the Prince of *Pometia*, Prince *Titus*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, *Collatine*, and the rest of the company, told *Tarquin's* officer, who conducted him, that he whom he sought was not there, and so made towards this Prince, to acquaint him, that he had not found his Masters Son. But he was hardly in his presence, ere *Sextus* accompany'd onely by *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, came into him. In the mean time, *Tarquin* being in a great distraction of mind, asked somewhat hastily, whether he had heard that *Ardea* should be reliev'd by *Collatia*, for to be short, continu'd he, I cannot conceive, but that you leaving the Camp, while I was engaged in so important a siege, you had some other design in it than your diversion. *Sextus* not us'd to brook such reproaches, was incens'd into a bluish, and answer'd him as roundly. But *Amilcar* knowing how much it concern'd *Aronces*, there should be no mis-intelligence betwixt these Princes, he engaged himself into their contest with that pleasant confidence, which is so natural to him, and which gained him the opportunity to speak what he would, without offence taken. So that *Tarquin* recovering his tenderness towards his son, by the mediation of *Amilcar*, at length came to ask where *Aronces* was. My Lord; while we all came somewhat disorderly, every one according to his impatience, to be at the Camp, I am to learn whether *Aronces* be come before us, or be yet behind, and all I can say of him is, that I have not seen him since we came into a wood, that is not far hence. He had scarce said this, but *Tarquin* commanded he should be sought in his Tent, and all places he used to frequent; but it being fruitless to look after him, word was brought to *Tarquin* he was not returned. This gave him occasion to suspect he might be son to the King of *Clusium*, since that he appeared not. But to be more fully satisfied, he obliged the envoy of *Porfenna*, to describe him whom he sought, which he did so naturally, that it was no longer doubted, but that *Aronces* was the very Prince. *Tarquin* knowing that *Celeres* was his intimate friend, he sent him to seek him, and in the mean, inquired of *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, what they knew of the condition of *Aronces*. The latter answered, that his acquaintance with him was onely that he casually met him upon a journey, but for his birth and qua-

lity he knew nothing. And for my part, says *Amilcar*, though I know no more of him than *Zenocrates*, yet I am perswaded he deserves your Majesties protection. Ah *Amilcar*, cries out *Tarquin*, I would not wish *Porfenna's* son in my power, but onely to hinder him from doing a thing which would cause me to hate him, and which one day would raise a war between *Rome* and *Etruria*. For, to be short, if *Clelius's* daughter were once Queen of *Clusium*, I know nothing should divert me from entering into a war, should dethrone her, which I should be farther encouraged to, for that it were to satisfy the desires of *Porfenna*, who pretends an aversion she should ever reign over his Subjects. After some other discourse, *Celeres* returns, but though he answered what ever *Tarquin* demanded, with much prudence and circumspection, yet was this Prince further satisfied, that *Aronces* was the son of *Porfenna*; which thought *Celeres* did not acknowledge, yet was it easily discovered, that, not answering positively; neither as to the place of his birth, nor quality, there must be some secret reason that hindered him. But to be absolutely resolv'd; this Envoy of the King of *Clusium* having mentioned a mole which he that he sought had on his hand, *Tarquin* had observed it one day, that *Aronces* presenting him with two Prisoners he had taken, he stretched forth his hand to shew them unto him, so that the business being by this discovery put out of all doubt, *Tarquin* commanded he should be diligently sought out. He even sent to *Rome* to take him, if he were returned thither, and he spake with that violence, which easily discovered his mind disturbed by more then one passion. But my Lord, says *Amilcar* to him, may I presume to ask you what crime hath this pretended son of the King of *Clusium* committed? He loves the daughter of a man I hate, replied he furiously, and the King his father desires me to secure him, lest his passion engage him into something unworthy his quality, and the greatness of his courage. But my Lord, replies *Amilcar*, do you know where the daughter of your enemy is, whom *Aronces* is in love with? In all likelihood, says he, she is among the Captives, which were taken at the sally out of *Ardea*; but this difficulty is to know which of them is the daughter of *Clelius*, for they are all very amiable; in the mean time, it is my greatest concernment to be satisfied. If you please, my Lord, replies cunningly *Amilcar*, I will be your spie, for (added he slyly) since there is no more to doe, then to cross *Aronces's* Marriage, I shall easily wave the interests of his love to engage my self into those of his ambition. What you say is very pertinent, or very generous, replies *Tarquin*, but all things considered, I am resolv'd to be my own spie, for I would not be deceived in this design.

Sextus hearing his Father speaking thus, was troubled at it, as inferring thence, that he must needs love *Clelia*; which consideration had almost restor'd him to the inclination he once had to that Beauty, and taken away much of that which he now had to *Lucrecia*. But at length *Tarquin* being resolv'd to act alone, *Sextus* shifting place, changed with all his sentiments, and not considering *Clelia* otherwise than as his friends Mistress, he directed all his thoughts to *Lucrecia*, and imagining what a great satisfaction it is to conquer a heart which was never conquered, he could think of nothing else; for *Amilcar*, he advised with *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and

and *Celeres*, concerning the interests of their *Friend*, inasmuch, as conceiving it requisite he should be acquainted with the state of his affairs, they sent to him a trusty Slave, directed to the virtuous *Sivelia's* house, so to be brought to *Aronces*. But for *Tarquin*, he was in a strange disturbance, as not being able to remain long in that uncertainty; so that the siege of *Ardea* being in a good condition, he resolved to pass away a day or two at *Rome*, as well to discover by his own industry, which of the Captives was the daughter of *Clelius*, as to cause a strict search to be made after *Aronces*.

The next day therefore, without any further delay, he departed, and came to *Rome* the same night, where he was no sooner arrived, but the cruel *Tullia*, who had perceived that *Clelia* had smitten the heart of the King her Husband, came and acquainted (though she knew nothing of it) that the Captive whom he preferred before all the rest, was certainly the Daughter of *Clelius*, and Mistress of *Aronces*, which she augmented with a hundred other things of her own invention, to induce him to believe it. But he not being thereby convinced, and that the secret passion of his soul, flattered him into a Wish, that that person might not be the daughter of his Enemy, he gave the less credit to *Tullia's* relation. I know very well, answered he that by many arguments, *Clelius's* daughter is among the Captives; for, to be short, they were taken escaping out of *Ardea*, whence the Envoy of the King of *Clusium* affirms, that that daughter of my Enemy was departed not long before the siege. Beside, the Grand Vestal, Sister to *Clelius*, pleaded for their Liberty, with an earnestness by which easily perceived, that there was an interest of family, which she was more tender of, than any Vestal Privileges. But all this does not absolutely satisfy me, that this fair Captive, of whom you spake, is the daughter of *Clelius*. If you were not prepossessed, replied the fierce *Tullia*, you would believe as I do; for as she is more beautiful than the rest, so is she the more likely to kindle a violent passion. Nay she is withall more given to melancholly, she hath much the air of a *Roman Lady*, she will not positively tell who she is; and I have observed, that twice or thrice she hath not answered to the name which she now hath, whence I infer, it is not her own, and that she is not yet sufficiently accustomed to the name which her companions have given her. But I beseech you, replies hastily *Tarquin* whence are you so resolved, that this beautiful Captive must be the Daughter of *Clelius*? When you have told me (replied she as fiercely) the reason, why you would not have her to be your Enemies Daughter, I will tell you why I would have her to be so: Did you not know it, replied he, I would tell you, but since it is so easy for you to imagine it, I shall spare my self the pains. However it be, replied she, know that I think it unworthy, that he who hath brought *Rome* itself under subjection, should submit himself to a Captive, and haply the Daughter of his Enemy; and assure your self further, that *Tullia*, who hath violated all right to put the Scepter into your hand, can easily hinder that person from coming above her, who ought not to look on me, but kneeling.

Having thus said, this fierce Princess departed, and *Tarquin* being in a strange confusion of thoughts, was only certain of this, that he had a greater affection to *Clelia*, than he had ever had for any. But indeed

ambition had so taken up his whole life before; that it may be said, he had not the leisure to *Love*; but as things stand now, *Ambition* lay in a manner dormant in his heart, since he saw no further object to engage his wishes. And since there is a certain relation between Love and *Ambition* (since that certainly it is as great an ambition to reign in the heart of a beautiful person, as in a State) *Tarquin* was insensibly captivated by the beauty of *Clelia*. But as the cruel Tyrant knew as yet better how to hate than to love, he was strangely tormented in mind, fearing to find the same person the object of his hatred and his love. Is it possible, said he within himself, that I should be so unfortunate, as to love the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, added he, it is an absolute impossibility, for my Heart without the assistance of my Reason, would have soon discovered the Daughter of my Enemy, and would not have been guilty of so great a baseness as to have loved her. It must be so, continued he, there is such an Antipathy between *Clelius* and me, and I have so inveterate a hatred for him, that if he were certainly the father of this beautiful person, I should be naturally obliged to hate her. But in fine (continued he after he had paused a while) in case my heart have betrayed me, if I am really deceived, and that this fair and enchanting Captive be effectually the Daughter of my Enemy, what course should I take? At these words *Tarquin* stopt a while, but suddenly recovering himself, Ah! base spirit that I am, cried he, do I deliberate how I should deal with the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, continued he, I desire all further deliberation, I must renounce her love, I must burthen her with my hatred and chains, and put her to death, to be revenged of her Father. But am I certain I should do what I say (said he again to himself) I have certainly in my life done things so extraordinary, that such an action as this might be looked on as an ordinary consequence of the greatness of my courage; but when all is done, I never did any thing that seemed so hard to do as this: I have sacrificed a Wife to my Ambition, tis true; but I had no great love for her. I dethroned *Servius Tullius*, I acknowledge it; but I had ever hated him; and I never yet met with a necessity should force me to destroy that which I loved because I have loved nothing but my own greatness, and therefore I must confess I am yet to resolve what I should do: if this fair prisoner proved my Enemies daughter. Here *Tarquin* was silent, and having paused a while, he repaired to the lodgings of the Captives, with intention to try all means to discover which of them was the true daughter of *Clelius*.

But when he was employed in this visit, *Aronces* struggled with incredible afflictions. For as according to his expectation, he had found the sage and generous *Sivelia* fervent to serve him, so he was hid in her house, and by her means held correspondence with all the secret friends of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, as also with the Grand Vestal. Thus he knew all that passed in the Camp, and at *Rome*, for the Slave which *Amilcar* had sent, was come to him, and by *Sivelia* he knew all that happened in the City. But that was it that rendered him the more unhappy, for as the state of affairs stood then, he could not rationally hope to apply any remedy thereto, *Tarquin's* power seemed to be so strongly established, that nothing could shake it. He was indeed generally hated, but withall he was generally feared, in as much

as had he been beloved, he could not have been better obeyed than he was; and to be short he was become so dreadful, that men durst hardly think ought against him. There was not one true Roman who wished not it were in his power to destroy him, but there was not one who had courage enough to undertake it: so that it might be said that *Rome* had alwayes an infinite number of men fit to be conspirators, before there ever was any conspiracy; so dreadful were the proud *Tarquin* and cruel *Tullia* grown. Thus all that *Aronces* could do, was to bemoan himself, and endeavour to find out some means to send to *Clelia*, to see if there were any possibility to carry her away. But that was a thing seemed not so easie to be done, he being obliged either to continue this retirement, or run the hazard of being taken. *Sivelia* was of such a high spirit, that she never went to *Tullias*; nor was the Grand Vestal's absence thence without suspicion: it was not fit many were acquainted with *Aronces*'s retirement in *Rome*; all which augmented his misery as much as could be. *Tarquin*'s arrival was no small affliction to him, nay he escaped not the misery of being acquainted with his visit to the Captives, and that the design of it was onely to discover which of the prisoners was the daughter of *Clelius*, so that his sufferings were such as will hardly admit a perfect imagination of them: For he considered himself every moment ready to be discovered and secured, and that *Clelia* would be found out by her fathers inveterate enemy, and the cruellest enemy that ever was. Alas (said he to himself, during the visit) what a deplorable condition am I in? for if *Tarquin* discovered *Clelia*, and that the hatred he beares her father exceeds the love, it is said, he bears her, he will destroy her, nay, will invent new torments to do it; but if his love to her shall outvie his hatred to *Clelius*, to what persecution is she, to what misfortunes am I exposed? But cruel and proud *Tarquin*, continued he, though thou were loved as much by the People as thou art hated, and that all my subjects were thy Guard, nothing should discourage me from attempting to deliver *Rome*, that so I may deliver *Clelia*, if so be thou art so unjust as to evil intreat her.

But while the unfortunate *Aronces* thus sadly entertained himself, *Tarquin* was in the lodgings of the Captives, from whom he had received the greatest civility which he could expect from persons, whose liberty could not be obtained without his consent. The end therefore of his coming thither that day, being to discover *Clelia*, he entertained them all secretly one after another, as soon as the first civilities were over. He was desirous *Clelia* might be the last he spoke with, because it was she he wisht might not prove the daughter of *Clelia*; so that not doubting but to find her among the Captives, he talkt with the sage *Cesonia*, the merry *Plotina*, and her companions before he spoke to *Clelia*. But though he sifted them very craftily, yet he could not make any great discovery; for being all excellently witty, and withall, bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, they told him nothing whereby he might be informed which was the daughter of *Clelius*.

But at length, taking *Clelia* aside, and viewing her sometimes with the looks of a Lover, sometimes with those of an Enemy (such a distraction was in his soul) I beseech you, Madam, says he to her, deliver me out of the greatest disquiet I ever was in,

and, if it be possible, restore me into a condition, wherein I may both make you happy, and entertain some hope of being so my self. There is such a distance between your fortune and mine, replies modestly *Clelia*, that I cannot easily imagine how the same thing can make us both happy: and, my Lord, continued she, can there be any thing wanting to your felicity? There is Madam, says he to her, and to acquaint you wherein my happiness is deficient, you are to know, there are in my soul two passions, both which I would fain satisfy, that is, *Revenge* and *Love*; for, for my part, I have every where placed *Revenge* among the most violent passions, since there is not any thing from whence proceeds greater violence as to Desire, nor greater sense as to pleasure. I therefore conjure your assistances to appease these two passions which exercise such a Tyranny over my soul. As concerning *Love*, pursued the Tyrant, I shall need onely to tell you, that you were no sooner in my chains, but I was in yours, I need say no more to engage an answer from you which shall make me happy. But for *Revenge* you must tell me which of the Captives is the daughter of *Clelius*, for as for your part, I am confident you cannot be the daughter of a man indepreably hateful to me, and one whom I will destroy sometime or other, what part soever of the earth affords him a retreat. *Clelia* hearing *Tarquin* in such a fury, could not but blush, which he observing, and interpreting to signifie as much as that he might thence conceive she was the daughter of *Clelius*, he was surpris'd into the most horrid agitation of spirit could be imagined. However *Love* prevailing in this first sally, Ah Madam (cried he taking her by the hand) be not the daughter of my Enemy, I conjure you, for I perceive that all your beauty could hardly fasten love so in my heart, but that hatred would forcibly displease it. If therefore you are not *Clelius*'s daughter, shew me her whom I must sacrifice to my vengeance; but if you are she, deceive me if you can, and name some other to me who shall suffer all those punishments which the daughters of *Clelius* (the daughter of my most mortal Enemy) deserves. I shall presently believe you Madam, continued he, and I shall not afterwards trouble my self to be undeceived, so you but satisfy the love I bear you.

What you tell me, my Lord (replied *Clelia*, with an admirable expression of a great courage) is so sudden and so strange, that I hardly know what to answer to it: But now I am provided, and shall do it so exactly, that you shall not need any further to persecute either my companions or me. Know therefore my Lord, that I do not conceive my self any wayes obliged to tell you whether I am *Clelius*'s daughter, or not, and so I shall tell you nothing which may give you any light in that you so much desire to know, yet shall not stick to tell you what I truly conceive of your demand, whether I am she or not. For if I am not she, but some one of my companions be daughter to that unfortunate Exile, I will dye ere I discover her, having heard what I have said. But if on the contrary, I am she, whom yet you would not know, but that you might hate and destroy, I declare unto you, that if the meatal of my heart be right, I shall with rather your hatred, than your love, and shall never submit to flatter the passion of a man would take away my father's life. Therefore, my Lord set your mind at rest for this matter,

matter, for as my Companions will not betray me, in case I were *Clelius's* Daughter, so neither shall I discover whether the Daughter of *Clelius* be among them: And to puzzle your enquiry the more, I will not positively tell you, whether I am or I am not Daughter to that noble Roman. I would not believe that you are his Daughter (replied he abruptly) but you discover somewhat the fire of his heart; and if the mildness of your looks did not abate the sharpness of your words, I should immediately treat you as the Daughter of *Clelius*. As I am persuaded (replies *Clelia*) that I have said nothing to you, which I ought not to have said, so I cannot admit of any repentance for it. But my Lord, continued she, whether some one of my companions be *Clelius's* Daughter, or that I am she, is it possible you should not see, that your mind cannot be guilty of these cruel sentiments of detestation, without a greater injustice than any you now stand accused of? All the violence you have committed since you came into the World, were done in order to your mounting the Throne; but what would it advance you to sacrifice a wretched Captive? To be revenged, replied he insolently, in the Daughter of all the mischiefs the Father hath, or hath endeavoured to do me. For I am certain, continued he, that in what place soever *Clelius* is, he is perpetually plotting my ruine, and when he shall not imagine any possibility to accomplish his design, he will persecute me with his wishes, and it will be his affliction that he cannot do it.

But to be short (Madam) there is no mean in this case, you must either name me a daughter of *Clelius*, whom I may as highly hate, as I love you. I have told you already how gladly I would be deceived; but my *Vengeance* requires a Victim, for in that transportation I now am in, if you do not what I desire, I shall deal with all your companions, as daughters of *Clelius*, that so I might not be deceived as to that point: And so while you receive from me a thousand and a thousand expressions of affection, they shall as many of my detestation, and pretended cruelty. Ah my Lord, cried out the generous *Clelia*, though I were at my own disposal, though *Tullia* were not your Wife, and though you offered to raise me into the Throne, I should abhor the love of a Prince so unjust as you are. How now Coynefs; sayes he to her, do you slight the passion of a man, who never loved any thing but Glory and You? Who hath brought all that have resisted him under subjection, who hath subdued a heart as great, and as high flown as yours, and yet makes you that offer which never was made to any? In the mean time, continued he, do not imagine that what I say is an airy threat, for I go presently, and begin the punishment of your Companions, by separating them from you. To be short, *Tarquin* commanded the Captain of his Guards to be called, but *Clelia* staying him, no my Lord (sayes she to him, with an undisturbed generosity) it shall never be said, that I have altogether escaped the injustice of *Tarquin*; and my life, in the condition I am, is not so precious, as that it should be preserved by any treacherous art. Know then, unjust Prince, that I am the daughter of the noble *Clelius*, and that my true name is *Clelia*. Ah Madam! replied he, why do you tell me what I desire not to know? I tell it you (replied she with a wonderful constancy) that you may see I am not unworthy my Fathers virtue, and

that though I had not my birth in *Rome*, yet I have a heart truly Roman.

Clelia uttered these words with a confidence so allayed with modesty and composure, that *Tarquin* was amazed at it. Ah Madam, cries he, you must questionless have a greater sense of the love I bare you, than I imagined, since you discover such a secret to me. But I know not (continued he sighing) what reason you have to trust me, for the agitation of wind I am in, makes me uncertain whether I yet love you, or begin to hate you. Hate me, hate me, my Lord, replied she, for it will be much easier for you to satisfy your love. I have at this instant so great a desire to hate you, replied he, and have so much reason to justify it, that I despair not to subdue that other cruel passion which is in my soul. But to do it the more easily, I must forbid my self your sight, for though I am incensed by your confidence, yet the sweetness of your looks disengages my cruelty and disarms my fury. And I wish it the pleasure of the Gods, my Lord, replied she, I were so powerful as to re-instate Reason in your Soul, and banish thence that injustice which makes you hate my Father, and so fills your government with violence, that you can never expect Love where you find Obedience. Ah, excessive Charm! (cried he, relenting on a sudden) how little would I have the hatred of all the World, so I had but your love! You are yet, continued he, at liberty, to retract what you told me. Tell me, I conjure you, that your affirming your self to be *Clelius's* Daughter, was onely out of design to save your Champions, hoping the Love I bear you would exempt you from punishment: I promise you belief, and though all the World should tell me that you were my Enemies Daughter, and that he himself should confirm it, I would not credit it, if you did not tell me so your self. To be short, have you not observed, that I have not done what I might for your discovery, and on the contrary, have onely said that by which I might not discover you? For I might more easily have scrued out this secret, by giving you hopes of all things, and promising to pardon the Father for the Daughters sake, which you might, with justice expect from a man so deeply in Love as I am. Tell me then, I once more conjure you, that you are not *Clelius's* Daughter; deceive me, since it is for your advantage I would be deceived: But to deceive me right, abjure the interests of my Enemy, and if the sacrificing of *Tullia* can translate you into her place, I can easily consent to it. No, no, my Lord, replied *Clelia*, without seeming to be moved, I shall never recant; and since I have confessed my birth to you, my discourse and resentments shall be proportionate to it. I will not promise so much for my part, replied he, for if you will obstinately persist to be his Daughter, who hath so often endeavoured to dethrone me, I shall soon deal with you, as such a mans Daughter deserves. When I told you my name was *Clelia*, replied she, I prepared my self to suffer all your outrages, and that like a Daughter of *Clelius*, that is to say, with an unalterable constancy. Hah, 'tis too much, cries out the unjust Prince, so boldly to name my Enemy, and make it a glory to be the Daughter of a man who hates me beyond the measure of all hatred that ever was.

This fury having seized *Tarquin's* mind, it exhaled such black and ominous vapors into his imagination,

nation, that though *Clelia* were the same she was wont to be, that is, one of the most beautiful persons in the World, yet he looking on her with eyes troubled and eclipsed by the several passions which were stirring in him, thought her not now, what he thought her a quarter of an hour before. Being therefore as unlikely to treat her with the same respect, he commanded her to be carried to a lodging apart, that she should be carefully watched, and should not be admitted to speak with any whatever. All her friends and companions, who were on the other side of the Chamber, hearing this unjust command, cast themselves at *Tarquin's* feet, to beseech him not to separate them from *Clelia*. If there be any one among you, replied he insolently, that will be *Clelius's* Daughter instead of her, I will be content, if she be. For my part, says the generous *Cesonia*, there's not any thing I will not say or do, to keep such a virtuous person from being ill intreated. What you say is great and noble, replied *Clelia*; but if you think me worthy of so high a testimony of friendship, I must intreat you not to envy me the Glory to be Daughter to the most virtuous Roman, that ever *Rome* was Mother of: Take not that from me, I conjure you, since it is almost the only comfort I have left me. At these words, *Tarquin* being at a loss of all patience, caused the order he had given for the separation of *Clelia* and her companions, to be put in execution, he remaining immalleable amidst the Tears of so many eminent Beauties; which done, he departed to his Apartment.

But he was no sooner arrived there, but one of those he employed to discover what passed in the houses of those unfortunate Nobles he had banished *Rome*, acquaints him, that there was a man lay very secret at the virtuous *Sivelia's* house; adding, that it was in all likelihood, *Herminius*, who was come away disguised from *Ardea*, and come to *Rome* to raise some tumult while he were engaged in that Siege. *Tarquin* being then extremely disturbed in his mind, did not at the first consider the probability, or improbability of this report; but being always ready to do violence, he commanded a strong party to go and search *Sivelia's* house, in case she should make any resistance against those should come and demand *Herminius*. But he had scarcely given this order, but another relation arrives and confirms the former, and assures him that *Aronces* lurked somewhere about *Rome*; so that concluding that he who was said to be at *Sivelia's*, might very well be the King of *Clusum's* Son, he called back him he had commanded to the Mothers of the generous *Herminius*; for considering that the business now concerned the taking of a servant of *Clelia's*, and one of so great quality, he made some distinction between an Enemy and a Rival, and added some new Orders to the former, that, in case they should find at *Sivelia's* neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, they should bring to him the virtuous Roman Lady, to see if he could list any thing, he desired to know, out of her.

He who was ordered to *Sivelia's* house, could not be there so soon, but, by her intelligence at Court, she had understood, that *Tarquin* had separated *Clelia* from the other Captives, that she was narrowly watched, and that there was a rendezvous of those whom this Tyrant used to employ, when some violence was to be committed in any of the houses of

those illustrious Citizens, whom he hated only for their virtue. So that she, as famous for her Prudence as her Generosity, conceived that order might concern her, and that haply *Tarquin* had been acquainted with *Aronces's* retreat at her house; for *Amilcar* had once sent thither, and it was not impossible, but that a Slave might reveal a secret of so great importance; So that to go prudently to work, she thought fit *Aronces* were acquainted with the state of Affairs, and considered what were to be done for his safety, if they came to search the house for him: For having a high esteem for him, and looking on him as a friend of her sons, and, though unfortunate, yet guilty of a great Virtue, she was resolved to do as much for *Aronces*, as she would for *Herminius*, for whom she would have done any thing. Engaged in this consideration, she went to *Aronces*, who had just made an end of writing to *Amilcar*, and acquainting him how things stood, she proposed how much it concerned him suddenly to change his lodging. But I beseech you, says she, conceive not I make this Proposition to you, out of any suggestion of fear for my own concerns, for it is long since I am prepared for any violence the Tyrant shall be guilty of. But it so much concerns you, that you be not taken, besides the satisfaction my Son receives in my serving you, that I shall neglect nothing. The safest way therefore is, that you depart my house, and that very suddenly, and lodge your self in some one less suspected. When you are gone, continued she, fear not, I shall discover where you are, though *Tarquin* put me to the greatest torments, imaginable. I should be very unhappy, replied *Aronces*, if I should expose one of the most virtuous Ladies in the World, to so great misery, and I would rather return into the power of *Tarquin*, than lay you open to his cruelty. To be short, if the admirable and unfortunate *Clelia* wanted not my assistance, I would spare you even that trouble of finding me a refuge. But (generous *Sivelia*) it is you have acquainted me with her condition; and if the contrivances of *Amilcar*, seconded by your endeavours, with those of your friends, and *Clelius's*, put me not into a condition to carry her away, when *Tarquin* shall be returned to the Camp, I fear I shall be the most unfortunate man in the World, since that otherwise the earth shall not own a more unhappy person than *Clelia*.

This done, *Sivelia* conceiving the departure of *Aronces* was not to be delayed considering the intelligence she had received, told him, that for to make his retreat good, he should be let out at a back-door into a blind street, abutting on the *Cyprian* street, and that there was a Garden-gate, which should be opened to him; as soon as she had acquainted herewith a certain friend of hers, who was Aunt to *Brutus*. But that you may be the more confident of her fidelity says she to him, know that this illustrious Roman Lady is a friend of *Clelius's* that she abominates the Tyrant, and that if her life might deliver *Rome*, she would be glad to sacrifice it. She is very ancient, yet guilty of a great vigour of body and mind; a lover of Glory and Honesty, a Kinswoman of my Husbands, and one that hath a great affection for me.

Here *Aronces* staying her, told her, there needed so much precaution, and that he wholly resigned himself up to her disposal; so that to lose

no longer time, *Sivelia* sent one of her servants to this Aunt of *Brutus*, whom she before had prepared for the business, having indeed always foreseen what she now feared would happen; so that it being near night, all was accomplished with ease. Thus *Aronces* having taken leave of *Sivelia*, who promised to acquaint him with what she should learn, and to send him whatever came from *Amilcar*, went from the house of this virtuous woman to that of *Brutus's* Aunt, who not knowing him as yet to be the son of *Porfennas*, entertained him only as a friend of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, and an enemy of *Tarquin*.

But he was hardly out of *Sivelia's*, but he who was ordered to come to her house, was at the door followed by those that were able to force obedience. They soon were masters of the gates: but *Sivelia* knowing they could not find what they came for, she herself gave order all the lodgings of the house should be opened to them, Which done, the Tyrant's officer in this business telling her, that he was commanded by *Tarquin* to bring her to the Palace; she told him, that heretofore she had more willingly obeyed him, when she was commanded to depart *Rome*, than she could now, that she was to go to a place where she had not set her foot since the death of the generous *Tanaquil*, and the Princess of *Ameriola*; but that howsoever she was ready to go along with him. To be short, followed by many of her Slaves, she is conducted to *Tarquin*, who no sooner cast his eye on her, but he asked her, whether it were *Herminius* or *Aronces* who had lain concealed in her house. My Lord (replies she without the least disturbance) if you truly knew what I am going to tell you, that is, that I shall tell you nothing which shall give you the least discovery of what you desire to know. For if neither *Aronces* nor my Son had been at my house, I should be obliged to say, I had not seen them; and if either of the two have really been there, I should so much the more earnestly assure you that your intelligence hath been false, for there are some emergencies wherein truth itself is criminal. If you might therefore, with less trouble to your self, have spared your pains of sending for the widow of a man of a great virtue, whom you did not love, and mother of another, whom you hate, though all the world assure me he hath all those qualities which can render a person of Honour worthy to be loved. The question is not, whether I have, or have not reason to hate *Herminius*, replies the rude Tyrant, for I never much examined that in all my life, because I suppose those that are in sovereign power do right, when they do what they will. But the business now is, to tell positively in what place he now is, who lay secret in your house, and whom you now have disposed elsewhere. No, no, my Lord, I shall never be forced to tell what I know not, or what I have no mind to reveal; therefore all I have to do, is to assure you that you get nothing out of me which may be prejudicial either to *Aronces* or *Herminius*, and that this resolution is such as no rewards, nor menaces, can make me change. *Tarquin* seeing this constancy of *Sivelia*, was extremely exasperated, and spoke all he conceived would shake her resolution, but it proved fruitless, and she behaved her self with so much cunning and indifference, that he was somewhat doubtful whether he had been truly informed. So that to gain leisure to examine his own apprehensions,

he sent *Sivelia* back to her house; and commanded all out of his presence.

But this solitude lasted not long, for the cruel *Tullia*, who had learnt how things stood, came to tell him that he was not so diligent as he should be, to satisfy the King of *Clussum*, that in the mean time he might want the assistance of his arms, seeing the obstinancy of those of *Ardea*, and that for this reason he should have searched for *Aronces* in all the houses in *Rome*. It is true (continued she, out of a hideous design of wickedness) there is a short and a surer way to satisfy *Porfennas*; for since, as they say, the daughter of *Clelius* is among the Captives, the only way is suddenly to dispatch her, for that done, where ever *Aronces* be, he will soon resolve to return to *Clussum*, there being, questionless, no more approved remedy against Love, than the death of the person loved. I think the advice very good (replies *Tarquin* somewhat sullenly) but presently holding his peace, he studied a while, as if he would have examined whether that which *Tullia* said, or he said himself, was well or ill spoken. So that in this secret discourse, perceiving that *Tullia* passionately wished the death of *Clelia*, rather out of a suggestion of jealousy, than any reason of state, he became the protector of her, to whom he had carried himself as a Tyrant and a Persecutor, and not acquainting *Tullia* that he really knew the daughter of *Clelius*, when you have advised me to put to death all these Captives; said he to her, you consider not, but that only one can be my Enemy's daughter, that the rest are persons of quality of *Ardea*; that, if we should happen to treat with that City, which defends itself so obstinately, these Ladies will be demanded, and that it might prove of ill consequence to have recourse to so violent a remedy in the present conjuncture. Those of *Ardea* will be the more hardly reduced, and the secret enemies I have in *Rome* will make it the pretence of an insurrection, when I am returned to the Camp. Of a hasty man you are a very prudent man, replies smartly *Tullia*, but I am but too well satisfied, that your Prudence is more obliged to your Love, than to Policy. In the mean time I am to tell you, that though *Ardea* should prove irreducible by the destruction of these Captives, and that *Rome* itself should thence rebel, I shall find the means to destroy the daughter of *Clelius*, that it may never be said, that a Princess who lifted you up into the Throne, be so slighted by you, as to be thought less considerable than a Captive. Fortune, Madam, replied fiercely *Tarquin*, hath placed you where you are, and me where I am; therefore let us continue as we are, and assure your self I shall ever do what I ought, to make the best use of that authority, which you say is derived from you.

As *Tullia* was going to make some mischievous reply, *Amilcar* (who had prevailed with Prince *Sextus* to send him to *Rome*, both to visit *Aronces*, and endeavour to make *Tarquin* return to the Camp, so to divert him from seeing *Clelia*) had sent in a message to the King for audience. *Tarquin*, who was well pleased, his conference with *Tullia* was thus interrupted, gave command he should be admitted, which caused this fierce Princess, who at that time regarded not what news came from the siege of *Ardea*, to retire grumbling, But *Amilcar* was scarce come in sight, but *Tarquin* having received him as well as the present disorder of his mind would

would permit, asked him the reason of his coming, My Lord, said he to him, Prince *Sextus* knowing what zeal I have for your service, hath been pleased I should come and represent unto you, how necessary your sudden return to the Camp is, for since the enemy had understood by certain spies, that you were not there, they are strangely encouraged, in so much that they have ever since exercised us with perpetual sallies. There is also a certain report scattered in the Army, which hath generally disheartened your Souldiery, for it is said you intend to raise the Siege, and will not return any more to the Camp: Therefore am I come in the behalf of all your Captains, to conjure you to return as soon as you can possibly. Prince *Sextus* himself (added he very cunningly) acknowledges that his humour, inclined to pleasures and diversion, is not so proper to retain soldiers in a regular discipline. Thus my Lord, if you credit me, you will soon disburthen your self of those affaires which detain you at *Rome*, and repair to the Army. For, to be free with you, I do not conceive you should be so earnest to satisfy the King of *Clusium*, that you should be wanting to a design so important as the siege of *Ardea*.

Tarquin thanked him for his advice, and told him he would follow it, but that he must continue yet a day or two at *Rome*. *Amilcar* having by this means insensibly dispersed part of the heaviness, which clouded this Prince's heart, husbanded so discreetly his humour, that this fierce Tyrant entered into discourse with him, about *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as if he would play the mediator between *Porfennas* and them and that he had changed his sentiments of *Clelius*, though indeed it was onely to lure *Amilcar*, reciprocally to tell what he knew of them. But he being faithful to his friend and withal, reserved as *Tarquin* thought himself, told him nothing that could prejudice either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, though it were the hardest task in the world, for he must neither have over-flattered *Tarquin's* love, nor yet too much awaken hatred and there was a certain moderation to be observed, which onely *Amilcar* was able to find out. But at length, after along conference, which amounted to nothing. *Amilcar* retired. However, he could not that night have any account of *Aronces*, because it was too late; and not coming to know what had happened at *Sivelia's* till the next morning, he durst not go thither in the day-time. But as soon as it was night he visited that virtuous Lady, from whom he received all the civilities, which a friend of *Aronces* and *Herminius* could expect: so that as soon as the first salutations were over, and some little discourse about the present posture of affaires, she told him she would bring him to the place where *Aronces* was. But generous *Sivelia* (said *Amilcar* to her, when he knew where *Aronces* lodged) doth not *Brutus* live with his Aunt? He does, replies the discreet Lady, but trouble not your self for that. I am satisfied, replied *Amilcar*, he is a man will not dive very deep into your designs; but if I am confident of his stupidity on the one side, I am fearful on the other. To be short continued he, who told you that this man, who seems to have so little judgement and whom the world looks on almost as an Idiot, may not have wit enough to discover that *Aronces* lyes concealed at his Aunts? Not but that I am persuaded he hath more understanding than is believed, for I have seen

him smile twice or thrice more opportunely, than if there were no reason for it. However it be, sayes the sage *Sivelia*, fear not *Brutus*, and be assured I would not have exposed your noble friend to any danger. I crave your pardon, Madam, replies pleasantly *Amilcar*, and that for no light crime, since it is one of the greatest, that I had not absolutely cast my self on your prudence, but presume to dispute any thing which the sage *Sivelia* had done. But I assure you I shall not, while I live, be guilty of such a miscarriage, and that I had not now slipped into it, if the friendship I bear *Aronces* had not made me fear what I needed not, since he is under your conduct. Friendship with me, replies the generous *Sivelia*, signifies a thing so sacred, that if it had engaged you into some speeches I must needs have disapproved, I should not have been displeased. But it is not come to that, for what you said proceeded from caution, and were it not that I am better acquainted than you, with the whole family of *Brutus*, I should have been to blame to have done what I have.

This said, *Sivelia*, according to her first intention, caused *Amilcar* to be brought to *Brutus's* Aunts, where *Aronces* lay hid; but he had no sooner seen her, but he thought her worthy to be a friend of *Sivelia's* and that the affections of these two illustrious persons were cemented with Virtue and Generosity; for she discoursed with him with so much judgement, and so great goodness, that he might justly conceive, that *Aronces* would not have trusted himself to a greater Sanctuary. But at length this illustrious *Romane*, who was called *Racilia*, perceiving he was in some impatience to see *Aronces*, led him to his chamber, where none had so much a sight of him, save two Slaves, of whose faith his Lady was confident, not fearing to be deceived in them, as having in matters of great importance, where her whole house was concerned, made trial of their discretion.

As soon as *Aronces* perceived *Amilcar*, his patience quickly reacht him, to express the joy he had to see him, and to know what occasions brought him to *Rome*, and what, since his arrival, he had learned of *Clelia*. He had such an art to make his thoughts so easily intelligible, that though at first he uttered but four or five words *Amilcar*, by the paraphrase of his looks and actions, understood all he would say. To spare him therefore the pains of asking, he told him in few words the occasion of his coming, and what he had done at *Rome* since his arrival, assuring him, for his greater comfort, he doubted not but take away *Tarquin* to the Camp, and consequently remove him, both from *Clelia* and him; adding, that he was really much obliged to Prince *Sextus*, who seemed concerned in his safety, and that of his Mistress. Alas my dear *Amilcar*, said he to him, I am afraid he is but too much concerned in *Clelia*. No, no, replies this pleasant friend, you have now nothing to fear on that side, for *Artemidorus*, the amiable *Zenocrates* and my self have done nothing since your departure but railed at flaxen haired Beauties, and celebrate the brown, and presently *Lucretia* runs so in his mind, that he can talk of nothing else, unless it be when *Collatine* is present, nor can he well abstain then, and some dayes since transported with his amorous imaginations, he had almost discovered to him the passion he had for his wife. Ha, *Amilcar*, how am I obliged to you sayes *Aronces*, to have removed

moved from me so terrible a Rival? and how much would you add to that obligation, if you could hinder *Tarquin* from being one? But if he were not, replied *Amilcar*, he would be an enemy to *Clelia*, and she should be equally a mark of his hatred, or his love. Good God! cries out *Aronces*, that which I think in this occurrence, is absolutely criminal; for if I should believe my first apprehensions, I could wish *Tarquin* were rather an Enemy to *Clelia*, than a lover; but after a consideration, resumed he, since that as an Enemy he might take away her life, that as a Lover he may preserve it, and that his love is the necessary obstacle, which staves off the lamentable effects of his hatred; let us, if we can, wish that he may continue his love to *Clelia*, but let it be with all our prayer, that we could dispose of her in such a place as where she may fear neither his Hate nor his Love. To this end, replied *Amilcar*, I shall make it my endeavour to continue in *Rome*, when I have obliged *Tarquin* to depart, to see if there may not be some means to corrupt the Guards of *Clelia*, to carry her away, or even to persuade the cruel *Tullia* to dismiss a Captive, who possesses the heart of *Tarquin*. *Aronces*, who could think of nothing but *Clelia*, swallowed all *Amilcar* said, as if things were really arrived to that pass, and as those whose souls are governed by a violent passion, he discoursed of occurrences which in probability would never come to pass. He made a hundred frivolous objections, proposed for expedients, things almost impossible, though he knew them to be such, and he kept *Amilcar* so long that the sage *Racilia* was fain to send them word that it was time he retired lest that returning late to his lodging, he were suspected engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, and that it should be discovered it were so indeed; so that these two friends were forced to separate. My dear *Amilcar*, says *Aronces*, embracing him, how happy are you, that you are not acquainted with Love! and how wretched am I, who have not the power even to wish I knew it not, though all the unhappiness of my life proceed from this passion. Truly, replies *Amilcar* smiling, if you knew how idle he is that loves nothing, you would not think me so happy as you do, for many times I know not how to dispose of my leisure, nor of my reason, nor of my thoughts: and were it not that my own frolick humour gave me some diversion in the Camp, where there are no Ladies, I know not what would become of me; nay, so far am I from being able to elude Love, real or feigned, more or less, that many times I create to my self an imaginary love, which plaies with me the Lieutenant of a real one. This created passion, when I have none real, exercises my imaginations without disturbing my mind; and this amorous disposition, causing neither great grief, nor great joy, does yet gently entertain the fondness of my fancy. In this condition I can more easily make Love-verses, than when the soul is hurried away with some violent passion; and in this humour I can be almost as trivially pleasant in talk, as if I proposed to my self all those indulgences, which feed the hopes of the happiest lovers. Ah, my dear *Amilcar*, cried *Aronces*, you rather affect Love in general, than direct it to your particular Mistress, and could I be but of your humour, I should be much less miserable than I am.

Being at this point, they heard a certain noise

upon the stairs, which enquiring what it was, they were told that *Brutus* was come into the house, so that *Amilcar*, to give him way to repair to his lodging, stayed a little longer with *Aronces*, yet not without a little reflection on *Brutus*'s late staying out, for that he could not imagine, that one of no greater designs than he, could be guilty either of humour or business to detain him so long. But he made no longer discant on it, and so parted with his friend, after he had once more promised him the utmost of his power for *Clelia*, and to engage *Tarquin* to a sudden return to the Camp, that he might endeavour in his absence to carry away this beautiful person, and that so, as *Aronces* and she might return to *Clelius* at *Capua*, to avoid at once the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and the violence of *Porsemas*. But for *Amilcar*, his intent was to pass into *Sicily*, and thence return to the Prince of *Carthage* his Master, knowing well, that by reason of the interests which were to be reconciled between the Republic and that Island, *Tarquin* was not to be thought over considerable, *Rome* being not at that time able to wage a Sea-war.

But as humane prudence cannot with certainty foresee whatever shall come to pass, though one be ever so expert in the art of disputing by conjectures, Fortune disposed otherwise of things. At first sight it seemed likely things would have happened as *Amilcar* had imagined, for he acted his part with so much subtilty, that within two dayes he got *Tarquin* to return to the Camp. It is true, the former of these two daies proved infinitely cross to *Clelia*, for *Tarquin* came once more to visit her, and talkt to her things so contradictory, that it was easie to perceive that Hatred and Love caused a strange disorder in the heart of that Prince. But as his soul, through the whole course of his life, was rather accustomed to hate than to love, so he insisted more on things harsh and cruel, than those which speak sweetness and passion; and he much more easily found out words fit to express his hatred than his love: so that he omitted no menace he thought would oblige her to deny her self to be the daughter of *Clelius*, and to resolve to satisfy his passion. But she being fortified with a rocky constancy, a virtue that hath no parallel, and an extraordinary faith to *Aronces*, answered him with a confidence might convince him, she would not retract what she had said. Whereupon having shook hands, with all hope of making her change her resolutions, and his love coming to act the last part, he remained a certain time silent, not so much as looking on *Clelia*, as if he were afraid her beauty might soften the hardness of his heart. He therefore leaned on a window which opened towards Mount *Palatine*, and musing on the present posture of his soul, Love became predominant, and flattered himself with a persuasion, that if he could subdue the hatred he bore to *Clelius*, he might conquer *Clelia*.

But he had hardly entertained the imagination, that to gain *Clelia*, he must send for *Clelius*, and recant his own former apprehensions, but Love gave place in his turn, and Hatred as being the stronger, entred on the government of his Soul. So that being resolved to depart the Chamber where *Clelia* was, disorderedly he lifted himself from the window, and began to go towards the door. But not being able to do it without looking on the beautiful person; and meeting with her eyes pregnant with a new

new birth of tears, he once more suffered a change in his imaginations, and not taking the least time to consult. Wellcruel person said he to her, what must be done to make you flexible? must I stifle the hatred I bear *Clelius*? Must I love you as the Daughter of my Enemy? Must his banishment be revoked? Must he be preferred before all other Romans? Speak Cruelty, speak, and set a price on your heart that I may purchase it; for to be short, I will sacrifice the hatred I bear *Clelius*, and the love I profess to *Clelia*; but that heart, as obstinate as it is, shall one day come into my possession. I am perswaded, replies the generous Virgin, that if you should send for my Father to come to *Rome*, he would not consent, and that it were as hard for him to forget the injustice you have exercised towards him, as for you to forget your own cruelty. Therefore I have nothing to answer you, but what I have already, for I am not only against you, because you hate my Father, but also because he hates your tyranny, and that I hate it my self. Not but that if you could repent you of all your violences, the hatred might dissolve from my heart, but, my Lord, that love should take its place, it doth not follow, that which you desire of me being so absolutely impossible to be granted, that it is not worth your bestowing a thought on't. Ah, 'tis more than enough (cries out the Prince exasperated by the constancy of *Clelia*) and I cannot suffer this obstinate assurance, wherein you so much glory. How, continued he, blushing for anger, I shall be thought weak for my desire; to love you as the Daughter of *Clelius*, for endeavouring to subdue my hatred, and offering a horrible violence to all my inclinations; and I shall be ashamed to have been guilty of this baseness to no purpose. If it be so, continued he with a certain threatening action, you shall rather repent your obstinacy. As I have never desired any thing but what reason and virtue suggests, replied *Clelia*, so, my Lord, do I never repent, nor can all your power ever oblige me to entertain a thought of that nature. We shall see that, says he arrogantly to her, when I shall once be able to hate you, which I hope I shall, if you learn not that I am well Versed in the art of Revenge, and that it is easier for *Clelius* to undergo banishment, than for you to suffer the torments I shall assign you. When you once begin to hate me, replied *Clelia*, without the least agitation of spirit, you deliver me from one of my greatest torments, by disburdening me of your love. If I were of your opinion, replied he, I would struggle with my passion, and love you while I live. If you take it so, answered *Clelia*, I must certainly be the more wretched, but you will be never the happier: Therefore, my Lord if you will trust me, hate me, since that thence only you must derive your quiet. My life is at your disposal, and there is no punishment which you may not inflict on me; but for my will, my Lord, it is not in your power to regulate it according to your humour, and my Father is the only man in the World, whose empire extends to that. Since you will have it so (replied he with a Barbarism, which carried something terrible along with it) I will hate you, and that most horribly. But what do I say? continued he, I hate you already, and if I were not resolved to make you suffer a tedious punishment, you should not long hug your self in the vain glory you derive from opposing one whom never any opposed but to his repentance.

Hereupon *Tarquin* left *Clelia*, but withal commanded she might be carefully looked after, and that none whatsoever should speak with that fair and vertuous person, no not even *Tullia* her self. As he went out he met *Amilcar*, who desirous to discover somewhat of his sentiments, said to him smiling that he was come to beg the favour of him, that he might visit the Captives; for, my Lord continued he, I suppose you trouble not your self much to suffer those to be seen whom you do not believe the daughters of *Clelius*. You are in the right, replied, *Tarquin*, and on the contrary, I should be well pleased you saw them, conditionally you will inform me what they shall tell of *Clelia*. I told you, my Lord, once before, replied cunningly *Amilcar*, that I was a friend to *Aronces*, but that I do not conceive my self obliged blindly to humour his passion, if so be he be guilty of any, and it is not impossible but that I may be very serviceable to you in your design. But my Lord, added he, it is necessary I see *Clelia* her self, for from her companions I should get nothing, since they are not together, and it were much the shorter way, that I should see her the first, whether your desire be I should scrue something out of her which you would be glad to know, or that I must endeavour to make her change her resolutions. Besides, my Lord, continued he, I must needs tell you, and that with an ingenuosness which cannot proceed but from the earnest desire I have of your quiet, that great Persons, such as you are, cannot condescend to a hundred trifles which yet must be known to make one able well to Husband the inclinations of Women. You have spent your whole life, either to learn the art of Government, or to put in practise some noble kingly Science, which consists only in things high and sovereign; but on the contrary, to discover the Secrets of Women, and take in the Garrisons of their spirits, a man need ascend no higher than a certain Art, called the Trifling Art, if I may so express it, which I have studied all my life, and am admirably perfect in. In the mean time, my Lord, you are not to conceive, that this Art is easily learned, for, take it from me, there is as much required to know all the several wayes of Application, wherein a man must address himself to the Reserved, the Jocund, the Fair, the Deformed, the Gentle, the Fierce, the Weak, and the Obstinate, as skilfully to govern several nations of several inclinations: For whereas ordinarily every Nation is actuated and informed by a certain general inclination, almost all Women are so wedded to their particular humour, which must necessarily be found out by him whose business it is to over-master it. There are some a man must be as submissive to as a Slave; there are others which you must in a manner slight, before you have their love. There are some cannot be brought acquainted with Vice, but by continually preaching of Vertue to them; others on the contrary, though pleasantly free in discourse, yet of a constant Vertue. There are some, into whose greatest secrets you scrue not your self, but by entertaining them with trivial stories; there are others only reducible by Presents; others whom you engage when you give them occasion to present you with any thing; there are, to be short, so many several sorts, that, without any extraordinary correspondence with Woman-kind, a man may be easily deceived. But for my part, my Lord, I dare brag I cannot be, and if you would pump out any secret

secret, I am the fittest handle in the World for such a business. I am convinced, replies *Tarquin*, but the question is, whether a friend of *Aronces* be fit to make representations of *Clelia*. At these words *Amilcar* was a little to seek, for that a certain punctilio of Vertue made him a little shie, and hardly induced even to deceive *Tarquin*, though a Tyrant; but considering there was no other way for him to serve his friend, he answered him in such ambiguous terms, that *Tarquin* might expound them well, even according to his intention. So that really believing that *Amilcar* thought it more advantageous for *Aronces*, to suffer himself to be cured of the love of *Clelia*, than to persist in the disease of it, he was inclined to burthen him with part of his secrets. Whereupon, taking him along with him to his chamber, he entertained with a Panegyrick upon *Aronces*, telling him how earnest he was for his quiet and his glory, and to rid him of his love, he was, if possible, to be perswaded that *Clelia* loved him not, and to perform this the better, it was to be certainly discovered whether she did love him truly. It is true, continued *Tarquin*, correcting himself, that *Aronces* is a person so amiable, that it is not to be doubted but that he is beloved where he loves. Ah my Lord, replies *Amilcar*, smiling with that freedom he took, when he endeavoured to please, it is apparent that your soul hath been guided by *Ambition*, rather than *Love*, since you conceive there is any regard of equity in the choyce of a Lover. Besides that to speak truly, a King can never be well acquainted with things of this nature, for the respect which men bear to persons of your quality, causes them not to appear to you without disguise; and so you are to learn, that there is nothing so humorous as the choyce which Love makes. For sometimes you see men of excellent parts love persons of ordinary merit; and very often it's observed that Women despise very handsome men, and adore others, who can boast of almost nothing recommendable. For which reason I have ever relyed more on the fantastick humours of those I have loved, than on my own Addresses and Services, nay than on a certain Drollery I am guilty of, which they say, is sometimes requisite to entertain Ladies. Therefore, my Lord, though *Aronces* be indeed, a graceful person, it follows not he is beloved, and if you will grant me the liberty to entertain *Clelia*, I promise you a faithful account of her heart. I am content, replies *Tarquin*, conditionally you truly inform me, whether she love *Aronces* or not. But my Lord, (replies *Amilcar* very cautiously) I do not engage my self to discover the whole secret of her Soul at the first visit, and you must give me leave to see her more than once; nay it were not amiss if you suffered *Plotina* to be with her, for she being a merry conceited Lass, and one that pretends some friendship to me, I may make use of that affection to make her reveal what you desire to know.

This *Amilcar* uttered, in a manner seem'd so natural, that *Tarquin*, notwithstanding his distrustful humour, was surprized by it: So that by this means *Amilcar* got one of *Clelia*'s friends to be with her, and had the liberty to see her, which was no small comfort to that beautiful Captive, and the unfortunate *Aronces*, whom *Amilcar* acquainted with all this the same day. But to continue this intelligence, he related divers things to *Tarquin* concerning the

consent of these two persons, whence he concluded, that he really was an engine very fit to discover what he was impatient to know.

In the meantime, the news that came from the Camp; pressing *Tarquin*'s return thither, he left *Rome*, not being fully resolved whether he should love or hate *Clelia*, none being able to guess whether of these two passions should have the disposal of his mind. For, in some strict charges that he gave, he provided that the cruel *Tullia* should not, in his absence, meddle with the Captives; and in others he seemed to be the absolute disposer of *Clelia*'s destiny. He set over her as a guard, one he had employed in his most horrid cruelties, for it was the same who was accused of having poisoned *Brutus*'s Father and Brother, by the command of this cruel Tyrant, who had never furnished him but with such tragical Commissions. Nevertheless he commanded him to admit *Amilcar* into *Clelia*'s Chamber, until he should receive order to the contrary, allowing this friendly African eight dayes to find out the true apprehensions of *Clelia*, which expired, he was to render him an account. He also charged all those Spies, whom he had alwayes kept at his own charge, to use all means possible to discover if *Aronces* were not at *Rome*, and to learn precisely who that man was, who (he had been informed) lay hid at the vertuous *Sivelia*'s. He spake more insolently than ever he had done to the cruel *Tullia*, who certainly wanted not an earnest desire of being able to destroy him whom she had elevated into the Throne, could she have hoped to be countenanced either by the Senate or People.

But her cruelties had so alarmed the general hatred against her, that she could not hope the least assistance, though she should undertake to destroy *Tarquin*, for that none would have trusted her.

Amilcar, in the mean time, acquainting *Aronces* with every dayes adventures, they sent to the Camp, and writ to *Artimedorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, that they might take notice of what passed; as also that they should oblige Prince *Sextus* to do what lay in his power for *Aronces*, and keep *Tarquin* from returning to *Rome*, at least till the siege of *Ardea* was over: On the other side *Sivelia*, going almost every day to *Racilia*'s, visited *Aronces*, where was resolved what was to be done. These two vertuous Ladies went also sometimes to see the grand Vestal, but secretly, and advised with her about the means to relieve *Clelia*. But though *Aronces*, by the advice he gave, was as active for *Clelia* as any other, and was as it were the intelligence of all those designs which were moving for her Liberty, yet he was overwhelmed with incredible misfortunes, but chiefly for that he was forced to confine himself for certain dayes, not daring to stir abroad for fear of being taken, and that he durst not act by himself.

In the mean time, *Amilcar* knowing whatever news was stirring in *Rome*, as well as if he had lived there all his life, found there was a knot of young men, persons of quality, who were very desirous to shake off the Yoke of Tyranny; and when they were sure they were not heard, expressed their hatred of the Tyrant with much freedom, though till that time none durst so much as speak of him, ever since he was established in his power. But being very raw, as if it were the first Year of their acquaintance with this World, their courage much

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exceeded their prudence, so that *Amilcar* looking on those young men as fit for the execution of any dangerous enterprize, if there were need, thought fit to court their correspondence; for though they were of the Army, yet they often came to *Rome*, the distance between it and the Camp being not great. Besides that, upon *Tarquin's* return thither, a cessation of all hostility for eight dayes was agreed on; during which time there were some offertures made of an Accommodation.

In the interim, two Nephews of *Publius Valerius*, a Kinsman of *Horatius*, and an Uncle of *Lucretia* came to *Rome*, into whose company *Amilcar* shuffled himself so handsomely, that they distrusted him not; and he so flattered their humours by the sport he had made them, that he soon commanded their hearts: so that he concluded, that if there were any occasion for them, he might command them, especially if they were to be imployed against *Tarquin*; for they were no longer scrupulous even in his presence, to discharge whole vollies of derisions and imprecations at the Tyrant. There was one thing which particularly made them glory in their Resentments, which was, that there was another combination of young men which they called, by way of abuse, the *Slaves of favour*; for indeed the young *Vitellians*, the *Aquillians*, and *Brutus's* two Sons, who were yet of the youngest, were much at the devotion of Prince *Sextus* and the two Princes his Brothers, so that not being able to comprehend how those, whose fathers and most of their friends, had been destroyed through the cruelty of *Tarquin*, could be faithful to the Prince, they cast at them, among themselves, all the injuries imaginable, whence *Amilcar* presumed he should find them ready to execute any adventurous action when occasion should serve.

But during the cessation of the siege of *Ardea*, it seemed to be the pleasure of Fortune, there should be a kind of a general truce in the hearts of so many illustrious afflicted persons. For *Aronces* had the opportunity to write to *Clelia*, by *Amilcar*, and by the same hand received her answer. *Clelia* consequently had the happiness to receive fresh expressions of her Lovers faith, and to give reciprocally the like of hers. *Plotina* had the felicity to see *Amilcar*, who was so precious in her esteem; *Amilcar* had the satisfaction to entertain her, and the glory of being so effectually servicable to his friend. And the virtuous *Sivelia* was felicitized in the company of her illustrious Son, who taking the advantage of the Truce, came disguised to *Rome*, not onely out of a consideration of love, but also to see his noble Mother, and visit *Aronces*, whom he was not a little glad to acquaint with what he knew of *Horatius*, as also to endeavour to do him some good office: for he had received by the Spies which those of *Ardea* had in *Tarquin's* Camp, that *Aronces* was not there, and was conceived to lurk in *Rome*. So that not doubting but that *Sivelia* could give some account of him, his resolution was to be fully satisfied. *Horatius* for his part, in his excessive affliction, had some benefit by the Truce, for that it afforded him the leisure to perfect the cure of his wounds, and to consider what he should do to outvie the generosity of his Rival, yet without violating the interest of his love. Nay, even *Tarquin* himself was at some ease, for that he received from *Amilcar*, what gave him some shadow of hope.

As for Prince *Sextus*, he had the least share in this happiness, for the love of *Lucretia* exercised such a tyranny over his soul, that he had not the least command of it himself.

As for Prince *Titus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, they also having some secret interest to manage at *Rome*, found their convenience of the Truce as well as others: Nay, even the cruel *Tullia* put on a little more cheerfulness, and became less furious than she was wont, as being in some hopes to corrupt him who kept *Clelia*, who not conceiving himself sufficiently rewarded for the late murders he had committed by the orders of *Tarquin*, seemed enclined to swallow the promises of this cruel Princess.

Things being in this posture, the noble *Herminius* came one evening to *Sivelia's*, *Amilcar* being in the house, who was extremely glad to see him, for he had a natural affection for him, and infinitely esteemed him for his parts and vertue. *Herminius* also, who had as great experiment of the merit of *Amilcar* as any living, was overjoyed to find him at his virtuous Mothers, from whom he had received a thousand expressions of tenderness, which he had requited with as many obliging testimonies of gratitude and true friendship.

But *Sivelia's* enjoyment was somewhat obscured by a certain fear she had, lest her Sons return might be discovered; but *Tarquin* not being at *Rome*, and *Amilcar* advising, that *Herminius* should for more safety, lodge with *Aronces*, she was received and with more quiet enjoyed the presence of a Son, in whom all the virtues made a glorious constellation, and in whom his greatest enemies found not the least declination to any evil habit. For indeed *Herminius* was in his inclinations noble, in heart free, passionate, compassionate, and generous; in humour he was mild, civil, obliging, complaisant, having a mind fit for all things, and fortunate in finding out many pleasant and innocent circumventions to divert his friends of both sexes. Moreover, though he was a very discreet person, and sufficiently reserved among those who had not much of his company, yet, when he pleased, he screwed up his humour to a certain bravery and sprightliness; but to those he loved not this was mystical, and his frolickness might confidently be taken for an expression of his esteem and his affection. He was excellent good at writing of Billets of all sorts; and had such a happy and easie vein of Verses, that it was *Amilcar's* judgement, *Greece* afforded not a more general, a nobler, and a more nimble wit, than that of *Herminius*, insomuch, that sometimes he would wish he might change wits with this illustrious Roman saying, that *Phocildes* the *Milesian*, who was then alive, had never made better Verses than he, nor *Sappho* more amorous. *Amilcar* therefore having an infinite esteem for *Herminius*, made a thousand obliging expressions to him at his coming to *Sivelia's*, but at last left this dear Son with his excellent Mother. But after promise he should go to *Aronces* his lodging, whither he was going himself, and where, according to his custome, he used to pass away the Evening. *Sivelia* therefore having acquainted *Herminius* how all things stood which concerned his fortune, sent notice to *Racilia* of her sons arrival, and begged the same favour for him as she had done for *Aronces*. To which that generous Matron having made such answer as was fit she should, *Herminius* went to her house, where he was received

received as a kinsman of her husbands, and as a friend for whom he had a great tenderness. He had also the happiness to see a Niece of hers, whose name was *Hermilia*, a Virgin, if any in the world, had extraordinary excellences both of body and mind; but he was much surpris'd to find that neither *Aronces* nor *Amilcar* had so much as seen her. Not that *Racilia* was confident of the discretion of this Beauty; but the reason she gave *Herminius*, was, that she found *Aronces* so afflicted, and *Amilcar* so frolick, that she thought the melancholy of the one would not admit diversion, and the frolick humour of the other was enough for his friend and himself. But *Herminius* assuring the interest of a Kinsman of the fair *Hermilia*, told her Aunt, that his friends must needs see her; *Racilia* then, without delay, accompanied with her daughter, conducted *Herminius* to *Aronces*'s chamber, where they found *Amilcar*, who had that day brought a Letter from *Clelia* to that illustrious Lover, which consequently affording him as great satisfaction, as the unhappy state of his affairs would permit him to receive, he entertained *Herminius* with a many expressions of gladness, having first asked *Racilia* leave to embrace his friend. But these first ceremonies of friendship being over, *Herminius* presented *Hermilia* to him, acquainted him who she was. How, cries out *Amilcar*, hath this fair Virgin been in the house ever since I came hither? She has, replied *Herminius* smiling, and had it not been for me, this Treasure had been yet hidden from you. Ha Madam, says *Amilcar* to *Racilia*, your generosity is very great in regard of your compassion, not to consider that the sight of this beautiful person is an excellent medicine for unfortunate persons. It may be, replied obligingly *Aronces*, she is as likely to make, as to cure such. But if you'll believe me, says *Racilia*, there is no great danger of her doing either, for she ever says that a man is not to seek his comfort any where but in himself, and that in her own nature she is so harmless, she can do no hurt, which her compassion shall not allay, if it cannot cure. As I have never been so unhappy as to do any, replied the modest *Hermilia*, so I am not certain whether I should be so good as I am believed, and so I should have as great a pity for those ills I were guilty of, as for those I were not.

This past, *Aronces* being Master o'th' Ceremonies in his own chamber, though it were in *Racilia*'s house caused these Ladies and his two friends to sit down. It is true, that while *Amilcar* spoke to this vertuous Roman and her Niece, *Aronces* listned to *Herminius*, who acquainted him with all he knew of *Horatius*. As I am true to you, says he in a low voyce, I must needs confess that I have discovered in your Rivall, the most generous resentments in the world; for it is constantly believed, that in some intervals, he wishes he could love you, and that he could give over loving *Clelia*. But in others he hath an extream indignation to be obliged to you for his life, and cannot but wish himself the possession of her whom you love, or at least desires you might not possess her. So that Generosity and Love being at continual variance in his heart, Reason, instead of deciding so great a difference, sometimes is of one side, sometimes of the other, and rather foment than qualifies this civil war. But I pray, says *Aronces* to him, how long may *Ardea* hold out? for it concerns me the Siege conti-

nue, that it may be the longer ere *Tarquin* return to *Rome*. As for *Horatius* and my self, replies *Herminius*, we shall maintain it so well with the general assistance of the inhabitants (who are so resolute; that they will not yield till after all extremities) that in case the Treaty come to no effect; as I verily believe it will, *Tarquin* shall find he hath more work to do then he conceives; for his Army is daily weakned, and the People of *Ardea* becomes more warlike by Discipline, so that it is probable our Forces will be the greater at the end of the Siege, than they were at the beginning, though we have no forraign supplies.

But while *Aronces* and *Herminius* werethus ingaged, *Amilcar* entertained *Racilia* and her charming Niece; and having an admirable insinuation, to sift out any thing he had a mind to know, and yet do it by way of diversion, he pleasantly asked *Racilia* why the women at *Rome* were reserved, and more given to solitude, than in *Greece* or *Africk*, or indeed in any other parts of *Italy*. Is it that the men are here more terrible? or is it that the women are guilty of too easie a resentment of (not to say) a greater disposition to love? or is it that they are threatned more like prisoners? If you had known *Rome*, as I have known it, replied *Racilia*, you had much more reason to speak as you do; for when I was young, all the women were as reserved as so many Vestalls, they were not seen but in the Temples, and upon Festival dayes; Marriages were contracted rather upon consideration of the interests of Families, than any acquaintance of the persons, and mens hearts are so inflamed by a love of Fame, that they thought not of any thing else.

But since the death of the vertuous *Tanaquil*, and the dethronement of *Servius Tullus*, the greatest part of the Roman Ladies are not indeed Romans, and women live a manner here as they do in other places. But a little farther, says *Amilcar*, I would fain know why they are also more austere here than in other cities, and why they have been yet more then now they are? For my part, replied *Racilia*, when she had well considered it, I think, it proceeds from this, that *Rome* was built by men that had no wives, and who came not by them, but by forcing them from their neighbours. For being at the first afraid, lest they should again forsake them they kept them very strictly, and used them to a solitarie kind of life, which after became customary and decent. Certainly, replied *Amilcar*; this decency is very unjust and very rigorous. Besides, continued he, if the women at *Rome*, were not handsomer then elsewhere, I should be contented they were mew'd up, but they are so handsome, that it is an affront to the Gods who govern the world, to hide the greatest ornament of it, and I am confident, he who should take the fair *Hermilia*'s opinion in this case, would find that her thoughts and mind were at no great distance. As I am not handsome enough replied she smiling, to oblige you to conceive that I am troubled for the sight of the world, so am I to learn what makes you believe there is such an affinity between our thoughts. If I durst tell you before the sage *Racilia*, what your Glass tells you as often as you consult it, replies *Amilcar*, you would acknowledge I had reason to say what I do, and withall perswade your self, that there is no Beauty in *Rome* hath so much cause to quarrel with the retirement of Women, nor so

much reason to rejoyce that it begins to diminish I know not (interrupted *Racilia*, smiling with a certain Majesty) whether *Hermilia* can answer what you say, but had it been to my self at her age, I should not have been much troubled at it. I am so desirous, replied pleasantly *Hermilia*, not to do you any dishonour, that if I should answer, I might happily answer to purpose, but being not assured of it, I had rather return nothing to such webs of flattery; and he that weaves them, knows well enough that I am not to be caught with them, and haply conceives I should, could I not blush at his commendations. You answer so nobly, in not answering, replied *Amilcar*, that certainly I am not the first that told you that you were one of the greatest Beauties in the world. But to return into our way (said he, directing his speech to *Racilia*) I would gladly ask you, Madam, who are Vertue it self, whether you believe these extraordinary retirements are the only pales of Modesty, which is so natural to the Sex, and whether, on the contrary, an honourable liberty may not contribute a great lustre to their vertue. For what commendation can that woman deserve, who sees not any either pleasures her, or she can affect, to have all her lifetime a new heart, which she knows not on whom to bestow, had she a desire, and which none desires of her? However, replied *Racilia*, there are at *Rome*, as well as other places, women that bestow their hearts. If it be so, returned *Amilcar*, I believe they bestow them unhandfomely and out of time, for there being not here so great a freedom of Conversation as there is in *Africk*, they must needs bestow them, not knowing on whom, and must measure men onely by the outward sight, which is the most deceitful thing in the world. To be short I know a man in *Greece* who is well-set, handsome, of a good stature, a good face, free in his action, in his carriage noble enough, and at the first sight, one that seems a man of business and quality; for he acquits himself very well of his first complements, comes confidently into company, departs the same, is not discountenanced at any thing, and till you ascend higher than the questions, of what weather it is, or some such piece of intelligence, comes off pretty well. He laughs with a good grace, so it be with others, but the mischief is, that when he laughs alone, he laughs in a wrong time, and then are discovered a low reptile spirit, that creeps not up neer a Mediocrity, and a soul purely materiall. Judgenow, if some great Beauty who had seen this man, onely in the Temples, or on some Festival-dayes, and should bestow her heart on him, would not be finely trapped. Your exaggeration is so pleasant, replied *Racilia*, that if all men had such excellent parts as you have, I should not quarrel, that there is a free toleration of Conversation in *Rome* since *Tarquin's* government, and *Tanaquil's* death. But to be plain with you, I think it a very extravagant thing to have a house open to all manner of persons, and to entertain a sort of trifling Amorisits, to tell trivial stories unhandfomely, and to no purpose; and in what country soever I had been born, I should never had loved company without choice. Nor are there many true Romans that do so, and those who are any thing careful to preserve the customes of their country, comply with the times with a certain moderation, which makes a distinction between

their Houses and an Exchange, so far as to banish solitude. In few words there is here a noble personage, who is called *Publius Valerius*, who hath a daughter of excellent endowments. To all persons of Honour his house is open, and he freely suffers his friends to see both his wife and daughter *Valeria*.

At these words *Herminius*, who was talking with *Aronces*, and who confusedly heard the name of *Valeria*, made a stop, and harkned to what was said of her, which made *Racilia*, who knew that Lady had a great interest in the heart of *Herminius*, smile a little, however going to continue her story, *Amilcar* staying her, Ah Madam, said he to her, I beseech you tell me whether this *Valeria* be of my acquaintance or not, or am I the most abused man in the world, if I have not once seen her with the Queen; She goes not often thither, replied *Hermilia*; but certainly it must be the same that I mean, replied *Amilcar*, for, being extreemly taken with her, I asked whether she came not often to *Tullia*, and I was told, very seldome. But to be further assured whether it be the same, I can onely tell you, that she, whom I saw with the Queen, and whom I was infinitely taken with, is a Lady of a mean stature, and hath not such great staring eyes, as are sometimes the emblems of a natural stupidity, but such as being neither great nor little, cast a ray full of mildness, passion and spirit, which pleases and charmes, and which at once argues ingenuity, vertue, goodness and love. Moreover, she hath a sweet, sprightly, and a serious look, which is infinitely pleasing. Her mouth is narrow, her lips carnationed, something a pale complexion, her hair ashie coloured, and the air of her countenance so free and so noble, that a man cannot but come near her as soon as he sees her. And, to be short, I prevailed so much, that I stood two hours near this enchanting Beauty. Could you as exactly describe her mind as you have her person, replied *Herminius*, you would make an excellent piece of it. I am of your mind, says *Hermilia* smiling, that indeed *Amilcar* had admirably drawn *Valeria*; but he shall give me leave to tell him, that, for her mind it is you onely are concerned to commend it, though it deserve the commendation of all the world. I confess (says *Amilcar*, not giving *Herminius* leisure to answer) that I had not time to discover the whole mind of *Valeria*, but if I have not known it, I have guessed at it, and I am confident she hath at once, a great, noble, lofty, pleasing and modest mind; and to advance a little higher in my discovery, I also affirm, she hath a heart full of passion and tenderness, and that if she be not in love, she is fit to be, and that most passionately. Ah *Amilcar*, cried out *Herminius* smiling, you know more of her than I, for I can tell you no news of *Valeria's* heart. Without being curious to dive too deep into your secrets, replied *Racilia*, I must needs agree in the same vote with *Amilcar*; for I believe *Valeria* fuel for the greatest affection. However, I have not a whit the less esteem of her, continued she, because I am satisfied, she will never be guilty of an irregular affection, and whereas she is guilty of tenderness, she is so much the more worthy praise; since it is not to be doubted, that she ever loved what was not worthy to be loved, and constantly endeavours that her esteem and her friendship may be the reward of Vertue. *Herminius* hearkned to this discourse of *Racilia*, with an extraordinary

ordinary content, and it was easily perceivable, that, if he durst, he would have said much more of her than she: inasmuch as *Aronces* observing it, whispered to him as much as signified, that he was convinced that *Valeria* governed his heart. But perceiving, as he spoke to him, that he was unwilling to make a publick profession of it, he diverted the discourse, and thought to make an end of it where it began, pleasantly concluding, that though the Roman Severity were guilty of no other inconveniences, but depriving us of the acquaintance and conversation of *Valeria*, it ought to be condemned.

But I assure you, replied *Amilcar*, it is guilty of many more, for, to speak truly, there are two things which are in a manner equal in the hearts of all people, in what place soever they are born; the desire of *Liberty*, and a certain natural inclination to *Love*; and I am confident there is not a woman in *Rome*, but could love some one or other, if she would be guilty by her inclination, and would be glad to be at liberty. In the mean time, according to that manner of life which they are forced into, they are reduced to an impossibility both of being loved, or loving innocently, and locked up as Captives. Whence it will happen, that those whom nature hath endued with a passionate inclination, and a violent desire of liberty, will hate their Fathers, Mothers, the customs of their Country, and their own Vertue, which forbids them a thousand and a thousand indifferent things. So, to come nearer what I aim at, walking, conversation, noble entertainments; whereas they are in themselves harmless pleasures which bring no dishonour to those who make use of them, are transformed to crimes to almost all the women of *Rome*, through the impatient desire they have to them, and the continual quarrelling they have with those who forbid them the use thereof. For in fine, it is not so far from hence to *Capua*, but they can hear that such a severity is not exercised there as here. It is true, said *Aronces*, that to speak rationally, the virtue of women is checked very much by an excessive restraint, and a denial of those pleasures, which bring with them nothing of scandal. Ha, generous *Aronces*, cried out *Racilia*, that which to you seems so harmless, is not of so little consequence as you conceive.

As I have lived a many years, and have been banished *Rome* long enough to know how they live in other places, so I can assure you, that those things whereof you make so slight account, are those which cause the greatest disorders that happen among women. I am so well opinioned of my own sex, that if my judgement be taken, there is no woman can at first sight prove faulty, nor can be guilty of any premeditated design to engage her self into a dangerous affection. But commonly, familiarity, opportunity, a desire to please, the pleasure of their conversation, whom we see often, the enjoyment they mutually receive from us, the desire to be preferred before others, and friendship it self, do all contribute to the generation of Love, who would never be born in Solitude, nor would ever appear, if men would onely be contented to look on women at publique Festivals, and not speak to them. For we must not say that Love is the child of that Beauty which passeth to the heart through the eyes onely; since it is an error condemned by experience, that this passion is not lasting, when it is bred and nourished by the onely desire of Beauty.

But to return where I left, I knew a woman at *Tarentum* (during the time I followed my banished Husband) who had been brought up by her Mother according to the Roman severity, inasmuch, that though she were very beautiful, yet did she live in a great restraint, though in a City where there is liberty enough. She however bore it patiently, was satisfied with her manner of life, she was pleasing, jocund, and seemed to be so indifferent, that it was said in the house, that *Madam Indifference* did what she pleased. For my part, it was ever my opinion, that the moderation of her humour was her onely felicity. However it be, being of this condition, her mother having some business in the Country, left her with an Aunt of hers, who was not so much addicted to solitude as she; but she had not left her behind, had not some little indisposition of body disabled her for the journey. To be short, she kept her chamber four or five dayes, during which time being not very sick, her Aunt, for her diversion sake, admitted to her all those that came to visit her. The first day she being utterly unacquainted with this fashion of the world, was very troublesome to her; the second proved little better; the third she did not think very tedious; the fourth she thought very divertive; and the fifth, she was the first took occasion to inveigh against her former solitude, and did it so gracefully, that she infinitely pleased an honest man who was there that day. The man hereupon making it his business to return her the content he had received from her, came at last to please her effectually; yet could he not assure himself an interest in her heart. For as Indifference is the temperament of prattling Cocknies, so she had not much more affection for this Lover than for another, but had such a huge ambition to be courted, that she became the veriest Gossip that ever was; and all the endeavours of her Mother, when she returned out of the Country, could never cure the infection she had contracted from this worlds conversation. You had spoke more truly, if you said that of solitude, replied *Amilcar*, for in my opinion, all the disorder of her mind proceeded from the solitude she had lived in before, which made all things seem new, all things pleasant to her, her mind and senses being equally surprised by that which was strange to them. The great secret therefore is to accustom young people to all harmless pleasures, lest they should one day prove dangerous to them. For certainly it is with pleasures, as it is with perfumes, which a man smells not when he hath always about him. Therefore added he pleasantly, if ever I have a daughter, she shall dance as soon as she can goe; the first word shall be taught her, shall be *Gallant*, she shall know *Love's* name before her own: and after all this, she is more likely to prove a Vestal, than a Gossip. *Racilia* smiled at this humour of *Amilcar's* as well as *Hermilia*, and *Herminius*; but for *Aronces*, melancholy had so stiffened his complexion, that his face would not admit the lightest appearance of joy, so that the vertuous Matron perceiving how little he seemed concerned in the company, retired, taking *Hermilia* with her, and leaving with him *Herminius*. *Amilcar*, who was not afraid to be seen, thought it his duty to conduct her to her lodgings; which done, he returned to *Aronces's* chamber, where he staid as long as he could. But at length he left him, and repaired to his lodging, lest in case he did not come

come in, it might be suspected he had a hand in some plot in the City. Soon after *Herminius* also left *Aronces*, and went into another Chamber joyning to his, where *Racilia* had designed him a lodging.

Now is our illustrious Lover left alone to comment on his afflictions past and present. But at last he fell asleep, overwhelmed with his discontents, and flattered with a small hope of the possibility of delivering *Clelia*. It is true, he slept not long, for the Sun had no sooner appeared, but he heard people talking with *Herminius*, such whose voice he had no great acquaintance with, so that knowing it was of equal concernment to that generous Roman, not to be discovered, as to himself, he was desirous to know whether they who spoke were his friends or his enemies. Harkning therefore very attentively, towards the place whence he heard the voices, one whereof he thought he should remember, he was fully perswaded that it was the voice of *Brunus*, *Racilia's* Nephew. But soon after he was of the contrary opinion, for that calling to mind his stupidity, he distrusted what a minute before he absolutely believed. For though he heard not distinctly what he said, because he spoke not very loud, yet he concluded him a very understanding man, for that when he had given over speaking, he, to whom he had directed his discourse (who was the same *Publius Valerius* who was afterward called *Publicola*, and whose daughter had been so much commended the night before) speaking a little louder, told him, all he had said had been excellently well spoken. But, said he, when all is done, my hope tyres, and I expect no more of Fortune. I know, replied he, to whom he spoke, that whatever *Herminius* hath proposed, is so strong, that there seems nothing to be opposed against it; and that in all appearance, *Tarquins* power is so strongly established, that nothing can overturn it. For, the People is accustomed to the yoke of his Tyranny, the Senate is full of his own creatures, or, to say better, his Slaves; the Army is at his devotion, and there seems not even in *Rome* to be one true Roman. So that to judge of things according to outward appearance, *Rome* is for ever enslaved, and we quietly expect to see *Vice* triumph eternally over *Vertue*, and to see *Sextus* one day seated in the Throne, for, as to the Princes his Brothers, they are better endowed, than to think they shall ever possess their Fathers place. But, in fine, notwithstanding all these reasons which seem so invincible, I shall still retain a hope of Liberty, though I do not yet apprehend the ways whereby *Rome* may be delivered. For when I call to mind how *Tarquin* came to usurp the Supream power; when I reflect on the vertue of the late lawful King, whom this Tyrant caused to be massacred; when I consider the great number of innocent persons, whom he hath either banished or put to death; when I review all the wickedness of *Tullia*, and stirring them in my memory with those of *Tarquin*, I see a confusion of Parricides, Poysonings, Murthers, and all Impieties imaginable, and cannot believe but all the Romans remember it as well as I, and thence infer, that, though we know it not, there are thousands and thousands of Romans that abhor *Tarquin*, that earnestly desire his destruction, and only expect a favourable occasion to manifest the detestation they have for him. I therefore hope, that as Fortune

hath dandled him a long time, he may at last meet with a Check in his Game, and that by a happy frolique of the same unconstant Fortune, we shall meet with a conjuncture of time fortunate for the deliverance of our Country. It may indeed happen, answers to that *Herminius*, that the Siege of *Ardea*, may prove ominous to the Tyrant, and that from our so well defending the City, that he cannot take it; it may be, I say, this is a fit conjuncture to make a rising at *Rome*. For if the siege last yet a while, his Army will be weakned, he will not lose a Soldier, who leaves not in the family whereof he was a ground of complaint, nay he will lose his power in the Senate; since as you know, when some proposed the difficulty of taking *Ardea*, he slighted the advice was given him, and treated the Authors of it, as ignorant persons both in war and policy. Moreover, the people whom he hath employed so long time about the building of *Jupiter's* Temple, and the Scaffolds of the *Circus*, is certainly weary of such an endless work, besides that, having expended vast sums, the Treasure he had got together out of other mens Fortunes to that end, are almost exhausted. So that if it happen, that this Prince should not take *Ardea*, it is not unlikely but that the vertue of the Romans might be so far recovered, as to be strong enough to make the Tyrant flee. But how can the taking of *Ardea* be obstructed, replied *Publius Valerius*? For when the Army he now hath shall be mpuldred away by the obstinacy of the besieged, and that the people weary of the War shall not take up Arms; *Porfennas*, who waits his assistance to bring his Son into his power, and hinder him to marry the Daughter of the generous *Clelius*, who, they say, is in *Tarquin's* power, will furnish him with Troops. To do what I propose, replied *Herminius*, it must be endeavoured that *Tarquin* may not be supplied by the King of *Clusium*, and that *Ardea* may be relieved by the King of *Ceres*; for in this conjuncture, it is the concernment of *Rome's* Liberty, that her Tyrant may not encrease his power by any additional conquest. You speak very well (replied he who made the third man in the Dialogue) but since I must say all I have in my mind, it is your part to do what you say is necessary for the safety of *Rome*, for it is you must maintain *Ardea*, it is you must perswade the King of *Clusium's* Son, that by the correspondency he holds in his Fathers Court, he may hinder *Tarquin* from having any supplies, if he desire it; and it is you also, that must perswade him to make use of the intelligence, which I conceive he hath in the King of *Ceres's* Court, to obtain relief for *Ardea*, while in the mean time *Valerius* and our secret Friends shall so dispose things at *Rome*, as that advantage may be taken of the first favourable opportunity which Fortune shall afford. But who hath told you, replied *Herminius*, that I am acquainted with the King of *Clusium's* Son? *Aronces* himself (replied he who spoke) yet he thinks not that he told me so much, continued he, for he was deceived as well as others, and believing me the most stupid of mankind, he heeded me not, when one day he talked with *Celeres* concerning his Fortune; so that I have from his own mouth, all that is to be known concerning his Birth, to confirm what I have said. Moreover, you know that *Racilia*, as well as your noble Mother, is a true Roman, and considering how much it concerns all true Romans to have

Aronces

Aronces their friend, she hath told me all she knew, either from *Sivelia*, or the grand Vestal who is also of our correspondence. For in point of Insurrection, we must be sure to make those who are Ring-leaders for Religion of our party. Therefore *Valerius* courts as much as may be; the friendship of the *Salii*, who you know challenge a great Veneration in *Rome* as well as the *Vestals*. Since you are so learned, replied *Herminius*, I conceive it is fitting as well for *Aronces*, as your self, that you two be better acquainted; and if you will give me leave, I will go into this *Hero's* Chamber, to dispose him to know you as you are, and to oblige you and *Valerius* to unite your interests for the destruction of *Tarquin*.

While these three excellent men were in this discourse, *Aronces*, who heard all, was so surpris'd, that he was at a loss, whether he should believe what he had heard; for he was satisfied, that he was not mistaken in the voice, and that he who was with *Valerius* and *Herminius* could be no other than the same *Brutus* who seem'd to be so stupid. Yet he remembred he had heard *Amilcar* say, that he had seen him smile very opportunely twice or thrice, and that he had more understanding than was believed. But after all consideration, he could not apprehend, during the present tumult of his thoughts, upon what rational account so wise a man was resolv'd to go for an absolute Idiot, nor how he could so naturally seem so having so great a reach; as he found in him by the things he had heard. Hence his astonishment increasing every moment, he could not hear that *Valerius* and *Brutus* consented to what *Herminius* had propos'd. But presently he hearing rapping at his Chamber door, which he having caus'd to be opened by a Slave that waited on him, sees *Herminius* enter, who not giving him the leisure to speak, My Lord, sayes he to him, I come to offer you the friendship of the two most noble Romans that ever *Rome* nurs'd, and to beg yours for them. For mine, replied *Aronces*, you shall dispose of it as you please between your two friends; and I am glad to receive theirs. But *Herminius*, tell me presently, whether my ears have deceived me, is it not *Brutus*, whose voice I have heard? Am I not deceived? No my Lord, replied *Herminius*, and this *Brutus*, to whom that name was given for the eternal memory of his apparent stupidity, is the greatest and noblest soul you ever knew; he is a man capable of things of greater, and things of lesser consequence; he is both solid and pleasant, and whose obscure life it so strange, that nothing can be more. But I beseech you sayes *Aronces*, disguise him not any further to me, and so starting out of bed, while *Herminius* went to fetch in his two illustrious friends, he was at the Chamber door ready to receive them.

Brutus, who was at his own house, in that it was his Aunts, made *Valerius* and *Herminius* go in before him; but as it was not fitting such an interview should have any witnesses, *Aronces* bid the Slave, who attended him, though he nothing doubted of his fidelity, to depart the room. Which done, looking on *Brutus* with admiration he seem'd not to him the same man he had been, for though he was not very handsome, yet now he seem'd indifferently well-favour'd. His Physiognomy was sprightly, and giving his mind liberty without affecting that simplicity, whereby he us'd to conceal it, *Aronces*

presently knew, that he whom he saw, was the same whom he had heard speak. But he was further confirm'd by what this illustrious Roman said to him; for after that *Herminius* had by a pertinent complement opened the interview, that *Valerius* had complemented in particular, and that *Aronces* had spoken to all three according to his excellent wit, and pleasing way, which is ordinary with him; it coming to *Brutus's* turn, you see, illustrious Prince, said he, how far the Tyranny of the wicked *Tarquin* extends, since that to preserve my Life, I was forced to lose my Reason, or at least to conceal it, so as he might have no knowledge of it. But I beseech you, continued he, conceive not that my only design in it was by such a humerous carriage, to avoid death; for if my feigned stupidity proceeded not from a nobler cause, I should not think my self worthy your notice. In the mean time, as I cannot now particularise my Fortune to you, be pleas'd to give me leave to conjure you not to judge of me before you understand me perfectly, either from my self or *Herminius*, who knows the mystrie of my life, and whose apprehensions I acknowledge as my own. What I have heard from you not a quarter of an hour since, replied *Aronces*, what I received from *Herminius* just now, and what you tell me your self, give me so much caution, to interpret all things to your advantage, that without knowing any thing of your adventures, I yet believe that your feigned extravagance is an effect of a great wisdom, and a great generosity. You are in the right, my Lord, sayes *Valerius*, in what you say; for I can assure you, that since there have been any generous men, there have not been any that could ever arrive to such a constancy, or, to say better, obstinacy of generosity, as that of the illustrious *Brutus*.

Upon this, *Herminius*, who had not brought them together to commend one another, changed the discourse; and, as it is certain, that in great men there is a certain secret Sympathy, which unites their hearts sooner than those of others; so in one half hour, these conceived themselves of a long and standing acquaintance, and the sprightly *Herminius* knew so well how to humour his friends, that he was in a manner the cement of their Society. By no other assurance than that of his honesty, which was equally known to all, he rais'd such a confidence between them, that upon his single word they mutually trusted to one another that which was of greatest importance in their fortunes. But when they had so discovered themselves one to another, they found that their interests, though different, required the same remedies. For *Brutus* and *Valerius* wishing onely *Rome* deliver'd from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, look'd no further than how to take away from him the power he had usurp'd. *Herminius* was engag'd in the same interest, and in divers others; and *Aronces* desirous to deliver *Clelia*, and to avoid falling into the hands of *Tarquin*, could no other way accomplish his design, better than by destroying him who kept his Mistress Captive. Upon which *Herminius* telling him, that if he hop'd to bring about so great an interprise, he must, by the means of the friends he had in his Fathers Court, hinder him to supply *Tarquin*, and oblige the King of *Ceres*, to relieve *Ardea*, or at least to make a diversion; *Aronces* having consider'd of it, told *Herminius*, that he must oblige *Zenocrates* to go to *Cus-*

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um, for that he was well known, and much esteemed by the Princess of the *Leontines*, a Woman of great authority, and much subtilty; that he must take with him a Letter to her, and another to Queen *Galerita* his Mother, and that *Celeres* should be sent to the King of *Ceres*, with whom he had been long enough when he was young, to expect credit, when he spoke on the behalf of *Aronces*. For though his Court had sometime been a Sanctuary to *Porfennas*, yet, as he was nothing interested in the siege of *Ardea*, so was it not impossible to persuade him, that it concerned him that *Rome* became not so powerful, as to be able to oppress all its neighbours. To make this more feasible, *Herminius* engaged himself, that those of *Ardea* should also send to that King. For though their City was besieged, yet was it not so narrowly, but that some every day came in, and went out of it. But *Aronces* not knowing how to acquaint *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*, but by the means of *Amilcar*, he desired permission of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to communicate their designs to him, promising he would be answerable for his fidelity; you may also engage him to contribute his subtilty to the business, replied *Herminius*. It is not necessary, replied *Brutus*, for I know by experience, that one African is more subtil than all the Romans. I have been also told, that he hath suspected that I had more understanding than my words betrayed, and if I had not been very cautious indeed to avoid his surveying, I am confident, he had pryed into my heart. If he had, replied *Aronces*, you would have fared never the worse for it, for *Amilcar* loves not to hurt those who hurt not him.

While *Brutus* and *Aronces* were in this discourse, *Herminius* was fallen into so deep a musing, that *Valerius* who awoke him out of it, asked him the reason thereof. He at first seemed a little suspicious to tell him, but *Valerius* having aloud expressed his curiosity to know it, *Aronces* and *Brutus* joined with him to press him to declare what he thought. At last resolving to comply with their desires, Conceive not, said he to them, that the denial I made you, proceeds from any humour I have, my thoughts should be a secret to you; but I wish you had given me leave to decide within my self, whether a certain scruple of Vertue be well or ill grounded. But since, in the mean time, you will know it, it is fitter you should be Judges of my thoughts, than that I should judge of them without you. Know then that I was considering with my self, whether it were not to be feared, that the different interests which equally oblige us all to destroy the power of *Tarquin*, may not flatter us so, as not to see any difficulty in a design to change the whole face of Government. For if you will have my true apprehensions, I shall tell you, that if *Tarquin* had been legally chosen, I should never endeavour to force him from *Rome*, though even he had banished me, though he had destroyed my house, and were the most unjust Prince in the World, I believe we ought to reverence the Gods in the persons of those who have a legal power, and should undergo their violent domination, with the same patience as we endure Earthquakes and Deluges. I know well enough that the business now in hand is not of this nature. For *Tarquin* is a Tyrant, and his cruelty is such, that we may innocently endeavour to destroy his power; but I beseech and conjure you, consider well whether we may not expose *Rome* to a

greater Tyranny; and whether while we hope to make her fetters lighter, we may not make them heavier. For, in fine, a change of this nature cannot be effected without a general alteration of the body of the State; and what is more to be feared is, that, if the design fail, *Tarquin* may strengthen his authority by the destruction of so many thousand of Innocents and the ruine of many illustrious Families. So it may come to pass, that instead of being the Deliverers of our Country, we shall be the Destroyers of it, and we may be accused of having preferred the desire to be revenged for our private injuries before the publique Tranquillity.

If *Tarquin* could be more wicked then he is, replied *Brutus*, there were, questionless, some consideration to be had of what you say, which certainly is worthy of your Vertue. But can *Rome* be more miserably dealt with than she is? Is there any one house of honest people, which *Tarquin* persecutes not? or can there be one found under his government who suffers not? The Rich he impoverishes; the Vertuous he either banishes, or puts to death; nay sometimes he torments the Innocent, only to satisfy his humour, though it conduce nothing to the confirming his authority. Let us not therefore raise any more doubts, generous *Herminius*, about a thing of such importance, and so much glory continued he, and let us expect the success of our designs from the Gods. Since I am no Roman, replied, discreetly, *Aronces*, I conceive I ought not to speak upon this occasion; and as I am, continued *Valerius*, I will presume to say, that *Rome* is so oppressed with the weight of its chains, that there can be no change but must be advantageous to her. Since it is so, I have no more to say, replied *Herminius*, for it is possible my reason should have a stronger light than both yours.

Hereupon *Brutus* and *Valerius* departed, and *Herminius* stayed with *Aronces*. It is true, he was not there long alone, ere *Amilcar* came in, who was strangely surpris'd at what he heard from these two friends; for though he had some light jealousies that *Brutus* had more understanding than was conceived, yet he could not believe what he heard of him; and if *Aronces* and *Herminius* had not promised he should see him in the Evening with all his reason, and all the excellences of his mind about him, he would still have doubted their words. In the mean time, not to lose time, *Amilcar* having understood about what *Aronces* had a meeting with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and their noble friend *Herminius*, sent immediately a Slave to the Camp, to bring *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to *Rome*, to receive instructions what they were to do. For *Herminius*, he returned to his Chamber to write to that enchanting Beauty, from whom proceeded all the Enjoyment, and all the Torment of his life; for he was never sensible of any pleasure, but when he thought on her; nor did he feel the hardship of Exile, but onely in this consideration, that being not in *Rome*, he was far from *Valeria*. But Friendship had a strong influence over his soul, and that which he had for his illustrious Mother, and for the admirable *Clelia*, caused him both pleasures and afflictions. But at last, Love became Mistress of all the Passions, and he had a greater tenderness for such of his friends as were in love, than others, so penetrable was his heart to this Passion, *Aronces* in like manner, for his part,

part set himself to write to *Clelia*, whom *Amilcar* visited every day, and his intention was to give his friend his Letter in the Evening, to be delivered the next day to that incomparable Virgin, who led a very melancholy life.

The merry disposition of *Plotina* was some comfort to her, and the visits of *Amilcar*, allayed her affliction much, not only by the hope of Liberty, but also those testimonies of Love, which she received by him from her dear *Aronces*. That which was heaviest in her affliction, was, that she heard no news from *Clelius*, nor *Sulpicia*; but having a great and resolute heart, she underwent her misfortune with a great constancy. Her former misfortunes were now a kind of comfort to her, for when he called to mind that terrible Earth-quake which had separated her from *Aronces*, and put her into the power of *Horatius*, when she reflected on what passed in the lake of *Thrasimene*, where the Prince of *Numidia* fought with this fierce Rival, who had carried her away, and that to recover her from him; when she was near *Ardea*, and was an ocular witness of that cruel combat, wherein the illustrious *Aronces*, after he had delivered her, was like to perish, had not his great Valour, and his good Fortune rescued him; when she considered the condition she was in when she was brought before the cruel *Tarquin*, and when the grand Vestal interceded for her liberty, and afterwards when she remembered *Tarquin's* fury after she had acknowledged her self the daughter of *Clelius*, she considered that in all these adventures she could not hope to have *Plotina* with her, to see *Amilcar*, to have the means to write to *Aronces*, and to receive from him. Conceiving hence some weak hope of a better fortune, during this cessation of *Tarquin's* tyranny, she spent her time somewhat comfortably with that merry-conceited Virgin, whose humor was so near of kin to mirth, that she made a pleasure of that which would have been an affliction to another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* to continue the opportunity of visiting *Aronces's* Mistress, and to knit longer delays, writ every day to *Tarquin*, and fed him with hopes, that in time he should discover *Clelia's* most secret apprehensions; and that she might be brought over to prefer the interest of his Family, before that of *Aronces*. He also visited the cruel *Tullia*, and was not unwelcome to her; for as it concern'd him for his friend's sake to keep in her favour, so he knew excellently well how to manage her humour. When he was in her presence, and that it was opportune, he took occasion to set Ambition in the front of all the passions, and represented Love as a Satyr, and all the pleasures that attend it: Cruel actions he called Confident actions, when they conduc'd to their advantage who did them; and (in fine) he had gained such an influence on her, as he doubted not to make use of her in opposition to the tyrant, if there were need. This cruel Princess knowing that he had the permission to visit *Clelia*, was glad to hold a correspondence with him, that by that means she might take away that Captive from *Tarquin*, when she should think it fitting. *Tarquin*, for his part, wanted not employment, for the siege of *Ardea* found him work enough. Love and hatred Dichotomized his heart and was a greater torment to him than his cruelty had caused to others.

As for *Sextus*, his mind was full of *Lucretia*, whose beauty had made such an impression in his heart, that he could think of nothing but the means how to satisfy his passion. The Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were not without their secret Loves; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had each of them their Secrets and their Afflictions; and only *Celeres* was at liberty, though he had a soul naturally very passionate. But yet in the condition he was in, his tender affection and wit was spent in bemoaning his unfortunate Friends, and in finding out ways how to serve them, and therefore he was over-joy'd that he could imagine the means.

But whilst these several persons had their different resentments, there was no mention of the Prince of *Numidia*, who had been expected in the Camp; nor could *Aronces* imagine what resolution he should have taken, for there was no likelihood he should have cast himself into *Ardea*, besides, that *Herminius* knowing him, he was confident he was not there. But, in fine, night drawing on, *Amilcar* return'd to *Aronces's* chamber, where he found *Herminius*, *Brutus* being not yet come, so that while they expected him, *Amilcar* related to *Aronces* all he had done, and afterwards renewed the desire he had to be informed of that man's life, who had so cunningly concealed his Reason; for I cannot believe, said he, there was ever any man so unhappy, or at such a distance from all kinds of pleasures. I cannot well apprehend what he could have done; they say he married very young, he hath children, and he seems not to have an estate proportionable to his birth. How then could he conceal his reason from his wife, while she lived? How could he subsist, carrying himself so, as if he had not the discretion to govern his estate? And how could he live without Love, without society, without friends, without pleasure, and without any comfort? How could he endure to be treated like a stock, and a mad man? And how could he abjure all acquaintance with Fame? How could he be persuaded to renounce both to love any thing, or be beloved, and could brook the contempt of all the World? It is indeed true, replied *Aronces*, that this seems incomprehensible; but a greater miracle than all this, is, that though *Brutus* hath constantly acted the Sot, he yet hath preserved that great and admirable understanding, which you shall by and by find in him. When you shall understand it of yourself, replied *Herminius*, you will be much more amazed; for, as I have told you already, *Brutus* hath not only a good understanding, comprehension, judgment, and an acquaintance with great things, but he hath withal, a lively, nimble, delicate, and an admirably versatile wit. Besides he understands so exactly all the contrivances of Love, and knows as well how to make use of all those ingenious circumventions, which sometimes do sooner conquer the heart of a great Beauty, than the most signal services, that neither *Greece* nor *Africk* afford a Gallant that knows better than he, the art of reducing of an illustrious soul. But you consider not, says *Amilcar* laughing, that while you would describe *Brutus*, you really draw your self, for I can easily see your picture in it. You know *Brutus* then so much the better by it, reply'd he, and here he comes in good time to confirm what I have told you. And indeed *Brutus* was coming in while *Herminius* was speaking of him, but it was after such a manner,

maner as *Amilcar* was surpris'd at it. For knowing there was none in the chamber, but *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and he; he did not shadow his reason as he was wont to doe, but entered with a certain freedome, which *Amilcar* had never observed in him. But he was no sooner come in, but going straight on to that witty *African*, since that when I deceived the distrustful *Tarquin*, and the suspicious *Tullia*, said he to him, I could not over-reach the subtle *Amilcar*; I were as good shew him what I truly am, that being obliged to me for my confidence, he may help me to keep a secret, wherein haply the safety of *Rome* is equally embarqued with my own. What, the *Brutus* whom I now see, replied *Amilcar*, is he the same as I have formerly seen! Spare your exclamations, replies *Herminius*, till you have seen him better than you now doe, for you have yet but a glimpse of him. Ah *Herminius*, replied *Amilcar*, I will see him throughly, and I confidently promise there shall be nothing I dare not do, might I but obtain from *Brutus* the History of his *Thoughts*, for according to the manner of his life, I believe he can hardly afford us any thing else.

If I had nothing else to tell you, replied he, your demand were easily granted; but my life may afford things of greater consequence than you conceive. If there wants onely fidelity to become worthy the knowledge of your adventures, says *Aronces*, I will be responsible to you for *Amilcar's* and my own; and if you will think your self requited with twenty Histories for one, added *Amilcar*, you shall have all mine for yours; for if you believe me, I was never so much oppressed with curiosity. Since I am obliged in point of honour, to satisfy it, replied *Brutus*, I promise you an account of my whole life; but if you have it not from my self, you must take it from *Herminius*, who knowes all my adventures and all my thoughts, or from one of his Kinswomen, who hath known much of the secret of my soul. But it shall be conditionally, that I be not present at the relation, for I do not find my Spirit strong enough to hear the recital of my past happiness, at a time when I pretend to no other pleasure, then that of revenge. and the deliverance of my Country, from the slavery wherein it is. *Aronces* and *Amilcar* thinking the request reasonable, it was resolv'd, that on the morrow *Herminius* should relate unto them the life of *Brutus*. But he could not do it so soon as these his two Friends could have wish'd, for that some occasions of his found him writing all the morning, and in the afternoon, he had the happiness to see the enchanting person whom he loved, in *Hermilia's* Chamber, who to further his satisfaction had feigned her self sick, so to oblige *Valeria* to give her a visit. It was therefore after night, ere he related to *Aronces* and *Amilcar* what they were so impatient to know. It is true, that *Brutus* being employed otherwise, they had as much leisure as they could wish, yet were they so importunate, as if they feared they should never have enough of it. For as soon as *Amilcar* was come, and had given *Aronces* an account of what concerned *Clelia*, they press'd *Herminius* to a performance of his promise.

Accordingly, this noble Roman, who needed not study long about what he had to say to them, but only to observe some order, began in these terms, directing his speech to *Aronces*, being first assured, he

was not over-heard by any, but those who were to be acquainted with a secret so hidden and so important as that which he was going to reveal unto them.

The History of Lucius Junius Brutus.

YOU are not to expect, my Lord, in the History I am to relate to you, to meet with those extraordinary accidents which of themselves suffice to make a relation pleasant, since my particular business is to discover unto you a life absolutely obscure. I shall make you acquainted with a man, of whose worth *Rome* it self is ignorant; one thought equally a stranger both to understanding and courage, yet one, notwithstanding his seeming stupidity, never guilty of dishonour in his actions, nor extravagance in his speech, though he have strangely accomplished so great a design as to keep one of the greatest hearts, and noblest minds that ever was, undiscovered from the fiercest Tyrant upon earth. Look not therefore to find him gaining of Victories, besieging of Cities, and doing those illustrious actions, which ordinarily fill up the life of a Heroe, yet I must bespeak for him the highest of your esteem, and the greatest of your praises, which I am confident you cannot deny him, when I shall fully have represented him to you.

But in the mean time, do but reflect on your thoughts of *Brutus*, but two dayes since, consider him wrapt in those cloudy distracted looks, which promised neither goodness nor discretion; call to mind that affected stupidity, which when he spoke since, seemed to disguise it into non-sense, that so when you shall conceive your self obliged to acknowledge that this very man whom in this relation I shall call no otherwise than *Brutus* (though it be not his true name) is the most generous, the most pleasant, the most amiable person in the world, and one as capable to undertake affaires of the greatest, as well as the least consequence, you may be pleasantly surpris'd into a greater admiration of him. But that you may not make his vertue so much the object of your astonishment, you are to know, that he is of as noble a Family, as any *Rome* affords, for he is descended from one of those gallant Trojans, who having to extremity defended their City, followed *Aneas* to seek out another countrey, under the conduct of those Gods, who direct them to *Italy*. The Family of *Brutus* Fortune seemed to be particularly prodigal to: as to Riches; for *Marcus Junius*, his Father, was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Rome*. For which reason *Tarquin*: before he made himself King, had brought about a Marriage between him and his only Sister, *Tarquimia*, out of intention, if occasion served, by the strength of his Brother-in-lawes wealth, to bring to effect his own secret designs. For, though he knew *Marcus Junius* to be a man of a great vertue, and that *Tarquimia* enclined more to the peaceable humour of the Prince of *Ameriola* (who was then living) than to his, yet could he not be perswaded: but that the interest of alliance would easily engage *Junius* into any interest of his. But this conjecture deceived him, for this generous Roman could not be taxed with the least concurrence with the crimes of *Tarquin*, and the

the virtuous *Tarquimia* spilt as many harmless tears, as her brother had shed, of innocent blood, since his assuming the Sovereignty.

Thus may *Brutus* be said to be the Offspring of Afflictions, and I have it from *Sibylla*, that *Tarquimia* never had merry day from the death of *Marcus Junius*, till her own. For besides that she abhorred the impieties of the proud *Tarquin*, and cruel *Tullia*, and sympathized with all those unfortunate Innocents whom they ruined, she her self lay open to the violence and tyranny of her own brother.

But that you may be the better informed what justice *Brutus* had to hate *Tarquin*; I must in few words tell you whence proceeded the hatred of *Tarquin* to *Brutus's* Father. You are then to know, that as soon as *Tarquin* had by those strange ways, known to all, made himself King, he initiated his reign, with all the injustice imaginable, it being his design, by the ruin of all honest men, to establish himself in the Throne he had usurped. He did not presently engage his Brother-in-law in this design; out of a hope, that being gradually disciplined into these violences, he would in time be even prevailed with to be the executioner of his cruelties, as you shall soon understand.

Being ambitious to over-master his Neighbours, as well as the Romans, he was no sooner seated in the Throne, but he plotted the subjection of the *Latines*. But that proved a harder task than he conceived: for there was one *Turnus Herdonius*, a man of great authority among them, opposed him, because he refused him his Daughter, whom yet he was willing to bestow on another of that Nation. *Tarquin* looking on this man as one that would prove a rub to all his undertakings, if he were not destroyed, and considering withall, that to attempt it openly, would be dangerous: resolved to do it by treachery. Knowing therefore that the whole Senate was satisfied with the integrity of *Junius*, he told him, that he was certain, that *Herdonius* was in Conspiracy against him, and all the Senators, in order to bring the Romans under subjection to the *Latines*, and to make himself Master of both Nations: but having no testimony to prove this against *Herdonius*, it was necessary a person of Authority, such as he was, should by his credit maintain the accusation when it were once advanced.

He had scarce made an end of his proposal, but this virtuous Roman, after denial sharply reprehended him, and told him, that if Virtue did not disswade him from discovering the crimes of a Brother-in-law, he would soon acquaint *Herdonius* with it, and I know not certainly, whether he did not threaten to do it, so to divert him from so pernicious a design; for knowing well enough what a Kidney *Tarquin* was of, he easily perceived that he would falsely charge *Herdonius* with this pretended conspiracy. Not but that *Herdonius* was both mischievous and ambitious enough, but it is also as certain, he never was guilty of any attempt against the Tyrant's life, much less against any of the Senate; and that his main design was to make himself as strong as he could to oblige *Tarquin* to prefer him before his Rival, and consequently bestow on him the Princess his daughter.

But in the mean time, *Tarquin* being as subtle as wicked, seemed to rest satisfied with the reasons of *Junius*, and thereupon promised he would do no violence to *Herdonius* but by just and honourable

ways. However, he made a shift to dispatch him otherwise, for corrupting a Slave belonging to *Herdonius*, who, while his Master, was out of doors, suffered a number of swords and other arms, to be brought into his Master's house, the cruel *Tarquin* confidently dressed up an accusation against him, insinuating that it was fit enquiry should be made into the business; and so engaging all those to whom he spoke of it, by the apprehension of their own danger, he perswaded them they should be fully enlightened, as to what he said to them, by searching *Herdonius* his house. This was done, and there were found the Arms which *Tarquin* had secretly conveyed thither, and such other circumstances as amounted to make him thought guilty; upon which those whom *Tarquin* had purposely brought along with him, seized disorderly every one on a sword of those which were found, and without any other ceremony threaten him with death. He is taken, bound, and by *Tarquin's* order cast into the Spring-head of the *Ferentine fountains*, where he no sooner was in, but overwhelmed with stones, he was presently drowned. The business was done so of a sudden, that *Junius* knew it not ere it was too late to prevent it, though as soon as he had notice that some Souldiers were commanded to *Herdonius's*, he went to divert *Tarquin* from so strange a violence. But he could not make such hast, but that *Herdonius* was dead, and all he could do was to acquaint *Tarquin* that he was not ignorant of his crime in it.

This business broke off all correspondence between him and *Tarquin*, inasmuch that he went not to Court, but when honor oblig'd him; he gave order, *Tarquimia* should go very seldom to the Queen; so that both of them made it afterwards their whole business to see well educated two sons which they then had, whereof *Brutus* is one. It is true, he was then but a child, but his brother, who was six or seven years elder than he, made some advantage of the instructions they gave him.

Another thing which extremely exasperated *Tarquin* against *Junius*, was to see what use he made of that excessive wealth which he was master of; for when *Tarquin* had confiscated the estate of any virtuous Family, *Junius* and *Tarquimia* secretly reliev'd all those whom he had ruin'd; which they did after such a manner, as if they conceiv'd themselves obliged to enrich those whom the Prince impoverish'd, and that it was their part to restore what he took away from all virtuous people. *Tarquin* therefore thought, that their liberality did as it were, disarm his Tyranny by making him incapable to make men miserable, and that *Junius*, having married his Sister, robb'd the Crown of all he was so prodigal of. Nay, he conceived that this man's Vertue secretly reprov'd his Vices, so indeed that at last he was no longer able to endure it. Being therefore resolved to rid *Junius* out of the way, and tempted withall with the advantage of being Guardian to his Children, and consequently disposing of all the great Wealth of that house, he caused him to be poisoned. But as it is hard to meet with poisons that leave no marks of their malignity, the virtuous *Tarquimia* knew (but too much to her grief) that her noble Husband was taken away by the cruelty of her Brother. But that which was most remarkable in his death, was, that *Junius*, who had an infinite affection for *Tarquimia*, and doubted not but that he was poisoned at a Banquet, where he was forced

to afford the tyrant his company, yet had the generosity not to tell her of her Brothers cruelty, nor ever mind her of revenging his death. But if he shewed himself so reserv'd to her, he was more open to his eldest Son, who was arrived to years of discretion. For he sent for *Licinius*, an ancient friend of his, whose faith he trusted with all his secrets, and speaking to his Son in his presence, he enjoyned him to be as dutiful to that vertuous friend, as to himself, to prefer Vertue before all things, never to forget that his Father lost his life through the injustice of an Usurper; never to miss any occasion might conduce to the deliverance of *Rome*; and to instil these resentments into his younger Brother, as soon as he should be capable to receive them; which done, he died in an admirable assuredness of mind.

But *Tarquinia's* constancy was at the first onset over-mastered by her grief, and it was impossible she should not betray some light suspicion she had, about the death of *Junius*, even while the fierce *Tarquin*, and the cruel *Tullia*, were comforting her for the loss which they caused her; for this inhumane Princess had a hand in this, as in all the rest of her husbands enormities. But *Tarquin* catching at so visible a pretence, soon began to ill-intreat his Sister, and possessing himself of all the wealth of the Family, reduc'd *Tarquinia* to a very sad condition; for he left her not any thing to dispose of, nor was she suffer'd to have her eldest Son with her, which added infinitely to the affliction of this generous Roman Lady, who in that very circumstance underwent the greatest persecution which could fall upon her after the loss she had received. For *Tarquin* observing in his Sisters eldest Son, certain great and vertuous inclinations, and that he had withal a great understanding and courage, caused him barbarously to be murdered, and that so confidently, that he troubled not himself whether he were accused for it or not, or studied any pretence for it, as if there were not any other account of his loss to be given, than that he feared, that that illustrious unfortunate man should revenge his Fathers death, and recover that prodigious wealth, which he had possessed himself of.

Tarquinia, who had yet hardly dried up her tears for the death of her husband, was so transported with that of her Sons, that to save what was left, she resolv'd to steal out of *Rome* with this child, and she did it so much the sooner, inasmuch as she was advertised by *Licinius*, that *Tarquin* would within a few days, snatch him out of her Arms. So that this wife Matron, assisted by the counsel of this faithful friend of *Marcus Junius*, absolutely determined to forsake that place where her own Brother reigned with so much injustice. It is true, she had the happiness of *Licinius's* company thence; for being hated by *Tarquin*, he thought it conduced to his safety to leave his country as well as she. So that *Licinius*, *Tarquinia*, and the young *Brutus*, who then had no other name than *Lucius Junius*, departed *Rome* disguised, and pitcht upon *Metapont* for the place of their retreat.

That which obliged *Licinius* to advise *Tarquinia* to that place, was making it his business to bestow the best education upon his Friend's Son, who had so much enjoyned it at his death, he thought there was no City in all *Italy* where it could be better done than at *Metapont*. And in effect, he was not decei-

ved, for it being not long since that famous *Samian* Philosopher, whose renown hath so filled the World, died; most of his Disciples were there still, nor was it a small number, since there were neer six hundred, who particularly professed that they had learned of him, to honour Learning, and practise Vertue. Nay, *Pythagoras* had left behind him a Daughter, capable of the highest Disciplines, who had withal so great a Vertue, that her example was no less effectual in reforming the looseness of the Women of that place, then the reprehensions of her Father. There were constantly with her *Archytas* of *Tarentum*, *Alcmaon* of *Crotona*, and *Hipassus* of *Metapont*, nay even the dreadful *Milo* every where famous for his prodigious strength, was forced to submit to the powerfulness of her charms, and do honour to the memory of *Pythagoras*, who had lodged at his Fathers, while he sojourned in *Crotona*. *Licinius* therefore believing *Metapont*, to be such a School, as were fit for the education of young *Brutus*, continued there with *Tarquinia*.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you, that *Marcus Junius* had enjoyned his wife at his death to marry that illustrious Roman, that so his children may have a vertuous Father, and that his Friend might have that wealth which he said he deserved better than himself, and whereto he had much right; for it was certain, that *Licinius* had been in love with *Tarquinia*, nor was she altogether void of love for him; so that though the second marriages are not very frequent at *Rome*, and that *Tarquinia* at first made some difficulty to obey her Husband, yet she was overcome, when she saw her self forced to flie; considering with her self, it were much more to her reputation, to follow a banished Husband, than a banished Friend, how vertuous soever he might be, as also that *Licinius* would have a greater care of her Son, and would be inseparably engaged in her Fortune. Thus the vertuous *Tarquinia*, who was yet very handsome, though past that youthfulness which commonly illustrates a great Beauty, married the vertuous *Licinius*, but it was done privately; and there's not one in all *Rome* yet knows that he is *Tarquinia's* Husband, and therefore cannot consequently imagine that the fair *Hermilia* is *Brutus's* Sister.

How, interrupted *Aronces*, this beautiful Virgin whom *Amilcar* yesterday entertained with such gallant Courtship, is *Brutus's* Sister? She is, replied *Herminius*, for *Tarquinia* had this Daughter at *Metapont*, in the time of her banishment. But how, says *Amilcar*, is she said to be *Racilia's* Niece? Supposing she were not *Tarquinia's* Daughter.

The sequel of my discourse shall acquaint you, replied *Herminius*; but to hasten to that which relates to *Brutus*, I am first to tell you, that in a short time, *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* were mightily esteemed at *Metapont*; however, they thought not fit to discover what they were, but rather to conceal their Quality, though they could not their Vertue, for which the wise and learned Daughter of *Pythagoras*, whose name was *Dame*, had so great a friendship for them, that she was particularly tender of the Education of young *Brutus*. She recommended him to the most famous of her Fathers Disciples, as soon as he had arrived an age capable to receive their instructions, and she herself gave him that advice, which hath not been finally

finally advantageous to him in the sequel of his life.

For, my Lord, I must so far divert to the commendation of this learned Virgin, as to say, that no man in the world would think it a dishonor to have a heart of the same metal with hers, insomuch that *Licinius* and *Tarquinius* having experienced her prudence, goodness, and her virtue, deposited with her the whole secret of their fortune, which reviving in this generous Virgin, the manner how her illustrious Father had sometimes avoyded the tyranny of *Polycrates*, she had a particular tenderness towards those who forsook *Rome* to escape the tyranny of *Tarquin*. This consideration occasioned a strict League between these three persons, which was no small advantage to *Licinius* and *Tarquinius*. For though *Dame* was not very rich herself, yet she is more esteemed at *Metapont*, than those who can brag most of the favours of fortune; and besides that there is a great veneration for the memory of her Father, insomuch that the people have made a Temple of the house where he lived, and that her Mother, named *Theano*, was also famous there for her Learning and Virtue, her own rare and excellent endowments purchase her the admiration of all the world. To be short, she made one expression of Virtue which was very glorious, and such as I cannot but acquaint you with, that you may the better know her, who hath instilled the first sentiments of it into the illustrious *Brutus*.

You are then to note, that *Pythagoras* dying, left to his Daughter all he had written while he lived; not but that he had a Son, a knowing and virtuous person, but that he had a greater esteem for this Daughter than for him; and believed that she would the more exactly obey him in that command of his, that his writings should never be carried out of house. This generous Virgin, though she were not rich, yet obstinately refused the infinite riches which were proffered her, if she would but deliver up what her illustrious Father had entrusted her with; chusing rather to live poorly, than disobey the last desires of him to whom she ought more than her life, as being indebted to him for a part of her Virtue. This being an action very remarkable, proved so glorious to this excellent Virgin, that it gained her the general veneration of all *Metapont*. Hence came it that her friendship proved so advantageous to *Licinius* and *Tarquinius*. She was also the cause that *Brutus* was not brought up as other children, and that he was never taught any thing but what was manifested to him by Reason, not content with the simple performance of memory, as is the manner of most Masters to deal with those are committed to their charge. Besides, though she were daughter to a Philosopher, who professed austerity, and one who had prevailed with the women of *Metapont*, voluntarily to bestow part of those things which served them only for ornament, towards the building of a Temple for *Juno*, yet she was of opinion, that those who but began to live in this world, should be allowed a certain honest liberty, and that Virtue should have a kind of Adolescence, as I may so say, during which Festivals, Recreations, and innocent pleasures should be permitted, lest the soul should at the first assault be discouraged by the difficulties of study, and should be o-

verwhelmed by that which should make her bear sail against all adverse fortune whatsoever. I shall entreat you (said she one day to *Tarquinius*; as I have learned since) if your resolution be to bring up your son to great things, begin betimes to instil into him the love of Glory, and endeavour he may prefer it before all things. But how can I, replied *Tarquinius*, considering my Son's age, inspire him with desires of Glory, since he is hardly master of his Reason? On the contrary, replied this wise person, it is in this age, easiest to weed out evil inclinations, and to cultivate the good, if the disposition of those they would correct, be but well understood. But commonly those who have children, are more troubled to bestow Wit on them, than Virtue. They are desirous to teach them the Art of Writing, and speaking well, not caring whether they are taught to do well; whereas if you follow my advice, you will think the Manners of your Son of equal concernment with his Mind. That which troubles me concerning *Junius*, replied *Tarquinius*, is, that he is Vehement in any thing he desires, that he is sometimes as violently carried away with the consideration of things of little importance, as those of the greatest, and that whatsoever his heart is sensible of, he obstinately loves: And if he be so unhappy, as one day not to arrive to that faculty of discerning that there may be an obstinacy without danger, he would be subject to very strange things. I grant, replied the virtuous daughter of *Pythagoras*, that what you say may come to pass; but when all is done, the temperament of great minds ought to be such as you represent that of your Son's, for there is nothing at so great a distance from true and heroick Virtue, as that soft indifference which obliges some persons to be pleased with all things, or nothing; whence it comes to pass, that they neither entertain great desires of Glory, nor great fear of Infamy; that they neither love nor hate; that they follow custome blindfold; that they are only sensible of the afflictions of the body; their minds being in a manner insensible; and lastly, that they are guilty of a certain indolence of mind, if one may so express it, which renders them unworthy of life. In like manner, I should be more prone to conceive greater hope of a man that should in the beginning of his life, be strongly hurried away by some evil habit, then one that fastens on nothing; for to one that can love or hate irreconcilably, there needs no more to make him a virtuous man, but to represent unto him a rational object; but, with him, who is incapable of any violent attraction, and whose heart lies legar to a general indifference, a man can never do any good; and Philosophy it self, who boasts it hath remedies for all the indispositions of the soul, never had any could cure an indifferent mind. Nay, I am persuaded, continued she, that indifference is commonly an inseparable companion of lowness of spirit; for it is so natural to man, to be carried towards that which he believes to be good, that if indifferent people were able to judge of things, they would fasten on something. But certain it is, that this lukewarmness of temperament, which sends forth but feeble desires, sheds but feeble lights, insomuch as those who are guilty of it, not knowing any thing certainly, cannot fasten on any thing with perseverance.

I crave your pardon, my Lord, that I have been

so

so particular in their circumstances, which seem not to be absolutely necessary to my relation; yet I hope you will not think them altogether unprofitable, since they serve to let you know what kind of education that man hath had, who hath so fortunately concealed the greatest mind in the world, and can as opportunely discover it when he pleases.

But not to abuse your patience, I shall enlarge no further upon this subject, and onely tell you, that *Brutus* had the learned *Damo* for the Tutors of his youth, and the chiefest Disciples of *Pythagoras* were his Masters. I have heard him acknowledge, that the ingenious Commendations, and gentle and seasonable Repehensions of that knowing Virgin, were more advantageous to him than all his Books. She sometimes gave him very considerable advice, though she seemed onely simply to entrust him with the secret repentments of her heart: For *Brutus* having passed that age, wherein there is little danger of speaking any thing unseasonably, in company he seemed to have arrived to such a consistence of reason, that even those rational persons, with whom he conversed, admitted him five or six years older than he was. So that though he were yet very young, *Damo* numbred him among her friends, and those the chiefest. And certainly it was not without reason, for *Brutus* even at that time had a many excellent and winning endowments: He traveled into *Greece*, wherein though he spent but a year, yet it sufficed to polish his mind, and the Love he had for *Sappho's* Verses, was so great, that the same passion taught him to make some himself, and those so good, as might be preferred before those of that famous *Lesbian*. Moreover he was couragious, meek, obliging, complaisant, and amiable, and born under such an Ascendent of love, that never was there any Lover guilty of a greater tenderness than he. Yet was not his affection fixed on any thing at *Metapont*, though he lived there after such a high rate, as raised him the love of all the Ladies there. 'Tis indeed true, that the friendship he professed to *Damo*, was a kind of Antidote against that Tyrannical passion, which hath been since, and still is, his merciless tormentor.

But since *Licinius* and *Tarquinius* could not think on *Rome* without regret; *Brutus* as soon as he was come to age, began to think of his return, and imagined it more glorious for him to die, than not to revenge his Fathers death. However he said nothing to *Tarquinius* of this intention of his, because she was sister to the Tyrant, who had ruined his house; but in fine, though he had an extraordinary tenderness for her, yet had he as great a hatred for *Tarquin*. But he did not yet perceive how he could hope to hurt him, yet he did what he could to avoid all assaults of love at *Metapont*, as being resolved to die at *Rome*. Nevertheless he had acknowledged to me, that once or twice he had received some impressions of Love, but that Ambition and Friendship had soon stifled them. So that though *Brutus's* conversation at that time, was much like that of a Gallant and an Amorist, yet the Ladies had named him among themselves, the *Loveless Gallant*. That name indeed exposed him to a dangerous adventure; for you are to know, that the famous *Milo*, celebrated for his strength at the Olympick Games, yet one between whose body and mind there was no proportion would needs one day jeer him, and call him as others did, the *Loveless Gallant*

But he did it so bitterly, that *Brutus*, who certainly carries indignation enough in his heart, though, when he pleases he can put on as great a moderation, told him, with a malicious smile, that he was ready to acknowledge himself the *Loveless Gallant*, if conditionally he should confess himself to be the *Lover without Gallantry*. The dreadful *Milo*, whose force nothing could resist, presuming on the advantage which Nature had bestowed on him, returned *Brutus* a very sharp answer, who as confident of his courage, as the other of his strength, answered this famous wrestler with such a noble boldness, that the other conceiving himself affronted, blushed with madness, and, were it any glory for *Milo* to overcome thee, said he to him: I should soon teach thee, that some presumptions are unfortunate, by punishing thee for that thou art now guilty of, by provoking one who can, when he pleases, crush thee to pieces. I know very well, replied as roundly *Brutus*, that *Milo* hath been accustomed from his infancy to play with a young Bull, and that he carried one on his back at the Olympick Games: but I have never heard (continued he, with a smile full of contempt) that he knew as well how to fight with young Lions. Saying thus, *Brutus* layes hands on two swords which a Slave carried along who accidentally passed by the place where *Milo* and he were walking. But he had no sooner taken them from the Slave, but casting one of them to *Milo*, Take that sword, said he to him, and, if thou wouldst preserve thy glory thou hast acquired, despise not an enemy who thinks he hath as great a heart as thy self, though he acknowledges thee to be the stronger. *Milo* entertained these words with a fierce look, while he took up the sword, which this illustrious Roman had cast him, and retreating two or three paces, and viewing with a threatening action, Young Confidence, said he to him, force me not to destroy thee, by casting thy self upon my arms, for I care not to overcome where there is no glory. But *Milo* had no sooner uttered these words, but he was convinced there was work for his strength to overcome the enemy he so much slighted. For *Brutus* making a pass at him with an incredible nimbleness, had run him through the body, had he not as readily warded the thrust with a back-blow, which made both their swords strike fire, which argued the strength of the arm which gave it. In the meantime *Milo* knowing that his advantage was to close with him, forgot not himself. He was greater than the ordinary size of men, his age double that of *Brutus*; he had all his lifetime practised wrestling, and all other exercises of the body, which requireth either sleight or strength; he was accounted the best wrestler in the world, and he was so excessively strong, that, it being beyond vulgar belief, that nature alone could make him such, people said, he derived it from a certain Stone, whose vertue was to bestow more than natural strength upon those that carried it. But though *Milo* had done things which might be justly attributed to a Giant, *Brutus* found him more work than he expected, for he fought with so much judgement, that it was impossible *Milo* should close with him, though he made it his onely business to get him down. For *Milo* had no sooner thought of what he was to do, but *Brutus* shifting place, caused *Milo* to change his purpose, such a sleight had *Brutus*

thus in making his passes, and presently recovering himself out of the reach of that merciless enemy, who endeavouring onely to fasten on him, did onely ward his blowes, knowing that if he could but once get him under him, the victory were certain. Nor indeed had *Brutus* any great hopes to escape this bout, for having cut *Milo* over the left arm, he was so exasperated to see his adversaries sword dived with his blood, that he furiously ran upon *Brutus*, whom he got by the shoulder, but hapning to lay hold on him with his left hand, the wound in his arm pained him so, that he was forced to let go his hold, so that *Brutus* presently getting off, played upon him more furiously then before. The fierce *Milo* seeing himself in this condition, would cast himself a second time upon *Brutus*; but he having by his activity avoyded the blow, *Milo* was so enraged that he would offer at him by a black-blow over the head, which certainly, had it been effectual, had laid him along. But *Milo* having missed his blow, it happened the same strength should have gained him the victory, contributed to his being overcome; for he being desirous to direct his second blow on *Brutus*, his sword, missing his adversary, met with a tree, into which it sunk so deep, that striving to draw it out, he could not without breaking it. But what was admirable in *Brutus*, was that seeing his adversaries sword so engaged, he stood still and took no advantage of it, it being in his power, in this unfortunate Interval, to have killed *Milo*. But in this posture were they surprized by the Slave from whom *Brutus* had taken the swords, who being gone for people to part them, returned sufficiently accompanied to put an end to the Duel. In the mean time *Milo* was so horribly enraged at the disgrace he received, that he knew not in a manner what he did, infomuch that in his madness taking hold of the Tree wherein was the piece of his sword, he shook it so violently that he took it up by the roots, and thought to have brushed those with it who were coming to them. This expression of a prodigious strength augmented *Brutus*'s glory, for there could be nothing so unexpected, as to see one of his age and strength over-master the terrible *Milo*, who had not met in all *Greece* with him that durst oppose him. But if the prudent *Damo* had not used all the interest she had in *Milo*, to perswade him to stifle the shame of being worsted, he would have broke forth into some violent course against *Brutus*. But she so well knew how to temper the bitterness of his humour, that she forced him to embrace him whom he would with all his heart have smothered, were not the fierceness of his disposition restrained by the respect he bore her.

Thus, my Lord, have you had an account of *Brutus*'s infancy, who after this furious combat, was in greater esteem among the Ladies than ever. For though *Worth* be not the vertue of *Women*, yet is it certain that they love it, and that for its sake they prejudice other good Qualities, by preferring those who it may be are onely *Hectors*, before others, who instead of that one, have a many other rich Vertues.

Hereupon, *Brutus* seeing himself commended, and courted more than ordinary, was more inclined to fall in love with a very handsome Lady with whom the particular manner he came to be acquainted, is worth the relating to you. Besides that, though it be not she that gave such a violent

assault to *Brutus*'s love, yet it is at least her acquaintance that hath been the cause of his coming to *Rome*, and that he lived here after the manner you have seen him.

You are then to know, that at *Crotona* there was a maid of an excellent wit, called *Bellanira*, who held correspondence by Letters with *Damo*; infomuch that writing to one another, as two persons who had no matters of state, but onely certain secrets of friendship to communicate, they gave one another an account of their pleasures, and principally of the new friends of either Sex, which they made. So that *Damo* receiving one day a Letter from *Bellanira*, shewed it to *Brutus*, and told him, she needed his assistance very much to answer it. *Brutus* conceiving it was some great affair that *Damo* should desire his advice in, opens this Letter, and found in it, if I mistake not, these words, at least I am certain it was to this effect.

Bellanira to the wise Damo.

Once thought I should never have loved any thing but you, but now I am to tell you, that I have found a new Friend so worthy to be loved, that though I have your promise not to contract any new friendships, you would certainly come short of your word, if you knew her as well as I do. She is a Virgin, whose person endued with thousands of charms, wit, goodness, her inclinations absolutely noble, and her conversation infinitely pleasant; she is neither humorous, nor proud, but dearly loves her Friends, and is perpetually speaking to me of you, though she knew you no otherwise than by fame, and of whose friendship I have a thousand tender expressions. I desire to know whether I can, without ingratitude, refuse her affection, or without being unfaithful to you, divide mine with her, for since my heart is at your disposal, I cannot receive into it this new and charming Friend, without your permission, though I know not well how to keep her out.

When *Brutus* (who went at *Metapont* under a wrong name, which I cannot at the present call to mind) had read this Letter, he told *Damo* that it was handsomly writ, but saw not any necessity she had to answer it. You shall see that when I have done it, replied she smiling; but when you have answered it, replied he, I can do you no service in it. When you read it, answered she, you shall give me your opinion. Whereupon *Damo* taking writing-tables, writ to *Bellanira*, which when she had done, shewing it to *Brutus*, he therein read the Letter I am going to repeat to you.

Damo to Bellanira.

That you may assure your self I am a person of as much sincerity as any in the World, I do ingenuously confess, that I am not a little glad that you have furnished me with a pretence to break the promise I made you, not to entertain any new Friendships. For if you have found out a Woman-friend you like so well, I can boast I have met with man I am so much taken with, that I think him worthy

worthy to be a *Servant* to that *Beauty* you have so drawn to the life; for there issue greater charms from his mind, than can from her eyes, as being one, whose soul speaks greater excellencies than you have met with in all the men you have known. So that to deal sincerely with you, I should have been as much troubled to refuse admittance to this new friend, as you would be, should I oblige you, to break off with yours. I am willing therefore, that we be mutually guilty of Infidelity, and (the better to confirm our joint-conquest) that we engage these two persons, who both love us, to love one another; lest that, if your friend should have a servant that were not my friend, she might prevail with you to forsake me, and that mine having a Mistress which were not your friend, he would endeavor to lessen my friendship towards you. Propose therefore what I tell you to that amiable person, who robs me of part of your soul, and I shall make the same proposition to him who must keep you company in mine.

But for ought I see, interrupted *Amilcar*, the Sciences have not spoiled the wit of this daughter of *Pythagoras*, since she writes so excellently; and her Philosophy is not too austere, since she allows Love to be of the University of her Friends.

On the contrary, replied *Herminius*, she holds that to be truly vertuous, requires a temperament full of passion, and that there cannot be a fervent affection for Vertue, where there is not withal a passionate tenderness. But to speak truly, did the Painters draw Love as she imagines it, they would disburthen him of his Fillet, his Bow and Arrows, and leave him only his Torch; for this wise Virgin says, she cannot endure the Love that is blind, and that it is enough a heart should be set a-fire, without being shot thorough with darts. In fine, she so purifies this passion, that she cleanses it from whatever is dangerous, and yet takes away nothing from it that is pleasant.

But to return to *Brutus*, after that *Damo* had shewn him the Letter she writ to *Bellanira*, he made as if he understood not himself to be that so well-liked person, she so mentioned to her friend, but purposely, that he might be the more fully satisfied of a thing which pleased him; but at length she reduced him to a necessity of rendering her a thousand thanks. Yet he told her, that he should never have confidence enough to see *Bellanira*, having seen what she writ to her of him; but she answered, it should not be long ere he saw her, for that she was resolved on a journey to *Crotona*, that she had engaged *Tarquinius* for the same place, and that she would oblige him to conduct her, and indeed within fifteen days all came to pass accordingly. But in the mean time, *Bellanira* and *Damo* writ to one another, with as much bravery as friendship; so that when they saw one another, *Brutus* found himself confirmed in the mind of *Bellanira*, who joyfully received him, and sincerely confessed to *Damo*, that she were to blame if she should refuse his friendship.

But this new friend of hers being not yet come to *Crotona*, as being expected within four days, these two loving persons resolved to put some trick upon the enchanting *Chrysis*, for so was that Beauty called. To this end *Damo*, who knew that *Brutus* could as easily disguise his mind, as discover it, when the humor took him, told *Bellanira*, that, the more to surprise her friend, 'twere fit *Brutus*

should put on his stupidity the first time he should see *Chrysis*, to see how she would receive a Lover, of whom she had formed so great an Idea. *Bellanira* approving the proposition, and *Brutus* saying that it was ealie for him, and not unseasonable at the first sight, to disguise his humor, rather than to be too forward to disclose it, promised so far to over-reach the fair *Chrysis*, that she should go near to despise him. And I promise you, replied *Bellanira*, that as soon as she comes to know you, she will esteem you infinitely. It shall be therefore for your sake, replied he. Nay, it shall be rather for her own sake, replied the pleasant *Damo*, since she must be much to blame, if she knew you and did not esteem you. For, to deal plainly with you, you will not be able to conceal your self. Not but that when you are among those that force you to it, you differ much from what you are among those you like, yet you also listen like one who hath the discretion to be weary of hearing things of no entertainment. However it be, replied he, I warrant you, I make *Chrysis* believe I have not common sence, and force her to some visible expressions of her contempt. For my part, replied *Bellanira*, I am somewhat afraid, as well as *Damo*, that you will not be able to deceive *Chrysis*; whereas there is nothing more unhandsome than to undertake a pleasant circumvention, and not go through with it. I should find you in a greater fear, replied *Brutus*, if I were obliged to gain *Chrysis*'s esteem at the first sight, to entertain her with great and noble things, and scrupe up her admiration, instead of purchasing her contempt: for truly, I think nothing harder than to act a great wit, nor any thing easier than not to shew that wit one hath. You have too much for to hide it so easily, replied *Damo*; but, put the case I have as you say, replied he smiling, it will not be hard for me to do what I think. We shall see replied *Bellanira*, but I am afraid you your self will be deceived, and that you cannot deceive *Chrysis*. That which makes for *Brutus*, replied *Damo*, is, that whether he deceive her, or not, it will still be much to his reputation; for if he cannot conceal his wit, it will be said he is very happy, that he hath so much that he cannot hinder it from appearing; and if he do conceal it, he will be much commended for his subtilty, that he can conceal the greatest wit, from one of the sprightliest wenches in the world. *Brutus* returned this complement with another; and their discourse that day was so pleasant and divertive, that *Bellanira* could not conceive how *Brutus* could carry himself and not discover his worth.

But in fine, three days after *Chrysis* comes to *Crotona*, but so late at night, that she could not meet with any could direct her, either to *Brutus* or to *Damo*. In the mean time, *Bellanira*, whose imagination was tickled with the pleasure of her friends surprisal, sent her back word by a slave which *Chrysis* had sent to her, that she was very sorry she could not wait on her, as being somewhat indisposed. but that if she were as obliging as fair, she would give her a visit in the afternoon; which *Chrysis*, who had for *Bellanira* the greatest ardency of a new friendship, failed not to do, and came presently after dinner. But she was no sooner come in, than *Bellanira*, after the first ceremonies of complement, told her that this new friend of *Damo*'s

mo's, who was to be her servant, was in *Crotone*, and was that day to be at her lodging, together with that excellent maid, who had honoured her with his acquaintance. But I beseech you, said she to her laughing, make me not ashamed, shew this day your greatest wit; and consult with my glass about your dressing, that your beauty may shine in its full lustre. Ah *Bellanira*, replied she, who grasps at wit, loses it, and I never miss it, so much as when I most think on it. But I pray you, continued she, what do you think of this friend of *Damo's*? I take him, replied *Bellanira*, to be the greatest wit in the world, and that if you can conquer his heart, it will be a conquest worthy of you. But, continued she, to spare both you and him the troublesome of your first complements, I shall not exactly represent him to you, but shall leave that alone till discourse start out an occasion to do it.

Chrysis satisfied with what her friend said, fell into discourse about *Damo*, who soon after comes in; but she had hardly appeared, ere *Bellanira*, presenting *Chrysis* to her, said to her, See I pray, whether my infidelity be excusable, or if I could, without injustice, deny my friendship, to a person whom I think worthy of yours, which is much more precious than mine. *Damo* answered this Bravery very obligingly, both as to *Bellanira* and *Chrysis*, who talked with so much discretion, that she both justified *Bellanira*, and ravished *Damo*.

In the mean time comes in *Brutus*, but though *Bellanira* knew he was to disguise himself to deceive *Chrysis*, she herself was surpris'd at the manner of his carriage; for, as he came in, he changed the very air of his countenance, stupidity entred into his physiognomy, his civilities were so ungraceful, and uncertain, that *Chrysis* was extremely disturbed, especially hearing *Bellanira* naming him by the name of that friend of *Pythagoras's* daughter. But if she was surpris'd at his arrival, she was amazed at his discourse for, for two hours together she could not observe in him a look or a smile, which might raise a suspicion that he had but a common sense, so far was he from seeming to have any extraordinary parts. Not that he had betrayed himself by any extravagant talk, but there was such a natural dulness in all his discourse, that it was not to be imagined, that he, who spake so, did counterfeit; in so much that *Chrysis* had not the least jealousy of it, but was absolutely perswaded, that he, whom she saw, was not the same she had heard of. So that coming to *Bellanira*, For Heavens sake, said she to her, what pleasure do you take to do me a discourtesie? Nay it is true, that you your self buy the delight you take in abusing me, at too dear a rate, when you purchase it with the conversation of the most stupid of mankind, and that for so long time. *Bellanira*, who was very much pleas'd at what *Chrysis* said, as being an evident token that she was deceived, burst forth into such a loud laughter, that *Chrysis* was confirm'd in what she thought, that her friend had put a trick upon her; but that which was most admirable, was, that though she was satisfied she was deceived, yet could she not comprehend after what manner. So that the more she spoke of it, the more sport she found *Damo* and *Bellanira*, for she intimated by what she said, that she did not believe *Brutus* to be *Brutus*, and was so far from thinking him able to understand what she said, that she did not stick to tell him so much.

But the man who seem'd so stupid, upon a sign from *Damo* and *Bellanira*, ceas'd to be so, and surpris'd *Chrysis* after such a manner, that having heard him talk a quarter of an hour, she could not hold from breaking forth into a cry of astonishment. She would be angry with *Bellanira*, and to punish her for this advice, she told her she would honour her friends the more for it, and prefer this new one before her. Alas Madam, replied *Brutus*, do not break any of the Articles which are agreed upon between our two friends, for any concernment of mine, and remember that I am to be your Servant, not your Friend. Though I should do a less displeasure to *Bellanira*, replied she, in receiving you favourably as a Lover, than if I receive you as a Friend, yet you will give me leave not to enslave my self to the humours of two persons, who take up all their sport upon my account. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Brutus*, if you will do *Bellanira* so great a spight; and deprive her of all your friendship, you must needs be guilty of some love; for do you conceive that any thing else can lessen the affection you have for that amiable person? Believe me, continued she, friendship is never destroyed by friendship, there must be something stronger than it self, that should force it out of a heart which it is once possess'd of, and it is onely Love which can do what you pretend. For when all is done, a man may make many new friends, without injury done to the old; a man's mind is easily divided into many friendships.

There are some friends, whose secrets a man is contented to know, and yet thinks not fit to trust them with his; there are others, to whom a man communicates things of importance, whom he would not entertain with trifles; and on the contrary, there are some, whom a man would acquaint with many inconsiderable secrets, to whom yet he would not commit matters of concernment. So that a man raises some kind of pleasure out of all, and though it be in a different manner, yet a man still takes some delight in all those for whom he hath never so little friendship. But Madam it is otherwise with Love, for when one is possess'd with never so little of it, it presently causes a remission in the enjoyments of friendship; and when the heart is once wholly enflam'd by it, there is no pleasure in the friends of either sex; what was divertive before, ceases to be so; the conversation of those we most esteem proves tedious; and pleasure it self is not pleasure, if it be not divided with the person beloved; for in fine, Love knows so well how to disrelish all the enjoyments of friendship, that if you would take a full revenge of *Bellanira*, you must resolve to entertain a little love. If it be as you say (replied *Chrysis* laughing) I should be much oblig'd to you, if you can engage *Bellanira* to love some body, that so my friendship may prove inconsiderable to her. Ah, charming *Chrysis*, replied the lively *Brutus*, that is the way to be revenged on your self; for you would thereby deprive your self of the greatest pleasures in the world, and bestow it on *Bellanira*, who would little regard the delights of friendship, when she hath once tasted those of Love. But I pray tell me, says *Damo*, who hath taught you to talk so learnedly of a passion, which was never yet absolute Mistress of your heart? I am born under such a Love-star, Madam, replied he, that even when I do not love any thing, yet from the simple imagination that I may love, I derive a sensible delight.

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Upon this, *Chrysis* enclining to be pacified, there happened very pleasant discourse between these three persons: but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of a Lady who carryed severity in her countenance, all whose actions were as it were set in tune, and whose very looks seemed to commend all that is called Pleasure. Inasmuch that *Bellanira*, *Damo*, and *Chrysis*, who knew her, presently stilled this discourse, whereat *Brutus* much wondered; for he perceived they were quite other people than they were a minute before.

As soon therefore as this party was gone, he hastily asked who that austere Lady was, who had disturbed their discourse. This Lady, replied the pleasant *Chrysis* is one, whom a certain Disciple of *Damo's* illustrious Father, hath instructed to part with humanity and reason; but the worst is, that she is not the only woman in *Crotone*, who hath vowed to observe this cruel Austerity, which indeed is as pernicious as Calumny it self; for they are a knot of women of the same humour, whom I cannot by any means away with. But I would know further, replied *Brutus*, how they have been induced to love Vertue, when she is represented to them so deformed. To give you a true account of their severity, replied she, you must lay this down as an immovable principle, that the temperament is not to be changed.

The doctrine of the wise *Pythagoras*, though it be in it self but one, yet hath it been diversely interpreted, according to the several opinions of those who have received it. So that there being a person of some quality, though of no great parts, among the Disciples of *Pythagoras*, a man of a severe nature, he for the most part misunderstood his precepts, and misinterpreted them to his own humour; inasmuch, that at last he hath hewn out a certain scrupulous moral Philosophy, which frightens a mind rightly principled.

As for that, says *Bellanira*, we are only to consider, after what manner the Ladies, who are under tuition, speak and behave themselves; and we shall find them so chimerically scrupulous, that it is not easily imagined how discreet and knowing women could be cajoled into things so fantastick. And that which is yet stranger, added *Damo*, is, that these scrupulous Ladies, whose stomachs would turn to see Love but in picture, rail at all women, lightly condemning the most innocent actions; cannot endure those pleasures they themselves take not, spare not the reputation of the dearest to them of their own sex, find fault with every thing they do not themselves, and turn to the worst what ever is done behind their backs, and whatever they understand not. Moreover, they are strangely prying into all things, they would know what ever is done in other conventicles, that they may have somewhat to rail at in their own; they even have an indignation to those delights, which they will not take themselves, and they are so conceited on their pretended Vertue, that they treat all other Ladies as prophane persons, unworthy their Society. But for my part, I shall never account these vertuous, who take occasion from their Vertue, to augment their pride, and to condemn whatever is not of their way. But that which is further remarkable, added *Bellanira*, is, that none of these scrupulous Dames, who are so rigid in censuring the actions of others, reform any one evill habit in themselves, for I know one the

most cholerick person in the world who endeavours not once in her life to restrain the first agitations of her mind, but is perpetually ranting and chiding those that live under her. I know another so sloathful and careless, that I think, some dayes, she would not go one step forward to meet a good fortune that were coming to her. I know one so penurious, that she will not allow her self those ordinary things which advance her beauty, though she be a great cherisher of it; and there are four or five of them, who, far from living upon wild fruits, as *Pythagoras* did, are so great lovers of good cheer, that they spend the greatest part of their life in eating or in studying what they should eat. In the mean time, these Dames, because they set an extraordinary value upon themselves, despise all others, and imagine that people ought to build Temples, and erect Altars to them.

But to countervail this replied *Damo*, there is another of my Fathers Disciples, who hath expounded his doctrine after another manner, for there are a sort of women, into whom he hath instilled his opinions, scruple at nothing, but out of a desire they have, that their actions might be well taken, make the best of those of others, how faulty soever they may be. They hold, that it is the intention only that can make an action *evill*, so that, with the best intentions they many times commit the greatest Follies.

There is among these women so professed a Libertinism, that it may be said they place their honour in not having any: For they trouble not themselves about any thing but what pleases them, and what diverts them; and to justify this humour, they quote that act of compassion which my Father did in *Egypt*, when he prevailed with the Fishermen to sell him all the Fish they had taken, that he might restore them their lives. Whence they infer that it is not likely that a man, who though he performed an act of Vertue in giving liberty to a sort of Fishes, would have all the passions chained up, and so render humane life comfortless and pen-sive, so that squaring Philosophy to their own humour, they lead such lives, as if they were come into the world only to study their pleasures, and to satisfy all their desires without any abatement.

I should prefer these however before the other, replied *Brutus*, for they hurt no body, and spend not their time ill; but on the contrary, those austere Dames, are damnably troublesome, and disturb all the enjoyments of Society. Truly, replied *Damo*, they all deserve to be condemned; and there is a third way may be taken, which certainly is the surest, the most rational, and the most convenient, if the mind be but rightly disciplined.

But, my Lord, I consider not that I spend too much time in relating to you what passed between these persons; for since that the counterfeit stupidity of *Brutus* at that time, partly occasioned his continuance of it, for his safe abode in *Rome*, I might have passed by the account of all that conversation. But to make amends for this digression, into which I am sensibly fallen; I must withal omit a many gallantries *Brutus* did in that place, while he stayed there, yet not forgetting to tell you that *Tarquinius* and *Damo* returning to *Metapont*, prevailed with *Bellanira* to accompany them, and brought also *Chrysis* along with them. *Brutus* then having the opportunity

tunity to see them daily, began to cotertain a love for *Chrysis*, nor could he say he wanted any from *Bellanira*; so that now he was not out of employment, as being a servant of *Chrysis*, though *Bellanira* had the greater affection for him, as believing him not too far engaged with her friend: Besides that he had infinite friendship for *Damo*.

Now was it that he led a pleasant life, for his greatest business was to find out new recreations. Love and Friendship were the subjects of his Poetry, and those of his Epistles, Complement and Courtship; nor did he find others less pleasure than he did himself. But indeed this bravery was interrupted by the grief which the death of *Tarquinius* brought him, who died in Child-bed of *Hermilia*; but as time doth insensibly cure all afflictions of this nature, so *Brutus*, within a few days, yielded to his former inclination, whereof the frequent journeys he made to *Crotona*, whither *Chrysis* was returned, were such visible expressions that *Licinius* could easily perceive the progress of that passion through the mask of the trouble he was in for the death of *Tarquinius*. Whence taking occasion to perform his promise to *Marcus Junius*, he told *Brutus* that his friends at *Rome* had wrought his reconciliation with *Tarquin*, and that he understood there was some little inclination to a Revolt; that therefore he was obliged to return thither, and consequently should not engage himself at *Crotona*. I have stood so long upon my guard as to that point, replied *Brutus*, that if you find me not some employment, I shall not long be master of my self. For the hatred I bear *Tarquin* will be unprofitable, as long as I remain in a place where I cannot hurt him. Therefore if you would stifle the love which I feel growing within me, let me know whether I may hope to revenge my Father and my Brother's death; deliver *Rome* from slavery, and assume the glorious title of the Restorer of my Country.

You demand much in a breath, replied *Licinius*, but all I can tell you, is, that while you are at *Metapont*, you will do nothing of all you intend. Let us then to *Rome*, replied *Brutus*, and that suddenly. You must certainly go, replied *Licinius*, but you must withal do it securely, and suffer your self to be guided by those who are acquainted with *Tarquin's* humour, and who hope to over reach him, and elude all his distrust. *Brutus* attentively hearkning to *Licinius*, promised an implicate obedience to his advice; and that he would submit himself to him as he would have done to his Father.

This done, it was resolved they should communicate their design to the wife *Damo*; nor failed they the same day to acquaint her with the whole state of their affaires; but when they had well examined the business, they were mightily troubled to find out some expedient for the safety of *Brutus's* life. For his part, it was the least of his troubles, but *Licinius*, and *Damo* seemed not so little concerned in it. At length, after many thoughts of it, this prudent Virgin said, she thought she had found out a way how *Brutus* might be in *Rome* without danger. For, in fine, said she, directing her speech to *Licinius*, I never heard that *Tarquin* doth ordinarily commit any crimes which are no advantage to him. When he poisoned his Wife and his Brother, it much concerned him they should be out of the World. When he caused *Servilius Tullus* to be murdered, 'twas to get into the Throne himself.

When he dispatched the Widdow of that vertuous and unfortunate King, it was out of a fear lest her tears and her vertue might move compassion in the people. When he gave a violent purge to the Senate, it was his design to remove thence all vertuous persons, who might oppose his injustice. When he banished or put to death so many illustrious Citizens, 'twas because they were men of conduct and courage, likely to undertake any thing against him. And to come neer home, when he put to death the Father and Brother of him, whose life you would preserve, it was because they were powerful, forward, and rich. Hence I conclude, that for *Brutus* to be safe at *Rome* until the Gods shall think fit to change the Government, *Tarquin* must be perswaded that *Brutus* can never hurt him.

Now this will come to pass, if he will but resolve to do that for his own, and haply for the safety of *Rome*, which he so pleasantly did some few days since for the diversion of his Mistress, when by an ingenious trick to deceive the fair *Chrysis*, he counterfeited Simplicity so naturally, that he deceived one the least easily deceived of any I know. How, replied fiercely *Brutus*, must I act the Fool and the Sot all my life? You must certainly do it, replied she, for by that means *Tarquin*, not jealous of you, would rest secure, and would haply be glad to let you live, so to give an example of moderation, when it is not prejudicial to him. Ah, generous *Damo*, cried he, how harsh is this expedient! For though it be a hard task to betray a great understanding, it is a harder to personate distraction; and since, to be free with you, I must tell you, that my only business at *Rome* is to destroy *Tarquin* and be revenged on him; I beseech you consider what mischief that man can do him, whose conversation all the World would avoid, and who would be thought not to have common sense. For my part, replied she, my reason dissents from yours, for I conceive nothing more considerable in a dangerous conspiracy, than to have a great understanding, and a great courage, invisible to the World. In fine, if at *Rome* there be no inclination to a revolt, added *Licinius*, you may be safe and quiet; and if there be some secret risings in the City conducing to your design, you may discover your self to those who shall be able and desirous to act for the publique good. Yet once more, cried out *Brutus*, this expedient is harsh and indigestible. And yet, replied *Licinius*, there is no mean, you must either resolve this way, or be for ever banished *Rome*, and not expect to revenge your Father's death, or ever hope to recover what the unjust *Tarquin* hath taken from you; and to ascend a little higher, you must either accept it, or ever renounce Glory. If it come to that, replied *Brutus*, I would rather renounce Reason, and submit my self to whatever you shall order.

Having thus resolved, *Licinius*, not willing to give *Brutus* leisure to repent, set all things in order for his departure, and four days after, the resolution taken was put in execution. He thought not fit *Brutus* should come to *Rome* till he had seen how he would be received, so that he onely brought with him the little *Hermilia*, who was hardly out of her Nurse's armes, and delivered her to be brought up to the sage *Racilia*, giving out that he was married at *Metapont*, but that his Wife was dead, not discovering whom he had married, for fear of exposing

posing *Hermilia* to the cruelty of the tyrant, should he know she were daughter to *Tarquinius*, for whom he had an inveterate hatred, especially since she had left *Rome*. But he was no sooner admitted into *Tarquin's* presence, but he asked what was become of *Marcus Junius's* Sons? whereto he answered, that though he were alive, he might well be numbred among the dead. This doubtful answer encreasing *Tarquin's* curiosity, he was very importunate with *Licinius* to resolve this Riddle; who acting his part very subtilly, made as if he were loath to satisfy his curiosity. But at length yielding by degrees, he told him he was much troubled to tell him that a man who had the honor to be so near of kin to him, was so senseless as *Junius* seemed to be in all his words and actions. This he had scarcely said, but *Tarquin*, instead of being troubled at it, could not but betray his gladness; not but that he said it troubled him, but his eyes, more faithful than his mouth, discovered the secret of his heart, and argu'd, he had rather have a senseless, than an understanding man to his Nephew. Nevertheless, being afraid of being deceived, he bid *Licinius* bring him to him, which he pressed so much, that *Licinius* easily perceived that if he did not obey the tyrant, his life was in danger. So that promising what he desired, she sent an express to *Brutus*, whom he had secretly brought to an old friend's house within six miles of *Rome*, and acquainted how things stood. *Brutus* was now past all deliberation, as to what he was to do; for considering with himself, that if he went not to *Rome*, *Licinius* might be ill intreated, and that withal his own life, as well as that of his Father-in-law's was in danger, if he appeared not there in his feigned stupidity, he resolv'd to do it, and was accordingly brought to *Tarquin*. But as he went, what did he not think on, and what apprehensions of anguish seized him? He left *Metapont*, where he had led an infinitely pleasant life, as a banished person. He there left a gallant friend, whom he infinitely loved, he smothered a growing love, which filled his heart with hope and joy, he lost the good company of a many honest people; he renounced all pleasure, save the hope of Revenge, and he forsook, as I may so say, his own reason. But, all considered, *Licinius's* life being at the stake, the revenging of his friends death, and the deliverance of his Country, being to be effected, he overcame the aversion he had to make use of so fantastick a pretence for his stay in *Rome*; and resolved to live there after a much different manner than he had done at *Metapont*. In effect when *Licinius* presented him to *Tarquin*, he acted the part of a dull and foolish person so well, that the fierce Tyrant was deceived in him, so that instead of being troubled to see him in that condition, he was very glad of it, for it was an affliction to him to think that *Marcus Junius* should have a Son alive in any place in the world, who might haply one day endeavour to revenge his father's death. But considering him in his present condition, he was not afraid of him, nor was he sorry he could give one example of humanity without danger. He therefore seemed to have a care of him, and to be the more assured of him, he thought fit he should be married, for he was not so foolish but he betrayed the inclination he had to women. But being to marry, he must take the daughter of a man engaged in his interests, lest he should dispose of

himself, and haply ally himself with some family too well affected to the publique good, and so the name of *Junius*, venerable in *Rome*, should revive. Nay to disaccustom a People from a Name had been dear to them ever since the foundation of the famous City, the young Gallants of the Court began, by way of abuse, to call him *Brutus*, and left off calling him *Junius*; for as to the other name he went under at *Metapont*, and which I have forgotten, it was never known at *Rome*. But that which was most remarkable, was, that he whom they called by that name, which was not proper for him, though it seemed so, accustomed himself to answer to it, the more to express his stupidity, so that insensibly all came to call him *Brutus*, and *Licinius* himself hath called him so.

You now know, my Lord, in what manner this noble Roman returned to *Rome*, was married, and lived there, not so much as taking notice that *Tarquin* had usurped all the wealth of his house, and gave him onely so much as was barely necessary for his subsistence. Nor indeed did *Brutus* trouble himself about it, but his wife's father, who was nothing afflicted at the misfortune of his son-in-law, for that the Tyrant enriched him upon his account, But *Brutus* who was not come to *Rome* but to deliver it from the tyranny of *Tarquin*, was infinitely perplexed, for he understood by *Licinius Valerius*, and his vertuous Aunt *Racilia*, who were all intrusted with the secret of his life, whatever passed in the particular faction that were in *Rome*, the City, and that a Plot was sooner laid, and a Party engaged, but *Tarquin* quashed it by the death or banishment of the Plotters, and that consequently there was no likelihood of destroying the Tyrant, or delivering *Rome*, or ever appearing there with his reason about him, though he were resolved to forget all the violences, and all the enormities of *Tarquin*, for he was absolutely convinced that if the tyrant should once discover he had any understanding, he would soon take away his life. He also heard how that the cruel *Tullia* insolently answered a woman, who said, It was great pity, that *Brutus* was so stupid; that if he were not, it should cost him something more than his reason. So that not conceiving any probability of doing what he hoped, he led a most sad and melancholy life, having no other comfort but what he received by the Letters of the wise daughter of *Pythagoras*; for as for his rising love, it vanished presently after his return to *Rome*. While he was in this perplexity, his wife dies, leaving him two sons, which she brought him soon after their marriage; which accident somewhat encreased his pensiveness, for that she was a handsome woman and good natured. Not but that he lived with her in a strange awe and caution, for though he had a great friendship for her, because she was so well conditioned, as not to despise him, and that she believed him as simple as he made himself, yet he never durst discover himself to her, as knowing ever since he married her, that it was an impossibility with her not to tell a thing she knew, and that there never was woman less able to hold her peace than she. So that he was forced to an insupportable reservedness, even in those hours wherein all others have the greatest freedom. Yet could he not but grieve for her death, as one in whom he had met with both virtue and mildness. But as he had not any great affection

ction for her, and what he had might be rather called acquaintance than friendship, so, had he known no other affliction, Time would have overcome it. But he saw *Tarquin's* power encrease every day; he saw the greatest part of any worth, banished or put to death; all the young men slaves to the tyrant's fortune; and so little likelihood of any advantageous change for *Rome*, that he could hardly entertain any hope ever to see his Countrey or his Reason at liberty. This brought an unspeakable melancholy, which caused him to avoid company as much as he could, nay in a manner made him desirous to avoid himself.

But *Licinius*, who was yet alive, and who had discovered this secret to *Publius Valerius*, as being his intimate friend, and withal a hearty enemy of *Tarquin's*, perceived well that *Brutus* became more and more pensive. So that he therefore spoke to *Racilia*, with whom was the little *Hermilia*, who knew not yet that she was *Brutus's* Sister, to think of some means to comfort him, for he knew that *Brutus* reposed a great confidence in her. He advised her to take him into a pleasant seat she had upon the *Tiber's* side, four miles from *Rome*. To be short, she proposed to him the passing of three or four days there; to which proposition, containing nothing opposite to his Melancholy, he consented and went thither, but with an intention not to return any more to *Rome*, but to wander about the world until some change should happen in *Tarquin's* fortune. For, said he within himself, since I cannot hurt the tyrant, and so revenge my Father's death, and deliver my Country, to what end is it to condemn my reason to perpetual slavery, and to captivate my self eternally? what glory, or what advantage is it to me, to live obscurely, and go for the most senseless and the most stupid of all mankind; and be withal an utter stranger to all pleasure and society? I cannot in the condition I am in, be guilty of either Vice or Vertue, but live after such a fantastick manner, that since there were men, never any lived as I do. Yet for all this, could the hope of Revenge and of Glory but keep possession of my heart, I could have patience; but to live without pleasure, or so much as the hope of any, is absolutely insupportable, and that which I can no longer endure.

Thus was *Brutus* so orewhelmed with melancholy, and so weary of the life he led, that he resolved to leave his Countrey, and become a voluntary Exile. Being therefore confirmed in this design, his onely study was to put it in execution, and put himself in a posture to leave *Rome*, and at the first to go no further than *Metapont*, knowing he had still many good friends in that place. He was also somewhat confident that *Licinius* and *Racilia* would relieve him in his banishment, and would send him somewhat to subsist, though they were never so angry. Not but that when he thought of leaving *Rome*, and losing all occasions which might happen in his absence to do *Tarquin* a mischief, it a little assaulted his resolution; but after all consideration, seeing no likelihood of any to happen a long time, and being no longer able to endure that reservedness wherein he lived, he hardned himself in the resolution he had taken, wherewith he neither acquainted *Racilia*, nor the young *Hermilia*, who, as I told you, knew not as yet that she was *Brutus's* Sister, as being too young to be trusted with a secret of

so great importance. So that being unchangeably resolved, he designed his departure within three dayes, pretending he would return again to *Rome*, so to deceive his Aunt, whom he avoyded as much as lay in his power, because she perpetually pressed him, to know whence that new affliction proceeded, which she observed in him. But affecting solitude as much as might be, the day before his departure he walked along the river side, and there revolving in his mind whatever had happened to him, he remembered the pleasures he found in the conversation of *Damo*, *Chrysis*, and *Bellanira*, and thereupon opposing one passion to another, he was satisfied he should find some comfort, even in this, that though he quitted the noble ambition of being the Deliverer of his Country, he might aspire to the Conquest of some great Beauty.

But his mind could not entertain all those imaginations without some confusion, as he hath since confessed to me; nor could he well distinguish between that which comforted him, and that which afflicted him, when turning about at the noyse of a Chariot, a Slave very submissively asks him, whether the Chariot he saw coming were in the right way to *Racilia's* house? *Brutus* being obliged to answer him, told him after his affected simplicity, that it was the ready way; which said, not enquiring whose the Chariot was, nor who was in it, nor so much as looking that way, he continued his walk, so great was his melancholy. Nay this very adventure added to it, and caused him to stay out later than he should have done: For, said he, to what end do I go into any company, wherein I must be what is almost insufferable to be, and such as is below the envy of all? Is it possible, continued he sighing, is it possible to be more unhappy, than to be what no man would be, no not the vilest Slave upon the face of the earth? Amidst these thoughts *Brutus* continued his walk, and that so long, that ere he returned the Lamps were lighted at *Racilia's*. 'Tis true, he met there with excellent company, but that you may know how much he was surpris'd in it, I must tell you, that the wife of *Spurius Lucretius* was there with her incomparable daughter *Lucretia*, as also the beauteous and divine *Valeria*; he met there also with *Sivelia* and *Mutius*, whom you have seen with the King, and I my self was come to accompany these noble persons, who were come upon no other design, than to surprize *Racilia* in her solitude. But as this illustrious Roman is a person of conduct and æconomy, our reception was such as if we had been expected, besides that it was with a great cheerfulness, for *Lucretia's* mother and mine were her intimate friends, *Mutius* was some kin to her as well as the other two, *Valeria* and *Lucretia* she had a great esteem for both for their own sakes, as also for theirs of whom they derived their being, and for my part, I was also entertained upon *Sivelia's* account. Omitting therefore nothing requisite to our entertainment, she presently gave order the house should be adorned with that magnificence, as if she were to keep some great Festival. So that *Brutus* returning, and entering into a large arched hall, furnished to admiration, he wondred to find there such a noble company; for you are to know, that as he had not the priviledge of much conversation, so was he not acquainted with all the Beauties in *Rome*, for he had never seen *Lucretia* unveyled, nor had much more knowledge of *Valeria*, though

Valerius

Valerius was of his caball. It happened so that he was no sooner entred, but those two Beauties shining ful into his sight, dazled him into a change of colour. For though *Valeria* were not haply as exactly handsome as *Lucrecia*, yet she may well be accounted a very excellent person. In the mean time, though none conceived *Brutus* could contribute any thing to the company, yet as one of good birth, and Nephew to *Racilia*, he was saluted, but with that coldness of complement, wherewith we entertain those whom we esteem not, and, without allowing him any part of the discourse, it was continued in the same channel it was in before. For his part he onely harkned to what was said, and earnestly viewed *Lucrecia*, who certainly that night shined with an extraordinary beauty. For though I know you have seen her with Prince *Sextus*, yet I shall not stick to say, she was at that time handsomer than she can be now, though she yet deserve admiration. It was impossible a complexion should have more lustre, or an eye more majesty, and withall more sweetness than she then had. Nor indeed did *Brutus* look on her indifferently, which when I observed, I came to her, and whispering to her smiling, You see Madam, said I to her, how great the power of your beauty is, since that *Brutus*, as brute as he is, is sensible of it, and admires it. If that which you call Beauty in me, replied she smiling also, produce no more glorious effect than this, I shall not hastily be too proud of it. But truly, said she, I so much pity poor *Brutus*, that I have not the heart to laugh at his stupidity.

As she said this, a great noyse was heard in the Court, and presently *Racilia* had notice, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, who said they had lost their way a hunting, desired entertainment there for that night; but the truth of the business was, that the former of the princes, being fallen in love with the young *Hermilia*, took this occasion to give her a visite. Now these Princes being virtuous persons, especially the Prince of *Pometia*, *Racilia* out of consideration both of equity and prudence, received them kindly, though she ever abhorred *Tarquin*. Besides that, having a large and fair house, and that the Princes brought none with them but their Slaves, she was not much troubled at their coming, and so she staid with her former company, as if she had no further care to take. In the first place the Prince of *Pometia* related how he and *Titus* lost their way, but he did it with so much art, that I am confident the fair *Hermilia* as young as she was, easily perceived that she was the occasion of that hunting, and that that Prince looked after no other pray then that of her heart; for turning her head aside, she blushed, and seemed not to heed what he said, though he listened very attentively.

But at last, all having taken their former places, *Brutus* having not all the while said any thing, *Titus* fell into some private discourse with *Lucrecia's* mother and *Sivelia*, so to do his brother a courtesie, for by that means he might the more freely entertain *Hermilia*, who was somewhat shie of engaging into discourse, while *Lucrecia's* mother was with her Aunt. So the general discourse happened between *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Hermilia*, the Prince of *Pometia*, *Mutius*, and my self; as for *Brutus*, he said nothing at all, though sometimes he was very desirous to speak something, simply or heavily, according to his custome, especially because *Tarquin's*

sons were in the room. But he hath told me since, that he was so loath to speak indiscreetly before *Lucrecia*, that he thought better to be silent, then to say any thing that night. But the discourse was changed after such a manner, as gave him occasion to observe, that *Lucrecia's* Wit was as great as her Beauty. For you are to know, that as in *Rome* they work admirably in earth, whether it be for Vessels, or Statues, so *Racilia*, who studied curiosity and convenience as much as might be, had excellent Vessels, inso much that the Slaves who waited on her, covering certain tables, and placing all things necessary for the treatment of so noble a company, the Prince of *Pometia* observed that one of the tables was of the same material with those Vessels I mentioned, and was admirably wrought. It was supported by three children, who seemed to have so much adoe to carry it, that one would think himself obliged to help them to bear it up. The Prince liking it very well, began to commend it, and was going towards it the better to consider the workmanship of it. Which the two Slaves, who were covering it, perceiving, they lifted it up to bring to him, but so rashly, that they overturned it, and broke it all to pieces. That it seemed very admirable to all the company, appeared by the cry they all made when that mischance happened, except the Mistress, who seemed not to be at all moved at it. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, who was the innocent occasion of this mishap, he made a thousand excuses to *Racilia*; but she not being in the least angry with the Slaves, who had so indiscreetly spoyled such an excellent commodity, told the Prince, that the onely trouble she had, was, that it was broken before he had had satisfaction of seeing it; but yet that happiness might be recovered, she would have another of the very same making; which when she had said, she with a great calmness commanded those who had broke that, to fetch another out of a certain place she directed them to, and to have a care they did not break it. Ah Madam, cried out *Lucretia*, looking earnestly on her, How I love you for your great patience, and that you are not of those Women who are angry, at all times, in all places, before all sorts of persons, and for all things! For I do not conceive any thing nobler than to raise one's self above a certain testiness, which is contracted by custome, and to which most Women, are prone enough, since that many times it makes them do as fantastick things as folly it self would put them upon. It is true, replied *Racilia*, that to be soon angry is an ill custome to take up, both for one's self and others. And I think, added pleasantly *Valeria*, that fair Ladies ought to have a greater care to reform this fault, than others; for excessive anger injures Beauty. To that purpose continued *Lucrecia*, I saw, not many dayes since, a very handsome Lady, who, upon such an occasion, became in an instant very deformed, and continued so for above four hours. She had then some extraordinary cause to be angry, replied I, or haply she had something spoyled as considerable as this table of *Racilia's*. Not at all, replied *Lucretia*, and the adventure is so odd, that I have a mind to tell it you. You will oblige me much, replied *Racilia*, for *Hermilia* is naturally so Passionate, that if she have not a care, she will come to be very cholerick. 'Tis true, replied the blushing Beauty, that I am naturally somewhat enclined to this froward passion, but yet

yet I do not conceive I have given the fair *Lucretia* any occasion to make pleasant stories of the extravagances of my passion. For my part, said *Mutius*, (who is of a nature violent enough) I cannot be such an Enemy to Anger, nay I am persuaded, that it is it makes the virtue which seems to be opposite to it; for, it is certain, a great patience is an effect of great courage, and a great courage is oftner found in those who are of a cholerick disposition, than in those who are so dispassionate, that a man knows not when they are offended, nor when they are obliged. Passion and Choler, replied *Racilia*, are two different things; but therefore I oppose what you say, added she, I shall be glad to hear what *Lucretia* says, for I am persuaded that sometimes Examples are better Masters than Precepts. I must indeed confess, says *Lucretia*, that I owe a great part of my moderation to the impatience of two or three of my acquaintance, and principally of her whom I am going to tell you of. Imagine then, continued she, this Lady, who is very buxome, to be in the best humour in the World the last time I saw her, for she was free, jocund, complaisant and light-some. That which partly caused her to be in so good an humour, was, that looking in the glass, she thought her self that Morning handsomer than ordinary, and that two other friends of hers and my self, had told her so much while we were walking in her Garden. To be short, her complexion was more serene, her eyes gentle, and her lips carnationed; but at last, having walked enough, she brought us into her Chamber. She had no sooner lifted up her veil, but she goes to the glass, questionless to be confirmed in the high opinion she had of her beauty; but what was most pleasant, was, she found it so strangely overcast, that she could onely see her self as if it had been through a thick mist. So that not knowing of a sudden whether there were any mist in the Chamber, though it were very fair weather, she turned somewhat troubledly toward her friends and me, which we perceiving. and knowing whence it proceeded, as being just opposite to the glass, as well as she, laughed at it; and I told her jestingly, that that accident was a punishment for the excessive delight she took in her own Beauty. But it was no sooner out of my mouth, but she blushed for madness, and without making me any answer called up hastily one of her Women to know what had discoloured her glass. But instead of asking it mildly of the maid, who was but young, and seemed to be simple enough, she presently changed her voice, her countenance and action, in so much that she who a minute before was of a composed air, and had a mild and modest look, ceased immediately to be what she was. For not giving her Slave time to answer what she asked, she presently imagined she was to blame for asking, and that she knew the reason of it without her telling. She added, that certainly it must be she, who thinking her self pretty, instead of minding her work, did nothing but view her self in the glass. This gave her occasion to tell her, that she was much deceived, if she thought her self handsome, and to ask her why she pretended to it, and whom she so much studied to please, and talked to her so many trivial stories, that I was never so much ashamed of any thing, as I was of that person for the concernment of my sex. And when the poor Girl, whom she so much exclaimed against, would have said something to justify her

self, her Mistress presently found something else to quarrel as, so that at last having compassion on her; I would needs excuse her. But I had hardly opened my mouth, ere the incensed Beauty changing the object of her anger, fell upon me, and told me that if I offered to excuse her, I should make her so impudent, that she would be no more for her service, multiplying words so strangely, that no other had the leisure to speak. In the mean time, the Roses and Lillies of her delicate complexion were so disturbed, that they were not discernable; for her face was enflamed into a deep red, the white of her eyes was changed, which were enlarged beyond their ordinary size, looking disturbedly and scatteringly, and indeed, as if she saw not what was before her; the figure of her mouth was not the same; she repeated the same thing twenty times, and she seemed rather a mad Priestess of *Bacchus*, than a modest Roman.

But in fine, all this came to nothing, for when she had ranted and scolded, and vented her extravagances to weariness, it appeared she had no reason at all to be angry. For when she came down into the garden to entertain us, she gave order her chamber should be perfumed against she came in, so that in obedience to her commands, burning much perfume, the glass was overcast with it, and the poor Slave, who never thought of looking into it, perceived it not. She thence at last conceived the maid had not done any thing of what she thought, and that she was to blame for having kept such a stir. But though she was convinced of this, yet was there not an absolute calm in her mind; on the contrary, a certain conscience of her weakness raising a new tempest in her, suffered her not to rest free from some tossings of indignation all that day. She answered peevishly all that spoke to her; she quarrelled with all attended her, and that before whoever came to her, without ever considering whether it were civil or not; nay I am not certain whether she came not so high as to threaten a little Slave she had. I was never so much astonished at any thing, as to see this strange transport of spirit, and withall, what an alteration Anger made in this great Beauty. You so pleasantly describe this fantastick anger, replied I, that though I am naturally somewhat inclined to it, I shall henceforward take a great care to correct it in my self, though I am of opinion, that this inclination of nature ought not to be blamed; nay, on the contrary, hold, that Anger in noble and regulated minds, is an argument of greatness of courage and integrity. For if you look upon this passion in a discreet man: you will find it never breaks forth but upon some resentment of injury, wherein reputation is concerned, and that it is a pure effect of his virtue, and speaks the tenderness of his soul, the delicacy of his mind, and the clearness of his apprehension. For how can a man of an upright soul resent a manifest injustice, and not carry a heart sensible of it? Or he who sets a high value on his reputation, receive an affront without indignation? Nay I am of opinion, added *Mutius*, that, to speak generally, the temperament most enclined to choler, is that of gallant Spirits. Yet all nations certainly, replied I, are not persuaded that Choler is a necessary ingredient of Valour; on the contrary, the *Lacedemonians* hold, that it is prejudicial to it, which is the reason that they animate their Soldiers to fight with a sweet harmony, to infuse joy and tranquillity into

into their souls; and before battels sacrifice to the Muses, to oblige them to preserve their reason entire in fight. That which to me seems most inconvenient in choler, replied the sage *Racilia*, is, that persons of weak constitutions are more subject to it than others, as children, and such as are in a declination of age and reason, are angry at any thing. In like manner, sick persons, who are not masters of their reason, are vexed at trifles, such as they are ashamed of when they are in health; and lastly, women (if I may be so free to the discredit of my sex) for the most part, being not capable of any great fortitude and strength of parts, are many times hurried into humorous vexations, as appears by the relation of *Lucretia*. I agree with you, replied I, that indeed it argues a weak mind, and little discretion to be angry at small matters; but I withal maintain, that never to be moved, signifies rather an insensible mind, than any strength of reason. Nay I presume to affirm, that it is no virtue to be insensible, that Anger may produce good effects, and that it is just sometimes to give it way; but withal, I aver it is danger when it becomes habitual, and that it is commendable to bridle it, and that a must never be over-mastered by it. Certainly, replied pleasantly *Lucretia*, where there is not a staid mind, Anger is a dangerous habit, and suits not so well with women, for I have observed a certain attraction in affliction and tears, but I have never seen any beauty in anger, nor known any impatient that were withal agreeable. That which is not insupportable in this passion, says the Prince of *Pometia*, is, that its object omits not any limit as other passions do. As for instance, if a man have a great tenderness for some one particular person, it is only for that very one's sake that he shall betray a certain weakness, while his passion lasts, which is the only testimony he gives of all those pleasant extravagances, whereof he knows himself guilty. But as for anger, it fastens on all things, it equally reaches things sensible and insensible, and the mind is incensed by things of small, as well as those of greater concernment, according to every one's humor. You are in the right, replied *Lucretia*, for an enraged Musician breaks the strings of his Instrument, a Painter flings away his Pencils; a Senator will be angry if you dissent from his Opinion; a Husband quarrels with his Wife for being too expensive; and a Wife quarrels with her Husband if he be too covetous; a great Beauty falls out with her own Hairs when they will not be ordered as they should be; and if it be true, that there are any Lovers in this world, it is possible, added she smiling, they may sometimes confer their discontents together, upon over very slight occasions, if so be they are of a cholerick disposition.

Lucretia acted this exaggeration with such a grace, that she gained the commendation of all the company for her wit, and *Brutus* hath told me since, that almost forgetting his artificial stupidity, he had been likely to contribute his praises to those of the rest. And indeed he prepared himself to speak, but the fair *Hermilia* hastily prevented him, which I only observed, but at that time made no great reflection upon it, for I hearkned to *Hermilia*, who not willing to quit the discourse about anger, made it her business at least to excuse it. But in fine, said she, how is it pos-

sible not to be angry at many trivial things which happen, for it is in respect to these that I would speak of anger, that is, how can the mind be so qualified as not to be stirred to anger at a many inconsiderable accidents, which every moment happen beside all expectation? *Hermilia* indeed is now in the right, said *Valeria*, since that to speak in general terms, it is easier not to be hurried into passion upon some important occasion, than never to be moved at these sudden ones, when haply Reason stands not on its guard, but the mind is surprised, and moved before it take time to consult. For my part, added *Mutius*, I shall never believe the Gods have bestowed on us such passions, as we may not innocently use; and I am strongly persuaded, that as there may be a Love without Crime, so there may be an Anger without any just blame, and that it is the use of it only that requires regulation. I am of opinion, replied the gallant Prince of *Pometia* smiling, that only *Lucretia* deserves to be the Halcyon of Anger, if I may so express it, and that it is from her that we must receive instructions how to qualify this tumultuous passion which is so displeasing to her. The Prince of *Pometia* hath spoken so excellently well, replied I, that it is fit the fair *Lucretia* grant what he demands. Let her make what orders she please against Anger, replied *Mutius*, she shall have much to do to keep it quiet in my heart; and for my part, said *Hermilia*, I must needs quarrel with her severity. You would do better, if you advantaged your self by her example, said *Racilia* to her; but for my part, says *Valeria*, it will be no great trouble to me to submit to her. And it will be less to me to enact my pretended Laws for the Ladies, replied *Lucretia*, for I have no more to do than to bid them imitate your moderation. To be short, continued she, as it is not my duty to regulate another's resentments by my own, so I have no more to say, but to propose *Herminius* for a pattern for men, as I do *Valeria* to all of my own sex; for I know by experience that they are both subject to a great sensibility of spirit, and that if Reason had not taught them the lawful measure of anger, they would be over-mastered by it, as well as so many others. Ah Madam, said I, looking upon her, you do not know me, I am not fit to be a pattern of patience, for if you knew how sensible I am upon some occasions, and how angry I am with my self for it, it would move your pity, and you would seek into your own reason for that which you cannot find in my heart, as having much more frailty than can be imagined. For my part, added *Valeria*, I confess I am mistress enough of my own passions, I have the art to conceal my anger, or at least to repress it, so as it never transported me to say any thing which I repented when my passion was over. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, how much am I obliged to you, for having given us in few words the most excellent rule in the world!

I would ask no more of all women, than to keep within those bounds; for if they should do so, they would never be hasty or fretful, they would not be always chiding their Slaves, always quarrelling with their Friends; they would not be violently hurried into passion, before those that come to visit them; they would have a respect to themselves, and would not cloud the serenity of their eyes with a storm of fury. But if you quite take away anger,

ger, replies *Hermilia* pleasantly, I know not how Ladies can beget an awe and respect in such as make addressees to them, since in my judgment it is their only defence. For instance, if any one be so bold, as to entertain a Lady with some discourse that is displeasing to her, I am confident, if she blush with anger, and give some testimony of her displeasure in her eyes, this forward person will presently shift discourse, rather than continue it, out of a fear to displease her. But on the other side, if she be so patient, that she express no sign of anger, he will at last make her angry in good earnest. You press this too far, replies *Lucretia* for though I am an enemy to excessive anger, yet I allow women to express their indignation; even to fierceness; but I would that the redness which anger spreads upon their cheeks, should but add to their beauty, not disorder their minds, and that they preserve their respect rather by a modest severity, than by angry expostulations, which at no time become a woman, especially when they are such as are worth nothing, raised upon frivolous grounds, and a disparagement to such as are subject to them. I mean those passions which spring up anew continually, those persons who are subject to them, never taking any care by a strong resolution to correct so ill a habit, which by rendering them less fair and pleasing, brings them sometimes into the hatred and contempt, not only of their superiors, but even of their inferiors.

Lucretia having proceeded thus far, the banquet was brought in, which put an end to this pleasant and profitable entertainment. *Brutus* all this while said not a word, but ceased not to admire *Lucretia*, with whose Wit he was more taken than with her Beauty, though her beauty were admirable. But that he might be at the same time acquainted with all the perfections of *Lucretia*, it happened they came to speak altogether of her goodness; whereof *Valeria* related a many instances, though much against the others will, in so much that the night was wholly spent in her commendations. So that when all were retired, *Brutus* was wholly taken up with thought of *Lucretia*.

It happened, that the chamber where this Beauty was disposed to lodge, joyned to a closet which was in *Brutus's*, which having been sometime a passage between those two chambers, they had only nailed up the door which went out of it into that where *Lucretia* and *Valeria* lay. But there being certain chinks in the door, through which it was easie to see what was done in the place where these two Beauties were; *Brutus*, who had often taken notice of it, could not withhold, being returned into his chamber, from going into the closet, and beholding these two Beauties whilst they undressed themselves, in whom he discovered a thousand new perfections. For the dress of Roman Ladies hiding the neck, he knew not until this instant the perfection of theirs; indeed his heart being already destined to *Lucretia's* service, even before he knew so much, he fixed all his observation upon her with such a stedfast view, that he had not the power to close his eyes all the night after. This pleasing Idea, though full of all delightful charms, troubled his rest, insinuating a kind of commotion into his heart, betwixt grief and joy, which raised in him a thousand different imaginations. It made

him a long time forget the design he had taken to leave *Rome* within two days, and to banish himself voluntarily from a place, where it behoved him to hide his soul, if he would preserve his life, and where he saw not any likelihood of revenging his Father's death, or delivering his Country, as he intended, whilst he confined himself to this foolish disguise. At last, after a long deliberation, suddenly recollecting himself, and remembering the resolution he had taken to go away, it vexed him that he had seen *Lucretia*, he endeavored to blot her out of his imagination; he looked upon this accident as a new misfortune, which gave him the knowledge of so excellent a person, when he had resolved to go so far from the place where she was. It is true, said he to himself, that as I shall see and be seen of her, I need not much regret her absence, since if I fall not in love with her, I shall not lose so great a pleasure in depriving my self of her sight. For though fair objects delight our eyes at all times, even though our hearts be not touched, yet the pleasure of the eyes is a mean pleasure. A garden of flowers would please my eyes as much as the sight of a fair woman, for whom I have no passion my self, nor desire that she should have any for me. On the other side, if I love her, I shall lose less by this separation; for after all, how passionate soever I become, I dare never express it to her, nor hope for any allowance thereof; and how can she love a man in whom appeareth nothing of wit or conversation, one that she values less than the meanest, and most stupid Slave?

Let us think no more of *Lucretia* but pursue our design of quitting *Rome*, a place where lives a person, who perhaps may make me yet more unhappy than I am. In what part soever of the world else I shall fall in love, I shall be less miserable; for I may hope not to be despised, I may obtain leave to say, that I love some one, or at least to complain of her cruelty.

Thus *Brutus* believing he had mastered his own will, passed the rest of the night in thinking upon his journey; and as soon as the Sun appeared, he rose with intent to walk alone without thinking on the company at *Racilia's* house. But whatsoever his intention was, he had not power to go away without the curiosity of going into the closet, through which he could see into *Lucretia's* chamber. This desire was so great he could not resist it; in fine, he entered, and peeped in at the same cranny as he had done the night before, but his curiosity received little satisfaction, for though he saw *Lucretia* asleep, yet he had a less sight of her than when she was awake, because she slept in so modest a posture, that he could see nothing but her right hand, in which she seemed to hold carelessly a little white veil which covered half her face. This hand indeed was so white, that it made an end of the theft her eyes had begun, and stole away his heart. Yet did not *Brutus* perceive this infancy of love; he called the first motion of his passion, curiosity; he resolved to walk alone, to avoid meeting with *Lucretia*, that he might not be obliged to speak in her presence, fancying to himself a kind of pleasure in being separated from her, that so he might not accuse himself of having spoken indiscreetly before a person to whom he found a great inclination in himself to use all his Rhetorick, if he had been in such a condition, that he durst have discovered his thoughts.

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He went hereupon to walk in a Meadow bordered with Willows interwoven with thick bushes, which butted upon the *Tiber*; Thither he went with a resolution to return home, till the fair troop were gone; for having openly professed stupidity, he was not tied to any rules of civility, and the presence of the two Princes did no longer oblige him to a self-constraint. So that to compass his design, he went, followed onely by a Slave, to take a light repast with the Priest of a little Country Temple, not far from the place which he had chosen for his walk. In fine, he ordered it so well, that he went not back untill it was within an hour of sun-set, and then not doubting but that the company which caused his solitary humour was departed, he took his way along the River to go home. But as he began to walk, he was touched with a little kind of discontent for not having seen that admirable person whom he avoyded to meet. He condemned himself almost at the same instant, and giving his thoughts leave to range without any fixed object, he sent the Slave that attended him before, and in this manner walked along the River, not well knowing where he was, untill coming to the midst of the Meadow, he beheld there women seated at the foot of an old Willow, who chanced to rise at the same time, as he perceived them, and began to walk away. Scarce were they risen, but he knew these three to be *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, and *Hermilia*, who knowing him, as he them, turned aside to avoyd them. For *Hermilia* her self was not onely ignorant that she was Sister to *Brutus*, but was a stranger as well as her two friends, to the true worth of this noble Roman. Not willing therefore that their conversation should be interrupted by a man, who, as they conceived, could add nothing to it, they turned as I said, aside. This action gave *Brutus* to understand what it was that obliged them to shun him, whereat he was infinitely troubled, yet did he comply with their intention, and saluting them afar off, went directly on to the house of his Aunt, imagining that the rest of the company were there still. But this belief deceived him, for he found *Racilia* alone, who told him, the two Princes had been gone ever since the morning, and that the mother of *Lucrecia*, *Sivelia*, *Mutius*, and I, were newly departed. How comes it then, replied *Brutus*, that *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* are here still? That, replied she, proceeds from some concernments of Family, which have moved *Lucretius*, father to *Lucrecia*, and *Valerius*, father to *Valeria*, to remove their daughters for some time out of *Rome*. But being careful to whom they would trust their daughters, they have thought fit to commit them to my government, while the fair weather holds, which courtesie they have desired upon account of the alliance which is between our Families, and the friendship there is between these maids and *Hermilia*, there being no concernment of yours could hinder it; for that, added she smiling, you are not thought any dangerous person. *Brutus* having heard what *Racilia* said, blushed, though he himself knew not why. However he returned some answer to what that sage person said to him; which done, he discoursed with her about divers things. He asked her, if *Sivelia*, whom he knew to be an enemy of *Tarquin's*, had not informed her of any thing, whence might be raised a hope of some change in *Rome*; to which she answering, nothing at all, he was infinitely sad, and began to be-

moan the cruelty of his destiny, and complained of it with so much sense and passion, that *Racilia* hath told me since, that she never heard man speak so well, nor so feelingly as he then did. That which yet encreased the affliction which he received from his own lamentations, was, that seeing those three fair ones, whom he had seen in the Meadow coming towards him, he rise up purposely to avoyd them, but with such an aversion, that she extremely pitied him.

But *Brutus* was scarcely gotten out of this delightful company, but repenting him of his purpose, he returned into the place where it was, and secretly condemned himself for the intention he had had. For in fine, said he, since there is almost no pleasure but that of the sight, which I may pretend to participate with rational creatures, it were hard to be deprived of it, but I should at least make this advantage of fair objects, as to entertain my self with delightful imaginations. Upon these thoughts, *Brutus* making a short return, spent the evening amongst these lovely Virgins, but it was rather to harken to them, than to entertain them. Yet he made a shift to speak once before *Lucrecia*, but it was with affected simplicity, though he was with much trouble forced to it, for thinking it uncivil not to answer what was asked him, and withal not daring to answer to any purpose, it must needs have infinitely afflicted him.

Lucrecia never having heard him speak before that time, whispered to *Hermilia*, and asked her whether he never had any more wit, which *Brutus* overhearing, felt such a vexation as he had never felt before. For before he had seen *Lucrecia*, he was extremely pleased that he was thought absolutely stupid, because it conduced to his design; but for that admirable Virgin, he could not endure he should have the same thoughts of him, as so many others. Nay he was encouraged in the good opinion he had conceived of her, by divers things she that day spoke in the commendation of Goodness; for in fine (said she to *Hermilia*, who maintained that it was sometimes prejudicial to be over-good) a great mind without goodness may be feared and hated, but it is never loved: And I am so much confirmed in what I say (continued she, speaking somewhat lower) that I would rather have the stupidity of *Brutus*, than the wit of the cruel *Tullia*, though she have one of the greatest in the world. But my Lord, though *Lucrecia* intended not that *Brutus* should have heard her, yet he did; and what is remarkable in it, is, that though he could not think himself obliged any way by this discourse of *Lucrecia*, yet he humored himself into a certain delight, to think that she wished rather to be what he was, than to be *Tullia*; so that flattered with his imagination, he, with much satisfaction, listened to the discourse of these three maids. For my part, said *Lucrecia*, I take such a pleasure to be good, that I am resolved to be so while I live, and consequently must needs prefer a great goodness without wit, before a great wit without goodness. But certainly, replied *Hermilia*, those persons that are so good, that they can never be otherwise, are not very divertive; and to tell you what I think, I am of opinion, that goodness alone hath in it something faint, weak and displeasing, whence it comes, that it signifies almost nothing in some people. But it cannot be so said of wit; for I know some persons much given to be mischievous, whom

whom yet I am taken with, though I am confident they will do me an ill turn, when ever it lies in their power. On the contrary, I know another person of excessive goodness, one who would not be guilty of a thought of ceasing to be good, even to her enemies, who yet is infinitely troublesome to me, in so much that hours seem ages, when I am alone with her. And hence I think I may with reason affirm, that Goodness accompanied with wit, is good for all things, but without it, is almost good for nothing. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed out *Lucrecia*, you are an unhappy body to say so; for it is incredible, that Wit without goodness is fit onely to do mischief, and that goodness without Wit, hath at least this advantage, that it can do no hurt. But, replied *Hermilia*, an excessive goodness is sometimes hurtful to those that have it, for when you are feared by none, you lye open to the affronts of all, and are thrust to the wall sooner then another. That indeed which *Hermilia* saith, happens sometimes, replied *Valeria*, and through a certain malignancy that is in the world, if you are not thought able to return evil for evil, you must never expect good for good. So that were I to have my wish, I would certainly desire as much wit as goodness, were it onely to make use, when occasion served, of that precious quality, which without question raises the esteem of all the rest, and without which they deserve no great commendation. But though one should have nothing to do with the world, replied *Hermilia*, Wit is still more necessary than Goodness; for as to Conversation; Goodness contributes nothing to it. Nay, on the contrary, continued she laughing, it may be said, it is very prejudicial to it; for those who are so excessively good can find exceptions at nothing, they approve all things, they endure all things; and so the discourse dies every moment. No *Hermilia*, replied *Lucrecia*, I must dissent from you in that, since that onely those who have Wit and Goodness together, give life to Conversation. For are they not of a contrary humour to those, who abuse and calumniate their acquaintances, whereas it may be inferred from what you say, that those onely beget diversion, who raise quarrels and contestations in companies? But to be more serious, I boldly affirm, that it is onely a rational goodness which distinguishes men from beasts, and the greatest expression of reason that can be given, is, to be able to hurt, but out of a consideration of Vertue and Goodness not to do it. Yet these good People without Wit, replied *Hermilia*, who are good, and know not why they are so, what employment will you put them upon? And these persons of great wit, replied *Lucrecia*, who make no other use of it, than to deceive those who trust them, to rail, and raise scandalls and reports, what business have you for them? You press me somewhat too hard, replied *Hermilia*, for I confess I should be to seek how to dispose of such malicious persons, as should make others harms the business of their wit. But do you also, to requite me, acknowledge that you would be much troubled what to do with those good dull ones, who are guilty of neither malice nor delight. To reconcile you both, replied *Valeria*, I think mischievous persons are to be avoyded, how witty and divertive soever they may be, and that they are not to be particularly acquainted withall; and that the good are to be excused, out of a consideration of their great goodness, and their

imperfections are to be born with, notwithstanding their want of wit. But to put a question somewhat harder to be resolved, added *Valeria*, I ask you both, whether you would have an extraordinary Wit? For my part, replied *Hermilia*, I shall soon choose; and I as soon, replied *Lucrecia*, for I am already resolved. But this satisfies not me, replied *Valeria*, you must tell me, whether you have chosen; Methinks, replied *Hermilia*, you might easily guess that *Lucrecia* hath taken the great Goodness with the indifferent Wit; and you might as easily conceive, added *Lucrecia*, that *Hermilia* hath chosen the greater Wit, and indifferent Goodness. Yet I am confident, added this wise Virgin, that if there were two such persons, the whole goodness were greater then her wit, would be much more beloved than the other. I know not whether she might be more beloved, replied *Hermilia*, but I am certain that she whom I have chosen would be the more esteemed. But what signifies that esteem, replied *Lucrecia* which begets not friendship? for I lay this as a principle, we should not desire to be esteemed, but in order to be loved, or at least to be thought worthy to be loved. If you value not an Esteem without Friendship, replied *Hermilia*, what will you have me to conceive of a kind of lukewarm friendship without esteem? For I cannot believe that one can have an eager affection for a person of mean wit, how good soever he may be. If the love we have for a good person be not grounded on the esteem we have for him, replied *Valeria*, it must needs proceed from the acquaintance we have with him, which we conceive obligeth us to love him. Nay then, replied *Hermilia*, I perceive she that makes the proposition, declares against me. On the contrary, replied *Lucrecia*, it may be said, we are both of your side; for though you speak against goodness, yet we know you to be one of the best in the world. It is indeed true, replied she, I am not wicked; and to speak truly, I would not be otherwise than good; but it is true, that there are a sort of mischievous people that please my humour, and some good, who are troublesome to me, and to speak generally, goodness is almost every where oppressed. Yet that hinders not, replied *Lucrecia*, but that vertue ought to be the foundation and support of all the rest; and that we should wish rather to suffer injustice, than to do it; besides that, to speak rationally, Goodness is a vertue so well becomes a woman, that I know not any she hath greater need of. I acknowledge, replied *Hermilia*, that a wicked woman is a Monster; but certainly, one that is ingeniously malicious, adds much to Conversation, and it were a great loss if there was not some such. Since you are so much taken with them, replied *Lucrecia*, I wish you may never want some of those women, who can wink at nothing, who condemn all things, who tell merry stories of their best friends, who, as soon as they are out of sight, abuse them; who envy the praises are given them, and themselves commend them less than those who are not acquainted with them; and to be short, who do them more hurt than they could expect from a mercilefs enemy, and less good than from a generous one. And the more to punish your obstinacy, added *Valeria*, to *Lucrecia's* wishes I add thus much; I wish with all my heart, that you may have one truly good friend, who may acquaint you with all the treacheries the rest are guilty

of towards you, that so you may at last become equitable, and acknowledge with us, that true Goodness is preferred before greatness of Wit, how shining so ever it may be.

As she said these words, *Valeria* rise up, whereupon it being late, these three maids retired, and left *Brutus*, who had hearkned to them all the while, with little ceremony, yet *Lucretia* took leave of him with greater civility than the other two, which he took infinitely well. For arguing from the civility she had for him in the condition he was in, that she would esteem him, if she were better acquainted with him, he was so ravished with the consideration, that it begat in his heart a certain pleasant commotion, which one might presume to call Love; or at least something he felt, which he could never define.

In fine, not to abuse your patience, *Brutus*, who was resolved to depart, without acquainting any, could not perform it so soon; for something being yet wanting, which was necessary for his journey, he took occasion from that light hindrance, to make the less hast, not thinking himself that *Lucretia* was partly the cause of his change of resolution. But three or four days after he was sensible, that the Beauty, Wit, and Goodness of that person, had made a strange progress into his heart, for he could not keep out of the company of these three maids. They at first thought him very troublesome, which he himself observed; but being such a one as was not to be treated uncivilly, neither would they do it; inasmuch that at length, making no account of him, they spoke before him as freely as if he had not been in place. *Brutus* by this means having *Lucretia* always in sight, and viewing her with all the charms of her Beauty and wit, fell deeply in love with her. But to his grief Love entred his heart without that insinuating companion which they call *Hope*, which by her beguiling charms makes men undergo such long and violent afflictions. Whence it came to pass, that *Brutus*, as soon as he was convinced that he really loved *Lucretia*, was extremely troubled, and look'd upon it as a second motive to remove himself far from *Rome*. To what end, said he, should I entertain this fruitless passion, which I must never presume to discover? How can it be imagined that the stupid *Brutus* should be capable of admiring and adoring the incomparable *Lucretia*? But alas! continued he, though she understood my passion, I should be no less miserable; for is it possible she can love a man in whom there is not the least appearance of wit? And to come yet nearer home, when I should trust my self to her discretion, when she should be convinced I am not what all the world takes me to be, what likelihood is there she should admit the addresses of an unfortunate man, who dares not betray his reason, lest he lose a life which he hath designed to sacrifice to the liberty of his Countrey? Shall I go and tell her I am a Conspirator, when at the same time I am to tell her that I love her? Shall I entertain her with interests of State and Revenge at the same instant when I am to treat her with Love and Respect? But if I should thus entertain her, is it probable I might make some advantage of it, or that she would ever be prevailed with to run fortunes with such a wretch, as in all likelihood will never be otherwise? But supposing such a miracle should be done, which cannot, that she should be

moved with my affection, is it probable that *Lucretia*, a man of spirit and ambition, should bestow his Daughter upon a Sot, or that *Tarquin* would suffer me to marry the daughter of a Woman, who is not engaged in his interests but by force? No, no, *Brutus*, said he sighing, thou must not love *Lucretia*; and if thou doest but imagine it, thou wilt really be as great a stranger to thy Reason as now thou seemest to be. Renounce then at once both the object of thy Hatred and that of thy Love, forget *Tarquin* and *Lucretia*; stifle together thy growing Affection, and thy desire of Revenge, since it is fruitless to cherish either; and go seek in another climate a gentler Destiny than what thou hast found in thine own Countrey.

Hereupon *Brutus* thought his Reason was convinced, and that he should infallibly depart. But it was not a quarter of an hour that he had been thus resolved, ere he had a fresh conflict in his soul, which made him a minute after reflect on things quite different. What do I, said he? what do I? Am I still the same *Brutus* who ever was guilty of an importunate desire of revenging the death of an illustrious Father and a virtuous Brother? Have I forgotten the commands of the one, and the instructions of the other? Have I overcome the Love I had at *Crotona*, that I might forsake *Rome*? Have I for no end parted with the sage *Damo*? Have I fruitlessly renounced the use of my Reason, and hath that importunate Vertue (*Patience*) which in time overcomes all things, absolutely forsaken me? For my part, added he, I believe the Gods consider my weakness, and have purposely brought me to the sight of this admirable person whom I adore, to stay me here, and hinder me from being so unworthy as to quit the design I had of delivering my Countrey. Certainly there must be something extraordinary in this emergencie; for what likelihood is there, that a blind chance should direct *Lucretia* to his house, at what time I had secretly resolved to be gone, and that having never seen her, I should go as it were purposely, when I had but two or three dayes to stay? Besides, I at first avoyded her as much as lay in my power; she hath hardly spoken to me since I have known her; and yet methinks I have alwaies been designed to her service, so violent is the affection I have for her. What probability is there that Love should nestle in my breast amidst so many thorny distractions, were it not decreed that the beauty of *Lucretia* should cause the safety of *Rome*, by flattering on me a love that stayes me, and permits me not to forgoe the revenge I have undertaken to execute? Let us then cast our selves upon the disposal of Fortune, by submitting our heart to so excellent a Beauty: Let the love we receive from the eyes of *Lucretia* enflame our hatred to *Tarquin*, and if we must be unhappy in this affection, as it is very likely, let us bear our misfortunes as just punishment for that unworthiness we have been guilty of, in thinking to remove from *Rome*. Let us with courage endeavour to subdue the heart of this illustrious person, and at the same time overturn the throne of this infamous Tyrant; although, if I may truly speak my thoughts, I am confident it will be easier for me to snatch the government of *Rome* out of the hands of the proud *Tarquin*, than deliver my heart out of the power of the divine *Lucretia*. Let us love then, let us love, since it is the will of Fate, and without considering what may happen

pen to us, let us obey the inclinations which directs us to adore *Lucretia*. Let us look on her as a person hath preserved virtue in our soul, which we shall eternally acknowledge, even though she should never be thought for us, since it is she that hath cherished it as the design of *Rome's* deliverance.

This storm being over. *Brutus's* soule was as it were in a calm, which made him conceive that this resolution proceeded from some supernatural inspiration, and such a friendly correspondence happened there upon this adventure between his Heart and his Reason, that he thought no more of his departure; his thoughts were wholly taken up with the love of *Lucretia*, while he expected an occasion to make *Tarquin* feel the weight of his hatred; so that he suffered his heart to wander into the love of that admirable person, though he found no other present advantage of his passion, than that he was staid in *Rome* by the attractions of this incomparable Virgin, whom yet he neither durst say he loved, nor hope to be loved by.

Being thus resolved to love, he was so much satisfied in himself, that it was visible in his eyes and countenance, insomuch that *Racilia* having observed it, took occasion the first time she had a private discourse with him, to ask him the reason of it. But he satisfied her not, for there being naturally a certain mystery in Love, he thought it discretion not to reveal a Secret, which he himself knew would be thought extravagant by any one who had not the same apprehensions of it as he had. Giving therefore his passion all the liberty imaginable, he endeavoured to double those chains whereby he was already fastned, and missed no opportunity to see *Lucretia*, and to hear her speak.

In the mean time, *Racilia*, though she knew *Brutus* to be much more considerable, as to point of gallantry, than he seemed to be, yet did she allow these Virgins the same freedom as before; nay, which is more, prayed them to admit *Brutus* to walk with them, telling them, that it might haply enlighten his mind, that they should pity one in his condition, and endeavour what they could to disperse that deep melancholy which encreased his natural stupidity, adding, that their presence had already in some part lessened it. Not, my Lord, but that *Racilia* was as innocent in this as Virtue it self; but she so much pitied the life *Brutus* led, that she was glad any way to make it more comfortable. But to say truth, she could not conceive he would entertain Love without Hope, nor that any thing amorous could lodge in that heart, which Revenge had so long since taken up. Besides, that it is not unlikely, but that if *Brutus* had a design to marry, she would have been glad it had been either with *Valeria* or *Lucretia*; as for *Hermilia* she knew well enough that *Brutus* was not ignorant she was his Sister.

This Society by this means became pleasant enough, for besides that these three Virgins were excellent good company, yet the admission of some other persons made it better and more divertive. There was a Sister of *Collatine's*, who spending the season of the year in the neighbour-hood, came thither often, out of a design to render her Brother some service with *Lucretia*, whom he was in love with. The Prince of *Pometia* and his brother Prince *Titus* came thither divers times; for though they were *Tarquin's* Sons, yet the consideration of their

virtue exempted them from the hatred which men had for their Father. Commonly *Mutius* came along with them, and for my part, I had ever some commands or other from the virtuous *Sivellia*, to her whose house so many amiable persons made their rendezvous. So that though *Racilia* professed all the severity of a virtuous Roman, yet being of a mild nature, allowing the freedom of the Countrey, and having a confidence in the virtue of those persons, who were under her charge, and considering that the men who came to visit them were very respectful, as also her kinred, all except the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, and *Collatine*, she herself was extremely satisfied with a company wherein was nothing but what was innocent. *Lucretia's* also came thither sometimes, and *Sivellia* oftner.

But as it is not my own History which I relate unto you so I shall not tell you, that *Mutius* and I had a certain passion, caused in us by the same person, since we both had an affection for *Valeria*; for then I should have too many things to acquaint you with, which have no relation to the adventure of *Brutus*. But I shall give you to understand by the way, that *Lucretia* had esteemed *Collatine* and *Brutus*, that *Hermilia* was courted by the Prince of *Pometia*, though it was suspected he was a servant of *Collatine's* Sister, who was called *Collatina*; that *Titus* was in love with her I last named, and that Love itself was as it were the Soul of this fair Troop. But indeed the love was not reciprocally, for *Lucretia* had a great aversion for *Collatine*, and knew not that *Brutus* was so deeply in love with her. *Valeria* had no affection for *Mutius*, and little more than friendship for me: but for *Collatine's* Sister, she certainly had an esteem for *Titus*: and *Hermilia*, without all doubt, had a strong inclination for the Prince of *Pometia*, though *Racilia* believed it not, and indeed is yet ignorant of it. Notwithstanding all this, Love was so well disguised among these persons, that nothing was visible but Courtship, Respect, Civility, Complement and Friendship. It happened sometimes, through the care every one took, to conceal their Sentiments, that Visits were given without the least private discourse with the person beloved. One time among the rest, I remembered, the Prince of *Pometia* discoursed altogether with *Collatina*, *Titus* all the time entertained *Lucretia*, *Collatine* courted *Valeria*, and *Mutius*, and I treated *Hermilia*. But for *Brutus*, conceiving himself not suspected of any, he quitted his ordinary reservedness, and alwayes kept near *Lucretia*. This indeed was no great satisfaction to him, for not daring to discover himself, she suffered him merely out of pity, and out of regard to his quality and her friendship with *Racilia*. But yet indeed he took a great pleasure to spight *Collatine*: not that he could be jealous of *Brutus*, but that *Brutus* kept him from having any private discourse with *Lucretia*. Nor indeed was *Brutus* at first jealous of *Collatine*; for besides, that in Point of gallantry *Collatine* was none of the most considerable, it was easily perceived that *Lucretia* had an aversion for him, though she discreetly concealed it. But his fear was of the fair and subtil *Collatina*, whose insinuating, submissive, and obliging humour, was very likely to do her Brother a good office. So that after a while, *Brutus* had to deal with at the same time, resentments of Love, of Jealousie, of Hatred, of Revenge, and of Ambition; yet without any rational hope of ever being able to

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fatistie any one of these violent passions. For it was not likely *Lucrecia* should love him before she knew what indeed he was; it was as unlikely he should discover unto her a Secret, which known, might divert him from endeavouring the deliverance of *Rome*, and being revenged of *Tarquin*: it was also somewhat improbable he should suddenly ruin a Prince, whose power was strengthened by his cruelty: and for the ambition he had to arrive at the rank of his fore-fathers, he had no great reason to hope it while his reason were in captivity, and *Tarquin* in the Throne. Hence was it that sometimes he thought himself the most unfortunate man living. He now and then slipt into *Rome* to confer with *Licinius* and *Valerius* about his main design so long since undertaken. Here was he entertained whole dayes together, with the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, the cowardise of the Senate, and the small hope they had to meet with an opportunity to discharge themselves of what lay so heavy on their hearts.

But *Brutus* in the mean time entertained himself with his own thoughts, and the Muses, about the love he had for *Lucrecia*; for, having, as I told you, been acquainted with *Pythagoras's* daughter, and travelled into *Greece*, he could have complained in verse of the cruelty of his amorous fortune, could he but have hoped that *Lucrecia* might one day be acquainted with his love. But according to the posture of his soul, he made no advantage of his talents, since he durst neither speak nor write, and yet he was almost out of himself to do either. For though Poetry be not yet very common at *Rome*, where they know little more than those Acrosticks of *Sibylla*, yet *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, understood more of things of this nature than a many others, by the means of a Greek Maid a Slave of *Racilia's*, whose mother had sometimes lived with the learned *Cleobulina*, daughter of *Periander* King of *Corinth*. This Slave having an excellent understanding, had secretly taught them somewhat of her language, and had repeated to them a many excellent compositions of *Sappho* and *Phocylides*, with which they were infinitely taken. Which *Brutus* coming to know, was extremely troubled, in that he durst not make use of those things which haply might bring him into favour with *Lucrecia*; and thinking withall in himself, that he could not pretend to any esteem from her, he was afflicted beyond all belief, insomuch that in some intervals not considering the hazard of his life, not troubling himself about the designs he had against *Tarquin*, he resolved to acquaint this admirable Virgin with his love, and that as a man that knew how to express his thoughts in other language, than what he ordinarily spoke. Yet could he not stave off a certain fear, that, in case he succeeded not, *Licinius*, *Valerius*, and *Racilia*, should perpetually hit him in the teeth for discovering himself; besides the consideration he had that *Tarquin* might make *Licinius* suffer, when he came to know he had abused him. Thus resolving on nothing absolutely, he led a most distracted life, his melancholy not admitting any consolation; for he was neither able to struggle with his love, nor durst acquaint her with it who was the cause of it. Nevertheless he still loved, and that with an extreme obstinacy, for though *Lucrecia* added no fuel to his passion, yet did it sensibly encrease, even despair having that effect in him which hope hath in other Lovers; For in fine, said he 'tis true, I cannot hope any thing, yet

this cannot weaken my love; since my despair proceeds not from *Lucrecia*, but it is the extravagance of destiny which makes me incapable of hoping any thing: She does not certainly favour me much, and she were to blame if she did, and I am obliged to her for her indifference for me, since it is not the same *Brutus* she is acquainted with, that I would have in her favour. But alas! continued he, that other *Brutus* is at such a distance with Fortune, that it is not likely he will ever dare shew himself to *Lucrecia*; and if I renounce not one part of my reason, she will still be ignorant of the love she hath kindled in my heart, and consequently I shall be the most unfortunate man alive. How (cried he out, as he hath told me since) shall not *Lucrecia*, the admirable *Lucrecia*, know that thou lovest her, and thou art not such a Sot as thou art taken to be? Canst thou be contented to be ever the object of her contempt and her indifference? No, no, continued he; I shall never do it; nay though I should lose my life, though I should hazard all, and that *Rome* must eternally be subject to the tyranny of *Tarquin*, *Lucrecia* must know that I live under her power. She is discreet, good, and generous, and it may be she will not cast away a man, that out of excess of love trusts himself to her discretion.

But weak man that thou art, resumed he, hast thou forborn all rationall discourse for so long time, onely to tell *Lucrecia* that thou lovest her? Think, think on the love thou owest thy country, not on what thou maist have for a person, who haply will not have any for thee. Remember thy Father cut off by the cruelty of *Tarquin*; thy Brother dispatched the same way, and that both dying, commanded thee to revenge their loss. Consider *Rome* enslaved by the most horrid Tyrant the earth affords; regard so many thousand of vertuous families expecting their safety from thee, and since thou wilt be base, imagine that the discovery of thy love to *Lucrecia* may haply cost thee thy life; and think at length, if there be any thing of vertue yet remaining in thee, what blot it would be to thy memory to have preferred the love of *Lucrecia*, before that of Fame and thy Countrey.

Upon this, such a tempest rose in *Brutus's* soul, that it was easily perceivable he had not herein taken the advice of his reason. To be short, he was that day so dejected and so melancholy, that he would not see any body, and the more to avoyd all company, he walked out into that Meadow, where I told you one evening he had seen *Lucrecia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia* sitting on the River side, discoursing with the Prince of *Pometia*, while *Racilia* walked a little aside with *Collatina's* Mother, this company being come thither since his coming out alone.

Being thus engaged not to avoyd *Lucrecia*, though he wished it, he made towards the place where she was, and having saluted the whole company, he found their discourse to be about Love, and that the Prince of *Pometia* opposing *Hermilia* (who still purposely contradicted him) held that it was not the proper vertue of a woman to have an insensible heart, and on the contrary maintained that a Lady could not be thoroughly assured of her self untill a violent affection had possessed her soul. For in fine, said he, I find that a woman makes no great difficulty to oblige those whom she hath no tendernefs for, to forbear the expressions of their love; I find it is no great reputation to wrestle with a weak and unsettled

unsettled inclination; but for a woman, courted by a man of extraordinary worth, whom she also loves, not to engage her self too far, and notwithstanding all the sympathy of a reciprocal love to preserve Vertue impreguably seated in her heart, is certainly of great merit. Yet my Lord, I conceive, replied *Valeria* modestly smiling, that it is best not to study alwayes for this expression of Vertue, lest that at first drawing in to love innocently, one should come at last to love beyond the limits of Honour. For my part, said *Hermilia*, I conceive it more glorious to oppose love, than to entertain it, how innocent soever it may be. And for mine, said *Collatina*, (who secretly carried on her Brother's interest) I must, notwithstanding the great severity the Roman Ladies profess, affirm, that where the rules of civility are observed, there is an infinite pleasure to be beloved, and, if I may presume to say it, to love. For in fine, if the enjoyments of Friendship be thought delightful, only comparatively to those of Love, which they say are greater, it were madness not to love something, it being supposed the use of it were not forbidden, I could not have believed, replied *Valeria* smiling, that a Roman Lady should make Love's party good with such confidence. She is so good a Sister, replied *Hermilia* smiling also, that she would rather forsake the interest of her Sex than of her Brother.

Whilst these Virgins were thus engaged, the fair *Lucretia* fell into such a deep musing, that she minded not what was said, though she were concerned in it. On the contrary, entertaining her self upon the first discourse of the Prince of *Pometia*, in the commendation of Love, she quite forgot the company, till that *Collatina* taking her by the arm, told her laughing, that she must contribute to that conversation; asking her whether she thought Love a troublesome thing or a pleasant. *Lucretia* answered, that she could say nothing of a thing she was not acquainted with. To take away that pretence, we must describe that passion to you, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, who having an excellent wit, made it his business to say all he could to the advantage of Love. He describ'd all the insinuations of Hope; he represented the surprises of the first desires which that passion inspires into us; he enumerated the delights, the transports, the tempting illusions it causes, the pleasant reveries that accompany it; and in fine, omitted nothing which might relate to that noble passion. Having so done, he pressed her to tell what she thought of Love. But she absolutely refusing, her companions set upon her and persecuted her so long, till at last she promised they should have her opinion, conditionally they would permit her to write it down. Enquiring therefore who among them had any table-books, it happened that onely *Brutus* had one.

Whereupon, this concealed Lover, who was glad of an occasion to have any thing of the writing of *Lucretia*, presented her with his table-book, wherein she writ what she thought of Love. But my Lord, that you may the better understand what a trick she put upon them, I must set down the same words which she writ, which she assured them contained her true sentiment of love.

Hereupon *Herminius* spying a table-book upon *Aronces*'s table, took it, and writ down the same words as *Lucretia* had made use of; which done, delivering the table-book to *Aronces* and *Amilcar*,

they therein found the ensuing words;

Past, how, there, quickly, ah, but, not, sweet, if, soever, last, were, love, can, no, is love.

How (replied *Amilcar* laughing, when he had read these scattered words) is there any rational sense in what I have read? For my part added *Aronces*, I confess I can make nothing of them; and therefore think that *Lucretia*'s design was to find her friends somewhat to do, and not desirous to discover unto them what she thought of Love, pleased her self by putting them to the trouble to pick sense out of words which had not any.

What you say my Lord, replied *Herminius*, continuing his relation, was the opinion of the Prince of *Pometia* who having read what *Lucretia* had written in *Brutus*'s table-book, told her that she was a very wag, so unmercifully to abuse her friends, and not give her opinion of a thing of the greatest importance, and the most delightful in the world.

I am not to learn, replied she smiling, that it is the property of the Gods onely to speak obscurely; but all considered, since that out of a consideration of modesty I have conceived my self not obliged to give my opinion expressly of a thing I am not able pertinently to speak of, you must either interpret my words or not understand me. But seriously, said *Valeria* to her, is there any sense in what you have written? I protest to you, replied *Lucretia* laughing, there is not onely sense, but very pleasant sense, and excellently well expressed; and that I never in my life have, nor ever shall speak better. But that you may not charge me with any vanity, continued she, I must tell you that the words are not mine, but I have borrowed them, I know not whence, nor yet from whom. Certainly, replied *Hermilia*, you are not much beholding to the Lender, and you may as easily return as much to those of whom you have borrow'd them; for whatever you may be pleased to say, what you have written here signifies no more than so much Gibberish. Neither is it so good as to pretend to that fustian language of canting, whereby some that are crafty over-reach and elude the simpler sort of people, for there is not any one who would not easily perceive there were no sense in what you have written. For instead of saying,

Past how there quickly, ah,
one should say.

Ah how quickly there past,

And so of the rest, it were as good as it was before, or to say better, as bad. If you would but change the order of the words, replied *Lucretia*, you would infallibly find my true meaning; but without jesting, said *Collatina* to her, is there any reason in these words? Sincerely, replied *Lucretia*, the highest in the world; and I much admire that four such piercing wits as you are, cannot sift it out. I would fain see (added she maliciously, thinking to make sport) whether *Brutus* can understand it better than any of you, and shall desire him to give his judgement of the question in hand. For my part, replied *Collatina*, if *Brutus* understand this language better than we, I shall think it very strange, I pray let me first once more, see these enchanted words, replied *Hermilia*, wherein *Lucretia* says there is such excellent sense, which yet seem not to

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contain any reason; for if it be so, there was never in this world such a Metamorphosis.

Hereupon the table-book was handed from one to another, till it passed through all, none being able to make any sense of it, nor did any think of giving it to *Brutus*, all being obstinately desirous to gheis at what *Lucretia* had written. For *Valeria*, who understood her, told the Prince of *Pometia*, that certainly *Lucretia* did not dissemble, and that there must be reason as what she had written by her very looks, but at length none being able to make any thing of it, *Brutus*, who had a huge desire to see those words, asked for his table-book, which had not been so soon restored to him, had not *Lucretia*, who was glad they could not find out what she had written, taken it from them; as for *Brutus*, the little feared his interpretation: Snatching it therefore out of *Hermilia's* hand, she returned it to the owner, who having received it, retreated two or three steps, and set himself seriously to consider the words. While he was looking on them, he could hear *Collatina* jeering at his earnestness therein, supposing he fought what he should never find. But that which pleased him infinitely, was to hear *Lucretia* chiding her for being so uncivil as to make sport at him. In the mean time *Brutus*, who was of an excellent reaching wit, proper for the finding out of such things, apprehended *Lucretia's* fancy, and disposing the words into their genuine order, he found they made up two verses of *Phocilides* which had been translated, that he had known them a long time, and that the Greek Slave at *Racilia's* had taught them *Lucretia*. Finding therefore the humour very ingenious, and Love being at that time predominant in his heart, notwithstanding what thoughts he had a little before, he could not but satisfy a violent desire he had to give *Lucretia* a secret testimony of both his understanding and his love. Besides that, perceiving she would not explain her own verses, he concluded she would observe the same secrecy as to the answer. For you are to know, that those two verses, the words whereof *Lucretia* had onely transposed when she writ them in *Brutus's* table-book, are two verses very amorous and pathetick, of such an easie natural sense, that you cannot but remember them, when I have once repeated them; and in fine, those words which appeared so terrible shuffled out of their places, when they were disposed in their proper order, expressed *Lucretia* thus;

*How sweet were love, if not so quickly past,
But ah! there is no love can ever last.*

Ah *Herminius*, cried out *Amilcar* interrupting him, how it troubles me that I could not decypher these verses! but I must see whether these words are the same with the other. Whereupon taking the table-book wherein *Herminius* had written them, he compared them word for word, till he had found there was no difference betwixt that fantastick canting and these two verses of *Phocilides*; which done, *Herminius* thus continued his relation.

Brutus therefore having unravelled this confusion of words, and found in them the two verses I have mentioned, immediately made two others, fantastically transposing the words, as those of the other, as you may see by what I shall write under the former, conditionally you do not interrupt me for

the interpretation. For now that you have the Secret, you may easily find them. Content your selves therefore, that I only tell you the words which I write as I speak them.

Last, permit, ever, and, my, shalt, grac't, all, some, thou, love, shall, love, beauty, find, with, thou.

I give you a thousand thanks, replied *Amilcar*, that you have given me a dispensation as to the decyphering of these words; for I should never have done it. But to comfort me, let me soon know that the others were as little able to do it as I.

That I must, replied *Herminius*, and that without any flattery; for *Brutus* having wrote these words under those of *Lucretia*, and returned them to that admirable Virgin; the table-book passed through the hands of all the company; but to say truth, rather to abuse *Brutus*, than look for any sense there. For the Prince of *Pometia* was of opinion with *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, that *Brutus* understood no more of the business, than to set down certain words at random. So that not able to keep from laughing at his pretended simplicity, their censure of his words was quite contrary to what they made of *Lucretia's*; for though they could make nothing of *Brutus's*, nor indeed endeavoured to find any thing in them, so poorly were they conceited of him; yet they affirmed they understood them, and that they were of admirable sense. They abusively repeated the first words, which they said made a wonderful harmony.

But while they so unmercifully jeered one whom they knew not, *Lucretia*, who was of a nature could not endure to make sport of such as were not thought the wisest, took the table-book from them; and seriously considering what *Brutus* had written (that he might see she did not slight him) was somewhat surpris'd to find these words relative to those she had made use of: Fastning therefore her mind, as well as her eyes, upon what *Brutus* had written, she went aside two or three steps from her companions, and looked on the words so attentively, that she understood *Brutus* as well as he had done her; for she there found these two verses, which answered those of *Phocilides*.

*Permit my love, thou with all beauty grac't,
And thou shalt find some love shall ever last.*

Lucretia had no sooner decyphered these Verses, but she blush'd, and that the more when turning to look on *Brutus*, with some amazement, she met his eyes half way, and saw in them a certain trouble, and withal a certain quickness, which she had never before observed. But how strangely soever she might be surpris'd by this accident, she made a shift to conceal it, for she would neither interpret her own words, nor discover *Brutus's*, so that having somewhat recovered her self out of the amazement she was in, she came to her friends, and told them they were better gheisers than she, for she could make nothing of what *Brutus* had written: Nor did I intend it for any but your self (replied he negligently with his accustomed simplicity) which though it seemed to be very bluntly spoken, yet did it confirm *Lucretia* in what she believed, which was, that there was something extraordinary in this adventure.

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This made her so infinitely desirous to be at liberty, to reflect on what had happened to her, that she insensibly engaged the company to a little distance by walking aside; onely *Valeria*, who was acquainted with all her secrets, she drew aside, and related to her what she had met with. But is it possible you speak seriously, replied *Valeria*, or is it by chance that you have made two verses of these extravagant words of *Brutus*, who haply knows not himself there is any such thing in them? You do not consider what you say *Valeria*, said *Lucretia* to her, for these two verses are so pertinently answerable to mine, that *Brutus* must of necessity have understood what I writ, and making them on a sudden, must of necessity have an excellent understanding, though he be accounted the most stupid among men. It is, certainly, excellently well done, replied *Valeria*, and as certain, that he was never before guilty of any discovery of Love of this nature; and not to desemble longer with you, since *Brutus* is an understanding man, he certainly loves you, and for some dayes past, I have observed him perpetually looking on you. Nay I am perswaded, added she, the love he bears you hath cleared his understanding, and that the fire your eyes have darted into his soul, hath enlightened his reason. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, my eyes do no miracles, and *Brutus* must have been long since what I now find him. 'Tis true, replied *Valeria*, I now suspect somewhat more than ever I did, for I remember I have known *Brutus* privately spend whole dayes with *Licinius* and my Father, and so it is not impossible something may be shrowded under this counterfeit stupidity.

But when all is done, how is it imaginable that a man should alwayes conceal his understanding, and expect an emergency of love to manifest it? I should therefore rather conceive it a prodigie, and that *Brutus* inspired by love, should speak this time as those do that speak Oracles, who many times understand not what they say. However it be, added *Valeria*, the adventure is so considerable, that it is fit the whole company were acquainted with it, that every one may give his opinion of it; for, after all, what *Brutus* hath written will never be taken for any declaration of Love, if you be not so pleased. No, no, replied *Lucretia*, let us not be so hasty, for if *Brutus* have those parts in him which he would not discover to the world, for some reason to me unknown, I shall do him no prejudice; nor indeed would I have him think that I have unriddled his verses. Besides that I shall not interpret my own, for *Collatina*, who, as you know, is perpetually speaking to me of her Brother, would believe when she had once seen his verse,

How sweet were Love, if not so quickly past!

that she had no more to do, than to assure me of *Collatine's* fidelity to engage me to entertain his affection. Therefore let us not say any thing of this accident, not even to *Hermilia* nor yet to *Racilia*, until we know *Brutus* somewhat better than we do. *Valeria* hereupon promising to do as she would have her, they came up to the company, which soon after dispersed it self. For the Prince of *Pometia* returned to *Rome*, and *Collatina's* mother went the same way.

In the mean time *Brutus* was so infinitely satisfied, to find by the actions and looks of *Lucretia*, that

she understood him, that all the reasons he could rally up to engage his passion, were not able to beat him off from his resolution of loving *Lucretia*; and he was so pleased to think that he had at the same time given her a slight hint of his understanding and his love, that at the same instant, Hope, which till then was a stranger to his heart, became absolute mistress of it, and brought along with her all those pleasures, which are her Attendants in ordinary. Let us love, let us love (said he in himself, when he was come to a place where he might freely reflect on what had happened to him) and let us not oppose our good fortune; let us engage our liberty for all our life, let us double the chains which fasten us to *Lucretia*, let us double them with those hands which must break asunder those of *Turquin's* Tyranny. Let us enjoy all the pleasures of an Infant-love, and hope for all those of a fortunate Lover. Let us believe the love of our Countrey, and that of Glory not to be inconsistent with them; On the contrary, let us be assured, that the onely ambition of being worthy of *Lucretia's* affection, will hasten the deliverance of *Rome*; and let us not raise those difficulties, which haply we shall never meet with. Let us then discover to *Lucretia* all our Love and all our Worth, and let us not imagine a half-confidence in her, which may equally eclipse our Reputation and our Love: for haply, continued he, if we do not make it her interest to conceal our secret, she will go and reveal it to some one who may do us a discourtesie. I now perceive, added he, I have carryed my self inconsiderately for the safety of my life, but I cannot repent me of it, and I had rather die this day, now that I know that *Lucretia* does but imagine that I love her, and am not *Brutus* the stupid, then be assured to live an age, without the happy acquaintance of this admirable person.

On the other side, *Lucretia* could not quit her thoughts and observance of *Brutus*; but as often as she saw him, she thought she saw somewhat in his eyes she never before had taken notice of, and met at the same time with love and greatness of mind. This raised in her an unspeakable curiosity, to dive into a secret which seemed to her so extraordinary; yet would she do nothing in order to the discovery of it, not so much as take any occasion to speak to *Brutus*, though she passionately wished it. But Chance befriended her the next day, for it happened that *Lucretia*, who was naturally much inclined to solitary musing, walked all alone into a large Court which was behind *Racilia's* house. But that in case the weather were over hot, they might have the pleasure and convenience of the sight of the Garden, there was lately built a large Arbor, open of all sides, opposite to the stairs which led into the Garden abutting on a spacious walk that crossed the Court. *Lucretia* therefore having left *Valeria* and *Hermilia* in a sloathful humour, that kept them within doors, as thinking fitter to entertain themselves in the Hall, took a turn into the Garden, intending to return to her friends as soon as she had done. But insensibly forgetting her first design, and withall her her self, she walked so long thinking on a hundred several things one after another, that growing weary she returned into the Arbor I spoke of, with intention to rest her a while, for there were seats all about it. They had also taken care to put curtains to all the sides, which, if need were, might be drawn against the Sun; so that *Lucretia* finding

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the place very convenient, goes in, sits down, and continuing her thoughts, looked into the Court. She was no sooner fate down, but *Brutus* comes in to her, who having walked a long time in a little Wood which was behind the Garden, came to this Arbor to rest himself, not knowing that *Lucretia* was there, the curtains being drawn on that side he came in at; for I had forgot to tell you, that there was an entrance into it on any side.

That which is particular in this accident, is, that *Brutus*, engaged in deeper meditations than *Lucretia*, was as much surprized to find her there, as she was to see him come in. But if he were surprized, it was with much delight, for having never been with her alone, he thought himself absolutely happy to find her in that posture, especially being resolved, as he was, to discover himself truly to her, and to acquaint her with his love. But though he passionately wished for the opportunity which Chance now favor'd him with, and that he saw himself at liberty to speak, yet had he such an extraordinary commotion, and so great a disturbance in his heart, that he could not but blush as well as *Lucretia*. For though the adventure the day before had made this great Beauty extremely curious to know precisely what thoughts she should have of *Brutus*, yet was she somewhat troubled to find her self alone with a man whom she did not conceive to be such as the world took him, and one who had manifested his love to her, in so strange, so ingenuous, and so gallant a manner. Nevertheless, having not any way discovered that she understood those two verses he had made to answer those she had made use of, she recover'd her self, and returned his salute.

But though she might without any hazard of censure, have staid there with *Brutus*, the place being open to all the house, as also the Court, where a many Gardeners were at work; yet she pretended as if she would not sit down again, but re-assume her walk. *Brutus* perceiving her purpose, spoke hastily to her to divert her, and taking hold of a corner of a large veil, which she had on her head, but hanged carelessly over her shoulders; Ah Madam, said he staying her, do not forsake a wretch you are not acquainted with, who yet dies out of a desire that you may; but dares not discover himself to you, if you grant him not the favor of an audience without witnesses. Deny me not then the suit I make to you, that you would but hear me, and that without interrupting me. For, Madam, I have so many things to acquaint you with, that to hear me, I must bespeak all your goodness, all your patience. *Lucretia* hearing *Brutus* speak in this manner, was extremely surprized; for though she believed him to be other than he seemed, yet could she not avoid a strange amazement, to hear him speak in an accent quite different from what he was wont. So that not knowing on a sudden, whether she should grant or deny his request, she a little while stood irresolv'd, though advising with her heart, she was extremely desirous to know what oblig'd *Brutus* to conceal his worth from the world; for she was satisfied as to what then obliged him to discover it to her: However she was in doubt what to do, inso much as that *Brutus* reading her irresolution in her eyes; I beseech you, Ma-

dam, said he to her, do not deliberate about what you have to do, seat your self where you were before I came, and be assured, that if I durst cast my self on my knees to obtain what I desire, I should not rise before you had granted it. But since I dare not almost do any rational action when I may be seen of any, neither may I any way express that extraordinary respect which I bear you, lest if I should manifest that awful adoration which is due to the admirable *Lucretia*, I might discover part of my reason. If you but knew my amazement, replied this Beauty, looking on him with eyes wherein might be seen the characters of curiosity, you would not think it strange to see me at such a loss of resolution, for my thoughts are burthen'd with a thousand things at once, which I am not able to tell you, but you might easily conjecture. In fine, added she, how can I possibly take you to be the same I have ever known you, or imagine that you can eternally disguise your self as you do? Is it possible to guess at what obliges you to this, and to conceive that you should single me out to reveal a secret of this nature to? To me, I say, whom you have found ever indifferent, if not uncivil, to you, and who have not done any thing which might oblige you to make any difference between me and *Valeria*, *Collatina*, or *Hermilia*. Ah Madam, replied he, you have done one thing which hath placed you in my heart, in a rank different from the others; for as to *Valeria*, I have only an esteem and a friendship for her; I love not *Hermilia*, but as being her Brother; and I look on *Collatina* as Sister to my Rival, whom therefore I ought not to trust my self to. But for you, divine *Lucretia*, I consider you as the only person who governs in my heart, and who only deserve to know the whole secret of my fortune. I am therefore resolved to cast my self so far into your hands, that my life shall be every moment at your disposal. For the secret of your Fortune, reply'd modestly *Lucretia*, I should not do well to tell you I am not desirous to know it, since it is not likely; but I intreat you proceed not in it, nor tell me any thing which may make me prefer the former *Brutus*, whom I have known, before him I now begin to know. If you are impartial, reply'd he, I am confident you will not be offended at what I shall tell you; if you are not, I shall shew you so easie a way to be revenged of the injury I shall have done in adoring you, that to ruine me, you need no more than commend me, for if you but tell any one that *Brutus* hath any understanding, I am sure to be presently sacrificed to the Tyrant. Fear not then any thing, Madam, from a man who puts his life into your hands, and it may be, does something more. I am so inclin'd to pity the unfortunate, reply'd she, that looking on you as the most wretched of mankind, since you are forced to conceal the understanding you have; I also consider you as such a one, as it is not the pleasure of the Gods I should destroy, but rather assist: but yet once more, tell me nothing which may cause me to repent of this indulgence I have for you.

With this *Lucretia* sitting down; and *Brutus* seating himself close by her, he in few words acquainted her with the cruelties of *Tarquin* towards his family, the flight of *Tarquinius* and *Lavinia*, his abode at *Metapont*; thence he came to tell her of the desire he had to return to *Rome*, there to serve his Country; the way the sage *Damo* had found out for

for him to return thither safely, by concealing his understanding as he had done; the miserable life he had led since his return, and the resolution he had taken to wander about the world, so at least to deliver his Reason, since he could not *Rome*. This condition, Madam, said he to her, was my soul and affairs in, when you by the Charms of your Wit and Beauty staid me here whether I would or no. Since that Madam, I have done what I could to resist you; I have objected all that to my self which I conceive you would have had me; and I left nothing unattempted which might oblige me to cease loving you. But when I had done all, it was impossible, so that at last I am resolved to acquaint you with my fortune, and discover to you my passion, and withal let you know, I am furnished with more understanding than is believed, and that thence I may assure you I have much more love than you can imagine, though I do not think I could give you a greater argument of my reason, than the expression of the love I have for you.

All that you tell me is so strange, replied *Lucretia*, that you should not think much that I have not interrupted you, though you have said many things which the stricter rules of civility allow me not to hear. But indeed the strangeness of your fortune, the miseries of your life, and the confidence you have reposed in me, by trusting me with a secret of this nature, have obliged me not to interrupt you, but to suffer you to say what you please, reserving to my self the liberty in my turn to acquaint you with my thoughts.

For answer therefore to what you have said, give me leave to assure you, that I think my self so much obliged to you for the esteem you must needs have for me, that the preservation of my own life should not engage me to hazard yours, by revealing what it so much concerns you that none know. But that done, generous *Brutus*, I must tell you, that to give an infallible testimony of the greatness of your understanding, and constancy of your soul, you must overcome this affection which you say you have for me; and to give me an assurance of your pretended love, you must never more speak to me of it. Ah Madam, cried out *Brutus*, it is impossible for me to do any thing of what you enjoyn, for I assure you I shall no longer struggle with my passion, but will rather die with grief, if you grant me not the favor sometimes to tell you that I love you. Were it not inhumanity to deny this weak comfort, to a wretch that puts his life into your hands, who trusts you with the greatest secret that ever was trusted to any, and who gives you the highest testimony of esteem that any man could give?

Consider Madam, that I am the most unfortunate of men, that I was on the point of setting my reason at liberty, when you chained it up, that my own Sister knows not that I am her Brother, nor indeed that I am not the stupid *Brutus* I seem. Consider I say, that besides the miseries of my House and Countrey, I am also burthened with those of my Love. For, Madam, I declare it to you, I love you without any hope, and expect not any return of my love, since it were unreasonable the admirable *Lucretia* should love a man whom the world despiseth, whom Fortune hath cast off, who is every moment in danger of being destroyed by *Tarquin's* cruelty, who hath almost quitted the hope of de-

living his Countrey, who must never discover his reason, and who must trifle away his life with the reputation of a man of no understanding. But after all, though I do not hope to be loved, yet I shall think my self happy enough, if you but give me leave to tell you that I love you, and suffer me submissively to complain of all my sufferings. I do not see how I can pretend to less, or desire less; and that your vertue as cautious as it is, cannot without cruelty deny me a thing wherein there is neither engagement nor danger. For (added he, not giving her time to answer) you cannot fear it should be suspected I were in love with you; and much less that you should permit my love; and when after an age of afflictions you should be pleased to express a certain kind of goodness, which I might call an innocent favor, there is no fear I should make it known, since I could not be at such a loss of discretion without hazarding my life, or exposing my self to incredulity. For if the stupid *Brutus* should say he were not hated by *Lucretia*, none would believe it, and if he went by any reason to prove it, it might cost him his life. Consider then, I conjure you, that you are the only she in the world whom I durst trust with the most important secret of my soul. 'Tis true, *Racilia*, *Valerius*, and *Licinius*, know the secret of my Fortune, but it is you, only you know that of my Love. It is you, Divine Person, added he, shall be my Mistress, my Friend, and my Confident; it is you shall be all the world to me. If I deliver *Rome*, you shall partake in the glory; and if I cannot do it, you shall condole with me, for the miseries of my Countrey, and shall be to me instead of Kinred, Friends, and Fame. Admit then, I beseech you, a Lover that desires nothing, that hopes nothing, one that could not boast of your favors if you did him any, that makes you the sole disposer of his destiny, and and that believes he hazards nothing, when he endangers all, since that, if you deal unkindly with him, he is resolved no longer to live. I therefore declare unto you, Madam, that if you feel not in your heart some favorable inclination to entertain my passion, I expect not you should be faithful to me. On the contrary, I give you leave immediately to tell *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, nay even *Collatina*, though my Rival's Sister, that I am not what I am thought, that I have more understanding than is conceived; that I am engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, that *Tarquin* must destroy me; and if this suffice not, tell it *Tarquin* himself. For what else concerns me, imagine not that I offer you a transient love: on the contrary, I shall tell you in Prose as much as I did in those two Verses, which you well understood, though you would seem not to do it. Assure your self therefore, Madam, that I shall love you eternally; and withal consider, you that are so ingenious, that you will have that advantage over me, which no other Beauty can have. For in fine, all other Lovers, how faithful soever they may be, are at the best but faithful in their hearts, since that many times they are not so in their words, and that a thousand reasons of Civility, Decorum, and Custome, oblige them to commend other Beauties, when occasion requires; nay they have their secret confidents, who share in their affections. But, according to the rate of my destiny, I cannot commend any but you, nor love any else whatever; and as I have already told you, all my wishes, all my

hopes, all my felicity, is terminated in you. And if possibly I might obtain of the admirable *Lucrecia* any thing beyond my hope, I should not onely think my self the most happy, but the most glorious man in the world; nor would I change fortunes with the greatest Conquerours, whose Victories Fame hath spread through the world. Speak then, Madam, speak, continued he, but with that goodness and justice which may shew you pitty the most unfortunate Lover that ever was. If you were simply a Suitor for my compassion, as the most wretched of all men, replied she, you might assure your self of it; but that quality of a Lover which you would put on, obliges me to deny you all pity. Ah, I beseech you Madam, remember what you said yesterday,

How sweet were love, if not so quickly past!

and assure your self I shall love you eternally.

Since love cannot last long without hope, replied *Lucrecia*, and that I shall give you none, this personated love will soon blow over. However, added she, trouble not your self about your Secret, for as I have told you already, I conceive my self obliged to be faithful to a man, who is so well opinioned of me, as to trust me with his life; and that you may be satisfied, that I will do any thing I may lawfully for you, and that I have no design to ruin you. I must ingenuously confess, that I understood yesterday what you writ in your Table-book, and was surprized at it, that not being able to contain within me all the reflections I made upon that adventure, I acquainted (my other self) *Valeria* with it, But yet fear not, added she, any prejudice from this discreet Virgin; for besides that she is naturally good, I am confident she will never speak of what she knowes, if I doe but desire her, and will go immediately and do it.

If you admit me to love you, replied *Brutus*, it is certainly requisite you have the goodness to take care that what you and *Valeria* (whose vertue I am satisfied of) onely know, may go no farther. But if that cannot be, as I told you, I have done all I can, and you have no more to do then to punish my presumption by my ruin. In the mean time as it is permitted to one that is unfortunate to fancy comforts to himself out of any thing; so you will give me leave to believe, in case you be faithful to me, that it is because you are not yet fully resolved to ruine me. Ah *Brutus*, replied *Lucrecia*, you distract me strangely, for I cannot be so base as to ruin you, yet I cannot endure you should interpret my generosity to my disadvantage.

While she was speaking thus, she spies *Hermilia* coming out of the house, and *Valeria* staying her by force, as if she would have hindred her from coming to the place where she was. And indeed it was so, for it happened that *Hermilia* having through the hall window seen *Brutus* and *Lucrecia* together, took pity to see her obliged to entertain a man whose conversation was no way pleasant, which made her tell *Valeria* that she would goe and relieve her. But *Valeria* knowing the adventure of the Verses, and being withal very willing that *Lucrecia* should discover *Brutus*'s secrets, justly suspected that so long a discourse might produce something; and therefore that it might not be interrupted, she would have kept *Hermilia* from distur-

bing them, telling her, it were fit to leave *Lucrecia* alone with *Brutus*, were it but to punish her for her wilful humour the day before, when she would not tell what she writ in the Table-book. But at last *Hermilia* getting from *Valeria*, came running to the place where *Lucrecia* was, who, not much troubled at the interruption, left *Brutus*, and went to meet this fair Virgin, whom she hardly thanked, for having delivered her out of a company which she said was very troublesome to her. Yet did not *Lucrecia* speak with her accustomed freedome, as being not quite disintangled from the adventure had happened unto her, but *Hermilia* reflected not much on it, but believed that little disturbance she descryed in *Lucrecia* to have proceeded from the trouble she had had to entertain *Brutus*, who not able suddenly to shift himself into his stupidity, chose rather to remove himself further from *Lucrecia*, then coming near her to say nothing to her, or at least nothing that might please her.

In the mean time, *Lucrecia*, though at the present she had no thoughts of entertaining *Brutus*'s love, was yet particularly careful to speak in time to *Valeria*, to let her know, that what she had told her the day before, was of greater consequence than she conceived. Yet could she not speak to her till they were retired to their bedchamber; for before, either *Hermilia* or *Racilia* was always with them. But as soon as they were private, *Lucrecia* acquainted her friend punctually with all that *Brutus* had said, celebrating the greatness of his understanding; and the difference that was between his ordinary manner of speaking, and when he spoke freely; and in fine, pretending to *Valeria* that she had a great esteem for him, though she were not half acquainted with him. But all considered, added she, I wish I had not known him, or that he had been satisfied to have chosen me onely for his friend, to comfort him in his affliction. Ah *Lucrecia*, replied *Valeria*, since, after a manifestation of love, you wish him that made it your friend, I am confident you would soon admit him as your Lover: I must then needs be prepossessed with a very strong inclination, replied *Lucrecia*, for though I am perswaded one may lawfully love once in their life, so it be withal innocently, and should believe there is nothing so Pleasant as a tender crimeless love, yet must I needs, as I said, have my mind extremely prepossessed to ingage my self into *Brutus*'s love, since that you may easily judge, that considering his reputation in the world, my Father would never consent I should marry. For my Mother, knew she truly how things stand, I am confident she would lay her commands upon me to entertain *Brutus*'s affection; for her heart is so sensibly possessed with the memory of his illustrious Father, that the hatred she hath for *Tarquin* is certainly grounded upon the death of *Junius*, with whom she was very intimately acquainted. But you may well think, added she, that I shall not go and reveal this secret to her, and consequently have nothing else to do, but to avoyd meeting with *Brutus*. But if you over-warily avoyd him, replied *Valeria*, those who observe it will take occasion to suspect something, for you have ever seemed less desirous to shun him then any. And therefore, added she laughing, do not avoyd him so wilfully; have a better confidence of your self, and onely resolve to make good your heart while we stay here.

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The advice you give me, replied *Lucretia* with a gentle smile, hath something injurious in it, for it might be thence inferred, that you do not much believe I really would avoyd *Brutus*. But that you may be satisfied, I tell you nothing but truth, added she, I will do what I can to hasten my return to *Rome*, for in fine, I must needs acknowledge I have so great an esteem for *Brutus*, as to wish he might think honourably of me.

The next day *Lucretia* writ divers things to her Father to oblige him to send for her home; but the reasons which moved him to send her for that part of the Summer into the Countrey, being the stronger, *Lucretia's* endeavours proved fruitless, so that she was forced to be content to remain at *Racilia's* for she had a soul too great to give the true cause of her desire to return to *Rome*, since *Brutus's* life was concerned in it. In the mean time, this disguised lover, from his first opening of his love to *Lucretia*, was glad of any occasion to entertain her, or to write to her; and having an ingenuity beyond the ordinary rate of men, he found out a hundred ways to convey his Letters, and that so as she could not but receive them. But all notwithstanding, *Lucretia* having a real aversion from engaging her self to *Brutus's* love, one day represented unto him all the difficulties which she thought might break the obstinacy of his love to her. For in fine, said this discreet person to him, you may easily judge that my Father would not bestow his Daughter on a stupid *Brutus*; and you may withal conceive that the *Brutus*, who I think worthy my greatest esteem, is not in a condition to discover himself; and therefore not finding how I can any way dispose of my self, you will excuse me if I intreat you not to speak to me any more of your love. As for my friendship, said she to him, it is at your service, and I promise you withal, that I will not avoyd you, as for some dayes I have, conditionally you admit *Valeria*, who knows all the secrets of my heart, one of our company. Your pleasure shall be my will, returned *Brutus*, so you will permit me still to love you, contenting your self that I shall not challenge your affection, till your heart should be overcome by the greatness of mine, and be forced to do me justice. Till then that you be onely my friend, since you are so pleased, and that I may be accounted *Valeria's*, I am content; but withal, vouchsafe to stay till you fully understand what I am; and if when you are thoroughly acquainted with my heart, you can deny me yours, I shall have no other business in this world but to dye. I shall then at once forget the love of my Countrey, that of Glory, and that of *Lucretia*, and shall have no more to do but to commit to dust the purest flame that ever shined in amorous heart.

From that time, my Lord, had *Brutus* more of *Lucretia's* company than before, for that *Valeria* being admitted into the Club, *Lucretia* did not so much avoid him. Yet *Hermilia* stood many times in his way, that he could not entertain *Lucretia* with his passion, for she was seldom out of their company. As for *Valeria* she was so charmed by the excellent endowments of *Brutus*, that in few dayes she became as great a friend to him as she was to *Lucretia*; and that which augmented the friendship of these two persons, was, that *Brutus* acquainted this discreet Virgin with the particular correspondence he held with *Valeria*.

But notwithstanding all the enjoyments the company of these two admirable Virgins afforded him, yet was he still very unfortunate; for though he knew that *Lucretia* had really a great esteem and friendship for him, yet was he not contented, because it is particular to that passion his soul was engaged with, not to be satisfied but by it self.

This found matter of perpetual complaint, notwithstanding the prohibitions of *Lucretia* to the contrary; but commonly he did it by Letters which though he found a hundred ways to get into her hands, whether she would or not, yet would she not answer any, till at last thinking at once to satisfy him, and oblige him to do what she would have, she resolved to silence all his complaints with one answer; but lest she might engage her self too far, she onely sent him these words.

*When you more Reason dare profess,
You' shall know more of Happiness.*

But my Lord, this message soon brought *Lucretia* another, which I must needs shew you, for having undertaken to entertain you with the History of *Brutus*, I have got from him whatever I thought requisite for your satisfaction: See then the answer of this disguised Lover.

When I profess more reason, you tell me I shall be more happy; Ah Madam, how hard is it to preserve so much Reason where there is so much Love, and how long must I continue miserable! You give me certainly, Madam, an excellent Precept, but I cannot follow it. All the Sages of Greece told me as much before I knew you, but it is onely you have taught me that all their instructions are fruitless. Never had I such a disturbance in my soul as now, and that which sinks me deeper into despair, is, that haply it might be said; that for what concerns you I had no reason to despair. For certainly you exercise no cruelty on me, nay I am obliged to celebrate your goodness; but is it not equally certain, that you love me the less, by how much my affection is the greater to you? You look on my passion with so much calmness and indifference, that in my judgement you would be more sensible of it, were it onely a pleasant fiction wherein you were nothing concerned, nor knew any more than the relation from some eloquent person. Ah Madam, how cruel are you if this be your true apprehension! and how much more cruel if it be not! and how careful are you to conceal the truth from me, so to make me the most unfortunate of men! What shall I say to you, Madam? since I find you so insensible as to Love, I doubt me you are more as to Friendship; and that all the expressions I have received of yours were onely strong imaginations, and so many pleasant sallies of your mind. Have I not other afflictions enough in my passion? The difficulty to speak with you; the sad necessity of my self restraint and reservedness; the absence you every day threaten me with, and whereof the very thoughts murders me; to which you shall not need add an insensibility the most unkind and the most cruel that ever was, and especially since it hath all the appearances of humanity and candor. What I desire is, I confess, too much for me to receive, but it is little for you to grant; Heaven is my witness I desire nothing else. Tell me but once, I admit your love, and forbid you not to hope you may be loved; and then though you never speak to me more, I shall be content, and my passion will be dissolved into serenity and joy. But if the terrible word of four letters frightens you, and

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that he be the cause of all your fears. I shall consent that for the future, this *LOVE* be called respect, or Friendship, or what you please, provided that between us it signifie something quite different from the name. *Pitty me Madam, pity the purest and most unspotted Affection* that ever heart was capable of; you will certainly, could you but see the tempestuousness of my thoughts. My mind is discomposed by the disorder of my heart; and I am sometimes afraid I shall really come to be what the world believes me, if you do not change my destiny. May I presume to tell you, *Madam*. I do almost repent me I have ever loved you; I have wished I could love you no longer; nay, I have endeavoured it. But soon after, I have found I was not master of my own thoughts; I have condemned my endeavours, and repented of my repentance, as of a crime. This, *Madam*, is the deplorable condition I am in, and must be while you are so pleased; for I am not to be acquainted with my own frailty, which you know as well as I, and therefore it is to little purpose for me to complain and threaten at the same time, since all I have to do is to suffer, to disguise, to be silent, and to love you eternally.

This Letter being very full of passion, *Lucretia* was a little stung with it, inasmuch that she resolved to return *Brutus* a longer answer than she had done before. For indeed not to conceal any thing from you, the great worth of this illustrious Roman, the generosity of his heart, his gallantry, the confidence he at first reposed in her discretion, the disconsolate life he led, the respect he had for her, the experience she had of his virtue, and the pureness of his apprehensions, together with a certain passionate stile, which was that of all his writings; had kindled in her soul a certain affection, the force whereof she was not acquainted with. Yet I am confident, you will infer from the answer which I shall read to you, that she had a certain obliging tenderness for *Brutus*, though she never allowed a thought which was not virtuous and innocent. But that you may know whether I am in the right or no, hear what was *Lucretia's* answer.

I should never have believed that Innocence could have been so cowardly as I find it in my own heart. For I assure you, that though I fear not any thing either as to you or myself, yet am I haunted with a secret distrust, which is no small affliction to me: I cannot precisely tell what it is I fear, and I cannot but fear what I cannot tell; nor can the consideration either of all my own virtue or yours, restore my mind to quiet and composure. It is so overcast and disordered with thousands of niceties and doubts, that if the tenderness of my heart were not engaged on your side, I know not whether I might not repent me of a great part of that goodness which I have for you. But to give you my true thoughts, I am persuaded this civil war will yet last some time. I could wish it were at an end, for you know, as War banishes all pleasures from those places where it hath to do, so that whereof my heart hath for some time been the Seat, suffers me not effectually to apprehend the joy of being by you preferred before all the world, and governing in the heart of a man of extraordinary worth, and (which I value much more) one whose affection is composed of Virtue and Sincerity. In fine, is it not true that in some late private entertainments, you have observed I had not the least liberty or command of my mind? Is it not as true, I was neither merry nor melancholy, neither absolutely dull, nor absolutely chearful? That to speak truly, I was neither

absolutely mild, nor altogether severe, and that if you had never found me more amiable than you did those two days, you had never loved me? However, I hope you will not blame me, the rather, if you consider I have an infinite passion for Reputation and Innocence. I know there is nothing criminal in your affection, but I know my own weakness, which is such, that I am afraid of any secret; I never was burthened with any, and all novelty distracts me. Yet it may happen, that observing from time to time the integrity of your resentments, I shall seriously resolve to share an innocent Secret with you; and shall then give my soul way to entertain all the sweetness it may find, in being tenderly loved by a person who knows how to love, and who can love with respect and innocence. I should tell you a thousand things more, should I pretend to answer your Letter exactly, and acquaint you with the true state of my soul. But I have not the leisure, and am not certain whether I have the will; for seriously, the disquiet of mind is such as I am ashamed of.

I am confident, my Lord, that though this Letter contain nothing in it of extraordinary Obligation, yet you cannot otherwise think than that *Brutus* should take it as a very high favour, as wherein he might easily perceive that *Lucretia* had a great esteem and a strong inclination for him. Nevertheless he found in it some things to complain at, as you may judge by the answer he returned to it, whereof this is a Copy.

If I love you not beyond what any one can love you; if my love admit any thing which the most exact and nice Virtue can any way censure in it self, if I can live contentedly, or, to say better, but onely live until you love me, I wish I were the wretchedst of mankind. This is all the answer I shall make you, desire no more of a wretch, whom you have already made lose his understanding and his reason, and if you change not your thoughts, will make him also lose his life. But *Madam*, what necessity is there to answer you, you sufficiently answer your self? You fear, you say, and cannot tell what you fear; You are engaged with the most fervent and the most accomplished love in the world; and if I darst say so *Madam*, with your own goodness and compassion, and yet all your forces consist of a sort of nice Difficulties, as you your self call them, that is to say, reasons which are onely shadowes of Reason, such as a great and noble Soul, as yours, shall never entertain. Upon these niceties then, you would easily deprive him of all content, who of all the world hath the greatest love for you. For these niceties he must be condemned to perpetual torment, so as to be dissolved into sighs, groans, and complaints, and must accuse all your past goodness as so much cruelty. Certainly those who fiercely and disdainfully repulse their Lovers, are not haply as inhumane as you are; for their fierceness is a remedy against it self, and many times saves those whom it might bring into despair. Besides, these, when they are so scornful, they believe they have reason to be so, and are not swayed by niceties, and their rigour therefore is so much the more excusable. But for you, *Madam*, what shall I say to you? Shall I complain of you, or shall I commend you? I am in doubt whether, so much am I disordered; but this I know, whether you are merciful or cruel, nice or not, I cannot but love you while I live; and all the difference will be this, that as you are pleased I shall be the happiest or the most unhappy of all Lovers. Alas *Madam*, is it possible you can destroy all my felicity, all my joy, haply some part of your own, onely because you know not whether you would have what you would,

would, or that you wish it imperfectly? Have compassion on me. I beseech you Madam, let us once be an example, that perfect Vertue is not inconsistent with perfect Love, and that it were very unhappy, if it were deprived of the sweetest pleasure, or to say better, the only in the world. What serenity will you infuse into my mind, if you can afford that which you desire unto your own? What glory were there equal to mine? With what Kings, and with what Lovers would I change condition? O ye Gods! how doth this very thought crown me with joy, in the midst of all your cruelties? But if you are resolv'd still to oppose my happiness, I tell you seriously, you will either give me my death, or make it my perpetual wish. Consider therefore Madam, what you do, and the more to engage you to be tender of my life, remember that the safety of Rome is haply concerned in it, and that you cannot ruine me without exposing your Countrey to eternal slavery.

Lucretia having received the Letter, shewed it Valeria in a little close Arbor, which was at the corner of Racilia's Garden; but she did it with so visible expressions of disturbance in her looks, that her friend not able to guess at the meaning of it, asked her the reason. For in fine, said she to her, this Letter hath nothing in it which is not full of respect and passion; and I am confident, it is no trouble to you that Brutus loves you. I confess, it replied Lucretia, but that which infinitely afflicts me, is, that I have not that command of my heart, so as to be able when I should desire it, to avoyd loving him. It is certainly in my power, added she, not to give him any expressions of it, but if I do it, I am so much the more unhappy; for when ever I force my self to hide from him part of that esteem which I have for him, I am presently haunted, notwithstanding all my resistance, with a certain fear to destroy his affection by over-concealing my own. Not but that I believe I may love Brutus innocently, for the last time my mother was here, she expressly commanded me to entertain Brutus with that correspondence of affection, which a virtuous maid may express to a man that were to be her husband, adding to this command another, that I should never discover what she enjoyed me.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you that Racilia, who was not ignorant of the great friendship, was between Lucretia's mother, and Brutus's father, and had often observed that her Nephew had a violent inclination for this excellent Virgin, took one day occasion to confer with this Illustrious Roman, whom she knew to be implacably exasperated against Tarquin, and told her she thought it very strange her Husband should suffer Collatine to make publick addresses to Lucretia, since it was generally known she had an aversion for him. To which Lucretia's Mother replying an absolute confidence in Racilia, made answer, that for her part she was infinitely troubled at it, nor could imagine any way to divert her Husband from it, who proposed to himself great advantages by an alliance with Tarquin. But not to trouble you with an account of these two Womens discourse, it shall suffice I only tell you, that Racilia, confident of her discretion, to whom she spoke, acquainted her that Brutus was not what he was thought to be; she produced divers of his Letters to confirm, she had said no more of him than he deserved; and in fine, represented

him to her as the worthy Son of a man, for whom she had had a very tender friendship, as a secret enemy to Tarquin; and as the illustrious lover of her Daughter. Whereupon summing up all together whatever they thought might help to break off the marriage with Collatine, Racilia obliged Lucretia's Mother to lay her commands upon her Daughter to be very civil to Brutus, not making any further discovery to her. For knowing that the principal reason which moved her Husband to admit a marriage with Collatine, was that Collatine was of the Blood royal, she doubted not but that marriage being broken off, he would be content she should take Brutus with all his stupidity, as being Tarquin's Nephew. Not knowing therefore truly how things stood, she laid that command on Lucretia, which contributed much to the happiness of Brutus.

Hence it was that Valeria understanding by Lucretia the command, which her Mother had laid on her, took occasion to tell her those little difficulties were groundless, and that she was of opinion she might innocently entertain Brutus's affection. But Valeria, replied Lucretia, if I should, and he not know what my mother hath enjoyned me, he will haply esteem me so much the less, and if I acquaint him with it, he will think himself the less beholding to me for what I shall do for him; so that I am in the greatest confusion in the world. For, I wish Brutus's love, and haply should be won to love him; Yet am I tormented with insurrections of Fear, Shame, and Repentance. I wish I had written harshly to him; I wish I had not answer'd him at all; I wish he had not written to me; I wish he would write to me every day; I wish he had never loved me; I wish he would love me eternally; and in fine, I wish things so different and inconsistent, that when I examine my self, I am almost dead for fear I should love Brutus better than he loves me. For according to my present apprehensions, I could wish, were it possible, he never had loved any thing, or that he might love nothing besides my self; and if I could reflect on all the passages of my soul, I should there find jealousy, despatch and pride, but withal a mixture of vertue, innocence, and an obstinate desire of glory, all which torment my soul beyond all imagination. If Brutus had heard what you have said, replied Valeria, he were not over miserable: but I can assure you, replied Lucretia, that if he understood the true meaning of all my words, he would not be much the less miserable: You are in the right, Madam, (replied this illustrious Roman, starting from behind a thick-set hedge, where he lay hid, and withal, casting himself on his knees) for there is no condition more miserable, than that of not being hated, and yet so treated as if one never were to be loved. Ah Brutus, cried out Lucretia blushing, I shall not excuse the presumption you are guilty of, in discovering to me that you have over-heard me. Ah Madam, replied he, what have I heard, whence I may derive the least favor? On the contrary, is not this irresolution of your soul, absolutely insufferable? Ask Valeria what she truly thinks of it, and I doubt not but she will tell you, if she speak sincerely, I have reason to complain, that you are yet to consider whether you should admit my love or not. I must acknowledge, Madam, I did not think my self to be so miserable, nay sometimes I flattered my self that these groundless difficulties, wherewith your Letter

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ter was so well furnished, had really no placé in your heart. But for ought I can perceive, you are not yet certain whether you should love or hate the miserable *Brutus*; and his fate is still so doubtful, that your own heart is yet ignorant of its own secret resentments. Complaint is so natural to Love, replied *Valeria* smiling, that I wonder not at yours; but when all is done, you should think your self happy to have heard what *Lucretia* hath said of you, & she her self should be satisfied that you have heard those things which might excuse the tenderness of her heart. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, I am so little satisfied in my self, that I would willingly change hearts with you. If the fair *Valeria*, replied *Brutus*, do but justice to the love of *Herminius*, I should haply get something by the exchange. Do not I pray charge me with injustice, replied *Valeria*, at the same time, when out of pure goodness I am your advocate; and accuse me not of having a heart more tender than *Lucretia*.

Hereupon these three persons being mutually satisfied, *Brutus* and *Lucretia* appealed to *Valeria* to judge of those differences should happen between them. For in fine, said *Lucretia* to *Brutus*, if you can persuade *Valeria*, that a virtuous person can entertain such an affection as you mean, I shall consent to admit yours, conditionally you never oblige me to be openly undutiful to my Father, that in case he dispose of me contrary to my inclination, you will endure it patiently without hating me; and when that happens, you never see me after. Ah Madam, replied he, these are strange conditions, but I must accept them, provided on your behalf you suffer my passion; you favor me with all the opportunities you can to speak with you; you receive my Letters, and answer them; and lastly, cheerfully permit all those innocent expressions of love I shall make to you. So you rest satisfied with the resentments of my heart, replied she, I shall do what you desire, as soon as you have persuaded *Valeria*, as I have already told you, that a virtuous person may be engaged to love, and shall have proved it to me rather by example than by reason; for not to dissemble with you, added she, I have not much to learn of what might be said to justify a virtuous love. Ah Madam, said he to her, if there want nothing but to convince you, I am the happiest of men. For I know at *Metapont* an admirable Virgin, of whom I have heretofore spoken to you, who hath not conceived she hath done any thing prejudicial to her reputation, in resolving to love. Might it please the Gods, replied *Lucretia*, it were the daughter of *Pythagoras*. Your prayers are heard Madam, replied he, it is of that sage person I am to speak to you, and in few words to satisfy your curiosity, and furnish you with an example; I am only to acquaint you that *Damo* had fortified her heart against the addresses of the most virtuous persons in the world, as believing she could not meet with any one man, in whom there were a conjunction of Wit, Virtue, Goodness, Gallantry, Tenderness, and Fidelity. She could not I say, be persuaded it were possible to find a Lover, whose desires exceeded not the limits of Innocence, nor his transports those of Discretion; so that despairing to meet with a man of a virtue great enough to love, at the rate of that affection, which she imagined requisite in an upright well-meaning person, she was resolved not to love any thing but

Glory. But at length one of the most famous Disciples of *Pythagoras* named *Alcmaeon*, falling deeply in love with her, and bringing along with him all those perfections which she thought it impossible to find in any one man, she changed her resolution, and after a many thousands of applications, from *Alcmaeon*, and thousands of services tendered and performed, she hath entertained his affection, and given him expressions of hers; she hath received Love-letters from him, and hath answered them; she hath favor'd her Lover with a thousand opportunities of private entertainments; she hath received verses from him, and hath returned others to him. Ah! might it please the Gods that the incomparable *Lucretia* would make as amorous for me as those of *Damo* were for *Alcmaeon*. But that you may not find me in any untruth, and may withal be satisfied of the tenderness of this virtuous person's heart; Be pleased to hear some of her amorous Poetry, and, if you can, inform your self thereby what are the pleasures of Love, and be convinced that Virtue it self inspires this passion with charms, so that these two things not being incompatible, you might love me without any distrustful reservedness. Hereupon *Valeria*, who knew *Lucretia*'s humor as well as her self, knew well she desired no more than that her innocent affection might be justified by some authority, pressed *Brutus* to repeat those verses of *Damo*; whereto *Lucretia* by her silence consenting, he told them, that those verses had made such an impression in his heart, that they had found a place in his memory, though he had not much troubled himself to keep them in mind. Not that they are, added he, so excellently good, but that they have a certain vein of passion, which I am taken with, and wish you were also. Upon this, *Brutus* recollecting himself a little, repeated the following verses, which *Damo* had made under the name of *Lysis*, though they were directed to *Alcmaeon*.

*False and unjust their censure is,
Who Love account a cruel pain;
For can there be a greater bliss,
Than loving, to be lov'd again?*

*My joys, when Lysis's constant love
I view, arrive at such a height,
That to deject them is above
The humble power of scorned Fate.*

*He who in Love is deeply read,
Knows the least trifle to improve;
In ev'ry glance her bright eyes shed,
A thousand harmless pleasures move.*

*A smile, a sigh, one little sight,
Contribute charms to our desire;
Her grief confers to our delight,
Her very tears encrease our fire.*

*Then Lysis we no more delay
To make our mutual passions known,
At which let wond'ring Lovers say,
Their souls are twisted into one.*

Can you any longer doubt, divine *Lucretia* (said *Brutus* to her, having repeated those Verses) that a virtuous person may love once in all her life? Can you, I say, who know the reputation of *Damo*, and who have heard, there is not another maid in the world so severely virtuous as she? Love therefore, charming Beauty, or at least suffer your self to be loved; and if you will not make amorous verses, suffer others to do it for your glory: Suffer me I say, to do any thing which may convince you of the greatness and tenderness of my affection, that when you once are; it may prove contagious to you. For, in fine, Madam, if we do not a little love that which loves us, there can be no sensible pleasure in being loved. Be pleased then to enjoy your self in the empire of my heart, by granting me a part of yours. You have so much of it in my friendship, replied *Lucretia*, as might content you. Ah Madam, replied *Brutus*, how little is your acquaintance with Love, if you believe the most fervent friendship in the world can satisfy it! No no, Madam, deceive not your self, I cannot possibly be happy, if I am not loved after another manner than one loves his friends. I dare not presume to tell you that I will you should love me, continued he, but if I may without crime think it, I should wish your heart were in a condition to feel what it never felt, and what it should not for any besides the too too happy *Brutus*. I should wish, I say, you were moved when ever you saw me, and that from me alone you should derive all your felicity. My demands, Madam, added he, are indeed great, for a man that deserves nothing, but all considered I demand nothing but what is innocent. I absolutely forbid my desires all criminal favours, and in fine, wish no more than you will, so you will permit me to love you, and that continuing my adorations of you with the same fervency and sincerity, you will give me leave to believe, that if I am not loved, I may be.

Upon this, *Valeria* interposing her self between them, carried things with so much discretion, that though *Lucretia* said nothing that might positively engage him; yet did *Brutus* think himself happy. For, in fine, he was allowed to make his complaints, and write to *Lucretia*, when he could not come to speech with her. It was also promised he should be answered; they permitted him to hope he might be loved: He was assured of certain meetings with her in the same place, conditionally the business might be carried so as *Hermilia* and *Racilia* should not suspect any thing. For though *Brutus* affirmed to *Lucretia* that his Aunt was not ignorant of his having more understanding than he made shew of, yet did they stand in fear of her, as not suspecting she knew any thing of his passion.

Now was it that illustrious Roman thought himself the happiest of men, and what before had contributed to his affliction, seemed now to conduce to his happiness. For now he found that his disguise was as advantageous to his love as to his hatred, since he could approach both *Lucretia* and *Tarquin*, and fear neither *Enemies* nor *Rivals*, thinking himself so felicitised in the love and esteem of the admirable *Lucretia*, that he valued not the esteem of all the world. He was no more troubled to be silent before all people, since he was permitted to speak of his love to the person that caused it; and when he could but get into that close ar-

bour, where *Lucretia* began first to shew him favour, he found more pleasure to be there alone, than he could have done in the most pleasant company *Rome* could afford, though he were at liberty to display all the perfections of his mind.

Nor was the love of his Country hereby any thing abated; no more than that of Glory: on the contrary, since that he assured himself of the Love of *Lucretia*, he thought himself doubly concerned to endeavour the destruction of *Tarquin*; not onely because he being once ruined, *Collatine* would let fall all pretensions to *Lucretia*, but also out of a pure disinterested motive, as conceiving it necessarily contributed to the glory of this excellent Beauty, that by the deliverance of *Rome*, he should set his own reason at liberty; and withal put himself into such a condition, that all the world might take notice of the passion he had for her. As soon therefore as love had possessed it self of the empire of his heart, he redoubled his former endeavours to accomplish that great design, wherewith his soul is at this day burthened. Nor was he disturbed by any melancholy apprehensions for some dayes ensuing that wherein *Lucretia* had honoured him with the first expressions of her love; nor knew any other affliction than what proceeded from the impatience he had to give his Mistress another private visit; when any occasion hindred *Lucretia* and *Valeria* to meet according to their innocent appointment: But this was no small penance to him, even so great, that one day it grew so violent upon him, that he thought not a simple Letter sufficient to express to *Lucretia* the earnest desire he had to see her again: Having therefore an excellent and easie vein of Poetry, though none knew it but *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and my self, he enclosed a paper of Verses in a Letter he writ to *Lucretia*, with intention to deliver it to her himself, as he often did, when he could not meet with her but in company: But this Letter he made a shift to deliver her, as she sat betwixt *Collatine* and my self, for we often made visits at *Racilia*'s, whither we were drawn by no mean concerns. I am confident you are desirous to know how he would carry the business so, as to deliver this Letter to *Lucretia*; but that you may conceive how it was done, I am onely to tell you, that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, two or three other Ladies, *Brutus*, *Collatine* and I, were all together in that close Arbour, where *Brutus* had the day before seen *Lucretia*, and where he had that day met her, had we not disappointed the meeting. Having, as I told you already, written his Letter, and being very desirous to know what *Collatine* said to *Lucretia*, and more to oblige *Lucretia* to think on him, while his Rival entertained her; he took a walk out of the Garden for to get behind the Arbour, whence he had once before overheard a discourse between *Lucretia* and *Valeria*; and there, as I told you, he placed himself to hearken to what *Lucretia* said to *Collatine*, and afterwards to appear before that excellent person, in hope of some occasion to deliver her his Letter. But it so happened that this Beauty, who it seems was not much taken with *Collatine*'s discourse, rested her self negligently on the hedge of the Arbor, and amidst her thoughts had passed her hand thorough, wherewith the fate plucking the leaves, not thinking what she was doing. *Brutus* seeing it, soon knew it to be *Lucretia*'s fair hand, and was fully satisfied it could be no others;

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for besides that, her hand was of a particular kind of making, she had on a ring, that she alwayes wore, which absolutely convinced *Brutus* he was not deceived. Not much minding the design to hearken to what was said in the Arbour, he put into the fair hand of *Lucretia* a little Table-book, which he had purposely caused to be made for to write Letters to her in; and (out of a transport of love, which he could not retain, though with all the reason he had he endeavoured it) kissing it he shut it, thereby to let her know, that what he gave her could come from none but himself. *Lucretia* being surprized at this accident, began to blush, and thought to have cried out: but by good fortune, reflecting suddenly on the adventure, she apprehended what it was, and withheld her self. Yet *Collatina* asked her very importunately what the matter was, but she onely told him, rising up, that she had hurt her hand a little, whereupon drawing it to her hastily, she wrapt it into a corner of her veil, as if she had hurt it indeed, though it was onely to hide the Table-book she had received from *Brutus*, who for his part was so well satisfied with the adventure, that he came not into the Arbour, out of a fear he might not conceal the present agitation of his mind, but went and walked alone.

In the mean time, *Lucretia* having cunningly conveyed the Table-book into her pocket, resumed her part in the discourse; but when they had sufficiently rested themselves, they all began to walk, without observing any order, for sometimes the whole company marched all in rank, and spoke all together, and sometimes they divided themselves into particular entertainments. It happened by this means, that not able to fasten any discourse with *Valeria*, with whom two women talked whisperingly, I came all alone after *Lucretia*, who was entertained by *Collatine*. But it happening that as she went she wanted something out of her pocket, and that at the same time *Collatine* said something to her, whereat she was displeased, she minded not that she had dropped the Table-book which *Brutus* had given her: For my part though I walked musing yet seeing it fall, I took it up, and opened it, with intention to write some gallantry in it, before I returned it to *Lucretia*, whereat she should much wonder when she saw it. But I was much surprised my self, to meet with *Brutus's* Letter and Verses he had there writtē; of both which these are Copies;

You will find by these Verses, that I think on you, when haply you bestow not a thought on me; but I shall intreat you, Madam, to assure your self, that the affliction I have that I cannot speak with you, is greater than the pleasure my Rival finds to entertain you; and to do me justice, be pleased to let me read in your bright eyes, when I shall have the happiness to see them, that his entertainments hath not been pleasing to you. I had rather not observe in them any favour for my self, than be in suspense whether there is any for him. Believe it, Madam, and withall, that with as much impatience, as love, I wait for the happy satisfaction to entertain you privately employing my self no otherwise in the mean time, than in perpetually saying.

*When will the Fair, for whom I burn,
This place with her rich Presence bless?
Dear minutes fraught with happiness;
Ah will you never ne're return?*

*From Night to each successive Morn,
Sorrows my Quiet dispossess;
Dear minutes fraught with happiness;
Ah will you never, ne're return?*

Having read this Letter and Verses, I was no more desirous to write any thing in the Table-book, as being in an incredible disturbance. That which caused it, was that I knew the writing of *Brutus* for though he endeavoured to appear stupid, yet upon some necessary occasions he made a shift to write. Knowing therefore by chance, his hand, which was the ealier to be known, as having somewhat a strange Character, for that *Brutus* had learned to write at *Metapont*, and not at *Rome*, I was in such a trouble, as I am not able to express to you. For I could not believe *Brutus* able to write well, either in Verse or Prose, nor that he could love *Lucretia*, nor be loved of her. No more could I conceive that some other should make use of that disguise, it being very unlikely any one should trust him with a secret of that consequence; and if so, who should that be? There was none but he at *Racilia's*; and there came no other men thither, but the Prince of *Pometia*, who was in love with *Hermilia*; *Titus*, who was a servant to *Collatina*, and *Mulius*, whom I but too well knew, had an inclination for *Valeria*. Thus not knowing what to think, and being resolved to dive into a secret of that concernment, I thought fit to take *Valeria* aside as soon as I could conveniently. But not desirous to cause *Lucretia* that trouble which her knowing that I had seen her Table-book might give her, I chose rather to intreat *Valeria* to tell her friend that she had found it; for having an infinite esteem for that beauteous and discreet Virgin, I should have been extreamly troubled, my sight should cause her any confusion. But in fine, not to spend time on frivolous things, you are to know, that I spoke to *Valeria*, that I shewed her the Table-book, and to engage her to satisfy my curiosity, I gave it her without any condition at all, intreating her to deliver it to *Lucretia*, after the manner I had proposed, and conjuring her, if it were a thing lay in her power, to deliver me out of the affliction I was in. But as this Wench is infinitely generous and free, and that I desired not to know the secret of her friend, but in case she might lawfully reveal it to me, so she told me, that she durst not satisfy my curiosity. In the mean time, she charged me not to speak of what had happened to any whatever, and to reward my discretion, promised she would manage the business so, as that *Lucretia* and she being but the same thing, he who had written that Letter and those Verses, should make but one with me. To be short, *Valeria*, who thought it might be some advantage to her, that I were admitted into the Society, and that haply I might in many things be serviceable to *Brutus*, by the hatred I bore *Tarquin*, resolved to speak that night to *Lucretia*, and acquainted her with what had happened: For she conceived, and rightly, that without doing so, she would not be engaged to repose any confidence in me; which done, she doubted not of her consent, that I might be of the Conclave, and her commands on *Brutus* to trust himself to my discretion, and to receive me as a friend. It is true, for the latter I needed not her assistance: for you may be pleased to know, that having parted with

Valeria,

Valeria, I walked out all alone into a spacious Meadow, joyning to that Orchard which is beyond the Court, where I no sooner was, but I descried *Mutius* coming towards *Racilia's*, but perceived him set upon by four men, who persued him with their swords drawn, and cryed out to him, that he must die. Having no weapon about me, I thought indeed they would make their words good, and that *Mutius* was irrecoverably lost, for the place was very solitary, and was not enclosed to *Racilia's* house. But though *Mutius* were my Rival, yet I thought my self obliged to relieve him. To that end I for a little while hid my self behind an old Willow so to discover who they were that set upon him, that I might the better single him out of the four, whom I should endeavour to disburthen of his sword. But I had not a moment to deliberate, for seeing them press hard upon *Mutius*, I ran strait to them, calling them base cowardly villains, thinking by my confidence to make them believe that I was assured of relief. While I was speaking to them, and putting my self in order to doe what I could for *Mutius*, *Brutus* issued out of the Orchard with the same intention, who by a threatening action would signifie to those that set upon *Mutius*, that if they gave not over they might haply have the worst of it. Hereupon joyning our forces, and being by this exprellion of courage somewhat confirmed, that *Brutus* was not what he was taken to be, we engaged two of these Assassins to make at us. But immediately closing with them, *Brutus* snatched his sword from him he had to do with; for my part I could not do as much, for he that I was engaged with was excessively strong in the arms. However I held him play so well, that pressing hard upon him, his sword became so engaged: that I easily broke it. By which means he not being in a condition to hurt *Mutius*, and *Brutus* having disarmed his man, these two having gotten from us ran away. *Mutius* having thus but two to deal with, and *Brutus* being furnished both for defence and assault, as I was going to fasten behind one of them, these two Rogues, who were as cowardly as wicked, cry'd quarter, and begged audience, *Mutius* conceiving it concerned him to know what reason they had to set upon him, promised them what they desired, provided they delivered their swords to me; which upon promise of life they did. They hereupon confessed they were ordered by *Tarquin* to pitch upon some occasion to dispatch *Mutius*, when he went out of *Rome*; that understanding he was to come to *Racilia's*, they for more certainty waited him in that place; adding, that they were not afraid to set upon him there, as knowing that *Racilia* had not many people with her that could make any defence; that further, this Meadow was at an indifferent distance from the house, and convenient enough for an ambush, as having on the one side an Orchard, on the other a little Wood. They were no sooner disburthened of this confession, but *Brutus* transported with fury against *Tarquin's* injustice, said four or five words after such a manner, as I had never observed in him before. But he suddenly with-held himself, as soon as he perceived that I observed him; whereupon I joyning with *Mutius*, put divers questions to these Villains; which done, leaving them to their evil destiny; we left them at liberty either to repent, or commit new crimes. Yet that they might not discover

that they had revealed *Tarquin's* violence in case it were not thought safe to publish it, *Mutius* furnished them with what might recommend them to Souldiery; in some other part of the world.

Mutius being on horse-back, I desired him to go before, telling him he would follow; I am content, replied he, it is but just I should make it know, that I owe my life to you both. Hereupon *Mutius* riding forwards, *Brutus* and I were alone, according to my desire. But so fierce was the desire I had that he would discover himself to me, that I was resolved to speak to him as one that were partly acquainted with his Secret. For, in fine, said I in my self, if *Brutus* be the same *Brutus* that I know, I hazard nothing by telling what I have aimed to tell him, and if on the contrary he be such as I imagin him, I shall accomplish my design. Being thus confirmed in my resolution, I made a halt, and taking him by the arm, and looking steadily on him, Shew me I beseech you, said I to him, your Understanding, as you have done your Courage. For I know more of you than you think, and haply it concerns you more than you conceive, to have a confidence; for if you trust me not, I shall not think my self engaged not to discover the excessive curiosity I have to dive even into the bottom of your heart. But to oblige you to it, added I, I promised you an inviolable faith, and I offer you my friendship, without any jealousy that is ill bestowed, for if you are beloved by *Lucrecia*, you deserve the love of all the world. *Brutus* hearing this discourse, was extremely surpris'd, and presently inferred, that *Valeria* had discovered him to me, and that it was to no purpose for him to conceal himself. Whereupon making a loud acclamation, Ah *Herminius*, said he, you are happier than I, for since *Valeria* hath acquainted you with her knowledge of my Fortune, she must needs love you, even so far as to have lost a great part of her reason and prudence. Not but that if any one were necessarily obliged to know what I see you doe, I had not made choice of you for that end; for in fine, said he to me. I know you to be a person of honour, that you love *Valeria* and hate *Tarquin*. 'Tis true, generous *Brutus*, (said I to him with an incredible astonishment) I profess honestly, I hate the Tyrant and love *Valeria*; but I must add, I admire *Brutus*. But, continued I, that you may see my sincerity, I will tell you by what adventure I came to know you: whereupon, I related to him what had happened, intreating him not to be troubled that I knew his secret, and assuring him that *Lucrecia* should never find that I had the least knowledge of it. Upon this *Brutus*, who was not ignorant how much our Family had been persecuted by *Tarquin*, my Father dying an Exile, would not have an imperfect confidence in me, and since I was so happy as to have his good thoughts, he opened his heart to me, desired my friendship, and offered me his, and we stayed so long entertaining one another, that *Racilia* fearing some accident had befallen us, sent out to seek us. By this means we were forced to repair to the company, but before we had quite reached it, *Brutus* put on his ordinary Meen and simplicity, and received the commendations which *Mutius* gave his valour, as one that knew not what it were to have courage. In the mean time, I drew neer *Valeria*, and told her I knew *Brutus* without her, and craved her pardon that I had not exactly obser-

ved the instructions she had given me.

But my Lord, not to be so particular in this part which concerns my own relation, *Valeria* and *Brutus* got *Lucretia's* consent that I might be admitted into confidence; and there was such a noble friendship between us, by reason of the several interests, whereby we were united, as also through a great sympathy of humor and sentiments, that for a certain time we lived very pleasantly. But as for *Mutius*, though he had been assaulted by the orders of *Tarquin*, yet would he never take their advice who counsel'd him to remove further from him. For my part, I should have been glad he had, first, because that in removing from *Rome*, he also removed from *Valeria*; and secondly, for that he being once out of the way, the assassination would have made a horrid noise in the world, and would somewhat have inflam'd the detestation all had for *Tarquin*. He so dearly loved *Valeria*, that he chose rather to expose himself to a second assassination, than forsake her, though she loved him not. So that he earnestly intreated me to say nothing of what the Villains had discovered of *Tarquin*; but, said I to him, How can you hinder *Brutus* from telling what he knows, considering his natural stupidity? People so little reflect on what he says, answered *Mutius*, that it will signify nothing, if you but keep counsel, inasmuch that *Mutius* persisting in his opinion, I was forced to turn him loose to his own inclination, and to be faithful to him out of a principle of generosity.

In the mean time, this friendship with *Brutus* brought me much oftner than before to *Racilia's*; for it was the pleasure of this illustrious man, that she knew I was his friend; whereupon this excellent woman told him, that *Sivelia* also knew the secret, by which means our correspondence encreased, and that if *Hermilia* were but acquainted with it, our company might be free and unreserved. But indeed she obliged us to so much circumspection, that *Brutus* told us one day, it was absolutely necessary she knew that she was his Sister, that so strong a reason might oblige her to secrecy; adding, that it were not amiss *Racilia* knew that *Lucretia* and *Valeria* were not ignorant of it; so that in fine, *Brutus* having thus disposed *Racilia*, she told *Hermilia* one morning that *Brutus* was her Brother; and *Brutus* told her himself that she was his Sister, expressing himself so discreetly, and so obligingly, that this amiable Virgin was extremely surprized at it. What was most remarkable, was; that though she was really glad, yet was not her gladness free from disturbance; however, it was then considered as having no other reason, than that her astonishment obscured the freedom of her mind; and that it is but very lately that I discovered that it proceeded from her having engaged her affection to the Prince of *Pometia*. This is yet a Secret both to *Brutus* and *Racilia*, therefore I shall entreat you not to speak to them of it; for indeed *Hermilia* is very unhappy to place her love on a man, whose whole Family her Brother makes it his business to ruin. But in the mean time, she could not be charged with loving the Son of a Prince, who had poisoned her Father, and put her elder Brother to death, for when she began to love him, she knew not that she was Sister to *Brutus*. Nor indeed can she be charged with any inconsistency, for certainly she never discovered any thing to the Prince whom she

loves, that were prejudicial to her Brother, nor indeed doth he so much as know that she is Sister to *Brutus*.

But at length to return whence I have digressed, this first amazement of *Hermilia* being over, she carried her self as one that was glad of such a Brother as *Brutus*, so that ever after, when there was none but *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Sivelia*, *Brutus*, and my self, our Society was nothing but Freedom, *Brutus* being the most pleasant company, and the most divertive person in the world. Not that he openly professed himself a servant to *Lucretia*, no more than I did to *Valeria*, but we had brought up a certain gallantry of friendship, which signified almost as much, since that the desire of pleasing, compliance, services and addresses, were the effects of it. When *Brutus* was minded to do some high piece of Gallantry, he ever did it under my name; so that directing it openly to *Lucretia*, it served at once to hide *Brutus's* love to her, and mine to *Valeria*. But the love of *Collatine* and *Mutius* were extremely troublesome to us, for when they came to *Racilia's* with the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, and that *Collatina* was there, how pleasant soever their company be in it self, we were strangely weary of it; but among the rest *Brutus* was overwhelmed with it, for as soon as any strange face appeared, he was forced to resume his stupidity, and suffer *Collatine* to say what he pleased when he was with *Lucretia*, which was no small affliction to him. One day I remember above all the rest, which was the last Festival day that we celebrated in the Country, wherein *Brutus* was both extremely satisfied, and extremely afflicted. But since you are both strangers, that you may the better understand it, you are to know, that there is one day yearly set apart for the celebration of a certain Feast, which is called the Feast of the Fountains, on which every one adorns the Fountains and Wells, which are within his grounds, with Garlands of Vervein and Flowers. This is performed with great ceremony, for these Garlands being prepared, are carried to the Temple dedicated to that use, where he that is to do the ceremony, sprinkles them with Holy water, which among us is in great veneration. This done, they pick out the fairest maids of the Quarter where the Feast is kept, who are that day cloathed like Shepherdesses; and they have each of them as many Garlands as they can conveniently carry. Thus burthened, they march two and two, having before and behind them little Chorus's of Musick, who sing certain things in praise of the Waters, and the Gods which dispose of them. In this order they march from Fountain to Fountain, placing these Garlands upon little Altars of Turfs, purposely erected for that end. This Feast then falling while *Valeria* and *Lucretia* were at *Racilia's*, it was celebrated with great magnificence and joy: for there being a many Fountains about this vertuous womans house, & that she is very punctual in the observation of all the ancient customs of the Country, especially those which have any concernment of Religion, she was particularly careful for the solemnity of this Feast; and those who thought themselves interested in the persons that were at her house, would not certainly fail to be at a Ceremony of this nature, For though it was at first instituted upon considerations of Piety, yet there is withal something of Gallantry in it. So that

that the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, *Mutius*, and my self, went thither; and brought some others with us. As for women, besides *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, there were two kinswomen of hers, who are of the house of the *Aquilii*, and four or five other handsome Ladies. According therefore to the custome, all the men sent in a huge number of Garlands of Verveine and Flowers, for those who were to carry them; for in these occasions, the Lady who hath most given her, is the most honorable. But that it may be known on whom these Garlands are bestowed, those who send them cause the Garlands to be tied with divers knots, which must be of the same colour as the Lady is in, to whom they are sent, she being obliged that day to have on her Shepherdess's habit divers knots of the colour she is most delighted with. By this means is she known who hath most Garlands; and the people superstitiously believe, that she to whom that happens, will infallibly within that year meet either with some great happiness or some great misfortune. It does indeed often so fall out; and if Reason were not stronger than Example, one would be almost obliged to believe it. However it be, this Feast was celebrated at *Racilia's* with very gallant Ceremony, for all the women that were to carry the Garlands, were handsome, neat, and well made; there was an incredible abundance of Flowers, the Musick was as good as that of the great Feast of the *Salii*; the order of the Ceremony was punctually observed, even the day as to weather, favored the celebration of this Country Festival; the Banquet was under a great bed of *Jesmin* on one side of the Court, in the midst whereof was a Fountain, which they had covered all over with Garlands of Flowers; and the rest of the day was spent in walking and pleasant discourse. It happened in the mean time, that *Collatine* and *Brutus* had, under my name, given so many Garlands to *Lucretia*, that she had more than all the rest, unless it were *Valeria*, to whom I had sent more than would have served to exceed *Lucretia*; but desirous to let her friend have the honor of the Feast, she caused some of them to be laid aside. Whereupon *Lucretia* having the advantage, all according to the custome, bid her prepare her self for some great joy, or some great affliction, every one endeavoring to expound it according to his fancy. Some told her she should bring all hearts into subjection; others that her rigor would cost some servant of hers his life, whose loss she should notwithstanding regret; only *Brutus* speaking to her with his eyes, signified to her what she was more pleased with, assuring her by his looks, he should love her eternally. It was certainly a strange torment to him, to see *Collatine* always near *Lucretia*, and I must confess it moved pity in all that saw him. Not that *Collatine* is a strange person, look'd on now as a Husband, but considered then as a Lover, he seemed not to deserve *Lucretia*. For if you look narrowly on him, *Collatine* is neither well nor ill made: he neither hath a great, nor a little heart; he neither speaks admirably well, nor excessively ill: He is at no great distance from a good capacity, but he advances not a subtil intellection of things. If he be guilty of no considerable Vice, neither hath he any extraordinary Vertue to distinguish him from other men; and if he have never done any unworthy action, neither hath he ever given any Heroick expres-

sion of a great Courage. In fine, he is one of those men who never spake any thing which was not spoken before; one whom a man can neither praise nor dispraise; one of those who being spoken of, are never mentioned in their own name, and who are most commonly better known, by saying he is such a woman's Husband, or such a man's Son, than barely by their own names. By this account therefore, *Collatine* should be no great eye-sore to *Brutus*, who, beside all this, knew that *Lucretia* had a natural aversion for this Rival: nevertheless, so prone are we to hate those who pretend to conquer the heart we are secretly possessed of, that how confident soever *Brutus* was of *Lucretia's* affection, yet at certain times he could not endure *Collatine*. But there were also other times, wherein he thought himself so happy in the love and esteem of that admirable person, that he easily pardoned the contempt of all others. To advance his satisfaction, it hapned that this discourse was such as suited excellently well with his humor; for all the young people that were in the company, being seated at one of the great beds of *Jesmine* I spoke of, a young *Aquilian* began to speak of the glory which *Lucretia* had received in having more Garlands of Flowers than all the rest, who yet were such as deserved to be first in all places. The truth is, said *Lucretia* to him, those who bestowed them on me, may more justly pretend to the praise than I, unless they may not haply be blamed for not making a good choice. But men are so accustomed, added she, to use the term *Glory* in every thing, that they can hardly speak without it, whereas that word in my opinion, should be attributed to those only who have done some great exploit in War, or to those who are eminent in some Vertue or Science. But do you conceive, said I to her, that one may not say to a beautiful person, that she is very glorious in conquering all hearts, and establishing an Empire to it self without Arms, without Injustice, and without Violence? This Empire is many times so ill established, replied *Valeria*, that it were very weakly founded upon the glory which hath no other support than the inconstancy of most part of those who make it their business to love; but after all, I conceive that to be true glory which consists in deserving the esteem of vertuous persons, and not in their love, for this passion hath many times such a fantastical birth in the hearts of many persons, that it were unjust to attribute much glory to those women that are loved, though haply it were more unjust, to blame those much who love them. As for *Glory*, said *Mutius*, I am of opinion it principally pertains to Military actions, and that the valiant may pretend to it more than others. I agree with you, replied I, that the valiant deserve it; but withal the vertuous may lay claim to it as much as any. For my part, I am of *Herminius's* mind, replied the Prince of *Pometia*; and I, added *Titus*, but it must be withal acknowledged, that the gaining of a battle deserves a higher glory than the simple mastering of the passions. To follow custom, replied I, a victory of this nature makes more noise than that you speak of, but I am yet to know whether the desert be so great, as also whether it be not more glorious for a man to conquer himself than others. But by this account, said *Hermilia*, we cannot pretend to much glory, according to *Mutius's* sentence, for women go not to the wars. Ah *Hermilia*, cry-

ed I, the Ladies have their victories and their triumphs, and know so well how to wage war even in the time of peace, that, whatever *Lucrecia* may say, they deserve much glory; but to speak truly men have more than women in some occasions, and I am persuaded it is much more glorious for a man to be loved by a virtuous woman, than it is for her to be loved by a virtuous man. For in my opinion, the excess of beauty takes away from the honor of the conquest, and an exceeding handsome woman, that subdues a heart, deserves no more glory than a Conqueror, who having an Army of a hundred thousand men, and intelligence within a small City, should take it without resistance. The glory therefore of women I take principally to consist in this, that their endowments exceed their beauty, and in a word, their deserts be equal to the love men have for them, though they lost all that rendered them handsome. For my part, replied *Mutius*, I am an adorer of the Ladies, yet all considered, I take it for granted, that in the business of Love, Glory is not much concerned. How, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, would you think it no glory to be loved? The greatest pleasure in the world, replied he, but methinks I should not think it that which ought truly to be called Glory. For in fine, if one be loved by a person of no virtue, he hath nothing to boast of; and if he be loved by a virtuous person, she raises so many niceties, that a man must always disguise himself, he must hardly ever look on her, he must strangely endeavor to conceal himself, he must complain of her indifference, when haply she hath not any; a man must not say he loves her, and must be obliged to so many artifices, and so many mysteries, such certainly as Glory hath no acquaintance with. If you speak of *vanity*, replied I, am of your mind, but as to *glory*, I must dissent. For in the first place, I conceive it pertains as much to Love as to War, and that this relation is the more symbolical, by reason of the combats, the victories, and the triumphs of it. But I hold farther, that the more secret a Love is, the more glorious is it to the man beloved; and if you will appeal to the Company to judge, I shall undertake to maintain, that there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so glorious, as for a man to be loved by a person of great merit and a great virtue, though the world know it not, nor haply never should.

As I spoke thus, I observed that I much obliged *Brutus*, and did not displease *Lucrecia* by defending a cause wherein they were so much concerned. Besides, that I was not sorry that I had engaged my Rival to maintain an opinion, which, besides its ill consequence, must lose him in the esteem of *Valeria*; and I pressed him so hard, that conceiving himself bound in reputation obstinately to make good what he had advanced, he undertook to do it. He spoke the first, thinking it an advantage to give in his reasons before I had mine, so that the whole company favoring us with a silent audience, *Mutius* began to state his opinion by a definition of love made to his own fancy. To make you acknowledge that true which I maintain (said he directing his speech to me) it is only to be considered, that Pleasure is the soul of Love, as I may so say, and that if Love had not in it an ingredient of something pleasant, people would not be in love. When we speak of love, our minds are carried away only with the pleasures of it; Hope it self is the mother

of many sensible delights; nay we find them even in our very afflictions, so that grief and joy are only the effect of Love, which admits not any thing of Glory. For a man dares not boast of the least favor without dishonor, and a Lover that divulges the indulgences of his Mistress, does himself more injury in divulging them, than she does her self in favouring him. And to speak seriously, what glory doth that man deserve, who prefers his pleasure before all things, who regards nothing but what should make him happy, who makes it his business through all his life to avoid whatever may hinder his enjoyments, and who thinks not of having any thing else to do than eternally to pin himself to her sleeve, by whom he thinks himself loved? I know well, there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so charming; but I also apprehend, that every thing having some advantage which is particular to it, Pleasure is the particular attendant of Love, as Glory is of Valour. But though it were true, that a certain kind of Glory might be found in Love, it should not thence follow, that it must be a concealed love; for in my judgement, there can be no secret Glory: and to speak of Glory according to the notion I have of it, it is properly that which we mean by the word *Fame*. If it spread not, and fill all places, it diminishes, and signifies as much as nothing, as being the reward only of transcendent actions. On the contrary, in Love, and especially in these secret Loves, the lustre and noise is that which is most avoided. A man stifles the Letters which he writes and receives; appointments are commonly in solitary places; they who love for the most part speak as low as they can, they conceal from one another the best part of their thoughts, and were it not for envy and detraction, Fame would not be much troubled with proclaiming amorous victories. Thus I suppose I may conclude, that if Love be the subject of any Glory, it must be a publick professed love, as was that of one of our Kings, who having taken a Virgin prisoner in the Wars, fell so deeply in love with her, that he got a Son on her, who afterwards became his Successor. But to think that such a love as none have any knowledge of, may be glorious, is that I shall never believe, and you will not find very easie to maintain.

I know not, replied I, whether I shall find it so hard to make my party good, or no; But this I know, that I do not believe my self confuted. To answer you then in some order, I shall presume to tell you, that (considering how you have endeavored to define Love, saying, that pleasure is its soul) I must acquaint you with what Glory is; for you speak of it, you seem not to know it well, and that you have taken Vanity instead of it. It is indeed certain, that there is a certain resemblance between these two, though really there be the greatest difference between them that may be. For Vanity is only a beguiling appearance, which subsists not but by some other, and never makes use of Virtue; but true Glory is something so pure, so great, and so noble, that it admits not the least mixture of this Vanity which you take instead of it. Glory is as necessary a result of a virtuous action, as light is an effect of the Sun that causes it, and it results after a manner which hath no dependance on any other different cause. For as a virtuous action continues still the

the same, though it be done without testimony, so it necessarily follows, that Glory, which, as I may so say, is born with it, infallibly attends it, though the action be not divulged. Thus remains a glory for well doing, though the world know it not; and, after all, a man must be his own spectator, and though he were sure never to meet with any other approbation than his own, yet must he so act as if he expected that of all the world, imagining as it were a glory to himself, even in his own esteem. Besides, it is certain a man should labour more for his own esteem than that of another, and to deserve glory rather than to manifest it. For in my opinion, if any thing can weaken the glory of a good action, it is the care a man takes to make it known. Not but that it is natural enough to be desirous of praise, but it may be withal affirmed that this desire is an argument of weakness, since it is certain that this violent desire which possesses the hearts of many people, proceeds from this, that they would have divers testimonies of their virtue, and not satisfied with their own judgement, with theirs confirmed by that of others. But, all considered, who ever is over-desirous of the noise which ordinarily follows noble actions, loses of the honour he ought to expect. It may, I conceive, be easily hence concluded, that if Glory may be lost in the divulging of it, it may subsist without being made known at all; and consequently, though a great action were secretly done, yet is it not deprived of its glory, which is concomitant with the thing whence it arises and depends, on that, and not on the Caprichio's of Fortune, who blames or commends whom she pleases, sometimes with reason, sometimes without.

Having thus proved, if I mistake not, sufficiently, that Glory depends rather on Vertue, than Fame: I am further to shew, that she is not always chained to the chariot of Victory, and the triumphs of Conquerors. The Empire certainly of Glory is universal, for there is a glory to be learned, there is, to be generous, just, and good. It is glorious to possess all the Vertues together, as also to be eminent in any one; there is a certain glory in all the liberal Arts, nay even to be excellent in the Mechanics if it stands with a mans condition; nay the simple endowments of Nature want not their glory, and it hath been the express pleasure of the Gods, that it should be the inseparable companion of whatever is graceful and good in this world. It is, in fine, a kind of glory to be well skilled in the games and recreations men have invented, whether it be to shew their slight, or try their good fortune. So that it were a very strange thing, that Glory, which a man meets with every where, should not be found in Love, especially since it is of such consequence in Friendship: for it is generally acknowledged, that it is a glorious thing to be able to love one's friends constantly, and to be so deserving as to acquire noble acquaintances. But to confine myself to Love, since it is the ground of the dispute, by the same reasons that you say Glory appertains to War rather than to the peaceable Vertues, I maintain, that it is more to Love than to any thing else, since it is confessed that there is a strange resemblance between Love and War. In Love, as I have already said by the way, they talk of *Combats, Victories, Conquests, Chains, Irons, Crowns, Slaves, Captives, Prisoners, Prisons, Defeats,*

and *Triumphs*; and to discourse gallantly of Love; it is so necessary to use all the terms of War, that a man cannot do it without; since, that in the one as well as the other, there are secret *Intelligences, Surprises, and Stratagems*. But though it were granted you, replied *Mutius*, that Love in general is able to dispense Glory, it will not be given you that this is to be understood of that secret love I speak of. I have told you already, replied I, that that the more secret a love is, the greater is the pleasure, and truer the glory; for can there be any thing more pleasant or more glorious (added I, looking on *Brutus*, yet so as was not perceived) than to be loved of that person for whom of all the world one hath the greatest esteem, and to receive as an acknowledgement of his merit, the affection of a woman, who is esteemed and admired, and whose single approbation is more glorious than that of all the sex beside? Do but imagine, said I, what glory it is for a man to entertain secret thoughts of happiness amidst a great company, being near his Mistress, and seeing her frowning on a Rival, who haply knows not you are his, and is utterly ignorant that you are possessed of the heart he endeavours to conquer? Do you think *Mutius*, it is possible for a man to enjoy this kind of pleasure without a sense of that which is in glory most pure, most ravishing, and most delightful? No certainly, but when a man sees himself preferred before all the world, by a person whom he equally prefers before all, he infallibly receives all the satisfaction that glory can afford. Can there be any thing so glorious, as for a man to say to himself, though his Rivals know nothing of it, nay though it may be in their presence, *This admirable person who slightes all that come near her, hath bestowed her heart which was never before subdued, on me; she derives all her happiness from me, as I do all mine from her; I even engage her reason to submit to the passion she hath in her soul; she does for me whatever virtue will permit her to do; I triumph, in fine, over the heart of a person whom I esteem, and whom I love beyond myself; and this triumph is secret, while my Rivals disburthen their fruitless sighs in her presence*. I assure you *Mutius*, I should think my self more glorious in this secret triumph, than if I triumphed publicly after a victory of another nature. Nay I am confident this kind of secret glory raises the heart even to a certain noble pride, whereby a man contemns those who he knows can never arrive at the happiness he is possessed of; and certainly it must be, that you never knew any such glory, nor ever imagined there was any such thing, since you cannot comprehend that Glory is consistent with this secret Love, and that with such insinuation, that it far exceeds whatever the most glittering vanity can afford, that is pleasant to those whose hearts are possessed by it. Further, those who are equally made up of Love and Vanity, who love not, but to the end it might be said they are loved, never arrive at a true, nay not at a quiet glory: for though nothing be in so much disgrace as Indiscretion, yet those who are most indiscreet would not be thought such as they are. But these, on the contrary, take a thousand trifling and ridiculous occasions to make known that which they would seem to keep very secret. Sometimes they must seem to be disturbed, sometimes melancholy, sometimes frolick, that people may ask what troubles their

minds; to which answering ambiguously, they give men occasion to imagine what they would have believed. They must drop Letters purposely to be seen, though they seem to be very much troubled at it; they must trust their secrets to some false Brother or Sister, by which means their pretended favours are blazed abroad, though sometimes they must of necessity be moved to see that people believe not what they relate. But for my part, I am very incredulous as to what these favourites of good fortune tell me, who give out, that no conquest is difficult for them, and boast of a hundred adventures, which in all likelihood they never knew any thing of: for whoever can love can be silent, and Secrecy is a thing so engaging in Love, that without it all the favours a man receives are neither pleasing nor glorious, and to do you justice, it was excellently well said of you ere while, that were it not for *desfruition* and *envy*, Fame would not be much acquainted with what passes in the Empire of Love. You might have added, *imprudence* and *vanity*, for commonly it is not known what passes between two Lovers, but either through the vanity of the Servant, or the imprudence of the Mistress. But indeed however it may come to pass, there can no great glory arrive hereby; for if the servant be indiscreet, he deserves not the favours he hath received, and cannot thence derive any true glory; if the Mistress want conduct, his conquest may be pleasing, but not very glorious: and if Envy and Calumny acquaint Fame with what passes between two Lovers, it never proves to their advantage. I know there are innocent Loves, which yet come to be discovered through pure misfortune; but when it does happen, I believe a person of Honour ought to be troubled that his conquest is made manifest, and that there is none more glorious than that which is not known to any. For, in fine, it is not Fame that bestowes true Glory, she onely proclaims it; and Glory without Acclamations, is able to subsist, and to render a vertuous man happy. Fame and Love never were much acquainted; *Mars* may haply employ her upon divers occasions, but for Love, the God of Silence is his onely friend; for as to Fame, she is certainly an enemy to both loves and lovers, and the true glory of two persons mutually loving, consists in this, that they are themselves the onely witnesses of their tenderness and virtue, and esteem themselves and one another so highly, that their own approbation is sufficient to make them happy. Secrecy is principally that which makes for the glory of a Lover; and I maintain, that when a man is so fortunately circumspect, as to be able to conceal an affection of this nature from the eyes of the world, he feels in himself a certain secret pleasure, which cannot arise but from that glory which a man takes in loving, unknown to others what he thinks deserves the adoration of all the world, together with that of being loved by that onely person which he can love.

Whereas you say that Pleasure is the soul of Love, I grant it, but I expect you should also grant, that to speak rationally, Glory is the nicest of all the pleasures of this passion: for in fine, whatever you may call favours, signifie in love what the Ensigns doe in war; there must be such things had, nay they must be had out of this main consideration, that they are the emblems of Victory, which is always succeeded by Glory: how pleasing soever

they may be in themselves, yet would they not be desired with so much earnestness, were they not attended by Glory: but when all is done, they are not desired that they might be divulged, but that they might be concealed: However it be, this is certain, that when a Lover can oblige a person of great vertue, and a great mind, to do for him those inconsiderable things, which if you take away Love, there was no reason she should do, though the things in themselves are not unlawful: he places so great a glory in a triumph of this nature, that it may be said, that as there is no love without pleasure, so there is no true pleasure in that love which hath no concernment of glory: Retract therefore your opinions, and repent of so injurious a design as to deprive the noblest of all the passions of that which distinguishes it from that kind of love which even Tigers are capable of, which is much different from that I speak of.

While I thus discoursed, *Brutus*, who applied all I said to himself, was incredibly enlivened; for if ever concealed Lover found the sweetness of this secret glory I pleaded so much for, it was questionless *Brutus*; since that while I spoke, he stood neer this Rival, who was so far from suspecting he was loved by that person whom he loved, that he thought him not capable of entertaining any love at all. But if I did him any pleasure by displaying the apprehensions I knew him subject to, I caused so much disturbance in *Lucretia*, as that she could not forbear blushing. However her blushes were not interpreted as they might have been, though *Collatine* observed them; for to speak truly, it was not easily imaginable there should be such an intrigue of affection between those two persons.

But to return at length to the question in debate, the whole company gave sentence against *Murinus*, who doubtless was sorry he had undertaken that task. Not but that he is naturally given to cracking and ostentation, and consequently spoke as he thought; But that *Valeria* reproached him after such a manner, as he might easily infer that she would never give him occasion to employ Fame to publish the favours he should receive. Yet *Murinus* is a person of extraordinary merit, but certainly he is too ambitious of fame and publick acclamations. It is true, he hath a heart contains whatever may deserve them, for *Rome* affords not a stouter man than he, nor one more capable of doing those heroick actions which cast honour even on whole Nations.

But my Lord, to return to my Story, you are to know that the subtil *Collatina*, whose business at *Racilia's* was onely to do her Brother a good office, and who is a person of the greatest curiosity in the world, staying two or three dayes with *Lucretia* and *Hermilia*, took an humour one morning to search *Lucretia's* Cabinet, which she had forgotten to lock. Not that she did with any designe look for that which she found there, but with intention onely to take something out which *Lucretia* had worn, for to present her Brother with, as a favour she had procured for him; but the first thing she met with, was a Letter of *Brutus's*, whose writing she knew not. However pursuing her curiosity, she read it, and found it so excellently well written, that she was much surprized at it, though it were couched in such terms, as spoke not clearly, that the writer was loved, yet such as gave occasion to imagine he was not hated, nay put it out of all doubt, that

that he might love, and that most passionately. She was so surpris'd at this accident, that she read over this Letter three times, yet could not imagine who had writ it; but going to search if there were any other, *Racilia* comes accidentally into the chamber where she was, whereupon locking the Cabinet hastily, yet keeping the Letter, she could not continue her search, by reason *Lucrecia* came also into the room. *Collatina* in the mean time was strangely perplexed, as not knowing whether she should acquaint her Brother or not with what had happened; for she was loath to raise any jealousy in his heart. But she thought it not unfit, he knew he had some concealed Rival. She at first suspected I might have written the Letter, but coming that day to *Racilia*, she cunningly engaged me to write something for her, to discover my writing, which seeing it was nothing like that of the Letter, she was at a greater loss than before, for she was confident that neither the Prince of *Pometia* nor *Titus* had any hand in it, since they made it their business to further *Collatine's* marriage with *Lucrecia*. As for *Brutus*, she little suspected him to be her Brother's Rival, clearly forgetting she had ever seen of his writing: but believing him very simple and natural, she thought she might fish out of him, who had within some few days past, sent to *Racilia's*, so to discover something of this Letter, which caused her so much disturbance. Being thus resolv'd, and to that end putting her self in order to go and find out *Brutus*, who was walking in the garden, *Collatine* comes in, but in his way meets her alone reading the Letter once more, before she spoke to *Brutus*, but with so great attention, that as he read it, he looking over her shoulder, read it also, wherein he found these words, and heard *Collatina* after she had read it, breaking forth into this exclamation, not thinking any had been so near her; Who would ever have thought *Lucrecia* should receive such a Letter?

It is now past all dispute, Madam, that I shall never be satisfied; for if I see you not, I die, and if I do see you, I die also, in that I can but half see you, and that before so many witnesses. What necessity is there I should be miserable? Of all that you say to others, I make no advantage, neither do you Madam, since they do not allow it that esteem which they ought; and though they cannot but admire you, yet they consider not your conversation as the most delightful, and the most charming of any in the world. But for my part I dare not commend you as they do, nay I may not presume to honor you with that affection which they call Friendship. O ye Gods, was ever any self-constraint more harsh, more insupportable, and more importunate upon your compassion! If your delicate mouth can say nothing that may comfort me, let your fair hand at least acquaint me with my condition in your soul, that I may know whether, amidst that throng of people that sometimes crowd about you, you secretly afford some few thoughts on a man who bestows all his on you, and who would not live but to love you.

Collatine had hardly read over this Letter, with all the commotion a Lover, who feels the first agitations of jealousy rising in his heart, could be guilty of, but snatching it out of *Collatina's* hands, Ah Sister, said he to her, is it possible that you should be the bearer of such Letters to *Lucrecia*, and

is it possible she should receive them? As to your first question, replied *Collatina*, it is not true; to the second, I must confess it, that you may not justly blame me. But I pray, replied *Collatina*, who is this fortunate Rival of mine, who presumes to write so amorously to *Lucrecia*, and who expects to be answered? I know not, replied *Collatina*; and as you came in, I was going to *Brutus* who is on the other side of the Garden, hoping to know of him who hath sent hither within these three or four days, for I have taken this Letter from *Lucrecia* unknown to her; I know not the writing, and all I can tell you is, that it is not *Herminius's*. Ah Sister, you are too cruel to raise a jealousy in me, and not inform me of the Rival that causes it. This past, though *Collatine* came purposely to give *Lucrecia* a visit, yet instead of repairing where she was, he went with *Collatina* to *Brutus*, little imagining that the Rival he so earnestly looked after, stood nearer him than he thought. Being come up to him, he asked him whether there had been any great company at *Racilia's*, since his last being there; whereto *Brutus* not guessing at *Collatine's* intention, and thinking he asked him that, as conceiving him only able to say yea or no, simply answered there had not been any body. But I pray, replied subtilly *Collatina*, came there not some Slaves hither, directed to *Lucrecia* that brought her any Letters? *Brutus*, who could not imagine what she would drive at, and knew not of the coming of Slaves, answered, again simply, that he had not seen any. But do you not know this writing (said *Collatina*, shewing him his own Letter, not thinking he had writ it) and did you never know any Letter received by any one of a writing resembling this? *Brutus* looking on what *Collatina* shewed him, was much astonished, for he presently perceived what it was. However, he had such a command of himself, that neither his Rival nor *Collatina* could observe any disturbance in his countenance. But to gain time to reflect on this adventure, he took upon him to read the Letter over and over, and having in so short a time well considered the business, he concluded that *Collatina* knew not he had written it, for he suspected not that *Lucrecia* had betrayed him, but believed that some accident yet unknown to him, had brought this Letter into his Rival's hands. Fearing therefore he might haply shew it to some body that would discover it to be his writing, he took at once a crafty and confident resolution; for having sufficiently considered the Letter, he, with a simplicity excellently natural, told *Collatina* that he had never seen any writing so like his own as that was. No, no, I warrant you, replied *Collatina*, abusing him, you never writ this Letter. I do not tell you that I have (replied *Brutus* without the least disturbance) but only tell you that this character is much like mine.

Upon this *Collatina* and his Sister left *Brutus*, without the least suspicion that he had any hand in that they were so inquisitive about, so much were they deceived in his feigned stupidity; besides that if they had not thought him so stupid, they would hardly have suspected he should write to one in whose company he was every day. Thus was *Collatina* excessively disquieted, for the more he strived to guess who should write this Letter, the more unlikely was he to find it.

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On the other side *Brutus* was not without affliction; for he was not a little troubled that this Letter fell into the hands of *Collatine*, not so much for his own interest, though it concerned his life, as for *Lucrecia's*. So that seeing *Collatine* and his Sister halted to talk together, he took a walk about to find out *Valeria*, that he might acquaint her with what had happened, by whom *Lucrecia* might be informed, conceiving she yet knew not that she had lost the Letter. He was so happy as to meet with *Valeria* in a place where he might safely tell her what he pleased. *Valeria* having reasoned a while with him about what was to be done to hinder this adventure from spreading any farther, went immediately to *Lucrecia*. To gain time, they entreated *Hermilia*, having acquainted her with the business, to go meet *Collatine* and her Sister, and entertain them in discourse while they should resolve what to do. They were indeed at a mighty loss; but at last *Valeria* told her, that since there was no name mentioned in the Letter, it were best that *Lucrecia* first spoke of it before *Collatine*, and that she took some occasion to say that she found it in one of the walks on the Fountain Feast day, when there were so many people at *Racilia's*, and that she could not imagine whose it should be. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucrecia*, I cannot have that confidence. You must have much more, replied *Valeria*, if *Collatina* shew this Letter as directed to you. Besides, *Brutus's* life being concerned in it, if it should be known to be his, methinks nothing is to be sticked at. But if you would, replied *Lucrecia*, you might do what you propose to me, for though I am confident that *Collatina* must have taken this Letter out of my Cabinet when I left her in my chamber, you may say you gave it me to keep. I will do so, said *Valeria*, but you must first see whether *Collatina* have taken any more. Going hereupon to satisfy themselves in what they desired to know, they found that of all *Brutus's* Letters there wanted only that, and so went to entertain *Collatina*, his Sister, and *Hermilia*, who were in a low room, while *Racilia* was busy with some that were expressly come from *Rome* to speak with her. They were no sooner entered the room, but *Lucrecia* perceives in *Collatine's* eyes the first startlings of a violent jealousy, and in *Collatina's* a fierce indignation. Nevertheless she kept her countenance, and not expressing any notice she had taken of the change of theirs, she asked *Collatina* where she had met her Brother, and afterwards asked *Collatine* what news at *Rome*. Whereto he answering coldly, *Valeria*, who knew what she had to do, began to play upon him for his sadness, and telling him that when a man is in a melancholy humor he should never make visits, but stay at home. I was not (replied he coldly) so sad when I came from home as I am now. And what sad accident have you met with by the way, replied *Hermilia*? It may be, replied *Valeria*, he hath lost a Letter of as great consequence as that I found the last Feast-day, when there were so many people here: I am sure if I had lost such a one I should have been extremely troubled. But before you can lose any of that nature, replied subtilly *Lucrecia*, it must be conceived you are fit to receive such. It is then a very strange Letter, replied *Collatina*. To be free with you, answered *Valeria*, it is such a one as in my judgment seems very like a Love-letter; and were it not that the over-curious

Lucrecia had taken it from me, lest I should shew it to some one to find out who writ it, and to whom it was directed, I would presently shew it *Collatine*, that he might assist me to decipher it. *Valeria* spoke this in appearance so ingenuously, that *Collatine* began to hope that the Letter he had might be the same which *Valeria* spoke of. So that desirous to be satisfied, he solicited *Lucrecia* to shew it him; *Collatina*, who was of the same opinion with her Brother, told her that she must communicate that Letter, for they both concluded that if she could not produce it, they could not charge her with any thing. *Hermilia* for her part knowing what *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* drove at, took occasion to tell *Collatine*, that that Letter was not so terrible. For, in fine, said she very cunningly, it is easily perceived that he who writ it is in love, but there is nothing whence it may be inferred that he is loved. But why did you not shew it me, says *Collatina* to *Valeria*? Because *Lucrecia* was pleased to take it away from me, replied she, but to engage her to shew it you, I should in revenge make you believe that she herself lost it. Ah *Valeria*, you take a strange course to make me shew it; but I shall not do it, added she, if *Collatine* and his Sister promise me not never to speak of it, and to restore it me as soon as they have read it; nay I will do nothing, if, that you may be disappointed from shewing it to others, you consent not it may be presently torn to pieces.

You may imagine, my Lord, that considering the violent desire which *Collatine* had to be satisfied in this business, he promised to do what *Lucrecia* would have, and that his Sister did the like. But for *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, *Brutus's* life being concerned in it, as also the reputation of their friend, they did that in this adventure to deceive *Collatine* and his Sister, which cannot well be imagined. *Lucrecia* pretended to go and fetch the Letter which she said was in her Cabinet, carrying her self so in the business, as if she made no question but to find it there. But as she went to her chamber, which was the other side of the house, she spies me coming in, and points to me to come straight to her, which I obeyed; but not affording me leisure to speak, she told me, what had happened, and I promised her my best assistance to deliver her out of the trouble she was in. I went therefore immediately to the company, as if I had not met her at all, soon after which *Lucrecia* returning I saluted her, as having not seen her before. But *Lucrecia* having returned my salute, began to tell *Valeria* that she asked her for a thing she had not, and that she must have taken it again out of her Cabinet; for, added she, I am certain it was there yesterday, and as certain that it is not there now. I assure you, replied *Valeria*, I took it not. It must be then *Hermilia*, replied *Lucrecia*. For my part, answered that fair creature, I can assure you I have it not. But, replied *Valeria* speaking to *Lucrecia*, is it not because *Herminius* is here that you make a new difficulty to shew it? No indeed, replied she, for I am confident of *Herminius's* discretion: but there is nothing so certain, as that some body hath taken it. It must be then *Collatina* that hath it, replied *Valeria*, for as to *Hermilia*, I see by her looks she hath it not. *Valeria* herein speaking the truth, *Collatina* blushed, so that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and I, said all together, that certainly *Collatina* had it, that she must produce,

produce, or at least, for her justification, permit *Hermilia* to search whether she had it about her or not. To be short, this confident wench, who yet does every thing she does handsomely and discreetly, beset her self to do what was given her in charge. Whereupon *Collatina* perceiving the Letter would be found about her, and believing by the cheerfulness of the other three, that the business was as they made it, told them laughing, that it was true she had it. But she added a little lye to the matter, for she hath since confessed she took it out of the Cabinet, but she then affirmed she had found it in *Lucrecia's* chamber. As for *Collatine*, he was so glad to think the Letter had not been written to his Mistress, that he joyned his entreaties with mine to his Sister, that she would deliver it, since she confessed she had it. *Collatina* accordingly delivers it to *Valeria*, who was very earnest to have it, saying, it was she that found it, and consequently it belonged to her. But as soon as she had it, she shewed it to *Collatine*, as if she had not known that he had seen it. *Collatine* also pretended he had not read it before, but coming at last to my hands, I said I knew who had written it, and to whom it was directed, but would not discover it, because the Lover was one of my friends. This past, I earnestly entreated *Valeria* to bestow that Letter on me; for if you knew, said I to her, in what affliction the Lover is who writ it, you would pity him. But to satisfy you further in this adventure, you are to know, that this Letter was never seen by the Lady to whom it belongs: for he who writ it had it about him the day there were so many here, intending to send it to his Mistress that evening, which was the time he could with most ease deliver his Letters to a young Slave she hath lately entertained. You will therefore do justly if you restore it to me, and never speak of this accident, for by divulging it, there will be a necessity of discovering what men were here at the celebration of the Fountain-Feast, and then haply it might be guessed what Lady were concerned in this Letter. As for *Collatine*, added I, I have nothing to beg of him upon this occasion; for I look on him as a man so rational, that I am confident he will do that for my friend which he would wish were done for himself, were he so happy as to be in a condition to lose some Love-letter which the fair *Lucrecia* should have received. As I spoke this, after a manner, ingenious, yet earnest enough, *Collatine* and his Sister were convinced the thing was no otherwise than as I said, so that the jealousy of this Lover was by this means absolutely smother'd.

But to disguise the business a little further, *Valeria* said she found some difficulty to deliver me the Letter; for it may be, added she, if you restore it to him that writ it, he will send it to his Mistress, and so I shall occasion her receiving a Love-letter. And if he do not send that, replied I, he would haply write another more passionate; therefore trouble not your self with these groundless inconveniences, but let me have that which you have found. Hereupon *Hermilia*, *Lucrecia*, as also *Collatina*, telling *Valeria* I spoke but reason, I became master of the Letter, which absolutely cured *Collatine* of his jealousy. He was fully perswaded that if that Letter had been written to *Lucrecia*, she would not have suffered it to come into my hands; for some daies he was not well assured whether I

was his Rival or not: however, he did not suspect me to have written that Letter, because he knew my writing. His mind therefore being fully becalmed, he was the rest of the day more jocund than ordinary; and to tell you the truth, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Hermilia*, and I, were not very sad; for we were so elevated, that we had once more secured *Brutus's* life, and that our imposture had proved so fortunate, that we were excessively merry that afternoon.

But that which was most excellent was, that when *Collatine* and his Sister were departed, and that *Brutus* was at liberty to speak in private with *Lucrecia*, she told him she would not have him write to her any more, and had almost told him as much as that he should not love her any longer. After all, said she to him, when you have well considered it, it is a kind of madness to be engaged in any affection how innocent soever it may be, since it alwayes layes one open to censure. For how can one love without writing? How can one write without passion? How can one be assured not to lose Letters, when one writes so often? And how, in case one may lose any, can we expect alwayes to meet with such as interpret things of this nature to the best? On the contrary, is it not true, that as soon as it is said a man loves a woman, it is believed she also loves him; and that as soon as it is thought a woman loves a man, they distinguish not between her loving, and her being subject to censure, and then it is immediately imagined that the expressions of her affection exceed their true bounds? Therefore *Brutus*, if you will take my advice, love me not, for it is a sad thing to consider that the unhappy accident that discovers the innocent affection which is between us, should expose your life to the cruelty of *Tarquin*.

Ah Madam, cries out *Brutus*, how cruel are you your self to speak to me thus! and with how little experience of Love, if you think he troubles himself with any ratiocinations, or that he can be distracted by fear or difficulty? On the contrary, obstacles and dangers encrease it in a generous mind; and if you knew, Madam, what pleasure I feel when ever I consider that by discovering my love to you, I have put my life into your hands, you would not say what you do. For, Madam, since it is in your power when you please to betray me to the world; methinks I owe you my life a hundred thousand times, and that if you preserve it, you preserve it as a thing which belongs to you, and in which you have a greater interest than my self. Admit not then any repentance; I beseech you, for those innocent favours you have done me: I receive them with so much respect, I remember them with so much gratitude, I enjoy them with so much pleasure, and I desire the continuance of them, with so much earnestness, that if you should change your mind, you were the most unjust person in the world. And lastly, Madam, this dayes adventure ought not to discompose you, for if *Collatine* had taken away my Letter, I should have met him by the way, and rather then your reputation should have been prejudiced, I would have exposed my life a thousand times. Banish then all fears, Madam, I beseech you, recommend your heart to an innocent confidence, be satisfied that you know you are Virtue it self, that your example makes me more virtuous than I should be, that in fine, there is nothing

can upbraid your self with; and entertain not as you do, the apprehensions of misfortunes which likely will never happen: for to expect in love at all times as much Prudence as Vertue, is the onely way to be alwayes miserable. Alas, replied *Lucretia*, is it so easie a matter to be happy? I know not Madam, said he to her, whether it be possible the experience you have of my affection, might render you happy; but this I am certain of, that as long as you repent you not of that goodness you shew me, I cannot be miserable, and defie Fortune, though she sometimes makes even Kings unhappy, that ever she shall be able to force *Brutus* to think himself unfortunate, while he hath the glory of your favour, and while he shall be so happy as not to see you in the power of another. 'Tis true, Madam, I can live contentedly, though I possess you not, provided another do not enjoy you; and I love with so much tenderness, that the onely pleasure of your favour and indulgence enables me to endure, without repining, all the torments which are the inseparable attendants of love.

I know not what you will say of me, replied *Lucretia*, that I permit you to speak so long without interruption; but certainly, there is so much obligation even in my silence, that you should not quarrel at it. For while you have been speaking, my reason hath suggested a hundred things against you, which I was loath to tell you, and indeed never shall. And therefore since I am so unjust as not to follow all these advices, you were better spare the grief it would be to you to know, that I do my self some violence when I bear it not, and that it is withal a pleasure to me to hear you.

This past, *Brutus* said so many excellent things to *Lucretia*, that their hearts were in an absolute composure and calm; I restored *Brutus*'s Letter to that fair Lady, and for some dayes she and her Lover met not with any disturbance: 'Tis true, this fair weather lasted not long; for you are to note, that the day of the Fountain-feast the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, and *Murinus*, concealed so ill their several passions, that *Racilia*, desirous to break those haunts, hastned her return to *Rome*, so to deprive these Lovers of all opportunities, that might be advantageous to their Loves. Not that *Racilia* was fully acquainted with the designs of those two Princes, but knew as much as engaged her to cross them. But when *Brutus* came to understand that *Lucretia* was to return to her Fathers, and that he was now to lose all occasions of entertaining her, he was insupportably afflicted. 'Tis true, he had the comfort to see that *Lucretia* shared this affliction with him, and took this separation most heavily. There was yet a weak hope left of seeing one another at *Valeria*'s; for *Brutus* being at liberty to go at any time to *Valerius*'s house, he imagined thence great advantages to his love. But all considered, he was extreemly afflicted at *Lucretia*'s parting; and their conversation at that time was so amourosly passionate that I shall not repeat it, lest I should move you too much; for I have a many other things to tell you, which will sufficiently engage your pitty. Their onely comfort was, that bidding one another adieu, they promised to write to one another every day if they could; and accordingly, when they were returned to *Rome*, there passed not a day wherein they heard not of one another. Things fell out at first so happily

for *Brutus*, that his love was no longer secret, neither to *Lucretia*'s mother nor *Racilia*; but these two vertuous Ladies approved it so well, that they were resolved to use all their endeavours to compleat it in a marriage. So that the admirable *Lucretia* making no longer difficulty to entertain an affection absolutely innocent, writ more obligingly to *Brutus* than she had ever done before: for as to Visits, they could not be easily contrived, at least with that liberty, that they might speak freely one to another, since it must have been when none were at *Valeria*'s when they came thither. But being both of a disposition highly passionate, they endeavoured to comfort one another by certain assignations of the mind, as I may so expresse it, for they agreed upon a certain hour every day, during which they promised to think one of another: and that which was remarkable in it, was, that *Brutus* did really many times wait for that hour with almost as much impatience, as if he expected to see *Lucretia*. For he found something so pleasing in being assured that she expressly thought on him at the same time as he thought on her, that when he thought fit to expresse to me the enjoyments which this kind of assignation afforded him, I could no longer doubt but that he was the most amorous of all mankind. He would indeed tel me, that he never writ with more ease and greater passion to *Lucretia*, than when he chose that hour to write in, and that the confidence he had that *Lucretia* was as Punctuall in thinking of him as he was of her, did both sharpen his invention, and augment his love. I shall read you one Letter thus written, that you may see *Brutus* dissembled not when he said so, and withal acknowledge that the greater a love is, the more ingenious it is to find it self great pleasures, as well as great affliction. But what is yet further considerable, was the manner how I came to know this new kind of assignation. You are then to know, that coming one evening to see *Brutus*, I staid there so late, till the hour appointed with *Lucretia* was come, so that on a sudden I perceived he had left me, though I was in the room with him. My meaning is, his mind was at such a distance from what I said, that he behaved himself as one whose spirits were otherwise employed, and would have been glad to have been alone. I left him a while in that posture, but after a tedious waiting, out of the curiosity that is permitted in a friend tenderly intimate, I importuned him to tell me what he ailed. He at first made some difficulty to confess the business his mind was taken up with, as fearing I might laugh at this supererogation of love; but at length seeing me importunate to oblige him to speak he turned to me, and having conjured me not to make sport at his amorous punctilio's, he told me that *Lucretia* then thought of him, that he was obliged to bestow an hour on her; and that if I had not the goodness to speak to him of *Lucretia*, I should not speak at all, and should leave him either to meditate or to write. It were much better to leave you to the last, replied I, for you would not find that delight in what I should say, as you would in what you should write; as for what you should onely think and not write, *Lucretia* were never the better for it. Thus engaging him to follow advice, conditionally I might see what he did, he writ the Letter I am going to read to you.

I cannot, *Madam*, better perform the promise I have made you, than by telling you in this instant that I am as good as my word, and that my thoughts are wholly taken up with your charms, my love, your goodness, and the eternal faith I have promised you. In this employment I have already bestowed almost an hour: but is it possible for me to tell you how many things I have thought on in that time? I cannot, though I should write till the morning; for the thought is much more nimble than the hand, and the thought of a Lover much more than that of other men. But *Madam*, you may assure your self I have thought nothing unworthy you; and, if I may presume to say so, unworthy a man you affect. Pardon me this vanity. *Madam*, it is haply more excusable than you conceive. For in fine, the acclamations of the people, supposing I could deserve them, Statues and Triumphs should not raise me to so much, nay I should haply think my self as much above all things as I conceive my self beneath you; Ah *Madam*, it may be I have told you as much before, but I cannot but repeat it again: Is it not possible you should apprehend what pleasure it is to be loved by the most admirable and most accomplished person in the world? You would find there were nothing so pleasant, and that in proportion to this felicity all other are but misfortunes. Yet conceive not, *Madam*, but that these over-happy minutes are mingled with those that are less happy. But for that I am only to consider the injustice of Fortune, and reflect on the invincible difficulty which hinders me from seeing you often, and acquiring the esteem of others, that so I may be more worthy of yours. How can I be assured *Madam*, that you love me as much as I wish, proportionably to the merit of my passion, or at least as much as your last charming seems to promise me, even in not promising? In the mean time, *Madam*, know that I do not punctually obey your last command, which was that I should love Virtue more than I loved you; for I love you both equally, since that really you are but the same thing. I do by one oath more confirm it to you, and if I fail I shall be content, as an ungrateful and perjured person, to forfeit all the affection you cast on me. But *Madam* if you will love, even to my Tomb, tell me so much I beseech you, and believe me, you can neither tell it me too often, nor too clearly, since that I know no pleasure, no joy, no comfort, save that of imagining that I am alone interested in your heart; and that you will never force me thence.

Brutus having writ this Letter and shewed it to me, and folded it up in order to be sent away the next day; he opened it again and added this Post-script.

Consider with your self that I am the most miserable man in the world, when I am one day without seeing you; Ah! if you consider it not, I am much more miserable than I thought my self.

I should never have done, if I should stand to particularize all the little circumstances of the loves of *Brutus* and the vertuous *Lucretia*, who was perfect in that admirable art of making the tenderest passion in the world consistent with the greatest virtue: for she never was so rigorous to *Brutus*, as to give him occasion of any rational complaint, nor was she ever so prodigal of her kindness as to question her innocence.

But not to wrong your patience over-much, I must hasten to tell you, that *Brutus* was hardly warm in his hopes of happiness, but *Lucretia's* mother died, whereat he was so much troubled, as if

he had never met with a greater misfortune; for, besides that the consideration of the friendship that was between them made him more sensible of her loss, as also the grief which *Lucretia* took at it, his affliction was increased in that with her he lost all his hopes. About the same time there was a great conspiracy, ready to break forth, discovered: For, my Lord, though *Brutus's* soul was taken up with the love of *Lucretia*, yet is it certain, that of glory and his Countrey were not dispossessed; but even while he seemed to write such excellent and such passionate Letters, was he not unmindful of the liberty of his Countrey; and if I should acquaint you with all the attempts he made, and which only Fortune crossed in their effects, you would stand amazed at it. That which is considerable, is, that though he were the first wheel in all the commotions that happened in *Rome*, yet was he not so much as suspected to have a hand in any; his affected stupidity eluding as well his Enemies as his Rivals. It did indeed much retard his happiness in his love, a misfortune would admit no remedy, since it would have been madness in him to acquaint *Spurius Lucretius* that he was a more understanding man than he was thought, for it would infallibly have cost him his life, by reason of the obligations which were between *Lucretius*, *Tarquin*, and *Collatine*. *Brutus* by this means was incredibly afflicted, and the pleasure he before had found in being loved, was turned into the greatest torment in the world. For certainly there is nothing more cruel than for one to know that he is loved equally as he loves, and yet to meet with perpetual obstacles in the accomplishment of his happiness. In fine, to shorten my relation, for six months *Brutus* writ every day to *Lucretia*, there happening no miscarriage neither to his Letters, nor to those of that admirable Lady; but it being impossible to be always so careful, but that sometimes one may forget what he seems most to mind, it unfortunately happened that *Lucretia* passing through her Fathers chamber, dropped one of those little Table-books, which I told you *Brutus* had caused purposely to be made to write to her. *Lucretius* seeing it fall, instead of calling to his Daughter, suffered her to go out of the chamber, & took it up; for being made after a particular fashion, he was so curious as to look on it. Opening it therefore hastily, not thinking to find in it any thing should move him, he was much surprized to meet with a Letter directed to *Lucretia*, and that a Love-letter. But that you may be the better informed, I will read you a copy of this Letter, which *Brutus* hath furnished me with; for this unhappy writing being that which utterly wormed him out of all felicity, he still remembers it, to encrease his misery. This was it *Brutus* writ to *Lucretia*.

Fortune was pleased yesterday to punish me for that excessive generosity, which made me prefer the interest of R——— not only before my own satisfaction, but haply before yours: for in fine, excellent *Lucretia*, I did in a manner nothing of all I had proposed to do, as being extremely out of humor. But that you may know how far the love I bear you exceeds all considerations of glory and friendship, you are to know that my disturbance happened through my endeavors for the liberty of my C——— and that I could find no diversion even in the company of one of the most vertuous persons in the world, and one most endeared to you and me. But certainly it is impossible to avoid disquiet, having lost all oc-
casion

caſion of ſeeing you, and wiſhal imagining the advantages of your converſation. I go out in the morning about the great affair you know of, and if I can I will come to the place where I could not yeſterday. Do me the honour to meet me there, for I will do whatever lies in my power, to come and tell you in that place, that I die for love, and wiſhal, that there is nothing more pleaſant, nothing more charming than to die ſo.

You may well imagine, my Lord, that *Lucretius* was much ſurprized at this Letter, yet knew he not the character, as having never ſeen of *Brutus's* writing; nor would he ſhew it to any who ſhould better inform him, becauſe he could not do it without making it known that *Lucretia* had ſome under-hand Loves; beſides that imagining ſome other wayes to ſcrue out this ſecret, he thought not of this. In the mean time, being an underſtanding man, he eaſily apprehended when he had read the Letter twice over, that the *R.* ſtanding by it ſelf almoſt at the beginning, ſtood for *Rome*, and the *C.* about the middle ſtood for *Countray*; but all could not enable him to gueſs at the perſon who writ to *Lucretia*. He alſo concluded that this Lover was engaged in ſome Plot againſt *Tarquin*, nor did he doubt much but that this Lover was loved, yet could not imagine who it might be. He at firſt thought to call *Lucretia*, to make her confeſs by force what he deſired to know; but changing his purpoſe he thought fitter to take ſome other courſe to find out the truth, looking on that as the laſt refuge, if this failed. Finding therefore in the Letter that he who had written to *Lucretia*, entreated her to come that day to a place where he was to go, he reſolved his daughter ſhould be ſecretly followed thither, ſo to diſcover who was at the place where ſhe was appointed to come. This commiſſion he gave a certain Slave, who being very faithful to him, acquitted himſelf punctually of this charge. According to the appointment and the pleaſure of Fortune, *Lucretia* came to *Valeria's* in hopes to meet *Brutus* there, for that it ſeems was the place he had appointed her to come to; but *Brutus* being forced even againſt his will, to ſtay at *Licinius's*, where there was a ſecret Club, conſulting about the great affair they had then in hand, entreated me to go and make his excuſes to this beauty, which employment I was very glad of, not onely out of the great affection I had for *Lucretia* and *Brutus*, but alſo becauſe of the opportunity I had thereby to ſee *Valeria*. To ſerve therefore my friend, I went to the place where he was expected, not thinking there was a ſpy to obſerve who came to *Valeria's*. It happened alſo, that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and my ſelf, being very merry together, we ſtaid till it was very late, beſides that *Valerius*, whom I had left with *Brutus*, had enjoyned me to ſtay his return home, that I might know what had been reſolved on at the Club, whereat for ſome reaſons it was thought fit I ſhould be.

In the mean time, this Slave of *Lucretius*, *Lucretia* being gon from *Valerius's*, acquainted his Maſter where ſhe had been, and aſſured him that none came thither beſides but my ſelf. *Lucretius* was hereupon perſwaded that I was a Servant to his Daughter, and conſpired againſt *Tarquin*. This apprehenſion had ſome appearance of truth, for he knew

I had often ſeen *Lucretia* at *Racilia's* while ſhe was in the Countrey, and there were not many then knew I was in love with *Valeria*; and as *Brutus* had often made uſe of my name in divers gallantries and addreſſes to *Lucretia*, as I have already told you, ſo had it raiſed a ſmall report that I had ſome affection for her, inſomuch that ſometimes *Collatine* himſelf knew not what to think. *Lucretius* therefore having received ſome ſlight intimations, of what I tell you, abſolutely concluded I was the Conſpirator, and the Lover: for my Father dying in baniſhment, he thought it was likely I might be as guilty of hatred to *Tarquin*, as love to *Lucretia*. So that having thus reconciled the buſineſs, he cauſed this Beauty to be called to him, and carrying her into his Cloſet, he began to treat her moſt reproachfully, and that with ſo much transportation and fury, that *Lucretia*, who is ſweetneſs it ſelf, was much amazed at it; but what encreaſed her amazement, was to ſee in her Fathers hands the Table-book, which ſhe thought ſafe enough elſewhere. Not knowing therefore how to excuſe, much leſs clear her ſelf, ſhe reſolved to be patient, and withal ſummoning the greatneſs of her ſpirit and courage, ſhe bore all that *Lucretius* ſaid to her, and heard him with the greateſt attention might be, ſo to diſcover whether he knew who had written to her. But ſhe ſoon perceived he knew not, for *Lucretius* having tired her with the bittereſt reproaches, told her there was yet one way left whereby ſhe might excuſe her weakneſs, which was to acquaint him with all ſhe knew. For, ſaid he to her, ſince your love hath ſuch an influence on *Herminius*, as to oblige to communicate to you the deſigns he hath againſt *Tarquin*, you muſt give me the particulars, and by giving me occaſion to do the King a ſignal ſervice, engage me to forget your miſcarriage. *Lucretia* hearing her Father ſpeak in this manner, was ſurprized aſreſh; for ſhe gathered from his diſcourſe, that he knew not the truth, and was not acquainted with *Brutus's* writing, ſince he believed me to be in love with his Daughter. She at firſt was a little glad to ſee that her ſervant's life was out of danger, but was at the ſame time troubled that I was unjuſtly ſuſpected. She therefore did all that lay in her power to perſwade *Lucretius* that I had not writ the Letter, and to convince him that my love to her was as to a Friend, not a Miſtreſs. But there being a many circumſtances which made *Lucretius's* opinion ſeem the more likely to be true, he was the leſs ſatisfied with his Daughter; For in fine, ſaid he to her, if you ſay true in that, why do you not tell me who writ what I find in this Table-book? For to think, continued he, to deny all, and confeſs nothing, is abſolute madneſs. All I can tell you, Sir, replied *Lucretia*, is, that my miſfortune is greater then my guilt, and if I have entertained his affection, whoſe Letter you have in your hands, it was by the commands of the moſt virtuous Mother in the world. I know well that yours, replied he haſtily, affected *Tarquin's* enemies; but though that be true, yet it juſtifies not you; and if you diſcover not to me all you know of the Conſpiracy, I ſhall engage you in ſuch a manner, into the intereſts of thoſe whom you wiſh ruined, that you will be forced to change your opinion. I may well change my fortune, replied ſhe, but for my judgement it is impoſſible; therefore Sir, preſs me no further, all the favour I beg of you

you is, to believe that *Herminius* is no servant of mine, and that he writ not the Letter you now have in your hands, as I shall make appear to you by shewing you his writing, which is quite different from that. But to deprive you at once of all occasions of persecuting me to no purpose, I declare that I will never tell you who writ that Letter, and and though I knew all the circumstances of any Conspiracy, I should not discover it. Nevertheless know, that my heart is still innocent, and that I am not engaged in any thing that is criminal.

Lucretius being hereupon enraged against this admirable Virgin, treated her with the roughest language he could, thinking thereby to terrifie her into some confession. But seeing her not to be shak'd out of her constancy, he resolv'd to force her to marry *Collatine*; for he had long since observed her backwardness as to that business. Since you will not, said he to her, discover what I so much desire to know, I must needs engage for some concernment of your own, to hinder this secret Conspirator from acting any thing against that Family into which you shall be disposed. I therefore command you to prepare your self to marry *Collatine* within three dayes; he was importunate with me this morning about it, and I will it should be absolutely effected within the time I allot you, and that in the mean while you see no body, and least of all *Valeria*; for since you have made her the Confident of your criminal loves, she is not fit to be acquainted with your marriage.

Lucretia hearing this resolution of her Father's cast her self on her knees, beseeching him with tears not to force her to marry *Collatine*. You may choose, said he to her, and to avoid it you have no more to do than to name this secret servant of yours, and discover this Conspiracy: for if you will be so obstinate as to do neither, I will immediately carry this Letter to *Tarquin*, that he may take some course to find out whose writing it is. Nor shall I so much as blot out your name, and thereby manifest your weakness, choosing rather to see you covered with shame, than expose my house to the indignation of an incensed Prince, who haply will come to know this enterprize by some other hand, and thence infer, that my Daughter having a Servant among the Conspirators, I might be engaged in the Conspiracy. There is therefore no mean, you must either discover your Servant, or marry *Collatine*, or be content that I carry this Table-book to *Tarquin*.

You may easily judge, my Lord, what an extremity *Lucretia* was in, for she was confident *Tarquin* knew *Brutus's* writing and as confident, that if that Prince came to discover he had any understanding, it would prove the occasion of his ruin, though he contributed nothing to the liberty of *Rome*. On the other side, to marry *Collatine* was a thing almost insupportable, but to expose *Brutus's* life was much more. She was ever over-burthened with the thought that *Lucretius* might haply do what he said, and that it would be spread about *Rome* that she had a secret Love, which it may be would not have been thought so innocent as indeed it was. So that seeing which way soever she directed her choice, all was insufferable, she wished for death as the onely remedy could free her of all the miseries she was in a manner over-whelmed with. But looking on this as a fruitless wish, she made use

use of perswasions, intreaties and tears, to move her Father not to force her to a choice wherein she must needs be unhappy, what resolution soever she took. What made her the more desperate, was, that when she imagined her self in her Fathers case, she thought he had reason to be displeased, though really she deserved no blame, nor indeed could he oblige him to change his purpose, and all she could do was to prevail with him not to take any absolute resolution till the next morning. But to secure her, he set a guard upon her chamber.

Lucretius being thus convinced, that if I were not a Servant to his Daughter, I must be of the Conspiracy, went and told *Tarquin* that there was some plot a-foot wherein I was engaged; upon which intimation, this Prince, alwayes ready to believe what ever was said against the children of those whom he had ill-intreated, sent out orders to take me. For besides *Lucretius's* intelligence, he had been informed by some of my ill-willers, that I contracted not any particular friendship with any but such as were ill-affected to him. Being therefore satisfied with a bare pretence to destroy me, he gave order I should be secured, but it could not be issued out so secretly, but a friend of *Sivelia's* having notice of it, acquainted her. She immediately caused me to be found out, and told me I must leave *Rome* and provide for my safety. But there being many things to engage my stay there, I could not easily resolve to depart, nor haply should I at all, had not *Valerius* and *Brutus* come and told me that the Tyrant had discovered somewhat of the Plot, and believed that I was the onely man had been named to him. It was impossible then for me to stand out any longer; I was forced to depart, and that without bidding *Valeria* adieu.

Brutus knew not all this while that he was more unfortunate than I, yet that day he began to be a little disturbed, as having neither heard from *Lucretia*, nor sent to her. Nor could even *Valeria* her self rid him of this disquiet; for though she had at least so much friendship for me, as to be concerned in my removal, yet was she not in condition to go as far as *Lucretia's*, who on the other side was in an incredible discomposure, as having passed the night without any sleep, and yet not fastened on any resolution. And certainly when she considered that she was to marry *Collatine*, and should see *Brutus* no more, she suffered something beyond all imagination: but when it came into her mind, that her Father might carry her Lover's Letter to *Tarquin*, that he would discover the writing, that she should lose her reputation, and that *Tarquin* would put *Brutus* to death. She was at a loss of all reason, and was no longer Mistress of her own thoughts. It could never enter into her imagination, that she should ever accuse him whom she loved beyond her self, and so she had onely two things to examine. But the more she considered them, the less able was she to make any choice whether of these two indigestible propofalls she should accept. That which added to her misery, was that she could have neither advice nor comfort; for *Lucretius* had taken such order for her close imprisonment, that she had not the liberty either to write or speak to any whatever. But there was a necessity of resolving on something, though this Beauty after a night passed without so much as closing her eyes, was the next morning as far from any resolution,

lution, as she was the night before, she indeed began to change her judgement when she understood by a woman slave who waited on her, and was locked into the Chamber with her, that she heard one tell a man that was talking with her Father, that I had made my escape, and was out of Tarquin's power: whereupon representing to her self more sensibly the danger Brutus was in by her means, in case he were discovered by this Letter, her onely consideration was how to secure her Lover, and she conceived there should nothing seem hard for her to do upon that account, nay not even marrying with Collatine. So that Lucretius coming into her chamber when her mind was thus taken up, and earnestly pressing her to choose, or expect to see him do what he said he would, she felt in her self so great an apprehension of Brutus's death, and the loss of her own reputation, that she promised to marry Collatine, conditionally Lucretius would return the Letter he had, that he would never enquire further who writ it, and as much as he could, trouble not himself to guess at him. Lucretius believing that when she were wife to Collatine, and consequently engaged into the interests of a Prince, whose near kinsman she had married, she would be easily induced to ruin even the whole Faction, whereof her former servant was, promised to do what she desired, provided the Letter should not be returned till the wedding day; and that till then, she should pretend her self indisposed, so to avoid the occasions of all visits. Thus Lucretia, notwithstanding all the aversion she had for Collatine and all the tenderness she had for Brutus, expected the celebration of the Marriage with some impatience, that so she might secure her servant, by remanding a Letter which might haply cost him his life. She thought not fit to acquaint him with her condition, because she imagined he would advise her to somewhat disadvantageous to himself, and that he could not easily apprehend what resentments she then had for him.

Brutus, in the mean time, though he were much troubled at my departure, was yet much more that he heard nothing from Lucretia. But understanding that they gave out at home that she was not well, he inferred that she was out of humour to stir abroad, and that she had failed writing to him upon no other account, not dreaming that it would not be long ere he heard the saddest, and to him the strangest newes in the world. According to what he had resolved, my Lord, Lucretius, who thought it the safest way immediately to dispose of a Daughter, cajoll'd by a secret love, managed the business with so much discretion and diligence, that he engaged Collatine to press him for his Daughter Lucretia; and he carried it with so much judgement, that Tarquin consenting to the marriage, it was presently concluded, and three dayes after solemnized. All was done very privately, Lucretius giving out, that his Daughter being yet in mourning for her Mother, it was not fit it should be done with much ceremony. So that the first newes that Brutus had of it, was, that Lucretia was in the Temple in order to be married to Collatine; for having been employed in satisfying those who had taken any alarm at my departure, he had heard nothing at all of it. But he had no sooner heard this newes, but he received this Letter from Lucretia, which contained onely these words;

Being obliged by a cruel necessity, either to marry Collatine, or be the cause of your death, I have chosen rather to abjure all the pleasures and enjoyments of my life, and consequently make my self eternally unhappy, than to expose yours to my anger. Bemoan my hard destiny, I beseech you, and, in gratitude for what I have done for your sake, forget me, if you can, and see me no more; for I must love you no longer, and yet I should not avoid it if I saw you. Obey therefore the cruel command I lay on you, to see me no more, and assure your self I shall lead such a sad and solitary life, that I shall give you no occasion to think me guilty of inconstancy.

I leave you to consider what a condition Brutus was in when he read this Letter; he knows not yet himself what he thought in that terrible instant, and all the account he gives of it, is, that not knowing precisely what he intended to do, he went to the Temple where they said Collatine was to marry Lucretia. He was no sooner in, but he understood that the Ceremony was past, and that all things were performed in much hast, because it was feared Lucretia might swoon. He understood also, that Lucretius, notwithstanding his daughters indisposition had caused the Ceremony to be performed; and that as ill as she was the cruel Tullia was gone along with her to Collatine's house. Not knowing therefore what to do in this distracted condition, he went to Valeria's, whom he acquainted with his misfortune by shewing her the Letter he had received. But in all things his countenance spoke so much despair, that he moved a great compassion in generous Valeria. Well, said he, looking on her with the tears in his eyes, what say you now of Lucretia? What must I think of her? and what must I do? Can you imagine by what charms Fortune hath changed her heart, or what strange adventure hath obliged her to prefer Collatine before the unfortunate Brutus? For my part, replied Valeria, I understand nothing of it, nor indeed can imagine either that Lucretia hath ceased to love you, or hate Collatine, or altered her judgment. But do you understand, replied Brutus, why she should not acquaint me sooner with this design; or why, in case Lucretius have used any violence, she hath not given me leave to die before she married Collatine? For in fine, since the affection she had for me, was not strong enough to hinder her from becoming the wife of my Rival, she should also have given him the satisfaction of my ruine, and spared me the grief to see her in the embraces of another, and see my self forsaken by a person for whose sake I was willing to forsake all things, and for whom haply I had forfeited much of my reputation. It is just in you, O ye Gods, (said he to himself, while Valeria was speaking to some one that asked for her) to punish me, for having admitted into my heart any passion that should divert it, or haply hinder it from the deliverance of my Countrey. At the first dawning of my love I looked on Lucretia, as the person by whom I was staid at Rome for the execution of this great design; but I must now look on her as an unconstant woman, who is the cause that I have not destroyed the Tyrant. She took up all my thoughts; her representation followed

the

me into all places; and though I then believed I did all that lay in my power to revenge my Father and Brothers death, and to shake *Tarquin* out of his throne, yet now I am of opinion, that I was more employed about the love I had for *Lucretia*, than the hatred I had for the Tyrant. But is it possible, resumed he, that *Lucretia*, the vertuous *Lucretia*, should be dazzled with a greatness so weakly established, since it is grounded on injustice? Is it possible, I say, she should ally her self into a Family which she knows I am obliged to destroy? Does she believe that any concernment of hers shall hinder me from turning *Tarquin* out of the Throne, if opportunity favor me to do it? Or will she, to secure the Tyrant, reveal what design I have against him? Proceed *Lucretia*, proceed, continued he, for by exposing me to the cruelty of the Tyrant, you do me less injury than by making me feel your own. *Valeria* coming to him when he had proceeded thus far, he renewed his complaints, beseeching her assistance, at least to find out what might be the motives of *Lucretia's* defection: for I cannot be persuaded, said he to her, that she is so poorly opinion'd of my heart, as to imagine that I can entertain death with less ease than I can her joys. Do me but the favor, continued he, that I may see her, for if she be not so merciful to me, I shall certainly think no violence too great for me to do my self.

This discourse of *Brutus* came from him with such earnestness, that *Valeria* fearing he might haply do himself some violence, promised to do what he desired, though she was not certain to prevail; for she sufficiently knew *Lucretia's* heart, and easily fore-saw that since she was resolved to be *Collatine's* wife, she would be no longer *Brutus's* Mistress. But willing to appease the present grief of this despairing Lover, she told him not what she truly thought.

While *Brutus* thus groaned under incredible afflictions, *Lucretia* amidst her melancholy, had one great comfort, in that her Father had kept his word with her: for being ready to go to the Temple, she got *Brutus's* Letter returned to her, so to secure his life. Nor could she but be somewhat pleased that she was taken ill at that time, and continued so still, because the indisposition of her body served for a foil to that of the mind. But all considered, what comfort soever she might raise from the present thought of having sacrificed her self to the safety of her Servant, yet soon after she thought her self the most unfortunate person in the world: for she irrecoverably lost a man whom she infinitely loved and esteemed; she married another for whom she had an extreme aversion; she ally'd her self into a Family, which all vertuous persons endeavored to ruin, and she resolved to give her self over to perpetual solitude. But at last these considerations contributing to her melancholy humor, she fell really sick; by which means it was more easie for her to conceal from *Collatine* the small satisfaction she found in being married to him. She would needs remove from *Rome* purposely to avoid all meeting with *Brutus*. She began to commend the air of *Cellatia*, as being better for her health, in so much that she was conveyed thither sick as she was. By this means was she in a condition to be more solitary, never hardly to see *Brutus*, and to see her Husband less often, who being obliged

to shew himself at Court, would be forced to leave her many times.

In the mean time *Valeria* could not come to sight of her, for *Lucretia* writ a Letter to entreat her not to attempt it, for some reasons which she should one day acquaint her with. So that *Brutus* not knowing what to do, was afflicted beyond all expression. Yet were there some intervals, wherein he found some slender comfort, to understand that *Lucretia* was sick and melancholy: but there were also others wherein he gave so much way to his despair, that he had not the command of his own thoughts, and there was no consideration of violence which his mind reflected not on. But the great virtue which garded his soul successfully, opposed all those irregular apprehensions which his love and his despair suggested; yet could it not overcome the extream desire he had to see *Lucretia*, though she had forbidden it him in the last Letter she had written to him. Directing therefore all the efforts of his mind to find out some way to satisfy himself, he cunningly informed himself, by the means of *Valeria* (who might more easily come to know it than he) that *Lucretia* who began to recover, though against her will, her former health, spent the afternoons for the most part, when her Husband was absent, all alone in a Garden, adjoining to *Collatine's* house: and that sometimes she staid there till she went to bed, when it was fair weather and the Moon shined. *Brutus* being thus particularly informed what *Lucretia* did, acquainted not *Valeria* with his intention, lest she might oppose it: but when he was fully satisfied of all he desired to know, he trusted himself to a faithful Slave, who had lived with him ever since his being at *Metapont*. Pretending to go into the Countrey, he went by night to *Collatia*, and took up his lodging, disguised at a man's house whom his Slave was acquainted with: for having been there divers times, he knew the walls of *Collatine's* Garden were but low, so built purposely for the prospect of the first story of the house, which is built on one side of the garden; which not being absolutely level, hath in one part divers hedge-rows and little arbors, that the unevenness might the less appear.

Having thus laid his design, he came, as I have already told you, to *Collatia*, at a time when he knew *Collatine* was not there, and that his Sister was at *Rome* with her Mother, who was yet alive. But to do his business the more easily, he had brought with him one of those Ladders, which fasten on a wall as soon as they touch it, and had so well provided for all things that might contribute to his entrance into the garden, where they said *Lucretia* came every day, especially in the evenings, that he doubted not a successful issue of his enterprize. For he knew that the walls of *Collatine's* Garden were in a lone street, through which none passed after it was once night. It is true he had some reason to fear any one came along with *Lucretia*; but he had been so persuaded that she was alwayes alone, that, considering the desire he had to see her, this difficulty signified nothing with him. He had also this advantage, that he feared not to be seen from the house, though it were built towards the garden, because that uneven corner which I mentioned, was taken up by two or three large Arbours. But in fine, not to trouble you with so many inconsiderable

nable circumstances, which you may easily suppose, you are to know that *Brutus*, not debating his resolution any longer, undertook by this course to see *Lucretia*; besides that having the reputation of stupidity, and being withal of some kin to *Collatine*, though he were found in the garden, it would have passed for a little extravagance of a man whom many believe to be quite out of his wits; by which means *Lucretia* should fear neither the jealousy of her Husband, nor censure of the world. *Brutus* therefore came thither one evening, attended only by his slave, whom he appointed to wait him on the out-side of the garden-wall; and he was so fortunate, that as soon as he was gotten down into the garden, and hid himself in one of the little Arbours, he by the light of the moon sees *Lucretia* beginning her walk, having forbidden her women to follow her, and left them sitting in a little Lodge at the Garden-door. 'Tis true, he was somewhat troubled to see that in a quarter of an hour's time she came not to that side where he was, nor could he go where she was, without being seen by those women who sat in the Lodge. But at last *Lucretia* in her solitary humour seeking obscurity, quitted the plain part of the garden, and passing along a thick hedge-row, came to that arbour where *Brutus* was; who fearing that if he were perceived before she were come quite to the place, she might call her women, hid himself to give her way to come in. She was no sooner in, but sitting down she fetched a deep sigh, and that with such an accent of anguish, that *Brutus* was extremely moved at it, and transported with love; without any further hesitation. Ah, I beseech you Madam, said he, casting himself on his knees before her, tell me whether the unfortunate *Brutus* be any thing concerned in the sigh he hath now heard; and if he be, permit him to return you sigh for sigh, till he expire at your feet, and assure you dying, that there never was any servant more amorous nor more faithful, than he whom you have with so much cruelty forsaken. *Lucretia* was so surpris'd to hear *Brutus* speak, and to see him in the posture he was in, that she was not able to express her astonishment by any crying out: on the contrary she was seized by a most piercing grief, and continued a while unable to speak. Yet thrusting him from her with her left hand, she made a sign to him with her right, that he should be gone, and that he was to blame for what he had done. No no, Madam, said *Brutus* to her, you need not thrust me away, since I am come for no other end, than to know from your own mouth the cause of my misfortune. And I beseech you, said *Lucretia* to him, going to rise, have you as great a care of my reputation as I have had of your life, and expose me not to a suspicion of having spoken to a man, at such a time and place as this. The place where you are, replied he, is so far from that where you have left your women, that they can neither see me, nor hear me; nay they cannot come towards this place but you must see them, and you further know, your reputation can receive no prejudice from the stupid *Brutus*, and that the *Brutus*, whom you are acquainted with, hath no design against your innocence. Permit therefore Madam, that I ask you what I would fain be satisfied in; for if I were sure to be discovered, I

should not be gone, since it is certain I cannot injure you. But am I obliged, replied he, to obey a person who hath taken her heart out of my hands, to bestow it on my Rival? Ah *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia* relenting, I were more happy, and, it may be, more innocent than I am, if either I had done it, or could yet do it: yet raise no advantage to your self of what I tell you, for I assure you, you will be never the more happy for it. Nor shall I satisfy you so far, continued this illustrious Lady, as to particularize my misfortunes, lest that by justifying my self to your apprehension, and acquainting you how much I have obliged you, and the true state of my soul, I should engage you to love me as you did formerly. How Madam, interrupted he, can you suffer me to be ignorant of what you thought, while you made me the most unfortunate Lover that ever was? Can you wish I should not know what might be the pretence, or excuse of your cruel proceedings? Can you desire I should be utterly ignorant of what is done in your heart? Ah Madam, if it be so, I must think you never loved the unfortunate *Brutus*, nor ought he to love you, though he were in a condition to dispose of his own thoughts. But alas, he is far from it, for he loves you and adores you, notwithstanding all your infidelity. Ah, I beseech you, replied *Lucretia*, accuse me not of infidelity and be satisfied that I am so generous as not to accuse you as cause of all the misfortunes of my life, since that it is upon your account that I am wife to *Collatine*. Upon mine, Madam, replied *Brutus*? It is certain, replied *Lucretia* sighing; and since you are so desirous to know the true cause of your misfortune and mine, you shall have it: Whereupon *Lucretia* told him how she lost that fatal Letter, which her Father had found; which passage she aggravated so with words so smartly expressing the confusion she was in when *Lucretius* would oblige her to discover who writ it, or to marry *Collatine*, that he was extremely moved with it, especially when she fully convinced him that the fear of hazarding her own reputation, and principally that of exposing the life of such a man as he was to the cruelty of *Tarquin*, had obliged her to submit to her Father. Consider now (added she after she had ended her relation) whether I have loved you faithfully, and whether I deserve to be thought inconstant. However it be continued this virtuous Female, as my love to you hath been always innocent, and that I can love you no longer, since I am *Collatine's*, I must, though I die for it, resolve never to see you more. For this reason is it also that I am resolved not to see any, but shall lead a life so solitary, that though you should be so unjust as to persist in your love, you shall never have any opportunity to let me know of it. Nay I will so carry my self towards *Collatine*, that I hope excepting my melancholy, he shall have nothing to object to me. Yet can I not but acknowledge, that the aversion I have for him will last as long as I live: but after all, since a consideration of honour hath prevailed with you to conceal your reason for so many years, I must needs think my self obliged by a like motive, to conceal the aversion I have for a Husband, and the affection I have for a Lover. Ah Madam, it is much easier to conceal ones Reason than ones Love, and if you ever had any for the unfortunate *Brutus*, you would rather have permitted him to die a thousand times, than forsake him. For, Madam,

Madam, do you consider the sad condition I am in? Another Lover would find a hundred comforts in such a misfortune as this; he would betray your inconstancy to all the world by his complaints; he might revenge himself by pretending to some other affection, and he might haply be recovered of his misery by such a remedy, or at least would be the better enabled to bear the ill success of his love through the consolations of his friends. But for my part, Madam, who am the unhappy man that all the world thins, and no body knows, I am not capable of any comfort. You were to me all the world; I found in you a Friend and a Mistress; I found in you all pleasure and all glory; and I imagined myself so happy when I had but one minutes private discourse with you, that I would not have changed fortunes with the most fortunate Monarch in the world. I was somewhat pleased with my self, that my understanding was onely at your service, and for your sake; you were absolute Mistress of my will; you had the same power over my desires; and in fine, you had such a sovereignty over me, that never any Empire was better established than yours. But what said I (resumed he, correcting himself) you *had*? you *have* the same power still, and it is onely Death that can dissolve it. It is true Madam, how unjust soever you have been in preferring my life before my quiet, I am the same man I was; and it shall be your fault, if I find not some lenitive in my misfortunes. Ah *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia*, since I have changed my fortune, you must change your judgement. But Madam, said he to her, continually I shall beg nothing of you, that I not so much as tell you that I love you, what matters it to you what is done in my soul? Permit me then to see you sometimes; you know *Collatine* and I are of kindred, that he can never suspect me to be in love with you, and that my palpable stupidity will give me as much freedom any where as I would take. Give me leave to see you, provided I never entertain you with the secret resentment of my heart. No, no, *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia*, I would not you should esteem me less than you have; nor will I ever do any thing which I may object to my self as destructive to true glory: for all considered, to be *Collatine's* Wife, and *Brutus's* Mistress, are two things absolutely incompatible. Ah Madam, replied he, will you then be pleased to become my Friend? I heretofore in the beginning of my loves refused your friendship, but I now beg it, and that with tears. When I proffered you my friendship, replied she, I could without any difficulty entertain your love; but alas *Brutus*, the friendship of a Lover is not to be accepted when a woman is once another mans wife, and hath the least tenderness for her reputation. Resolve therefore not to love me any longer, and that, if I may so say, for my sake; as I have resolved to be unhappy for your sake; and that you may be assured, I do all I can, and haply more then I ought, I permit you to believe, that I shall grieve for you while I live. On the other side, fear not I shall ever discover your secret: for though you cannot in any likelihood destroy *Tarquin*, but you must withal give check to the fortune of that Family, into which I am entred, I shall lay nothing to your charge while you meddle not with *Collatine's* person. Not but that if you conceive I speak for my own interest, I should advise you forsake *Rome*; to set your reason at li-

berty, to go and live at *Metapont*, where you have friends of both sexes, and where you may be cured of what passion your soul is sick of. For in all likelihood Vice will ever triumph over Vertue. *Brutus* will be alwayes miserable, and *Tarquin* alwayes happy. How, Madam, replied the unfortunate Lover, you would have me forsake *Rome*, quit the design of revenging my self, and delivering my Countrey, but for no other end than that I might be the farther from you. Ah Madam, I neither can do it nor ought, and if Death do not deliver you from my presence, you shall never be delivered from it. I shall be delivered from it, replied she, if I reside constantly at *Collatia*, whither you will have no pretence to come; and though *Collatine* himself should command me to see you, I would intreat him to pardon my disobedience: and this pretended stupidity which heretofore furnished me with a pretence to see you, shall henceforward be my excuse not to see you again; but I shall think my self the more obliged, if without any further dispute you obey the command I lay on you, not to endeavour it. But is it possible, replied *Brutus*, that my sight is become so insupportable to you, and that having exprest so much goodness as to let me believe that I might be the object of all your happiness, I am now thought the onely cause of your misfortune? For I tell you once more, Madam, that if you will be pleased to be my Friend, I shall not think my self absolutely miserable; and if I ever forget my self so far as to speak any thing to you whence you might gather I would be treated in the quality of a Lover, I give you leave to acquaint *Tarquin* that I am a dangerous Conspirator, and deserve death. But do you think, replied she, that when I lost you, I withal lost all reason, and that I can be perswaded that Love may be turned into Friendship, or Friendship into Love, when one pleases? If it be so in your heart, added she, you never knew any true passion; and I should punish you for your dissimulation past with eternal banishment. One might indeed in a short time pass from Love to Hatred; one may sometimes pass from Love to Indifference, and it is not impossible to ascend from Friendship to Love; but to descend from Love to Friendship, is that I cannot comprehend how it may be done. I could believe, added she, there may be some Husbands, who having been infinitely indulgent of their Wives, are after a long time cooled, so as to have onely an indifferent affection for them, which may be called Friendship: but for a Lover to become a Friend, is a thing I conceive impossible, and shall never believe. Persist not therefore in the proffers of your friendship, or the desire of mine: for since Fortune hath been pleased to cross the innocence of our affection, I will see you no more, and I profess to you, I shall hate you, if you continue to perswade me to a thing which I believe inconsistent with my duty. For in fine, *Brutus*, you but too well know that I have loved you, and you haply imagine that I shall love you as long as I live, therefore our conversation can be no longer innocent: one look of yours raises a controvertie in my soul; I must not any longer trust either you or my self in such a case as this; and I have already spent too much time with you, in debating a thing already resolved. Go your wayes therefore, *Brutus*, go, the unfortunate *Lucretia* commands you; be careful of the life she hath preserved you, and remember sometimes,

that it hath cost her all the happiness she could expect. But hold, added she, rising from her seat, think on nothing that concerns me: for if I thought you remembered it, I could not haply forget you. How, Madam, cries out *Brutus*, you cannot but remember me, and can you imagine I should obey you, when you command me to forget *Lucretia*? No, no, Madam, abuse not your self, it is not onely death can raze you out of my heart; and if the despair that hovers about my soul were not kept off by the love I bear you, my hand should soon rid *Tarquinius* of an Enemy, and *Lucretia* of a Lover. But Madam, since that if I lost my life I should cease to love you if excess of grief take it not away, I shall not, which I do not but out of a pure consideration of love, since, as you may easily imagine, Madam, I must expect to live the most miserable of any man in the world, which can afford nothing more insupportable, than for a man to see his Enemy in the Throne, and his Mistress in the embraces of his Rival. For, all considered, Madam, I concur with you, that Love can never be remitted into Friendship, and when I begged the quality of your Friend, I onely meant to tell you, that I should never ask any thing of you but what a virtuous friend might desire of a virtuous woman. Assure your self therefore, Madam, that I shall love you to the last gasp, and that I shall love you so intirely, as never any man did the like. But in requital, Madam, added he, promise me that you will not make it your business to hate me; for I had rather be deprived of your sight, than that you should not promise to love me alwayes. Ah *Brutus*, I neither can nor must promise you any thing, replied she; in the mean time, I must leave you, and be gon, for I see one of my women coming to tell me that it is time to retire; and indeed *Brutus* turning his head saw a woman-slave who was come half wayes the Garden, and made directly towards the place where he was. This put him into a strange disturbance, for he thought he had a thousand things more to say; nay he imagined that if he had said them, they would have moved *Lucretia*; but if he should have offered to detain her by force, she would have taken it in much displeasure. He therefore submissively took her by the garment, and would, out of an amorous transport, have kissed her hand, and intreated her to favour him for one minute more: but this virtuous woman, troubled at her very soul for him, certainly did her self a strange violence in refusing him what he so passionately begged. So that commanding him absolutely to let her go, and doing it as one who expected obedience, he in effect obeyed her: he dismissed the hand and garment of this afflicted Beauty; and he had this comfort at least, to perceive she thought well of his respect and obedience. For having gon as far as the entrance of the Arbor, where this discourse passed, she turned to him, bursting forth into tears, and reaching to him the same hand which she had taken from between his, Farewel *Brutus*, said she to him, might it please the Gods that the innocency of our affection would permit me to think on you, and that you might also think of me. At these words *Brutus* taking her by the hand she presented to him, kissed it with such a transport of love, that if she had not drawn it back with some violence, he had not soon dismissed it. But the slave, who was come to tell *Lucretia* that it was about the time she

used to retire, was so near, that he was forced out of a consideration of respect, to withdraw himself without answering the last words *Lucretia* had said to him. When she was departed, he looked on her through the leaves as long as he could, but saw she had let down her veyl, which he conceived was to hide her tears from the slave that followed her. He also observed, that she twice turned her head towards the place where she had left him, as also that she went from him very slowly; for though he was in an unconceivable despair, yet the excess of his love quickened his apprehension of any thing related to his passion; but to any thing else was insensible.

Lucretia and her women being gotten into the House, and having locked the lodge-door that went into the Garden, though he knew not well what he thought on, yet could he not resolve to be gone. For observing a greater light in one part of the house than in any other, he concluded it was *Lucretia's* chamber, and looking on the Windowes, he had such a disturbance and confusion in his thoughts, that it were impossible to express them. He found indeed some ease in seating himself in the place where that Beauty had sat, and in that posture he intertained his love and his affliction till the break of day, not thinking of the Slave who knew his design, and waited for him without the Garden. But at last the Cock crowing acquainting him what time it was, he went out as he came in, and repaired to the house where he had taken up his secret Quarters.

In the mean time, as *Hope* is such a Montebank in Love, as instead of one real pleasure, entertaines us with a hundred imaginary, he was really perswaded he might see *Lucretia* in the same manner another night: but though he came to the same place, he met not with her; for this virtuous woman conceiving he might come again, went thither no more. So that *Brutus* not thinking it safe to stay any longer in that place, whither *Collatine* came the next day, returned to *Rome* exceedingly grieved: for *Lucretia's* vertue rendring her more amiable than she were otherwise, it made him the more unfortunate. Not long after he was told that *Lucretia* had perswaded *Collatine* to make the walls of his garden somewhat higher, though it much prejudiced the prospect from the house, which he might easily apprehend onely for his sake. This nevertheless discouraged him not, for having a heart as great as his love, he omitted no artifice or opportunity from the time that *Lucretia* was married, to speak with, or send Letters to her, or to oblige her to permit *Hermilia* or *Valeria* to speak to her of him; or to procure the favour that he might see her in some place, though he spoke not to her. He also, notwithstanding the hatred he had for *Collatine*, made frequent visits to him, in hope of some occasion thereby to see *Lucretia*: but all these contrivances and designs amounted to nothing, *Lucretia* leading a life so solitary, and disengaged from the disturbances of the World, that I think there never was woman gave higher expressions of a great vertue than she did. For it is out of all controversy, that never Wife lived better with a Husband than she did with *Collatine*, though she had an aversion for him; nor did ever Mistress express such a constant rigor and severity towards a servant, though she had a tender affection for *Brutus*. Thus

was *Brutus* extremely taken with her virtue, and fearing that disconsolate solitude might shorten her life, he sent her word by *Valeria*, that he had so great an esteem for her, as, to break her from that reserved carriage, he would make it his main business to avoid her, that so she might quit that melancholy course of life; conceiving his misfortune would be the less, if he were alone unfortunate. But she would not be persuaded, nay would not so much as return *Brutus* thanks for his compliance and respect. However, I dare assure you he was never in his life so deeply in love with this admirable woman as he is at this present; nay I may presume to tell you, that the love he bears *Lucretia* is greater than the hatred he hath for *Tarquin*: but his love is upon the hardest condition that love can be capable of, since it admits no Hope, nor the sight of its object. All the comfort therefore that he hath, is, what consists in the hope of satisfying that just hatred he hath for *Tarquin*, since he can now pretend nothing to *Lucretia*.

Herminius having left off speaking, *Aronces* thanked him for the excellent entertainment of so pleasant a relation: and *Amilcar* expressed himself so well satisfied with it, that if he could have resolved to be constant, he would have wished himself *Brutus*, as unfortunate as he was, looking on his History as a thing extraordinary, though it was not furnished with those heroick adventures which raise

the admiration of those that hear them. But to make some advantage to your self of the acquaintance I have made you with *Brutus*, replied *Herminius*, speaking to *Aronces*, acknowledge that you are neither the most unfortunate Lover, nor the most unfortunate man in the world: for certainly *Brutus* being now past all hope, and leading such a life as he does, is a thousand times more miserable than you are. Ah *Herminius*, cryed out *Aronces*, I am not of your opinion, but account my self much more unhappy, in that I have to fear *Clelia*'s death, than *Brutus* is to see *Lucretia* in the arms of *Collatine*. But my Lord, the misfortune you fear, replied *Amilcar*, it may be, will not come to pass, and so your fear is of a disaster that is uncertain; but for *Brutus* he is past the fear of a mishap, he undergoes it, and that without any hope of seeing any end of his suffering. He hath yet this comfort, replied *Aronces*, to know that *Lucretia* cannot suffer any thing but what the affection she hath for him, imposes on her; but for what concerns me, I see *Clelia* exposed to the violence of a Tyrant, whether he love her or hate her: nor can I yet perceive by what means I can deliver her, nor who will deliver my self. It being by this time very late, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* retired, and left this illustrious Lover at liberty, to compare his misfortunes with those of the illustrious *Brutus*.

The end of the first Book of the second Part.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

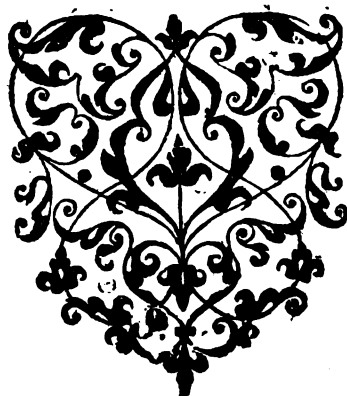
ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADemoisELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The THIRD PART.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*,
Gouverneur of *Nostredame de la Gard.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Dorman Newman* and *Thomas Cockerel.* 1678.

TO THE ACCOMPLISH'D LADY, THE LADY CONSTANCE ENYON.

MADAM,



H E Opinion I have of your Goodness must needs be very great, when I think the presumption I am guilty of, in this address so innocent and justifiable, that I do not much doubt your pardon. It is certainly no small one in me, to make use of your name, to do that which, of all things, I take the greatest pride and pleasure in; that is, confidently to let the world know, I cannot receive a favor with half as much freedom and satisfaction, as I can acknowledge it. To those I have received from Your self, I cannot but add the many extraordinary Obligations, I am indebted to your noble Relations, and particularly those at CUMBERLOW; and among those, to that accomplished Person, whom the World justly admires, to find, at so few years, soaring in a Fame so high, as that of the Author of the HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY. These, Madam, are so great, and consequently, press so much upon my memory and resentments, that, since the greatest acknowledgments I can make of them, are, in my apprehension, much below the advantages I have made thereby, it is no miraculous effect of Gratitude, if I grasp at any occasion to do it.

For, what I now present you with, MADAM, I need say no more, by way of recommendation of it, than that it is a third Volume of that excellent ROMANCE, whereof you were pleased with so much kindness to receive the two former; with the same fate too, that is, that it hath gone through more hands than one. The advantages you are to make of it, I am not to press, since it is, among your other perfections, not the most inconsiderable, that you can discern the excellencies, and discover the defaults of things of greater consequence, than those of this nature. But when I reflect on your Sex, I cannot but do my Author this right, that as no man hath put greater obligations on It, than he, by the noble and generous characters he hath honour'd it withal; so is it but just, you have that esteem and affection for him, which you have not for any other.

Thus, MADAM, having given you an account of this address to your self, and presumed your pardon for it, I have a far greater confidence to obtain it for another I make to Heaven; which is, that you may meet with that indulgency of fortune and happiness, which so much good nature, so noble an education, such vertuous inclinations, and excellent endowments, as yours are, may justly expect. And this, MADAM, shall be the perpetual wish of,

Your most humble and most obliged Servant,

F. DAVIES.

CLELIA:

The Second Part.

BOOK II.



AS no part of the life of *Brutus* was reserv'd from *Aronces*, he went the next day to his Chamber, imagining he might receive some delight by discoursing with an unhappy lover, whose misfortunes parallel'd his; and these two illustrious Lovers did at first so Sympathize. and love so united both their hearts, that though they were both miserable, and that their discourse contained nothing but melancholy subjects; yet a delightful pleasingness did at this time dispel those dull fumes which clouded their Intellectual Faculties: But whilst they did as it were thus sport away the tedious hours, and that *Herminius* endeavour'd by the assistance of his friends, both to prosecute his passion, prejudice *Tarquin*, and serve *Aronces*, the discreet *Amilcar* acted for *Aronces* against *Tarquin*, for *Clelia* and *Plotina*, and all the other Captives, and endeavour'd likewise to engage the fierce *Tullia* to deliver all those Prisoners, principally those to whom he was obliged both by friendship and inclination: He writ to *Tarquin*, to the Prince *Sextus*, to *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*: Yet had he time to compose several things, which are usually made but in a pleasing idleness; for *Herminius* and he made each of them a short song, according to the *African* custom: They had a certain gallant Air which contained both ingenuity and love, pleasure and rapellery, they using both simple and natural expressions, and it seems that they intended but to trifle time in making these songs, and that 'twas not impossible others fancies should concur with theirs. In the mean time, as they had sent to the Camp for *Celeres* and *Zenocrates*, they came to *Rome*, but could not inform them of any considerable thing in reference to their affairs; for during the Truce, all the young men went continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp; *Artemidorus* not being willing to permit *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to be more happier than he, went with them to see *Aronces*, whom he highly esteem'd; and these three being arrived at *Rome*, and having the same liberty as *Herminius*, to visit *Aronces*; they passed some days in a society pleasing to unhappy persons; for as these new Comers were of this secret, they were commonly together; and after Dinner, *Racilia*, *Hermilia*,

Valeria, and *Sivelia* accompanying them, there was doubtless a society compos'd both of accomplished and agreeable persons: For though *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* were men of known integrity; 'tis certain that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had extraordinary merit: *Artemidorus* was well made, he had a judging spirit, and a grandure in his Soul; but he so equally possess'd all good qualities, that though he was a complete man, he was just one of those which make a particular Character, and which resemble not any person, though many would willingly resemble him. For *Zenocrates*, he was tall, of a fair proportion, and good deportment, white teeth, a lively tincture; brown hairs, a most agreeable smiling, and a pleasant countenance which gave delight to all; but he had a certain languishing indifferency to which his temper carried him; it gave him sometimes a stupidity of Spirit, which made him appear as if he were in an idle dotage, and oblig'd him to keep in certain occasions a kind of melancholy silence, that he could not suffer without some slight reluctance, when he knew he might if he would speak more agreeably than the most part of those to whom he gave such a peaceable audience: But for all this admirable dulness, the gallantness of his Spirit and ingenuity appear'd when he writ either in Verse or Prose; and I can assure you, that if he had an heart more susceptible of loves impression, it had been very fit to make illustrious Conquests: for *Zenocrates* was (as I have already told you) fair, and of a good deportment, he had much Spirit, he was both discreet and wise, he had a charming affability; all his inclinations were noble, he was modest, respectful, and faithful to his friends; but a languishing melancholy so possess'd his Spirits, that though he was an accomplished Gallant, he could not affect any one person, though adorned with all the excelling features, had he been assur'd of a correspondency in love; so much did he fear dangerous enterprizes. He had beginnings in love, which should have had continuance; but the Fire which flamed in the morning, extinguish'd in the evening. I know not how he could make an opiniative lover, for the faculty would have hindred the augmentation of his passions, the great difficulty would have rebated his Spirit, and the only thought of a long constancy, would

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have much perplexed him; he had no desire to engage himself to love a person which was not above him, neither would he resolve with himself to love one of that quality, if fortune had forc'd him to do it; so little he affected to enterprise difficult things: Had he likewise passed the commencements of his life without having any of those Demy-Mistresses, that are loved without inquietude, that are willingly left on the first occasion that presents: 'tis not but confessed, that he had been in love, and he might be again: But those which are intelligent in tenderness, believe not that he was capable of any great attachment; and though he was accused of some temerity and inconstancy in love, he was known to be very sincere and agreeable in friendship, and he was so amiable, and merited such estimation, that he would not be known without esteem in love. *Artemidorus* and he being then joyn'd with their illustrious friends, this Society had been full of delectation, if those which compos'd it had been more happy; there was during this time a small cessation in the distemper of *Aronces*, which deferr'd the Voyage *Celeres* and *Zenocrates* had resolv'd on; *Amilcar* having acquainted this unhappy Prince, that he had confer'd with *Tullia*, that he was the Confident of her Jealousie, and that he did not despair but he should oblige her to deliver *Clelia*; and farther told him, that this cruel person had promised him to suborn him which kept her, and that on his part he was engaged to carry this fair Virgin into *Africa*, and not let her return from thence: He knew moreover that those of *Ardea*, which negotiated with *Tarquin*, demand'd above all things, the rendition of the Captives; and it might be if *Tarquin* should refuse to do it, he would exasperate the people and the Soldiers, which might justly murmur, to see that he had rather continue the war, than to accord a thing of so little consequence: and that by this means it would be possible to excite some commotion in *Rome*, and the Camp where they should have need of two men as valiant as *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*: Thus their departure being defer'd, and hope having taken possession of the heart of *Aronces*, the conversation became a little more delightful: But there happened an accident which gave some disturbance to this favourable disposition; for as things were reduced to this estate, unknown persons enterpris'd one night to take away *Clelia*; they fastening scaling Ladders to the Windows of her Chamber, some of the Guards their confederates having given them admission at one of the Garden Gates: 'Tis true they were constrained to retire, because he to whom *Tarquin* had confided the keeping of *Clelia*, hearing some noise awaked, and went with a party of his Companions to the same Garden, where they found a man of a good presence at the head of 10 or 12 others, whilst two resolute Soldiers ascended those two Ladders they had put against the Windows of *Clelia's* Chamber, who was then in a strange perplexity; for she did not know whether those that endeavour'd to open her Windows, were friends or enemies; she saw no likelyhood that this enterprise was made by *Aronces*, since *Amilcar* who had the liberty to see her, had not advertised her of it; so that she imagined there was more probability to think it was the cruel *Tullia*, who would

have her in her power: But this imagination soon vanish'd, for how valiant soever he was which had undertaken this enterprise, he must yield to number; for those whom he had left to secure the Garden gate by which he entred, being disanimated, and the Gate shut upon him; there was no other resolution for him to take, than to render himself or die like a desperate person: And as the State of his Soul permitted him not the hope to live happy, he chose the last, and acted such prodigious things, that *Clelia* and *Plorina* who were now dress'd, and who beheld that which pass'd in the Garden (by *Cimthias* beams which illuminated it) had compassion to see a valiant man reduced to such a condition, whose visage they could not discern: *Clelia* fearing he (that so valiantly defended himself) might be *Aronces*, and desiring rather to expose her self to save the life of a valiant Enemy, than let a faithful lover perish, she cry'd to him who kept her, that he should not kill one desert-ed by his men, for there remain'd now none but himself to oppose so many adversaries: The voice of *Clelia* perswading him to whom she spoke that it may be he knew who that unknown was, who so resolutely defended himself, and believing he should render a great service to *Tarquin* to take him Prisoner, he commanded him to endeavour it, but not kill him; and this brave stranger who had heard what *Clelia* said, turning his head to see her, three of those which environ'd him spying this advantage, cast themselves upon him, seiz'd his Sword and took it from him, though he made terrible efforts to hinder them: 'Tis not denyed but he was dangerously wounded in divers places, but being resolv'd to sacrifice his life (since his enterprise was destroyed) he acted the part of a desperate man; but he was now compelled to yield to number; and submit himself to the conduct of them who had disarm'd him; his strength being so decayed by his loss of blood, that his feeble limbs could scarce support him. In the mean time as this news was divulg'd, all the Palace were alarm'd; the cruel *Tullia* being advertised of it, and Jealousie having wholly possess'd her Spirit, she was more irritated against him which hindred *Clelia* from being taken away, than against him which endeavour'd to do it, she would have known his name but no person could tell it her, neither would he acquaint her with it: *Tullia* then demand'd if any of his men had surviv'd the Combat, but they answer'd her that two of those he had employ'd in this occasion, and who were hurt as well as he, knew not themselves, or at least wise feign'd not to know it: This giving no satisfaction to *Tullia's* curiosity, she sent for *Amilcar*, to endeavour to discover if this unknown had attempted this enterprise for *Aronces*, and he which had the keeping of *Clelia* sent to advise *Tarquin* what was pass'd: there was such a great noise dispers'd of it throughout *Rome*, that *Aronces* had quickly notice of it, but very confusedly; for some said *Tullia* had plotted it, desiring to have the prisoners at her dispose; others that *Tarquin* had contriv'd it, to have them in his power without angring *Tullia*; and that his design had prov'd ineffectual, through the inconsideration of those to whose confidence it was committed: Some said 'twas *Aronces*, others said 'twas *Horatius*, and so many various relations were formed according to

to the capricious humour of those which reported them, that 'twas impossible to ground there-in any real conjecture: *Aronces* hearing these several reports by *Brutus*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, was much perplexed to know how he should comprehend the reality of this adventure. *Herminius* assured him, there was no appearance that *Horatius* had left *A-dea*, and it could not be *Tullia*, because she at this time employed *Amilcar* on the same design: there was no reason to imagine it was *Tarquin*, for he knew better how to carry on his enterprizes. *Aronces* could not then tell what to think, for the more he considered still what his imagination proposed to him, he conceived far from the truth: but at last he believed, that as the Prince *Sextus* had a violent Inclination for *Clelia*, before he was captivated with *Lucretias* beauty, and that he was unjust and violent in his passions, he had attempted to steal away this fair person, both from him and *Tarquin*; finding more true semblance in this opinion, then all those he had premised, he fixed his thoughts here, and was so overcome with grief, that he designed to revenge *Clelia* for that violence which was offered her, and to seek all means to assault *Sextus*; he having need of no assistance both to vanquish and punish him: but after he had contrived this revenge, he saw *Amilcar* enter, and not doubting but he was of the same opinion, he went to him and said; tell me my dear *Amilcar*; do you yet believe that *Sextus* is more amorous of *Lucretia*, then *Clelia*, since the last nights adventures? I assure you replied *Amilcar*, *Sextus* had no hand in it, for I come from being *Tullias* Agent so discovering who hath made this attempt; and from speaking to him who hath so courageously exposed his life in this dangerous occasion. What replied *Aronces*, have you seen him which hath so valiantly defended himself? Yes replied *Amilcar*, I have seen him, and seeing him, I see that fortune hath given you none but illustrious Rivals. Is the report then true that 'tis *Horatius*? replied *Aronces*: No replied *Amilcar*, but not to hold you in suspense, it is the Prince of *Numidia* who hath performed this grand action. What? cried *Aronces*, is it *Maharbal*, which would once more take away *Clelia*? he had no such thought (replied *Amilcar*) for he protests he pretended no other thing then to free her from the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and to remit her into the hands of *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, whom he assures me are nigh *Rome*. By your favour *Amilcar*, said *Aronces* to him, tell me all you know of this adventure and how you knew it. Since you will be informed in all particulars replied *Amilcar* I must tell you that *Tullia* sent for me, that I obeyed her orders, and I found such a fury seated on her countenance that it almost struck me into a Palfrey; at first she accused me to be one of the confederates in the last nights enterprize; but I gave her such solid and satisfactory reasons to excuse my self, that as she is endowed with all the advantages of a grand Spirit, she imagined I was too real to equivocate with her; and not knowing what to think, she sent me to him who appeared to be the chief conductor of this enterprize; but I confess I was astonished when I knew the Prince of *Numidia* had acted it, as he was almost buried in grief,

and very much hurt; he did not so much as cast his eyes upon me when I approached him: No sooner did he hear my voice, but he turned his head, and extending his hand towards me; though said he to me you be alwayes my Rivals friend, yet I am glad to see you, to tell you, before I expire, that I dye with a strange regret not to have had so much affection to him, as to yeild him *Clelia* without repugnance, or hate him so much as to dispute her with him; and assure him (if you ever see him) that I pretend no other advantage in delivering *Clelia*, then to give her liberty, and render her to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, who are not far distant from *Rome*, and are at this time——As he desired to pronounce the name of the place where they resided, his strength failed; and though we applyed all remedies to recover him, there was a full Hour elapsed before the expiration of this fit; but though his fainting spirits were recovered, he was yet deprived of reason; for since that he knew not what he had told me, and I could not demand of him where were *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and seeing he had lost the use of reason, I conceived it would be dangerous to acquaint me with it before so many persons, and though the Prince of *Numidia* be your Rival, I should incur much blame, if I should let him be treated with severity, and not disclose his quality both to *Tullia* and *Tarquin*, to whom they have sent an express to inform him of the precedent accidents, and discovering it was the Prince of *Numidia* which would have delivered *Clelia*: I shall hinder you from being thought conscious of it, and clear my self from all suspicion. I would do the same (replied *Aronces*) were I in your condition, but I am much afflicted: for I fear, and not without cause, that this accident will confine *Clelia* to a closer imprisonment, and that your design will not take effect.

As 'tis by *Tullia's* means I hope to procure her liberty (answered *Amilcar*) this accident will not destroy our intentions; but will, as I conceive, much conduce to the furtherance of them; for *Clelia's* Keeper having retained her with so much circumspection, hath acquired such credit of *Tarquin* by frustrating this design, that if *Tullia* suborns him, as she hath promised, it will facilitate her escape; but in the meantime we must arm our selves with patience; as there appeared some probability of truth in this conjectural opinion of *Amilcar*, and that lovers usually catch at any shadowy glimpse of hope, though grounded on uncertainties; yet a dull melancholy eclipsed the countenance of *Aronces*; *Amilcar* demanding from whence it proceeded? He confessed he would admit of no consolation, whilst any of his Rivals pretended affection to *Clelia*, the Gods know, said he, that I am not capable of envy, and that I do not emulate the glory of any one; but when it reflects on my Passion, I cannot confine my grief, especially when I see a Rival endowed with excellent qualities, expose his life for the safety of a person I love, whom she beheld with her own eyes to contend for her liberty; and 'tis impossible being as generous as she is, she should requite with ingratitude the curtesie of *Maharbal*. Oh Sir (replied *Amilcar*) it is not so, for I have seen *Clelia*, I have told her his name whom she saw so

courageously defend himself, but far from retaliating any affection to him; she believes that taking her from the power of *Tarquin*, he had the same thoughts as heretofore, when he would have taken her from *Horatius*, when he fought with him on the Thrasimenean Lake; and this *delacatess* of love which you testify, gives you grief built on no rational foundation. What (replied *Aronces*) do you believe I have just complaint to deplore the condition to which fortune had reduced me? what? do you believe I can support a voluntary imprisonment, without some regret not to have power to deliver *Clelia*? Ah *Amilcar* pursued *Aronces*, 'tis certainly little less difficult for *Brutus* to draw a Veil of stupidity over his reason, than for me to make use of mine in so strange a manner; for in fine, if I should continually labour for to deliver *Clelia*? if I should every moment expose my life to effect it, I should not suffer less than I do, in nothing but reasoning with my friends upon uncertain hopes; but I am very glad to hear that this enterprise proceeded neither from *Tullia's* hate, nor from *Tarquin* or *Sextus* love. For *Sextus*, replied *Amilcar*, cast away fear, for *Artemidorus* hath told me, he is so amorous of *Lucretia*, that he cannot command his Passion; nor can he teach his tongue to bury her in silence.

As this Rival cannot prejudice *Brutus* (replied *Aronces*) I receive extream satisfaction at it; for if he where not his, I am really perswaded he would be mine; which would be dangerous for *Clelia* in this estate. Whilst *Aronces* thus spoke, *Brutus* arrived, and a little after *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, to whom they confided the whole secret of the intended enterprise, reserving only *Brutus* his affection for *Lucretia*; and they being ignorant of it, believed there could be nothing more satisfactory to *Aronces*, than to perswade him *Sextus* had deserted *Clelia*, and that he was caught in the snares of *Lucretia's* beauty; but if this discourse pleased *Aronces*, it afflicted *Brutus*, whose heart was at this instant supplied with a new hatred against *Tarquin*, seeing now (as if it were before his eyes) the expiration of his father and brother. and the total destruction of all his family; all the crimes of the Tyrant and *Tullia* had wholly pressed his thoughts, and *Sextus* his love for *Lucretia*, did so discompose the serenity of his temper, that he would not suffer them to make any mention of it; for said he to *Celeres* (who spoke of this Prince's Passion that *Species* of transportment) which seizes *Sextus* when his eyes saluted a beautiful person, cannot be termed love; for if a clear inspection could be made into his heart, there would be found nothing but impetuous desires, which respect neither a becoming grace, nor virtue, there would I say be found an Antipathy between his Passion and Spirit; I am even perswaded he doth not much care to be beloved, and that he would be as content if a woman should offer her self to him, through the consideration of interest and ambition, without resigning her heart, as if she was forced by a violent affection to favour his love; but 'tis otherwise in those which are rightly capable of love, they being not perfectly happy, unless there is a reciprocal affection, and there are none but those which are infected with brutish appetites who regard not

what motive obliges any woman to use them with civility. 'Tis true (said *Aronces*) an interested is a superficial favour, and I should have no great obligation to a woman which would rather submit herself to my fortune not affection. But it happens so often (replied *Amilcar*) that those whom fortune favours, merit not to be favoured by themselves, and they would much wrong their judgments to complain that a woman permits their visit, rather through interest than love. I am of your opinion (replied *Artemidorus*) that an interested Lady merits not to have a lover which considers her through any other cause than his own satisfaction; and *Brutus* hath reason to say that this *species* of resentment cannot rightly admit the term of love, since 'tis not correspondent; for if we consider well what passes in the hearts of two persons formed after this nature, we shall find avarice in the Ladies, and brutality in the lovers. That which you say (replies *Brutus*) squares with reason; but I must add, that a Lover composed of his humour, can neither be faithful nor happy, for in his heart the end of an irregular desire is the beginning of another; and since he disregards the love of his beloved, he respects nothing but pleasure in the fruition, and is capable of an amorous impression at the sight of any thing which delights his fancy: these brutish Lovers cannot confine themselves in their voluptuary passions; sometimes affecting brown, and sometimes fair persons; and in fine, their affections are in a manner so brutal, that the love of the most savage and cruel Animals is no less than theirs; therefore I should extreamly commiserate the fair and virtuous *Lucretia*, for having surprized the heart of *Sextus*, did not her solitary retirement shelter her from the persecutions of such a Lover: and as *Herminius* noted the agitation of the spirit of *Brutus*, he diverted the subject of their discourse to the adventure of the Numidian Prince, which was considerable enough to deserve their attentions; for it seemed very extraordinary that an African Prince should have so much intelligence in Rome as to enterprise to take *Clelia* from the Palace of such a Prince as *Tarquin*. And passing from one thing to another, they had a desire to pre-divine the actions of this violent Prince, when he should have notice of this accident; some said he would be transported to the ultimate extremity against the Numidian Prince; others that for his own interest he would consider the quality of *Marshall*; some said he would poison him; but *Aronces* who was wholly composed of generosity, and whose heart was sensible of compassion since the last conference with this illustrious Rival; and since he left a Letter at his departure from the Willow Island, intreated *Amilcar* to reverse, by his sedulous indeavours any cruel sentence should be decreed against him; and *Amilcar* so flattered *Tullia's* humour, and wrote such a judicious Letter to *Tarquin*, that the storm of anger soon vanished, which threatened the destruction of the Numidian Prince; and what they descanted upon, proved but airy imaginations; 'tis true his wounds were dangerous, and his death almost inevitable, his Fever augmented, his reason was not yet remitted to its proper seat, and those which dressed him much feared his Recovery; so that we many very well say his deplorable condition

condition was some means to secure his life. It was most remarkable in this encounter, that *Tarquin* learning the Quality of the Numidian Prince, conceived his love for *Clelia* incited him to steal her away, he not being ignorant that *Clelius* a long time resided at *Carthage*; imagining then *Clelia* more amiable since she had attracted such illustrious persons, he felt a reduplication of love in his heart, and the cognisance he had to find a new Rival, renewed his affection, if I may use that term, he had even some joy to think that whatsoever *Aronces* was, he would have some despatch against the Numidian Prince for endeavouring to deliver *Clelia*; and his thoughts were constant with those of a violent Prince, though love had never been the prevailing passion; he gave order to redouble the Guards of *Clelia*, and confirmed an ampler Commission to him who commanded them, which was very satisfactory to *Aronces*, because that *Amilcar*, assuring him that *Tullia* was persuaded she should gain him, he might hope suddenly to effect *Clelia*'s liberty; he knew likewise that those of *Ardea* obstinately persisted in requesting *Tarquin* to deliver the Captives before the commencement of the Treaty, and that people began to murmur at *Rome*, as well as the Soldiers in the Camp, because *Tarquin* denied their proposition.

These things put such a favourable disposition in the spirit of *Aronces*, and all his friends, that they found themselves capable to enjoy all the sweetness hope gives them, who passionately desire any thing; for there is a hope of revenge, as well as a hope to possess a Mistress; those which had no effective interest in this place, were at last interested in their friends behalf; as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, 'twas friendship which confin'd them to this place; but for *Brutus* and *Herminius*, they had both many interests to induce them to reside here, their friends, their love, and their Country; and things being now reduced to a better estate than they had seen them long before, they were partakers of the same hope; 'tis not that *Brutus* expected any thing on *Lucretia*'s part, which might advantage him, but at least he imagined, if he destroyed *Tarquin*, he should likewise destroy *Sextus*; so that a jealous resentment exciting in him a desire of revenge, it seemed to him he could no less act against *Tarquin* in quality of a Lover, than of a true Roman. Hope thus finding entertainment in the hearts of so many discreet persons, their conversations was very agreeable, when they consoled at night to render an account what they had learned concerning their common interests; it often hapned that *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Valeria* were there; for *Valerius* permitted his daughter to remain sometimes two or three dayes with *Hermilia*, who was become her chiefest friend, since the solitude of *Lucretia*; for *Clelia*, she had likewise her part in the repose of others; *Amilcar* acquainting her with the hope she had, giving her news of *Aronces*; and assuring her according to the information of the Numidian Prince, that *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were not far from *Rome*, and *Platina* fitted her humour with such Scenes of mirth, that they at this time chas'd away those melancholy thoughts condens'd by the contemplation of her misfortunes; there

were likewise other happy Lovers, for the Prince of *Pometia* knew he might claim affection in *Hermilia*'s heart, who thinking all those which assembled at her Aunts house, contriv'd nothing but how to compass *Clelia*'s liberty, remained satisfied to have acquired the affection of one of the most virtuous Princes. *Titus* on his part had received such demonstrations of love from *Collatina*, that he was glad the time gave him occasion to repay a visit to his Mistress, the most unhappy were *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who had both assuredly interests without *Rome*. 'Tis true, the last not being of a humour to send his heart and spirit where he was not, had more tranquillity than the other. *Amilcar* one evening noting that *Brutus* had brought them into *Hermilia*'s Chamber, she keeping it by reason of some indisposition, and with whom *Valeria* was then, demanded of him, if the serenity of his spirit proceeded from his fortune or temperament, and of *Artemidorus*, if his anxiety was an effect of his misfortune, or the melancholy of his humour, as to *Zenocrates* (replied *Artemidorus*) I can only answer you for him, that he makes his own tranquillity; and I can answer you for *Artemidorus* (replied *Zenocrates*) that the sensibility of his heart acts as much against him as his evil fortune; if those who give us audience, were informed in our lives (replied *Artemidorus*) they could perhaps confess that my sensibility is more excusable than sometimes your indifferency; for you know absence (which is a great disease in love) is not a very sensible malady in you, but on the contrary, cures you of many others. In truth, replied *Zenocrates* smiling, which added a grace to his expression. You tax me with an unjust reproach; I confess sometimes I do not remember those persons I see not, but I protest unto you, as soon as my memorative faculty represents them to me, they command the same affectionate privilege as before. You discourse of this so pleasantly (replied *Hermilia*) that you seem to have no desire to remember those you have loved, when they are absent from you, because you can affect none but those who are present before your eyes. Yet (replied *Artemidorus*) he is not assured to love all those he sees, for he is subject to certain petit absences of heart, which sometimes must distract his friends; and 'tis certain I have seen him more than once waver in his affection; 'tis not but he knows how to make declaration in love; for I remember he writ four in the compass of a day, which contained much gallantry; 'tis true, 'twas only to divertise a company of amiable Ladies. But (said *Zenocrates*, dying his cheeks with a blush) I may very well say I have had a thousand loves in my life; but among all those, I can scarce insert three or four in the Catalogue of true loves; and I am assured, if you compare mine with yours, you may conceive me to give you the denomination. 'Tis not (added he) that I believe those men, who boast of a violent passion, love not a little more than others, which are more sincere; and for my part I believe I love as much as I can love, and that if it were as permanent and durable as some, I should be the most amorous of men; but I confess it sometimes sooner passes away than that of *Artemidorus*, who believes he should recede from his honour, if he should be suspected to

to change first, there are some hours, when it hath continuance, it disturbs my repose; and when I make my voluntary imprecations to explicate my self out of this amorous labyrinth; for I may very well say love is a great affair. Ah *Zenocrates*, cried *Amilcar*, if love is a great, it is an agreeable affair. You ought then to be perswaded in what you say (replied *Herminius*) since if you love none of this nature, you deny your own expressions. I pray, said then *Zenocrates* to *Amilcar*, learn me how I must order my self, when I would dissemble love, for I have more than twenty times essayed to do it, without arriving at my intended end. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I find no great difficulty in it; for when I see a jovial Lady, who hath any facility in her humour, or gaiety in her spirit, and that I find my fancy disposed to make a volatile love, I can desert when I please, and which gives me delight as long as it lasteth; I accustom my self to speak to this person more than any other, I look upon her, I praise her, I continually cast forth artificial sighs resembling true ones, I sometimes sing some slight Airs I formerly composed, which she applies to her self, and sometimes I express my self in amorous Verses, languishing regards; and in fine, I tell her I love her, or at least make such pretensions, afterwards for that small pleasure she hath taken in my affability, she retaliates hers, hope then possesses my heart, and after that I feel I know not what, that I call love; for in fine, that you be not deceived, it is not of these slight imaginary loves, as others, where love precedes hope, since in this, hope must precede love, and he must first be assured of the progress of his affection, before he commence his; the Lady you chuse must not therefore be so full of complacency, that her behaviour hath too much facility, neither must you chuse women whose hearts you can conquer but by forms; but you must find one neither too austere nor too facile, who hath no particular Gallant, and who affects Gallantry, neither must she have a furious spirit; 'tis good she should be a little tractable in love; and in fine it suffices she should be fair, young, a little merry, and without capriciousness; for if she hath more imagination than judgement, she shall be so much more fit to make one of those Demy Mistresses, that I may leave without despair, when my fancy prompts me to do it, and with whom I may pass most pleasant hours. You exaggerate that so handsomely (said *Valeria*) that I believe *Zenocrates* will essay it on the first occasion. In truth (replied he smiling) I think I should now experiment it, were there any Lady here which might admit the Character of *Amilcar*; but for my misfortune, I know none of this humour at *Rome*, do you know at *Leontine*, at *Panorme*, at *Syracusa*, and at *Agragentine*, said *Artemidorus* to him. I confess it (replied he) but it may be before I return, my fancy will, as usually, soon vanish. But, said *Herminius* to him, it seems requisite to me, that we should be better informed of your Adventures, I know *Artemidorus* hath recounted them to *Aronces*, after he had acquainted him with his own; but it would not be just to trouble him to relate them; and 'tis much better your self should satisfy our curiosity. For my particular (said *Zenocrates*) should I under-

take to recount my History, I should no sooner mention my self, but *Artemidorus* would interrupt me; and affirm, I am not well acquainted with my self; and I believe my Adventures ought not to be known of so many persons, and there are some considerable accidents in my fortune, which are not convenient to publish, till it pleases my destiny to change the state of things; but for *Artemidorus*, it much imports his repose, that all friends should know his fortune, to banish the most unjust grief, ever seiz'd a lovers heart; for till this time none can perswade him he hath injury, and as 'tis convenient for his repose, I offer my self to be his Historian; for though I should not be accused of too much ardency or levity in love, I condemn it not. I would therefore have the permission to recount the affection of *Artemidorus*; for if these persons here present do not perswade him, that the excess of his secret grief is unjust, he will never be cured; all then testified a great impatience to obtain the consent of *Artemidorus*, for *Brutus* was not displeased to know, if he might find a lover as unhappy as himself: *Herminius*, by a tender resentment, wished the power to console *Artemidorus*: *Amilcar*, by an universal curiosity, desired to know the life of this Prince, and both *Valeria* and *Hermilia*, according to the nature of their Sex, had an earnest desire to hear the narration of *Zenocrates*, induced thereto by a natural resentment, incident to Ladies of their quality and perfections; for *Aronces*, as he knew all that which had happened to *Artemidorus*, he augmented the curiosity of the Company; and in fine, he was so prest by their forcible perswasions, that he consented *Zenocrates* should relate his adventures; but not desiring to be at the recounting of them; and *Aronces* having already heard them, he requested him to withdraw into his own Chamber; and after their departure, *Zenocrates* having consider'd on what he had to say, began to speak in these terms, addressing his speech to *Hermilia* only, he being then in her Chamber.

The History of Artemidorus.

THOUGH *Sicily* is not so far distant from *Rome*, that I conceive you are ignorant of the Customs thereof, yet I pre-suppose there's many things which never arriv'd your knowledge; for, Madam, to speak ingeniously, the Romans so despise all other people, that they believe they should injure themselves even to know their manners. And our Ladies not being so reserved as here, 'tis requisite you should be pre-acquainted with the general usage of divers places, I shall have occasion to insert in my narration; for fear you condemn not in particular those who have interest in things, I intend to relate unto you. I shall then tell you, Madam, that *Sicily* having at this time the Commerce of *Affrica* and *Italy*, as well as of *Greece* and *Asia*; I may say this famous Isle is the common Country of different Nations, and there

there is a confluency of divers people in all places where Commerce is most consign'd, and except at *Panormes* there's scarce in any part the true manners of the Country; and 'tis rare that in all the Maritime Towns except that I intend to mention, they have a certain spirit which retains something of their opposite neighbours; so that the Coast of *Messina* which was called heretofore *Zangle*, when the Gyants, as is reported, inhabited it, hath a resemblance with those of *Rhegium*, the Coast which looks on the Ionian Sea, with the *Ascarique* and *Heraclea* and *Agrientine* with the Africans customs; but for *Leontine* which is the native Country of *Artemidorus*, the Customs there have some Conformity with all these different Nations, agreeing likewise with those of the Country; but to speak in general, there is in all places so much liberty and gallantry, that without doubt there is scarce any Country in the World, where one may have such a delectable residence: For besides that the Country is pleasant, fertile, and very diversified, the people are full of spirit, and have generally so much; as for that reason they are suspected to be artificious and a little inconsistent. But as I shall speak but of *Leontine* and *Agrientine*, I shall tell you nothing of the other Cities of this famous Isle, neither shall I much trouble my self to speak of the first, because I cannot do it without mentioning many things, which have reference to the Princess of the Leontines, Sister of *Artemidorus*, whose Adventures I ought not now to recount to you: be contented then to know, that as the Country of the Leontines is nigh the fertilest in the Isle, all pleasures are there in their great Lustre, except in *Syracusa* and *Agrientine*, where I may say with the permission of *Amilcar*, all the African Gallantry hath passed: But to come to the principal History I have to relate to you, without telling you all those slight things which resemble themselves in all the Commencements of love in the World: You must know that this illustrious unhappy person, is his Brother who is now Prince of the Leontines, and of the admirable Princes who hath now found an *Aflyam* in the King of *Clusium's* Court, and being at his birth endowed with all noble Inclinations, he was in estate to merit the esteem of all those who knew him: For his person I shall say nothing of it, for you see 'tis framed according to the exact rules of proportion; but for his Spirit, though you know it hath all advantages imaginable, yet I assure you, you do not sufficiently know it; for his grief hath so clouded his humour, and left such an indifferency and melancholy, that he hath no more the same agreement he usually had in his conversation, and that he yet would have, should joy resume its usual place in his heart: As for his temperament 'tis without doubt tender and passionate, he loves glory and is extremely grateful, maintaining the greatest of all Vices, is ingratitude; he is both liberal and just, and few have equalled him in merit: 'Tis true that for those he doth not esteem, he hath not a too regular civility, he is very free to those which please him, else reserv'd to all. *Artemidorus* then meriting that Character in which I have represented him to you, and being in a splendid Court, submitted to the Love of an amiable Virgin, as soon as he returned from a Voyage he had made into *Greece*:

'Tis true she was none of the greatest beauties, but she hath such an agreement, that she gave envy to the fairest, and love to the most insensible; for though her Person is well made, and infinitely pleasing, she hath a sweet and tempting spirit, which repels nothing, but attracts all; she hath it neither too free nor too serious, and there is such a charming facility in her entertainment that 'tis not strange if *Artemidorus* was surpriz'd with its attractive Charms, and I may very well assure you, that I think this Virgin which is called *Clidimira*, had nigh as much affection for him, as he for her, at least she gave him such innocent testimonies of esteem, which made him believe she would permit him to bear her Chains: *Artemidorus* being thus immersed in love, *Clidimira* made some seeming difficulty to ingage her self to love him, because she foresaw the Prince of the Leontines would not suffer her to espouse him, there being some difference between him and her Father; but flattering her self with the hope that the love of *Artemidorus* might surmount this obstacle, she took care to foment his passion, and gave him such innocent demonstrations of affection, as a virtuous virgin might license a man she believ'd might one day espouse her, for as she wrote gallantly and tenderly, *Artemidorus* received many Letters from her, and during a long time, he was the happiest Lover in the world: But in the end he was eclipsed, by the Prince his brother who seeing this love was divulg'd in the Court, cast out some expressions, intimating his dissenting from it; *Artemidorus* therefore used all possible means to persuade his brother to alter his determinate will, though there was no likelihood to effect it; and the Prince of the Leontines seeing with what order *Artemidorus* spoke to him, forbid him not only to think of espousing her, but to absent himself from seeing her, declaring to him that if he would not obey him, he would confine this Virgin to a place where he should not see her, and seeing *Artemidorus* persevere in his affection, he defended *Clidimira* from suffering his brothers visits, yet she would receive him into one of her friends houses; in fine, seeing all his Commands were slighted, he committed her to the custody of her who commanded the veiled Virgins at *Leontine*, which are consecrated to *Ceres*, and he more easily effected his intention, because *Clidimira* having no mother, and being rich, he made her interest a pretext to inclose her there. In the mean time, *Artemidorus* was overwhelm'd with grief, for *Clidimira* was in a sacred place where no violence might be offered her; on the other side, this Virgin being thus immured in a solitude, and not having permission to breath himself in the open ayr became buried in such a languishing melancholy, that it much impaired her health. *Artemidorus* having notice of her indisposition, and having ineffectually tried allways both by affability and violence, either to divert his brothers indignation or to steal away *Clidimira*, and fearing her grief would bring her to the Margent of her Grave, caused information to be given to the Leontine Prince, that to essay to cure his passion, he was resolved to perform a Voyage, on condition that as soon as he was departed he should set *Clidimira* at liberty; or at the least

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commit her to a Lady of quality; who should be responsible for her; afterwards divers Persons engaging themselves in the negotiation of this affair, this unhappy lover to deliver his Mistress fled both from himself and Country; by a pure resentment of love, for you must not think he had any design no more to affect *Clidimira*, he being at this time more amorous then ever, at his departure he writ a Letter, containing many tender and passionate expressions, which he left with a confident of her passion to deliver her, and withall to tell her that he would sacrifice all for her interest, and that he would account himself happy in his exile, if she would inviolably preserve her affection; assuring her that if the state of things did admit of any mutation, he would unknown to any return to *Leontine* to see her, and to carry her away with her consent, if she had any desire to run his fortune, he recommended her to the Princess his sister, and to all his friends at Court, not forgetting to perform any thing a faithful lover is oblig'd to do, after that he embark'd in a Vessel which returned to *Rhegium*, carrying with him all *Clidimira's* Letters as his only consolation during his exile; for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of the *Leontines* was not engaged to free *Clidimira*, namely *Artemidorus* departed the Isle. Behold him then imbarqu'd not for any long Navigation, but as the Sicilian Sea is very dangerous, an impetuous wind rose on a sudden, forcing the Vessel where *Artemidorus* was, between those two Rocks so famous for Shipwracks, known by the name of *Sylla* and *Charibdis*; 'tis true the fortune of *Artemidorus* was so happy that the Pilot having had a design to steer his course to *Messina* where the Tempest had cast him, his Vessel which was engag'd between those two famous Rocks, after it had suffered much agitation, run upon a shelf of sand not far from the shore, those who were within seeing the Vessel take water on all sides, resolv'd to make their Arms their Oars to save their lives; for *Artemidorus* he signalized his love in this encounter, for not believing at first he could save a Casket in which were all the Letters of his Mistress, and being not resolv'd to leave them, he remained last in the Vessel; but in fine, having tied his Casket on two Oars laid a cross, and fastning them with a Cord to his left Arm, cast them into the Sea, throwing himself after, swimming with so much force that he reach'd the shore, and preserv'd those precious testimonies of *Clidimira's* love, part of the goods cast into the Sea were again recovered and part lost, and the Shipwrack was very nigh *Messina*, *Artemidorus* went thither, but he was in a condition to be commiserated, for his equipage was lost, and his men perish'd, and if he had not remembered that he knew a man at *Messina*, which heretofore belong'd to the King his father, he had been expos'd to extream necessity; for the Captain of the Vessel was not of *Leontine*, and was withall reduc'd to such misery that he was not in estate to afford him any assistance. *Artemidorus* being gone to *Messina* had the fortune to find the party he sought for, but as he would not have his quality known, he chang'd his habit, & took a common souldiers habit, had he desired to appear like himself, that man who assisted him was

not in a capacity to fit him with an equipage proportionable to his condition. *Artemidorus* found some relaxation in his misfortunes, when he considered that by this divesting himself of his gorgeous attire, he should not be subject to all those ceremonies which are inseparable concomitants to persons of his condition in their passage through forraign Countries, he was much troubled to chuse a place where he should reside; for in the estate where he was he would not passe to *Rhegium* he having no acquaintance there: after some consultation with himself, he had a design to go to *Heraclea*, from whence he hop'd easily to have notice what transactions pass'd at *Leontine*, he thought 'twould be advantageous for him to take this resolution, because there was war now between the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and the Prince of *Heraclea*, for the limits of those two petty estates: For as you know *Sicily* is divided into so many different Dominions, that 'tis impossible they should alwaies be at peace, and as the *Leontine* was enemy to the *Agrigentine* Prince, *Artemidorus* believed if he should bear arms against him, the Prince his brother after he was inform'd of it would perhaps repent of the injury he had done him against the interest of his love, 'tis not but *Artemidorus* as he is just did not know that the Prince his brother was unjust in hating the *Agrigentine* Prince, who was a man of extraordinary merit, desiring therefore to go to the War, he had rather take the part of the *Heraclean* Prince then anothers, enemy to his brother; after he had spent one moneth at *Messina*, he departed from thence with a design to list himself in the *Heraclean* Troops; but going thither he met some avant-coureurs of the *Agrigentine* Army, as he would not have been taken, he did what he could to escape them, and he having met eight or ten Cavaliers which were returning to the *Heraclean* Camp, he animated them to their defence; and they so courageously defended themselves, that there was scarce ever seen a Combate so terrible, and of such a long continuance between such an unequal number, the *Agrigentines* being four times as many as the *Heracleans*; for *Artemidorus*, he acted such prodigious things (remaining alone in fighting Posture) that they which environ'd him resolv'd to save his life, though he refused to render himself on any conditions: at last, overpower'd by number, he was forced to receive his life, after his Sword was broken: There was amongst these *Agrigentines* a man of quality, called *Terillus*, who judg'd this action too bold and advent'rous to be perform'd by a simple Cavalier, such as his habit represented him, and he saw something in his air so great and noble, that he believed he ought not to treat him as a common prisoner, he caus'd him to be attended with much circumspection, and after he had sent back part of his men to the Camp, he went himself to present his prisoner to the Prince, who was gone for two or three days to the City of *Agrigentine*. *Artemidorus* was doubtless much afflicted to be a Princes prisoner, who was at so much enmity with his Brother, that 'twas almost impossible they should come to any reconciliation; for he believ'd if he knew his quality, he would thereby much advantage himself; and the Prince of the *Leontines* when he was advertised of it, would

would perhaps be transported with anger against *Clidimira*, because he would look upon her as the immediate cause of this inauspicious accident; he therefore hoped he should not be known, there being no great commerce between *Leontine* and *Agri-gentine*; and having heard he was at a Castle he had built on the further side of the City, he thought he should not be expos'd to the view of many persons; that he should suffer but the disquietude of Imprisonment, and that in some general exchange of Prisoners, he should recover his liberty; and to flatter himself with some consolation, he likewise imagined, that the Wars between those two petty States would soon be put to a period, and that there was nothing more requisite for him, then with constancy to support his Imprisonment: Being settled in this resolution, he patiently submitted to their conduct. But Madam, before I declare to you in what manner *Artemidorus* was presented to the *Agri-gentine* Prince, and how he was treated, 'tis necessary for me to give you a brief character of the Prince to whom he was presented, and of the Princess his Daughter, and another person of the same Sex, who hath much part in this History; to the end that in the continuation of my recital, you may have a more perspicuous understanding of what I intend to relate; for, for my part, I love to have an accurate description of those of whose adventures I receive a narration. Therefore I must tell you, that the Prince of *Agri-gentine* is a man in all things illustrious, His house to which the principality appertaines, is not only most Noble, and of great Antiquity, but more eminent by the opposition it made against the Tyranny of the cruel *Phalaris*, who rewarded the Inventors of any new punishment, and whose injustice is at this time in so much horror amongst the *Agri-gentines*, that I dare not pronounce his name but with detestation; for to entertain their hatred against him, and render his name odious to posterity, they one day in a year publicly shew (with Imprecations) a brazen Bull made by one call'd *Perillus*, to the end those whom the Tyrant would put to death, should be therein enclō'd, and a fire being made round about it, the voices they pronounc'd resembling bellowsings, would the less attenuate the peoples hearts; you may conceive his Tyrannie by this Invention which was made to please him; but he found one act of Justice in his life, for he put him to death in this brazen Bull who was the Inventor of it, though he was accustomed to recompense those who invented such things; But if he was just to *Perillus*, the gods were just to him; since after innumerable cruelties, he expired (like *Perillus*) in this brazen Bull; and the hatred which the *Agri-gentines* had conceiv'd against him was so great, that because his Guards were habited in blew, which he employed to exercise those cruelties, they forbade their dependants from wearing this amiable colour, and 'tis but about a year since that the Princess of *Agri-gentine* at the earnest request of one of her friends whom she passionately loved, hath again introduc'd it: But to resume the thread of my discourse, the Prince I have mention'd being of an ancient Race, and enemy to this cruel Tyrant, he is in much veneration at *Agri-gentine*, and if he should be

commendable but by his own vertue, he would be very much respected by his Subjects; for besides as he nigh governeth the City as if it were a Republicque, he hath spirit, learning, capacity, and experience; He is an excellent soldier, and a great Captain, he keeps his Troops in exact Discipline, he knows the art to make himself fear'd and lov'd by his Souldiers in particular, and his Subjects in general; he hath qualities befitting a man of his Birth, he is courteous, civil, and obliging, principally to the Ladies; he understands and speaks with facility many languages, he favours learning, he is magnificent and liberal, and hath an heart sensible of glory; he takes all innocent pleasures, he retains a certain gallant ay; demonstrating to those which know him that his heart is susceptible of love. But if this Prince merits an high encomium, he hath a daughter worthy of him, and able to command admiration from all, *Philonice* is the Princess of *Agri-gentines* name; she is the most surprizing Person in the world: for you must know, that as the Princess her mother was wrapt in the cold embraces of the grave ere she compleated a triennial age, her illustrious Father having at this time many warlike Preparations, which have since impal'd his brow with victorious Laurel, instead of leaving her at *Agri-gentine*, caus'd her to be educated at a magnificent Castle belonging to him, scituated in the *Campagne*; and as she appear'd in the world, she was adorn'd with all imaginable politeness, and I assure you without flattery, that she is acquainted in many things which her only imagination hath dictated to her; and for her Person, 'tis infinitely pleasing, her head is crown'd with black resplendent hair, she is of a mean stature, yet so agreeable and noble, that it admits of no disadvantage, her action is free and natural without any affectation, the circumference of her visage shews the extrems of an imperfect Circle, and almost form'd it to a perfect oval, the new fallen snow was turn'd in comparison of the refin'd purity of her complexion, her mouth for shape shamed the imitation of the most exquisite Painters, and all the features of her face had so near a kindred of proportion and symmetrie, as the severest master of *Apelles* art might have call'd it his glory to have copy'd Beauties from her as the best of models, her eyes darted forth such a radiant splendour, as neither the firmest eye, nor the strongest soul could arm themselves with resistance of proof against these pointed glories, but there results from all these perfections such a modest ay on the visage of *Philonice*, that her only physiognomie clears what blemish can be imputed to the vertue of her soul, and delicateness of her spirit, 'tis not but when she meets with any that she neither esteems nor pleases her, she hath a certain coldness which (withort being uncivil) seems more touching to those to whom it is address'd, she's affable, but the grandeur of her soul, and habitual probity, retains her from making those delusive cares which by many Ladies of the Court are practis'd with so much Prodigality; but for a person she loves, there's no Princess in the world can testify her tenderness in more obliging and real expressions; she is of such a liberal inclination, and all her resentments are so discreet and generous, as she believes her action should not

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bely her words; for spirit, she hath it to admiration, she speaks both naturally and gallantly, she writes pleasant Letters in a stile so natural, reserving her quality, that I can mint no expression to equal their praise, she hath a solid virtue, glory is the cheifest of her delight, her heart is tender, spirit firm, her amity both constant, sincere, and agreeable, she's discreet in all her actions, she's never capable of any transportment, she is both young and wife, she hath judgement without experience, and prudence without pride, and she is so accomplished, that I can tax her of nothing but of too much virtue, since, 'tis certain she is so modest, that she doth not well know it, at least she speaks as if she esteem'd her self not so much as she ought; 'tis true, she accuses her self in such an ingenious manner, that her own words betray her. There's likewise in this place another Virgin, whose Father is Governour of the Castle of *Agrigentine*, who is highly esteem'd by *Philonice*, not without desert, for besides as she is fair, and hath an engaging spirit, which both pleases and charms all those who approach her, she knows how to fit the humour of all Persons, her Discourse is admirable, she never appears distemper'd at her company, she hath a modest jovialty, that gives delight to many persons. This Virgin called *Berelisa* hath moreover such a passionate spirit, that she makes her glory consist in knowing how to love her friends; and as *Philonice* hath much inclination for her, she is commonly with her: The day in which *Artemidorus* was brought to the Castle of *Agrigentine*, she was with this Princess in a great Hall, where the Prince her Father was, with many other Ladies leaning on a Balcony which jetted on the Court, to see twelve stately horses that had a little before been sent to her Father, and she desiring to go next morning to the Chace, he would have both her and *Berelisa* chuse those they would have for that gallant sport; as their eyes were wholly employed in surveying these Horses, *Terillus* who had taken *Artemidorus* entred into the Hall, followed by his prisoner, leaving his men at the entry of the gate; you know *Artemidorus* is of a gallant deportment, which will easily make you believe that he attracted the regards of the *Agrigentine*, Prince of the Princess *Philonice*, and the amiable *Berelisa*, and all the rest of the company, for though his habit was but simple, yet had he the air of a person of Quality, though in the design he had to disguise himself, he affected unusual simplicity: 'Tis true seeing all perfections concenter in these Ladies, he would not hinder himself from saluting them with such a grace, that disposed them to conceive a good opinion of him; In the mean time *Terillus* who presented him to the Prince of *Agrigentine*, seeing him prepared to give him attention, thus said, Sir, I come to present to you this Prisoner, I am obliged to praise, and to excuse the weakness of those who took him, and to give you occasion to treat him with civility; for to speak as a person of Honour, who ought to commend the courage of his enemies, it hath sometimes been more easie for me to put five hundred men to flight, then to vanquish this valiant man; for there was so much difficulty to make him render himself after his Sword was broken, that I conceiv'd it requisite to acquaint you with his valour; to the end,

that treating him according to his merit, he should repent himself from having exposed his life, rather then to be your Prisoner.

It is so natural (said *Artemidorus*) for generous Conquerours to praise the courage of those they have vanquished, that I ought to draw no vanity from the praises you have attributed to me. He which praises you is so brave himself, replied the *Agrigentine* Prince, that you may glory in his praises; and if you had ever seen him in any dangerous occasions, as he hath seen you, you would retribute the like praises to his Valour; and as your great magnanimity and the air of your Visage easily dispose me to believe you are of illustrious blood, though your habit contradict that opinion: Tell me what you are, and what's your condition, and what motive induc'd you to take such an unjust party? I know by your accent you are no *Heracleian*, but I am confident you are a *Sicilian*, and concluding you a *Sicilian*, and not an *Heracleian*, I confess to you I cannot tell precisely, whether you are of *Syracusa*, *Panormus*, *Erycine*, *Messina*, or *Leontine*, though it seems your pronunciation speaks you the last. Sir, replied *Artemidorus*, as I have many particular reasons which oblige me not to discover either my Name or Country, dispense with it if you please, and I assure you I will not complain of you, if you do me the favour to treat me as a private Soldier, and as a Prisoner of War. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Philonice* and *Berelisa* attentively fix'd their eyes upon him, and the Prince of *Agrigentine* after an exact survey, noting the whiteness of his hand, turning towards *Philonice* and *Berelisa* thus said: I pray, What think you of this Prisoner? may I credit his words, or my reason? For my part (replied *Philonice*) I find him to have the air of a person of Quality. For my particular, added *Berelisa*, I am perswaded this Prisoner is a man of condition and spirit, and if he should have confessed it to me, my belief would not receive any stronger impression: For, pursued she, depressing her voice, if he was but a simple Soldier, he would heighten his condition to be more civilly used. *Philonice* confirm'd what *Berelisa* had said, and all the other Ladies were of Opinion, that this Prisoner was neither a simple Officer nor Soldier: The Prince of *Agrigentine* turning towards him with a gallant and civil air natural to him; As 'tis advantageous for you we should doubt of your words (said he to him) and that all these Ladies will not believe you, nor suffer me to do it, permit me to think you are not such a person as you represent your self, therefore you shall be treated with all the civility and courtesie that a generous Prisoner may claim, but kept with as much exactitude as persons of quality; and in time (it may be) you will resolve to speak with more confidence. 'Tis not for the vanquished to give laws to the vanquisher, replied *Artemidorus*, and I have doubtless nothing to do, but constantly to support my Imprisonment; I render thanks to these Ladies for their advantageous opinion: *Artemidorus* pronounced these words with such a noble Air, that it added a confirmation to their belief; and having sent for *Berelisa's* Father, who (as I have already told you) was Governour of the Castle, he commanded him civilly to treat him, and to take strict care of him; who departed with his Prisoner

ner as soon as he had received this express order from the Prince. But to the end (said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, addressing himself to *Berelisa*) this Prisoner should have no desire to cancel those Chains the fortune of War hath impos'd upon him, give him, I entreat you, those of love. 'Tis affirm'd it is so dangerous to desire to give much, without exposing themselves to take a little, replied *Philonice* (seeing *Berelisa* fram'd no answer) that I would not counsel her to obey you. Her silence (he replied) gives consent, and she hath so attentively beheld this Prisoner, that I imagine the Beauty of his Person hath already storm'd her Inclination. Ingeniously confess (answered *Berelisa*, a vermilion Tincture shadowing her Cheeks) this Unknown pleaseth me, without knowing him, I pity him as an unhappy person, whom I believe worthy of my compassion, and to whom I will voluntarily render all the favour lies in my power, not prejudicing your service. If you oblige him to love you, replied the Prince of *Agrigentine*, he will love his imprisonment, he will bless his captivity, his chains will be grateful, he will it may be change party, and you will give me a new Subject, by procuring a new Slave. At these words all jested with *Berelisa*, seeing it pleas'd the Prince, and they were minded the more to do it; by reason *Terillus* there present was amorous of *Berelisa*, though she could not affect him: This Lover thus finding all to counsel his Mistress to conquer this Prisoner's heart, and having noted she had lookt upon him with extraordinary attention, he even wished he had not taken him, and could not conceal his anger from *Berelisa*; who perceiving it, and not being thereat displeased, suddenly chang'd her manner of speech, to answer to the Railery of the *Agrigentine* Prince: She told him that after some consideration, she imagined she should perform a charitable Office, to give love to this Prisoner, but to the end (pursued she) that the more glory should reflect on me, I must first know whether he is a person of quality, whether he is of your enemies Country, or whether he is amorous, that I may efface his first Mistress from his heart, that I oblige him to renounce his party, and to forget his Country. But if he should change his party (replied *Terillus*) would he be worthy of your esteem? and do you believe, that a man without honour should merit your love? For my part, replied *Berelisa*, I love glory as much as any person, and I cannot suffer a degenerate action; but in case of love, I would not have honour to be alledged to me, to destroy my intentions; and if I had a Lover, and that I was so unjust as to demand a testimony of affection from him, which did not rightly square with Justice, I would he should be unjust for the love of me, and that he should yield to love me; for if I make no scruple to be unjust for the love of my self, sure I cannot think it fit my Lover should do it for the love of himself, and that he prefers his interest to my will, I know to speak prudently, love ought not to contradict honour, but to speak as Mistress of it; Love ought to make a Lover act any thing to please his Lady. Ah *Berelisa* (replied *Philonice*) you say too much of it, for the means to esteem him who obeys you, if you command him any unworthy act. I have already told you, replied she, that I can esteem my

Lover no more than my self, and that I would he should be capable of all that I do, and all that I would have him do; 'tis not that I should be assured, I should be ever incapable to command any indignity; but I am likewise assured, that a Mistress cannot think it good that she should not be blindly obeyed, and that if he disobeys, he should yet pretend to be a lover. For my part, replied the Prince of *Agrigentine*, which have (it may be) as much experience in love as war, I believe that a man of honour, which sees himself constrained to commit an unworthy action, or disobey his Mistress, ought not to perform her commands, but desert his Empire, and endeavour to cure his amorous Lethargie, by the knowledge he hath of her Injustice, but he ought not to pretend to continue to be beloved, sure to speak of the thing in general, it appertains not to a disobedient lover to aspire to that advantage, and when 'tis ones misfortune to love a less generous person, he must renounce her love and favours, to preserve his liberty, to reason on all that she commands him; it is a thing so opposite to the Laws of this Passion, that 'tis only fit to destroy the Empire of Love; all those Titles of Prisoner, Captive and Slave, which are given to a Lover, are infallible marks he is obliged to obey; and he must relinquish the Empire of this God, which makes so many happy and unhappy, if he will not obey without reason and knowledge, but when I conclude, he must always obey his Mistress, I infer he must submit to none but those who have generous hearts. But Sir, replied *Terillus* (whose spirit was enraged) if a man is obliged to obey without any consideration, what then belongs to reciprocal Love? Do you think it should be just that a woman should refuse inconsiderable favours, saying, her virtue restrains her, and that a man may not say to a woman that he is retained by love from obeying her? For if you desire a Lady to give you an assignation, she says by doing it, she should hazard her reputation: if you entreat her to write to you, she will answer you, that though it may be innocent, it is so dangerous to accustom herself thereto, that she cannot resolve to do it, and these things she refuses by a resentment of glory, are not things criminal, yet you will have a Lover refuse nothing; and that in a word, there should be no reciprocal Love. I pray, replied *Philonice*, to please *Berelisa*, do not you imagine, that if it should be true that a woman might love as she should be beloved, she was obliged to the same things, for there are reciprocal affections, whose testimonies ought to be different. 'Tis true, said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, for Kings ought to love their Subjects, and Subjects their Kings, yet their obligations are different; for the one hath power to command, the other ought to obey. Fathers and Children ought likewise to have a mutual affection, and so there should be between Masters and Slaves, though their Duties have no resemblance; likewise, though the heart of a Mistress, as well as a Lovers, ought to be tipp'd with a tender beam of affection, yet the testimonies have some disagreement; a lover was never heard to say to his Mistress, I command you to obey me; yet no person is ignorant, but in a Ladies mouth a command is more obliging than a request, and between

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entreating

entreating, ordaining and commanding, custom hath yet certain distinctions, which makes a lover, whose heart is framed in the delicate mould of love, rather to desire his Mistress to ordain, than entreat any thing of him, and to conceive a greater pleasure would accrue to him by the word command, than request; therefore I conclude, that a lover must obey, or relinquish his love; for as soon as he commits any disobedience, he flies his love, and hath no more right to pretend to any affection: and if the fair *Berelisa* can acquire this valiant Prisoner to enrol himself under my Standard, I shall esteem it a greater felicity. I confess (replied she) I should not be displeased at it; and were I advantaged with a larger proportion of Beauty, or graced with more charms fit to conquer hearts, I would not despair of my intended surprisal; for all my intelligent faculties seem to court my heart to affect him. You sometimes so harshly censure those you know, said *Terillus* to her, that this your new kind of injustice doth not surprize me. Those you say I know are, it may be such strangers to themselves (replied *Berelisa* to him, her accent expressing her anger) that they have no great reason to accuse me of injustice. After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* changed the Discourse, speaking to all the Ladies, which were to accompany the Princess, the subsequent day to the Chase; and when night began to veil the skie with its sable mantle, the Prince and *Philonice*, with all the other Ladies return'd to the Palace situate in the middle of the City; *Terillus* followed the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and *Berelisa* remained at her Father's house, who was named *Afranor*, and who being of the most conspicuous quality next the Prince, had the sole power committed to him, when the Prince engaged in any warlike action. In the mean time the Chase next day was performed with all imaginable magnificence; the day was ushered in by a fair morning, not one cloud wrinkling the brow of heaven, and the company wholly fashioned to delight *Philonice*, who could guide with much dexterity therein of her horse, and who was drest after the most gallant exquisite mode, had this day all the pleasantness of her humour, and *Berelisa* alone had such disposition to melancholy, that she could not surmount it; *Philonice* had therefore for her a thousand obliging cares; for though she did not passionately love blue, which she had caused to be used at *Agrigentine*, on purpose to please *Berelisa*, she was at this time clothed in that amiable colour; she had sent to her a kind of Coif with plumes, to shade her from the scorching heat of *Phœbus*; and in fine, she forgot nothing which she thought might oblige her to banish this severe melancholy. Nevertheless *Berelisa* could not conceal her distemper. 'Tis true, that as she did not affect *Terillus*, and that he did this day importune her, she conceived him to be the sole cause of her anxiety; and when *Philonice* having separated her from the company, demanded her the reason of it: she answered her it was the great concourse of people. But, said *Berelisa* to her, who would you banish? I would assuredly banish *Terillus*, replied she, and if I might effect my desires, added she smiling, I think I should send him to the place of that valiant Pri-

soner, to whom I would willingly resign his, for at least, if he did not delight, he would not importune me. Seriously (said *Philonice* to her, shadowing her cheeks with a modest smile) I believe the valour of that Unknown Person sways your inclination. 'Tis true, I have a good opinion of him, replied *Berelisa*, but above all, that which engages me to desire to serve him, is, a resentment of amity; for (as you know) I have a Brother very dear to me, who hath already completed a year in peregrination, and who it may be is exposed to such adventures; I fancy that there is a certain equity which obligeth the gods to render us all the good we desire; and I am resolved to desire all I may for this Unknown, in hope that the gods will cause the like to be retaliated to my Brother, in what place soever he resides; for, as you know, *Telefis* is as well my Friend as Brother, and I am both his Sister and Confident; and conceiving my self more obliged to love him, because he treats me as a Friend, then because he is my Brother, my thoughts continually reflect on him, and 'tis assuredly the precedent motive, which hath induced me to interest my self in this valiant Unknown. *Telefis* is certainly worthy of your expressive tenderness, replied *Philonice*, but I know not (added she) if this Prisoner was deficient in those noble qualities which had raised him to the height of an accomplished man, he would as much remember you. There's no doubt of that, replied *Berelisa*, but I principally interest my self in this Unknown, because there's some resemblance between him and my Brother; for *Telefis* is nigh of his age, he is (as you know) well proportioned, he hath given some evident testimonies of his courage, he hath spirit; and in fine (if I dare say it) as gallant as the Prisoner seems to be. As *Berelisa* thus spoke, she was interrupted by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who told her the Chase would not permit a long discourse, and that they should not transpose the pleasures of it; so that *Berelisa* gallantly answering the *Agrigentine* Prince, the rest of the Chase passed in an agreeable manner, and at night the Prince made a magnificent Feast to all the Ladies, which had enjoyed the benefit of this Princely sport; *Artemidorus*, who was lodged in a Chamber, which looked upon the garden of the *Agrigentine* Castle, had seen them return from the Chase; for though his Chamber was but a foot higher than the Garden, it was built on such a rising ground, that it discovered all the Country which environed the City; the sight of a company where joy seemed to be so universal, gave some addition to his melancholy; for he imagined what would be *Clidimira's* grief, if she knew he was Prisoner to an enemy of the *Leantine* Prince; he even thought that his absence alone would cause her an incredible affliction, and when he remembered all those demonstrations of affection, which had past between them, he doubted not but she should employ all the moments of her life to think of him, and regret his absence; and he felt not only his own grief, but he suffered that which he presupposed *Clidimira* would endure for his consideration. In the meantime, his Guards reported divers things to *Afranor*, which persuaded him that this Prisoner was of a greater condition than he said; he was kept very exactly, though

though treated with much civility, he had the liberty in the day time to be alone in his Chamber, and those which had taken, had not rifled him, because his Valour claimed their respect, he had divers Letters of *Clidimira*, which he often perused to console himself; for when he departed from *Messina*, he thought that desiring to pass for a simple Cavalier, 'twas not convenient for him to carry that precious Casket, which was depository of all the secrets of his heart, but contented himself to take the Letters of *Clidimira*, to give him some consolation during his voyage: *Artemidorus* living in this manner, spent whole days in ruminating on *Clidimira*: and *Berelisa* by a relentment of inclination, pity, generosity, and tenderness for her absent Brother, was very solicitous to render this Prisoner all those things she conceived might sweeten the rigour of his imprisonment: But if in the beginning she believed herself obliged by the prementioned reasons, she found herself afterwards engaged by a more puissant motive: You may remember (as I have already told you) that the Chamber of *Artemidorus* was a foot higher than the Garden, from whence the prospect is very delicate; for it had two Windows, the one facing the Campagn, the other the end of a Walk, which looked upon a Garden-knot, so enamelled with the choicest of *Flora's* treasures, and beautified by Art in such ingenious manner, that Art and Nature did contend therein for mastery. This Walk being very agreeable when the Sun doth not guild it with its radiant Beams, *Berelisa* towards the Evening often repaired thither, and there being two seats at the ends, and in the middle of this Walk to repose on, commodiously to enjoy the fair prospect, there was a seat against the Window of *Artemidorus* so contrived, that though the Window was grated, it admitted the conveniency of discourse with those which were seated on this side the Walk. It often hapned, that *Artemidorus*, which was obliged to *Berelisa* for the good opinion she had testified of him, saluted her with much respect, when his Window was found open; and *Berelisa*, who was civil and courteous, and who had a secret unknown reason, which rendered her more affable than ordinary, did often entertain discourse with *Artemidorus*; but as 'twas not possible for her to harbour an ill opinion of him; the more she saw, the more she esteemed him; and seeing melancholy enthroned in his face, compassion so invaded her heart, that seeing every day the charming Princess of *Agrigentine* more usually than before; the Prince her Father being gone to the War, she often spoke to her of her Prisoner, for she sometimes used that term, she having such a special care of him, and she did it principally to give *Berelisa* the curiosity to converse with him, to the end that acknowledging his merit; she might at the Prince her Fathers return, endeavour to obtain his liberty, and *Philonice*, who is compassionate and generous, and who seeks occasions to render any one any courteous office, told *Berelisa*, that the first fair day she would go to the Castle of *Agrigentine*, to see if she had reason to give such encomiums of her Prisoners spirit, as 'twas then the fairest season in the year: the next being serene and calm, correspondent to the desires of this Princess, and

she being willing to perform her promise made to *Berelisa*, went to the Castle with this amiable Virgin, accompanied with many Ladies, carrying likewise with her one that had relation to her, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to certify her of a considerable advantage he had gained over his enemies; for he was one of *Berelisa's* Friends, and was of a pleasant disposition, she believed he would render their recreation more delightful, and it succeeded as she imagined; *Berelisa's* humour being at this time tun'd to the highest pitch of mirth; but in fine (without trespassing on your patience, by relating those things which have no reference to the life of *Artemidorus*) I shall tell you, that the hour being come when they might take a commodious walk in the place, I have already mentioned, *Philonice*, and all the company went thither; but as *Berelisa* told her, she would not expose her Prisoner to speak before so many persons; the Princess only (followed by *Berelisa*) went towards the Window of *Artemidorus*; who seeing the Princess approach, saluted her with a profound reverence; after which (through respect) he would have withdrawn himself from the Window; but *Philonice* recall'd him, Return valiant Unknown, said she to him, return, and do not flye those who seek you. I am, Madam, so unworthy of this honour, replied he, that you ought not to think it strange, if I would have deprived my self of a pleasure that I am incapable to merit. All honest unhappy persons, replied the generous *Philonice*, merit every ones compassion; and if you should be but what you pretend, you would deserve the protection I offer you; but to speak sincerely to you, I desire you precisely to tell me whence and who you are? If I would, Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, I might easily invent a lye, which you cannot presently disprove; but as I profess sincerity, I believe I had better ingeniously confess unto you, that I have reasons which depend on none but my self, which both obstruct me from telling you the place of my Birth, and from inventing any fabulous narration. But at least confess, replied she, that you are of a quality proportionable to your spirit, and that as you have neither the language nor heart, you have not the Birth of a simple Soldier; for in fine, I assure you *Berelisa* is very much your friend, and I should be as much, would you have this sincerity for me; you may confide your secret to us, without fearing to be betray'd. The secrets of an unhappy person, Madam, replied he, are so little worthy knowledge, that if I should be what you think I am, I should not acquaint you with mine, for I should appear very ungrateful to recompense your generosity by a long recital of melancholy adventures; therefore, Madam, if you please, do not command a thing that I cannot nor ought not to perform; and be certain, that I am so sensible of the honour you have done me, that if my misfortunes were of that nature to admit of any diminution, the honour you vouchsafe me, by conversing with me, would give a cessation to my miseries. Ah *Berelisa*, you have reason, said the Prince to her, and your Prisoner is not what he would make us believe. I pray, Madam, (said then *Artemidorus*) acquaint me whether the Prince of *Agrigentine* hath given me to the fair

Berelisa.

Berelisa. No, replied *Philonice*, but she so much interestes her self in your affairs, that she is insensibly accusom'd to entitle you her Prisoner, and to oblige others to use that denomination; for as you will not discover your name, you ought to be known by some remarkable Title. I am very happy in my misfortune (replied he) to be the Prisoner of so fair and generous a person. In truth, said *Berelisa* blushing, you have thereby no great advantage; for though I call you my Prisoner, 'tis not in my power to break your chains. As she had thus said, all the company approach'd, so that *Philonice* being seated, and having commanded all the Ladies to take their seats, and *Clifias* likewise, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to bring news of his Victory: The conversation began in this place, *Artemidorus* believing he was exempted, would have retired; but as *Philonice* had found the grandeur of his spirit, which had given her much curiosity, and being perswaded he was a person of quality, she commanded him to stay, and at least to give attention to what they said, if he would not have any conference with them: *Artemidorus* returned thanks to the Princess for the excessive bounty she had demonstrated to him, and remain'd, leaning against the bars of his Window, which look'd upon the seat where this company were; hardly were they seated, but *Clifias* said, 'Twas more happier for one to be a Prisoner of War than Love. If one being a Prisoner of War could not be a Prisoner of Love (replied *Philonice*) you would have reason to speak as you do, but in my opinion, they are not incompatible chains, and one may have them both. In this case (replied *Clifias*) a man should be very unhappy. As he thus spoke, *Berelisa* casually looking on *Artemidorus*, saw he changed colour, and presupposing he might be both a Prisoner of War and Love, she had both a desire to say something to him, and to make *Philonice* note the change of his countenance; but a little after, repenting her self of this first thought, not knowing wherefore, she blushed, and held her peace, permitting *Clifias* to continue his discourse; who answered *Philonice*, he would ever maintain, that a Prisoner of War without Love, was less unhappy than a Prisoner of Love in Liberty. It seems to me agreeable, then said *Philonice*, that as there is no man here, but this valiant Unknown, which can know the weightiness of those divers chains, 'tis for him to give his opinion; for my part, who have ever had my heart free, who have never been a Prisoner, and who according to all appearance never shall be; I cannot give you a satisfactory answer, therefore I request *Berelisa* to command her Prisoner to answer you. As Love reigns in all Countries (replied *Artemidorus*) and it is found in all sorts of Persons, without any distinction of conditions, I will not say I do not know Love; therefore, Madam, without expecting the command of the fair *Berelisa*, I will obey you, and on the contrary maintain, that how unhappy soever a Prisoner of Love is, he had better be so, than a Prisoner of War; 'tis not that the chains of a Lover are less weighty than those the fortune of War imposes on any man; but there are a thousand and a thousand pleasures which accompany the first, and which are not

found in the second. But after all, said *Clifias*, a Prisoner of War, how carefully soever he may be kept, hath his heart and spirit free, and is certain one day to be freed from his restraint; whereas a Prisoner of Love in an apparant liberty, is in a continual slavery; for he not only doth not what he would, but doth not think what seems good to him; he knows not when his imprisonment will finish, nor can he wish the conclusion of it. That which you say, replied *Artemidorus*, seems to make against you; for since a Prisoner of War continually desires to recover his Liberty, and that a Prisoner of Love doth not desire it, it follows that the chains of Love are more pleasing than the others; in effect, there's no punishment in Love, which hath not been preceded or followed by a pleasure, and desperation often comes after one hath tasted the sweetness of hope, without which there can never be any violent Love: for is it not true, that the grief of absence comes not, and cannot come till after one hath had the pleasure to enjoy the presence of a person one regrets? And fear likewise doth not possess a Lovers heart, till hope hath first led the way; and Jealousie is never altogether violent, if it is not in the heart of a beloved Lover, or who at least believes himself to be; 'tis not that other Lovers can be infected with Jealousie, but 'tis not so cruel as that I have before spoken of; moreover, those who have the infelicity to find Mistresses, whose Inconstancy renders them unhappy, have at least had the satisfaction to be beloved: and I in fine maintain (as I have already said) that all the punishments of Love are either preceded, or followed by most great pleasures; I likewise confidently say (added he) that a part of those pains, which make so many groan, sigh, and emit forth many dolorous exclamations, hath something more pleasing than that Liberty you mentioned, when you affirmed that a Prisoner of War without Love, is less miserable than an amorous man in Liberty. I subscribe to your opinion (replied *Clifias*) that there's no torments in Love, but are either preceded or followed by some pleasures; but to speak sincerely, those pleasures are dangerous, since they render the privation more sensible, and imprint all the subsequent misfortunes in a more lively character; for 'tis certain, that sometimes a favourable regard causes many displeasing hours; because one imagines, that if he was continually nigh the person he loved, and obtained nothing more than the only pleasure to see, and to be seen of her, he should be crowned with happiness; and nevertheless it often arrives, that after one hath tried a hundred inventions to attain but a sight of the beloved object; It happens, I say, she is found in a humorous temper, and that which he believed would have elevated him to the supreme top of felicity, often precipitates him into the gulf of despair; on the contrary, when one finds her affable, he is but a little more happy; for that Lover, who thinks he should be content, when he should be prostrate on his knees before his Mistress, at that time is deficient in many things, which should compleat his happiness; likewise instead of praising that favour, she accords to him he hath so much desired, he requests an hundred other things, and believes himself

himself as unfortunate, as if he had obtained nothing: I even affirm, that 'tis not in the power of the fairest person in the World, to make an amorous man confess (during the space of six Months) that he is content; so true it is, that Love is incapable of power to render one happy. I confess (replied *Artemidorus*) 'tis difficult to find a Lover which desires nothing, and who always says he is content; but I sustain, that that which frames one part of his pleasure, is, that there's always something wanting to his felicity, that he hath a certain species of an amorous inquietude, which is the most pleasing and agreeable pain imaginable, and that one of the most sensible pleasures is, to hope with an ardent desire. 'Tis true (replied *Clifias*) you have reason to speak so much of the advantage of hope; at least I know (pursued he) that I have noted an hundred, and an hundred times in my life, in divers occasions, that not only a Lover without hope hath no great pleasure, but that usually he merits no more to be happy, as soon as he is content; no sooner is he assured to be beloved, but the fire of his former love grows extinct, at least he is not so sensible, so solicitous, so exact, so complaisant, and so respectful as before, and the certainty he conceives to have pleased his Mistress, taking from him the desire to please, he comes sometimes to please no more. Ah *Clifias*, replied *Berelisa*, I would hate a Lover, if he would take as much care to preserve my heart, as he hath done to acquire it. You have reason, Madam (replied *Artemidorus*) for I believe a man which is negligent when beloved, deserves to be hated, and that it is as just to desert the love of those negligent Lovers, as those which are unfaithful: I know not (added he) if the procedure of those persons, whom good fortune buries in a certain Lethargie of heart, where they lose all the sensibility of love, have not something more outrageous than that of those inconstant Lovers, which are charmed with novelty; at least I know, that if I was a Lady in such an adventure, I should be more displeased, that my own charms destroy love in the heart of a Lover, than if others should deprive me of it. You discourse so well of this (replied *Philonice*, rising from her seat) that I die for fear you should not be at one time a Prisoner of War and Love. I am very rederable to you for such an obliging fear (replied *Artemidorus*) I therefore presuppose, Madam, that it only proceeds from a conceit you have, that I have not merit enough to entitle me a happy Lover. As Love is as blind as Fortune (replied *Philonice*) you know it never favours merit, and I confess to you, my thoughts did not proceed from that cause your modesty dictated to you: In fine, *Philonice* said something to *Artemidorus*, to intimate to him, she did not believe that which he said of himself; and to assure him, that she would serve in all occasions: After which she began to take a Walk; but whilst it lasted, *Berelisa* Prisoner was the subject of their conversation: *Philonice* likewise prayed *Clifias* to entreat the *Agrigentine* Prince on her part, that this Prisoner might have liberty to take the Air, his Guards accompanying him; and few days were added to the age of time after *Clifias* return to the Camp, but *Afranor* had order to permit *Ar-*

temidorus to go forth with his Guards, and that they should shew him those things worthy of note in the City, which invite the curiosity of strangers: They presented to his sight the magnificent ruins of a great Palace, called the Palace of the Gyants, where were Columns of such a prodigious immensity, that it evidently appeared the first Inhabitants in this Isle were of a larger proportion than other men; he likewise saw admirable Aquæducts, which are at *Agrigentine*; he visited the Temples of *Æsculapius*, of *Vulcan*, of *Hercules*, of *Jupiter*, of *Concord*, of *Juno*, and of *Pudicity*, that stately Structure being erected by the Princess of *Philonica*, to evidence the immaculate purity of her Soul; he saw many magnificent Tombs, built as Memorials for many Horses; for you must know, that those of the *Agrigentine* Land in particular, are of such admirable strength and beauty, that they are every where famous, and they are so excellently good, that their Masters have raised for them several magnificent Tombs, so great hath superfluity been at *Agrigentine*, since it encreased in Riches; at first it was a City of small importance, but when *Phalaris* swayed the Scepter, there were numbred nine hundred thousand Inhabitants. But to return to *Artemidorus*, since he had the permission to walk, he more often saw *Berelisa*, for in the design he had to acquire her friendship, to the end he might by her assistance more facily recover his liberty: The more he saw her, the more *Berelisa* found him amiable; and this puissant inclination became so predominant, that she could not doubt but love did insensibly steal her heart; and as her Virtue was eminent, she blush'd at this weak resistance, and would have made some opposition (thus correcting her self, as she hath since told me) What's become of my Reason? I despise *Terillus* who adores me, who is of a proportionate condition to mine, and resign my heart to an unknown Prisoner, who hath no affection for me, and who it may be hath placed his Love on another Object: But, said she, can I doubt of the condition of this Prisoner? His Spirit confirms me that his Birth is Noble, and all those groundless suspicions, which my imagination suggests to me of the pre-engagement of his heart; his civility to me disperses those aery vapours, and confirms me, that Love hath not yet triumphed over him, and that his heart is at my devotion? No *Berelisa* (added this amiable Virgin) flatter not thy self, and believe if he were in love, he would acquaint thee with it; and perhaps, if thou should'st disclose thy affection to him, he would not credit it; resolve then to repel this dangerous inclination thou feelest ready to force thy heart; resist the merit of this Unknown, and weave not the web of thine own destruction, thou dar'st not commit this secret to the fidelity of any person, though it should crack the Organs of thy Vital Faculties. This was her last resolution, and during some time, she believed she had eradicated this affection from her heart, there hapning an accident, which diverted her self from the contemplation of this object; for *Telefis* her Brother returned from Travel, and as they tenderly loved one another, their joy swell'd to such an height by the sight of each other, that all former occurrences were now buried in oblivion; he related

related to her all those adventures which hapned in his voyage; he acquainted her with all the Achievements of gallantry he had performed in those places he had passed, and desiring to go to the Camp, though the Trees now began to be periwigg'd with Snow, he left with her divers Letters. and the pourtraicture of a person whom he then loved, and of whom he made a pleasing relation: *Berelisa* having her spirit thus busied, felt not for some days her usual inquietude; as her soul was in this tranquillity, she one Morning repair'd to the aforesaid Walk, where she had hardly taken two turns, but she heard one speak very high in *Artemidorus* his Chamber: *Berelisa* hearing this noise, and not being able to comprehend the occasion of it, approaching thither, and heard the Prisoner earnestly entreat his Guard to redeliver what he had taken from him; and he answering in insolent terms, he would not, but that he would carry it to *Afranor*, to the end he should transmit it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: She had scarce heard this, when the Prisoner reiterated his entreaties with so much earnestness, that she conceiv'd what had been taken from him, was of too great a concernment to be seen; so that tenderness engaging her heart, and curiosity her spirit, she called him by his name, who so much contested with *Artemidorus*: This man hearing himself called by his Master's Daughter, went to the Window, requesting her to inform him what she desired: I would have you tell me (said she to him) why you give such uncivil language to a Prisoner, whom you ought to treat with civility, and from whence proceeds the grounds of this Contestation? Madam, (replied this man, his eyes sparkling with anger) this Prisoner hath suborn'd some of my Companies, for having taken from him a Letter, with intention to carry it to my Master, he so much prest me to render it him, that I was transported with anger, by reason he thought me capable to betray my fidelity. I pray, Madam, (said then *Artemidorus*, speaking to *Berelisa*) if you repent not of your excessive goodness towards me, do me the favour, I conjure you, to use your power over this man, as that Letter I have written may not be seen by any person. You see, Madam, (said he who had spoken to *Artemidorus*) this Letter must consequently be of importance, and that I should have injured the Trust reposed in me, if I had rendred it to him. I protest unto you, replied *Artemidorus*, that it neither concerns the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, but hath only reference to my self. To find a mean to reconcile you (replied *Berelisa*) permit me to survey your Letter, and rely on my discretion, and if I find that neither the Prince, nor my Father have any interest in it, I will redeliver it to you, and oblige him, who hath taken it from you, not to disclose any thing, neither will I ever speak of it; without this I am assured your Keeper will not render it to you: but on this occasion (added she) I believe I can easily obtain it, sure he imagines I will neither betray the Prince nor my Father. This man consenting to *Berelisa*'s Proposition, *Artemidorus* was constrained to suffer this Virgin to peruse what he had written, imagining after she had perused it, she would permit him the favour to write another, or to send this to *Chlodimira*, for 'twas to

that fair person, to whom this this Letter was address'd: After he had consented to what she propos'd, and when his Keeper had given the Letter to *Berelisa*, she found it contained these words,

I*F I only tell you I am the unhappiest Prince in the World, I should not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune;*

At these words *Berelisa* staid, and a joyful emotion seiz'd her spirits, seeing that secret inclination which had taken possession of her Soul, had a more noble foundation than she imagined; so that this resentment renewing the tenderness of her heart, she often read these three or four lines, as if she had there desired to limit her curiosity; but at last rebeginning the Letter; she found the contents framed after this manner.

I*F I only tell you I am the unhappiest Prince in the World, I shall not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune; but assuring you I am the unhappiest Lover that e'er submitted to the flames of Love, my infelicity cannot be paralleld; for in fine, my Liberty is restrained, I know not whether you are free, nor whether till this time you have retained your affection inviolable; I am only ascertain'd that I fancy your Idea continually present before my eyes; and all the compassion of two of the most exquisite Beauties Nature e'er made for wonder, cannot sweeten the rigour of those miseries I endure: Behold to a Charming*

As this Letter was not fully finished, *Berelisa* could know no more, but she knew enough to disturb her repose; since if the beginning flattered her with joy, the conclusion sadden'd her heart with grief: for if she had learned this Prisoner was a Prince, she had likewise learned he was a Lover, and that he believed he was beloved: and as she learned it with some agitation of spirit, her Cheeks were plant'd with a roseate tincture, insomuch that she turned her head to conceal her blushing from *Artemidorus*. In this disturbance of her heart, grief produced the same effect, as joy had done before, giving an additional renovation to that esteem she conceived his merits might command; for there is nothing fitter to augment a new-born inclination in the hearts of most women, than to learn that those they love have already gained the affections of others. *Berelisa* was in a strange perplexity, time not permitting her so much leisure as to consult her reason in this occasion; but at last generosity and tenderness being the more prevalent, she told his Keeper, that this Letter neither concerned the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, expressly commanding him not to speak of it; and being induced by a jealous resentment, she commanded his Keeper to endeavour the discovery of him, whom *Artemidorus* had suborned, to the end he should be dismissed his place; afterwards she desired him to leave the Prisoner at liberty, to speak with her in the Garden, that she might render his

his Letter to him; and this man obeying her, *Artemidorus* came to render her thanks, and to spend some time in walking with her, whilst two of her attendants spoke to him, who commanded *Artemidorus* his Guards at the end of this Walk. How shall I methodise my language, Madam, said he to her, to thank you for your last signal favour, and what may I do to testify unto you my recognition? You will cancel that obligation (said *Berelisa*, the blood leaping into her face) by wholly confiding your self to my discretion, for though your Letter acquaints me you are of Royal extraction, that you are amorous, and that your Love is reciprocal, it doth neither inform me of your name, nor hers your Love, nor of the place of your Nativity; and I desire satisfaction in those things before I re-deliver your Letter. Ah, Madam, said he to her, if you knew the importance of your demand, you would, it may be, not persist in requesting it; for you are so generous, that I am confident you would not prejudice me in any thing. On the contrary (replied *Berelisa*) 'tis principally to generous persons, to whom it appertains to be in power to prejudice, because they have no good will to act it; therefore without repenting what I have said, I redemand satisfaction in those three things. For my Name and Country (replied *Artemidorus*) I can tell you, not being ashamed of either, though I cannot do it, both without danger and prudence; but for the name of the person I love, since my Letter hath not declared it to you, I suppose I ought not to do it, and you ought less to persevere in that demand, added he, you are so obliged to that charming person; for, Madam, if she had not enslaved my heart, and had I been free, when I came to *Agrigentine*, I should assuredly have been amorous of you, and doubtless much importun'd you with my complaints; for as I love with an immeasurable ardour, I should have caus'd you more displeasure than *Terillus*; therefore, Madam, since you have this obligation to the person whom I love, constrain me not to violate my discretion, and remain satisfied that I expose my self to sufficient danger, by telling you that I am Brother to the Enemy of the *Agrigentine* Prince. What? (replied *Berelisa*) Are you *Artemidorus*, Brother to the *Leontine* Prince, who departed from this place about six months since? Yes, Madam, I am that *Artemidorus*, who would not, it may be, have been so civilly treated, as he is by the *Agrigentine* Prince, and the charming *Philonice*, had they known his true condition; I therefore declare to you, Madam, (said he) that the only interest of my love hath obliged me to to fear a long imprisonment, and hath detained me from discovering my quality. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisa's* spirit was much disturbed; for you must know, that *Telefis* her Brother, who had related to her all the adventures of his Voyage, had told her, that he was amorous and beloved by a *Leontine* Virgin, whom the Prince *Artemidorus* (absent from thence) formerly affected, and that he had left in her custody at his going to the Camp, a Pourtraiture, and many Letters; but as she had given but slight attention to his relation, she not imagining to have any particular interest therein, she had forgot the name of that person, and not knowing, if it were her, to whom *Artemidorus* had begun to

write, she had both an extreme desire to acquaint him with her Brothers recital; and to peruse those Letters he had left with her, to see whether she could gather any satisfaction from them: As her imagination fancied divers things, the irresolution of her spirit was visible in her eyes; which *Artemidorus* noting, believed her inquietude proceeded from her not being resolved whether she should discover his quality to her Father, that he might declare it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: But this opinion soon vanished, for *Berelisa* devining his thoughts, and not willing he should believe her capable to reveal a secret he had confided to her, thus said, looking attentively on him; Think not I examine whether I ought to discover your Name, I declare to you I am not resolved to reveal it, on condition you will promise me two things, the one not to enterprize any thing against the *Agrigentine* Prince, the other positively to tell me all your love; for it may be I know many particulars in your Fortune, of which you your self are ignorant. As they were on these terms, and that *Artemidorus* demanded of *Berelisa* the beginning of his Letter, *Philonice* arrived; *Berelisa* therefore not being willing neither to answer nor to deliver him his Letter, went to the Princess, who made her a thousand caresses, and told her she came to bring her good news; for in fine, said this charming Princess, the Prince my Father will return in four days, having finish'd the War with Honour; and having forced his Enemies to make Peace, and till 'tis concluded, *Clisias* hath obtained that your Prisoner should be on his Parole, and that he may walk where he pleases without his Guards, on condition every night he repairs to his Lodging in the Castle; the conversation *Clisias* had with him, having imprinted such a good opinion of him in his mind, that he thought himself bound to perform this civil courtesie, and if you believe it requisite, he shall accompany us when we go to meet the Prince of *Agrigentine* at *Carisalis*, which, as you know, is about eight miles hence; for it seems just to me you should permit your Prisoner to go, to the end he not appears ingrateful: *Berelisa*, whose spirit was prepossess'd with many different things, did not give a regular answer to that which *Philonice* propounded; she therefore made a sign to *Artemidorus*, who remain'd behind, to approach; telling him he was obliged to the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and explaining to him of what nature was this obligation. *Artemidorus* receiving much joy at this news, gave many thanks to the Princess: But I pray, said she to him, do not thank me yet, for it may be Peace may not be easily concluded, and many Months may be expired e'er you recover your Liberty; but your Guards being dismiss'd (added she) be more cheerful, and expect the end of the War with more tranquillity. *Artemidorus* answered to this discourse with much spirit and civility; and *Berelisa* being in a profound melancholy study, *Philonice* jested with her, demanding the cause it; for, said she, you are less subject than any Virgin to those absences of spirit, which reproach so many amiable persons, your heart is ever amongst those with whom you are, you divide not your self betwixt your present and absent Friends, and it must necessarily be, there's something which pleases, or extraordinarily displeases you: In the mean

time, you have need that the gayety of your humour appears in its greatest luster the day we go to *Carisalis*, since I intend all the Ladies shall go thither on Horse, deck'd in their most gorgeous attire: *Berelisa* then endeavouring to replant the banish'd joy in her face, told the Princess that she was somewhat indispos'd, but she hoped her indisposition would diminish ere the day she intended to meet the *Agrigentine* Prince; but whatsoever she did, 'twas impossible for her to remit in her eyes their ordinary tranquillity; and *Philonice* return'd; not being able to penetrate into the secret of her heart. Before her departure, she made known to *Afranor* the Order of the Prince of *Agrigentine*, whose Letter she shewed him, so that *Artemidorus* was not obliged to suffer the inutility of his Guards: But though it effectively gave him joy, he could not hinder himself from being afflicted, that this Order came not one day sooner, because he should not have been exposed to that adventure he had been, nor engaged to discover his secret to *Berelisa*: He infinitely esteemed, and had much amity for her, but in case of love, he affected not to discover it to any one, if necessity did not thereunto compel him. This grief was nothing in comparison of *Berelisa's*, when she was alone in her Chamber; for that violence and puissant inclination she had for *Artemidorus*, which she thought she had overcome, suddenly assaulted her Soul; and the knowledge of his condition and love, placed both a resentment of glory and jealousy in her heart, which augmented her tenderness: As soon as she was in her Chamber, she had a design to look on all those things *Telefis* had left in her custody; but one of her Maids who had shut the door, not thinking of it, remaining yet in the Garden, she must have patience till she could be call'd; but expecting her coming, What did she not think? What said this amiable Virgin to her self? Have I surmounted my heart, when I did not know *Artemidorus*? and can I not be Mistress of it, when I know he is amorous, and is beloved? But if it chance (replied she) that the Person my Brother loves at *Leontine* is the same who hath inflamed *Artemidorus*; would it not be possible to banish her from his heart, by displaying her infidelity? for by that means I shall render a curtesie to my Brother, by taking from him such a Rival, and it may be to my self, if I can acquire such a Lover. But what do I say, Fool as I am (replied she, as she hath since told me) have I lost my Reason? or am I so inglorious as to desire to love one who doth not affect me? No, no, added she, I have not doubtless such degenerate thoughts, as to love *Artemidorus*, but I at least imagine that the desire to gain his love is not criminal, whilst it neither makes me say or do any thing repugnant to the exact rule of decency; the desire to please in general is not esteemed a crime, wherefore then should it be one to desire to please a great Prince in particular, without any other design than to be prefer'd by him before all other persons in the World. As she had thus said, her Maid arrived, and opened the Cabinet, where she presently entred; and visiting all the Letters her Brother had left, she was clearly convinced that the person who had writ them, was the same of whom *Artemidorus* imagined he was faithfully

beloved; she looked on the Pourtraiture; but though her Mirror spoke her Beauty superiour to *Clidimira*, she found a certain Air in the Physiognomy of her Rival, which much displeased her, it seeming very agreeable, and she even dispaired, finding so much spite in *Clidimira's* Letters, because she feared the sight of this Pourtraiture, and those Letters would only introduce jealousies into *Artemidorus's* heart, without chasing Love from thence, and that she should give an Enemy to her Brother, without acquiring a lover, yet had she some pleasure to think she should acquaint him, whose heart she would conquer, that his Mistress was unfaithful; for, said she, as soon as he shall be informed what had passed at *Leontine*, he shall know the very next day after he departed, there arrived a stranger who presently gained the estimation of *Clidimira*, and perhaps, if I pre-acquaint him with her infidelity, he will esteem himself obliged to retribute to me my courtesie I desire: But presently suppressing the imagination, she could not resolve to do it, and doubtless she would never have performed it, had she not received the next Morning a Letter from her Brother, intimating to her that the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent him to *Syracuse*, to negotiate some important Affair, and that from thence he would go to *Leontine*, to have some private conference with *Clidimira*. *Berelisa* then seeing her Brother absent, conceived it the best time to prosecute her intended resolution: Though this thought did seem to settle the emotion of her spirit, sleep did not this night close the casements of her eyes, and the Sun did no sooner guild the fringes of the Clouds with his luminous radiations, but she took an exact survey of *Clidimira's* Pourtraiture, and reperused her Letters: She would have reserved some Letters from *Artemidorus*, they being flourish'd with too much Eloquence; but it hapned that in those which were most Rethorical, her affection to *Telefis* was painted in such lively Colours, that they conduced most to eraze *Clidimira's* love from the heart of *Artemidorus*; Pity likewise invaded her heart, when she read those affectionate lines this Prince began to write to this *Leontine* Virgin, considering to what height his grief would swell, when he learn'd his love was requited with such ingratitude; but when she remembered he had told her, that if his heart had not been pre-engaged, she should have been the Saint, to whom he would have paid his devotions; and the Letter he began to write to *Clidimira*, evidencing this verity, her modesty could not hinder her from wishing his love to *Clidimira*, was now buried in oblivion, though she was resolv'd not to testify any affection to *Artemidorus*, nor to act any thing which might in the least blemish her reputation, unless he first by his amorous, yet real expressions, confess'd *Clidimira's* inconstancy had stop'd the progress of his love; and that he made to her a total resignation of his heart: But not knowing how to compass the discovery of this design, *Artemidorus* presented her with an opportunity to effect it; for after he had visited *Afranor*, and the Princess *Philonice*, he thought himself so obliged to *Berelisa*, that she might justly challenge the next visit; he therefore went to her Chamber, and found her in her Cabinet, there

there being nigh her on a little Jasper Table, the Pourtraiture of *Clidimira* (the case whereof was shut) her Letters were likewise there, he not knowing whose they were, by reason he could not see the Writing: Her eye no sooner reached him, but *Berelisa* blushed, and would have treated him with more ceremony than ordinary; but *Artemidorus* opposed it with much address: I pray, Madam, (said he, in a low voice approaching to her) remember that 'tis but for you I am *Artemidorus* at *Agrigentine*, and that in what estate soever I may be, I should have more glory by respecting you, than by receiving so many inutile demonstrations of your Bounty. After that she desired *Artemidorus* to take a seat, which having done, he earnestly entreated her to render him that Letter he had begun to write to the person whom he loved. That Person, replied *Berelisa* blushing, is so unworthy to receive, that I believe my self bound not to restore it to you. Ah, Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) it appears you do not know her, for I can assure you, if you knew her. I know not (replied she, her Cheeks being stain'd with Blushes) what I should do, if I knew her by my self; but I am very well assured I hate her for the love of you; for not to vail truth with artificial conceits, you love an unfaithful person, who certainly is very affectionate to them she loves, but who contracts an irreconcilable hatred against those whose affections she hath deserved. But, Madam, (cry'd *Artemidorus*, much astonished at those words) I have not told you the Persons name whom I love, and I believe 'tis impossible since yesterday you should have notice of it. To demonstrate to you what I know (replied she, opening the case where *Clidimira's* Pourtraiture was enclosed) see if you know this Picture. Ah, Madam, (cry'd *Artemidorus*) I know it too well, if 'tis true, *Clidimira* should be unfaithful; but, Madam, (added he, changing colour) who gave you this Pourtraiture, which was at first intended for me, and which had not received the last hand of the Painter before my departure? Hath not *Clidimira* sent it me to bring me some consolation during my imprisonment? And hath not this charming person, heving notice of the place of my residence, by some way unknown to me, thought by this means to obstruct my death? You will see by this Letter (replied *Berelisa*) giving him one her Brother had left her; and *Artemidorus* taking that she offered to him, suddenly opened it, and knowing the Characters were framed by *Clidimira's* hand, he read these words,

Clidimira to Telefis.

I Confess to you *Artemidorus* hath given me many testimonies of affection, and likewise assure you this Picture was at first designed for him; but the mutability of my Fortune intruding many intimable obstacles to impede the progression of this love, my reason did at last free me from it; and as I doubt not but absence will be a sufficient remedy to cure the affection of *Artemidorus*, I freely engage my self to permit yours; and promise you (as you desire) that if his

love receives no variation, it will not in the least alter my intent, of having no Commerce with him, and of loving *Telefis*, whilst he perseveres in his love to *Clidimira*.

Whilst *Artemidorus* read this Letter, *Berelisa* attentively fix'd her eyes upon him, and noting the change of his countenance, expell'd some emotion of joy; which *Artemidorus* taking notice: What, Madam, (said he to her) have you the cruelty (though you exceed in all excellent qualities any person in the World) to acquaint me with such doleful news? For in fine, there's nothing more cruel than to know *Clidimira* is inconstant, and that my Rival is the Brother of the generous *Berelisa*, to whom my obligations are innumerable: But, Madam, (added he) how can I so soon deface *Clidimira's* Image engraven in my heart, for whom I have acted those things which deserve a larger compensation; for her alone I have contracted the anger of the Prince my Brother, for her I have destroy'd my Fortune, and rejected Glory; can it be then possible that *Clidimira*, from whom I have received so many amorous testimonies, should resign her love to another? Speak, generous *Berelisa* speak, for though I have accused you of cruelty, you can bind me in no stricter obligation, than to discover all you know of *Clidimira's* infidelity, and to suffer me to peruse all her Letters which serve to the confirmation of it. I will voluntarily do it, replied *Berelisa*, on condition you promise me not to be my Brother's Enemy, who hath not injured you, since he knows you not, and that he believes you did not in the least pretend to her, when she engaged her self to him. Ah, Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, 'tis not possible for me to promise you not to hate a Rival, crown'd with the Title of Happiness; and all that I can promise you is, That your amity shall retain the effects of my hatred against *Telefis*: Speak then, Madam, speak, but do not speak yet, and let me first see all *Clidimira's* Letters; and she having given him one, he opened it, which contained these words,

Clidimira to Telefis.

IF Joy is a favourable Disposition to Love, you will sometimes find me the pleasiest person alive; I know not whence it proceedeth, whether from the simple effect of my Temperament, or from the Conquest of your heart; and neither you nor Fortune can ruine this serene humour, unless you banish my love from thence.

Ah *Clidimira* (said *Artemidorus*, casting this Letter on the Table) 'tis your gayety will channel my Cheeks with tears, but 'tis requisite for me to know how far your perfidiousness hath transported you; and opening another Letter, he was much surpris'd to see 'twas one he had formerly wrote to *Clidimira*; which he would have sacrificed to his anger, had not *Berelisa* hinder'd him. Ah *Artemidorus* (said she to him) what

intend you to do? I am but the depositary of these things I shew you, I ought to render them to my Brother, with whom I should have great contestation, had I lost that he confided to my care. But, Madam, said *Artemidorus*, can I suffer a Letter I heretofore wrote to *Clidimira*, to be in my Rivals hands? Look on another (said she) and let me view that: and *Berelisa* by an amorous curiosity being dispos'd to read that Letter, *Artemidorus* desired to hear it read, conceiving it would be a means to heighten his intended hatred against *Clidimira*; and *Berelisa* opening it, it spoke these words.

Artemidorus to Clidimira.

I Shall have this day, Madam, the honour to visit you, but 'twill be only in Ceremony, and with as much care to smother my passion, as I should have had in the Declaration of it: Pity me, I pray you, and whether my spirit suffers an Eclipse or not, assure your self, that the sole love of the admirable *Clidimira*, can either give or deprive me of it, and that neither my words or silence serve but to evidence your dominion over me.

I spoke this, Madam, said *Artemidorus*, when I believed *Clidimira's* heart was moulded in the same frame as mine; but alas, her thoughts now stream in another current! After this he opened one of *Clidimira's* Letters, character'd in this manner.

Clidimira to Telefis.

I Think you ought to be assured of my affection, when I tell you I love you; and that I voluntarily resolve (without my Parents consent) to desert my Country, and run your Fortune. But since you require new assurances of my Love, I declare to you, that if I ever violate my promise, I willingly consent you should blot me out of your remembrance, as I have *Artemidorus* out of mine.

Ah! 'tis too much, cryed this afflicted Lover, and I should degenerate from all men, if I should still retain the same affection for *Clidimira*: But alas (added he) I cannot hate her when I would! I crave your pardon, said *Berelisa* to him, for occasioning this distemper; for I imagined my self obliged (*Clidimira* being soon to be titled my Sister) to incense you against her, that you might sequester a Passion from your Spirit, which would infallibly rob it of all repose. I am bound to you Madam, (replied *Artemidorus*) for your good intention; but my obligation would be extream, if you would so far honour me, to condescend to permit my love, to the end my heart might be imprinted with an indelible hatred against *Clidimira*. *Berelisa* blushed at this discourse, and had not power to shape a reply: 'Tis true, *Ar-*

temidorus took notice of it; for his grief did so exceed the limits of moderation, that he scarce knew in what language he had exprest himself to her: And having entreated *Berelisa* to relate to him the commencement of the love of *Telefis* for *Clidimira*, she told him, the same day he departed from *Leontine*, *Telefis* there arrived; and seeing *Clidimira* come forth of the Temple of *Ceres*, where she had been enclosed, lest she should see *Artemidorus*, he at first sight found her so amiable, that he sought her acquaintance; and having the happiness to please her, she had so much joy to find her self free, after she had endured such a long imprisonment, that she was resolv'd to deliver her self from a *Pareille* persecution, by forgetting her first Love; and to suffer that of *Telefis*, who engaged himself to her at his departure, to return to espouse her, as soon as he should have obtained *Afranor's* consent. But, said *Artemidorus* to her, is not this a delusion of *Clidimira*, to acquire some tranquillity during my absence? No, replied *Berelisa*, my Brother hath told me, that what you alledge being suspected, *Clidimira* submitted her self to the proof of that famous and sacred Lake, which (as you know) clears all dubious conjectures. But as we are not acquainted with the operations of it, said *Amilcar* interrupting *Zenocrates*, and that the reports which are framed thereof do not give us a plenary satisfaction, we entreat you (as far as you know) to content our desires. As I am no *Leontine*, replied *Zenocrates*, I cannot give you so full an instruction as others; I only know 'tis a general opinion, that when one assures any thing as true, and that he swears it on the brink of a Lake nigh *Leontine*, if he writes his name on a little Table of Wood, destin'd to that purpose, and that he casts it into the middle of that Lake, it floats at the top, if what he says is true; but if false, it descends to the bottom: It is likewise ascertained, that he which is perjured, is at the same time seized with a kind of a slow consuming Fever, which pines him to death. And this opinion is so received at *Leontine*, that when a person puts himself to the Tryal of *Dela*, for so 'tis called, the verity of the words are unquestionable. *Berelisa* having told *Artemidorus*, *Clidimira's* affection to *Telefis* was experimented in this manner, his affliction was so unconfin'd, that *Berelisa* repented her self for having reduced him to such extream misfortune: He was not transport'd with anger against *Telefis*, but complain'd of none but *Clidimira*, all whose Letters he severally perus'd; but the more he read, the fuller evidence he had of her infidelity: At length *Berelisa* smother'd his grief with such obliging words, that he rescu'd part of that consolation his affection had put to flight; for, said she to him, it grieves me that my Brother should occasion your displeasure: 'Tis not (added she) since *Clidimira* was capable of change, she would not have changed, if my Brother had never seen her; for I believe inconstancy doth not so much proceed from one who particularly delights those which are capable of infidelity, but because their pleasures are generally sway'd by novelty: therefore generous *Artemidorus*, seek to console your self, till your good fortune presents you with a Person more constant than *Clidimira*, to recompense

penſe that fidelity you have waſted on an unfaithful perſon. Ah, Madam, ſaid he to her, were it poſſible for me to unchain my heart from *Clidimira's* love, and level it at another object, would you counſel me to expoſe my ſelf to ſuffer ſuch unparallel'd affliction, as I now endure? If I believed (replied *Bereliſa* bluſhing) that all women were as unfaithful as *Clidimira*, I would not inſinuate ſuch dangerous counſel; but, Sir, I cannot harbour ſuch an ill opinion of my Sex, as to believe it impoſſible to find a conſtant Virgin; I know there are many that deſerve that Title. Alas, Madam, ſaid he to her, I fear I ſhall not be ſo happy to diſinchant my ſelf from this paſſion; I would now act the moſt difficult things imaginable to force my hatred againſt *Clidimira*; I would willingly reſign my affection to another, though a thouſand dangers attended it; but I feel in my heart ſuch a grand confuſion of Jealouſie, Grief, Anger and Love, that I know not which of them will be the moſt predominant. In the mean time, Madam, added he, the friendſhip and reſpect you command from me, retains me from expreſſing any anger againſt that happy Rival, which triumphs in my miſeries; and believe that except the unfaithful *Clidimira*, never any perſon could claim the like eſteem as you; Diſpenſe therefore (Madam) with ſo much goodneſs, as to alleviate my affliction, and let me find more ſtability in your friendſhip, than the love of that inconstant perſon hath denied me. I aſſure you (replied *Bereliſa*) that if it lay in my power, I would ſoon period your miſfortune; but as that depends more on *Artemidorus* than *Bereliſa*, diſquiet not your thoughts, but yield to reaſon, which will ſoon remedy this unjuſt grief. Ah, Madam (replied he) this Diſeaſe deſtroys the cure of reaſon. After this *Artemidorus* incited by an irreſiſtible motion, would have opened the caſe of *Clidimira's* Portraiture; but *Bereliſa* who feared the ſight of this Picture would rather encreaſe than decreaſe his Paſſion, took it from him, and told him he ought now to contemplate nothing but the infidelity of his Miſtreſs. You have reaſon Madam, ſaid he to her, I would hate *Clidimira*, and I would have your friendſhip be my ſole conſolation. But generous *Bereliſa* (added he) why do you not endeavour to heal the paſſion of *Teleſis*? for as *Clidimira* hath left me for him, ſhe will perhaps deſert him for another; do him this courtelie, and by this means you will act my Revenge. For what concerns my Brother (replied *Bereliſa*) I have no deſire to blot out his affection, it being not ſo eaſie to cure a Beloved as a Deſerted Lover; and for what concerns you, I would rather gain *Clidimira* twenty lovers, than deprive her of one, that your hatred might extend ſo far as never to permit any reconciliation. After this *Artemidorus* expreſſed many obliging words to *Bereliſa*, but they were ſo interweaved with others which glanced on his former affections to *Clidimira*, that ſhe hearkned to them with different reſentments; when he was returned to his apartment, he eſteemed himſelf ſo unhappy, that he wiſhed his death had anticipated that day in which he loſt his liberty; for he was at variance with his Brother, he had deſtroyed his Fortune, he was a Prince's Priſoner enemy to him from whom he derived his extraction, he ſaw himſelf caſhier'd by that

perſon, who had wounded his heart, he had a Rival, which generoſity and gratitude forbid him to deſtroy, being a Virgins Brother to whom he ow'd the favourable treatment he received in his reſtraint, and who knew him to be the Prince of *Leontine's* Brother; not knowing then how to direct his thoughts, his ſole conſolation was *Bereliſa's* friendſhip. On the other ſide this amiable Virgin was not exempted from inquietude; for though her joy exceeded the ordinary limits of moderation, ſhe having introduced Anger and Jealouſie into a Lovers heart, from whence ſhe would have baniſhed love; yet ſhe feared his deſpight would not aſcend to ſuch a degree, as utterly to extirpate this love, and that if this firſt ſhould be extinct, his heart would remain incapable of a ſecond Paſſion: The words of *Philonice* tending to the concluſion of the War, did in ſome meaſure heighten her grief, becauſe ſhe imagined Peace ſhould no ſooner be compoſed, but *Artemidorus* would receive his liberty, and that ſecret love, which had ſcal'd the Fortreſs of her heart, even forced her to wiſh the declaration of the true quality of *Artemidorus*, to the end his liberty ſhould not be ſo ſoon licenſed, ſhe conceiving his life would not thereby be expoſed to any danger: But generoſity ſoon ſtrangled theſe unjuſt thoughts which Love would have imprinted in her mind.

In the mean time the charming *Philonice*, who thought of nothing but how to manage the reception of the *Agrientine* Prince with moſt magnificency, ſent out her Orders to that purpoſe, ſo that all the Ladies were wholly employed in providing thoſe things, which might moſt advantage their perfections; the Princeſs was likewiſe advertiſed by a Letter from *Clifias*, that the day the *Agrientine* Prince ſhould come to *Carſalis*, ſhe ſhould receive a Letter from the *Syracuſan* Princeſs, who is a Perſon embellished with all thoſe Graces which compleat a perfect Beauty: Her Body ſhaped with ſuch exact Symmetry, that Nature hath here ſhewn how far ſhe tranſcends the Art of the moſt curious Pencil: For the Prince of *Syracuſa* having ſent me to the *Agrientine* Prince at that time as he ſent *Teleſis* to him, the Princeſs of *Syracuſa* entrusted me with a Letter for the Princeſs *Philonice*; and having told *Clifias*, when I arrived at the Camp, he gave her notice of it; and when I delivered her Letter, ſhe parted with ſo much goodneſs, as to receive me with an extraordinary civility, bringing a Teſtimony of the Friendſhip of ſuch an exquiliſt Perſon.

But before I relate to you what paſſed that day the Prince of *Agrientine* returned, 'tis expedient for me to acquaint you with three things, to the end the Narration of this Feſtival might prove more delightful to you: The firſt, that I had been a long time one of the principal friends of *Artemidorus*. The ſecond, that I believed he had undertaken a long Voyage, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting he was a Priſoner at *Agrientine*. The third, That 'tis neceſſary to deſcribe the Situation of that place the amiable *Philonice* had ſelected to receive the Prince her Father; for I ought to render juſtice to this Beautiful Princeſs, to demonſtrate to you that there appeared both Spirit and Judgement in all her actions; and there hapned

happened in this place so many things depending on this History, that I believe I shall not traverse my reason by describing a place which hath given me so much delight, both by its natural Beauty, and by the merit of him who resides there: For *Cleodamas* to whom *Carisalis* belongs, is a Person of eminent desert, whether one considers the grandezza of his Spirit, or the solidity of his judgement, his capacity, politeness, integrity, gallantry, or generosity; But to execute my Design, *Carisalis* is a place so framed for pleasure that 'tis impossible to give you a perfect description of it; 'Tis not one of those whose Beauty appears by the opposition of the circumjacent places; for you no sooner come from *Agrigentine*, but fair objects salute your eyes; the way lies in a direct line, a river with its silver streams travelling along with you this pleasant Voyage, the diversity in all places where you pass, and the only pleasure of the beautiful prospect, seems to cheat the length of the way; 'tis even so singular, and the ascension so imperceptible, that you receive no incommodity by it, though 'tis situated on a mountain; this mountain is crown'd with a great Plain, it having nothing ordinary but the commodity to discover all the Beauties of the adjoining fields, to limn out in lively colours this amiable Country in general, 'tis sufficient in particular to character *Carisalis*; Imagine as if you were now in a Court of a proportionate grandeur to a Building your eyes at your entrance survey on the left hand, the symmetry whereof framed to breed delight; on the Superficies is a Balustrade, beyond which is a kind of a Rustick *Vestibulum*, the Columns whereof are *Cyprius*; This *Vestibulum* is bounded by a row of great Trees, placed on purpose there to hinder at first sight the pleasure which doth compose this place; on the top Madam of the prementioned mountain, there is a grand *Parterre*, like a *Terasis*, along which is contrived a Walk, flanked with fair Trees, you ascend this Walk by two stately steps, between which are two Balconies erected, fixt to a marble *Balustrade*, from whence one might discover so many different objects, that I fear I shall be taxed either of equivocation or exaggeration, if I only represent a part of them unto you; for in fine, Madam, there is to be seen all those which frame a delightful prospect, you may see many remote and cacuminous mountains, embroydred with spreading Trees of a famous Forrest, which without constraining the sight, confine it to an agreeable arrest; but before your eyes meet with these Mountains and Forrest, a great and pleasant River for some while detains them, which to shew it self with a better grace, forms a Crescent, whose horns of Silver, (if this term is not in Prose inconsistent) bury themselves in the grass of two delicate Meadows; but as if 'twas not sufficient to see this fair and great River, there is a less, which not daring to appear so nigh the other, presents but a little Rivulet, which diverse times shews, and then again hides it self; for sometimes its *Maanders* deludes the eyes, and sometimes one may see its Argentine Streams shine through the Willows, and run into a little Valley expressly made for modest Ladies to bath their naked Limbs: This fair Valley is at the foot of a little hill, so pleasantly seated; that no words can

reach the full description of it: For, Madam, there is a thousand agreeable inequalities: You may see Groves with little Rustick Houses, a small Village where an Hill almost denies the sight of the eye, a little Temple, and several other things which have now slipt my memory; on this side between the great and little River, there's divers Meadows enclos'd with Willows, as if they were several Halls destin'd for rural Sports: This Country is so spacious, directly opposite to the *Parterre*, that you may see all that which the industry of Agriculture hath taught men for the preservation of life, and Nature hath so stor'd the Fields with diversity of Flowers, shaded with such exquisite colours, that all others serve but as Foyls to set forth the lustre of this amiable place. I may likewise very well say, this Country hath all the tranquillity of a solitude, though not so dismal as Deserts, for the great River hath boats of all sorts, the less hath sometimes Shepherdesses, which in their Bathing sport themselves in this watry Element; and all these Meadows are as it were sown with flocks of Sheep and Pastures: This is not all the beauty of *Carisalis*, for behind this high Ally from whence you may discover so many things, is an agreeable Wood, the beauty whereof cannot be limited to any praise; 'tis of no great extent, there is eight principal Alleys, in the middle of which is a Statue of *Venus*, they are divided into several little paths and solitary retirements, which so often cross one another, that one may weary themselves and not find the place where they first entred: There are seven Cabinets, every one carv'd a several way, the Trees are so fair, the Ground is so plush'd with verdant Grass, and the Shade so charming, that my eyes never met with a fairer object: The Air is so pure, and the sight of two Rivers so sweetly seduces the imagination, that it dispels those melancholy cares which oppresses a Lovers breast; the situation of this place doth admit of several prospects, the eight great Alleys of the Wood have different objects which limit the sight; one faces a Balcony insculpt with divers curiosities of Art, another a pleasant Grove, there's one which looks on the Plain, another from whence your eye cannot reach heaven; in fine, there's such an alluring diversity in this place, that none can come in competition with it. This variety of objects runs through all the parts of the Building, but especially from an high Hall you may take a full survey of this delightful place; there's round about *Carisalis* many Structures which have consum'd inestimable Treasure, and if they are advantag'd by Art and Magnificence, yet Nature is deficient, which lively shews it self in *Carisalis*. This Building being then adorn'd with singular advantages, 'twas a fit place to receive a Prince who returned plum'd with victory.

The Princess *Philonice* forgot nothing which might contribute to the honour of the Prince her Father; *Afranor* went at the head of all the *Agrigentine* men of quality; to meet the Prince six miles beyond *Carisalis*, and from thence to *Agrigentine*; the Inhabitants of the City which us'd to bear Arms, ranked themselves in a Warlike posture, the Princess followed by *Berelisa* and the fairest Beauties of the Court, habited alike; in magnificent Chariots went to *Carisalis*, where *Cleodomas*

Domas received her with his accustomed Civility. But before I acquaint you with the reception of the *Agrigentine* Prince, you must know that every Lady was accompanied by a person of quality, when she mounted on horseback to meet the Prince, for *Philonice* had retained as many Men as Ladies, which in sumptuous Apparel should illustrate the glory of this day. She desired *Artemidorus* to wait on *Berelisa*, telling him that since he was her Prisoner, 'twas fit he should supply that Office: *Artemidorus* whose melancholy had altered his disposition, excused himself, fearing to be known in such a confluence of people; but *Philonice* and *Berelisa* added to many persuasive entreaties, that he at last complied with their desires: As all men ought to be invested in the richest attire in this occasion, *Afranor* offered to supply *Artemidorus* with all things necessary, but he refused to accept his courtesy. To return to *Carisalis*, no sooner had *Philonice* notice that the Prince her Father was four miles distant from thence; but she mounted on her Horse, followed by twenty Ladies of Quality: These Ladies were habited as *Diana's* Nymphs are painted, they had a Bow in one hand and a Quiver on their Shoulder, their heads were shadowed with Coifs of Plumes, mixt with such lively and different colours, that they composed the fairest and imaginable object: In this Plain I have before mentioned, which is on the top of the Mountain, on the right hand from *Carisalis*, *Philonice* amongst the others, seemed *Diana* her self, she had such a noble air, and such an innate modesty appeared in her face, but as a mark of distinction, her Bow and Quiver were enamelled with precious Stones, the Tower of Plumes which formed her Coif, had a knot of Diamonds, which represented that demi-Crescent placed on *Diana's* head, every Lady was attended by a person of quality, proudly mounted and richly habited, who seemed to be there to serve and defend her, and every one had two slaves cloathed in her colours, with Collars of Silver, who marched on both sides her Horse, to stay him if need should require: And to signify the arrival of this gallant Troop, there was an Harmony part *Pacifick* and part *Warlike*, which infinitely pleased; and after all these Ladies came all the Officers of the house of the Princess, and after them two hundred Archers on Horseback, which equally divided themselves both before and behind: The day was fair, and the way so commodious, that every Knight entertained his Lady with what discourse he best imagined would conduce to her delight. *Artemidorus* being nigh *Berelisa*, the secrets of whose heart lay open to her knowledge, turned towards her, and casting forth a sigh, thus said: I could wish, Madam, the unfaithful *Clidimira* did behold me this day, for you are so attractive and amiable, and this dress so becomes you, that certainly she would believe you are the Goddess who sways my thoughts, and I am so acquainted with her humour, that I am confident she would be highly displeased. Your expressions savour too much of flattery, replied *Berelisa*, yet to recompense you, I willingly consent to be the immediate cause of your revenge; and though I fancy not the reality of your words, I should be extremely satisfied should *Clidimira* credit this persuasion. Madam, replied he, you are composed of too much good-

ness, to interest your self in my revenge, but to render it effectual, I must submit to love you, and you may not contract any hatred against me. Truly, replied *Berelisa* smiling, which of these two things believe you the most impossible? It seems to me a sufficient difficulty to oblige a person who never affected any thing to begin to love, and there's as much to relinquish one, and assume another love. Ah! Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, I am not in a condition to reason on that question you have proposed to me; all that I can answer, is, that sometimes I hate *Clidimira*, and am transported by an earnest desire to love another, but I dare not pronounce your name. As *Artemidorus* thus spoke, he was interrupted by a Lady marching behind *Berelisa*, who jestingly told him, He was so attentive to his Discourse, that he noted not the appearing of the *Agrigentine* Prince: These two Troops following their received Orders, made a stand at an equal distance, from a great triumphant Arch erected in the middle of the way which traverseth this Plain, the Prince of *Agrigentine* was preceded by those who made a warlike harmony, who were followed by five hundred men on Horseback with Javelins in their hands: Next came the Officers of the Prince's household, who led many stately Horses, the Guards of the *Agrigentine* Prince came after them, and next came the Prince himself at the head of many Officers of the Army, and men of Quality: Though this Prince had out-past his juvenile years, yet he appeared on Horseback with more grace and vigour than any of the Courtiers, he was this day richly habited, and his Deportment alone spoke him Master of his Followers. As I was a stranger, and had been sent to him by a Prince whom he highly esteemed, he vouchsafed me all imaginable honour, retaining me always nigh him: For *Terillus* who was a great adorer of *Berelisa's* beauty, and who desired the first advantage of her sight, he was in the first rank: 'Tis true his condition claimed that place, but his Love proved the more forcible inducement; as some days were syl'd on the Register of time since my arrival at the Camp, I had heard there was an unknown Prisoner at *Agrigentine*, whom *Terillus* had taken when the Trees began to shoot forth their vernal blossoms, whose Spirit and Behaviour commanded respect from all. No sooner did these two Troops come in sight of one another, but those who made the harmony hastned their pace to joyn at the Triumphant Arch erected in the Plain, where they made a kind of Military Confort, which in its irregularity seemed agreeable: After that those which preceded the Prince and Princess, ranked themselves on the right and left hand; these two Troops slowly marching towards one another, the Prince of *Agrigentine* (who is an accomplished Gallant) remained at the head of his Troop twelve paces from the Arch, saying it appertained to none but the Ladies to pass under the Triumphant Arch: He therefore caused them one after another, followed by their Knights and Slaves, to go under this Arch; after which they went towards him, wheeling on the right hand, to resume the way of *Carisalis*: Then the Prince and those which were with him, saluted all the Ladies with much civility, which they repaid with an obsequious flexure: This Prince noting every Lady had but one

one Knight, commanded some of those which attended him to supply the vacant place; for which purpose he elected the chiefest of his Train, except me, whom he only chose as a Stranger, and instead of giving every Lady him who had the greatest desire to wait on her person, he separated all those which he conceived had any familiarity with one another: He did it principally to please *Berelisa*, who did not affect *Terillus*, though he wasted his time in courting her affection. For the Princess, she had with her the young Prince of *Messina* who was then in this Court, and the Prince of *Ericine* who is one of her alliance; but when *Berelisa* approached accompanied with her Prisoner, I was surpris'd at the sight of *Artemidorus*, but I express'd no mark of my astonishment; for knowing the contestation between the *Agrigentine* and *Leontine* Prince, I imagin'd he was not known; the Prince of *Agrigentine* willing I should accompany *Berelisa* as the most amiable person in the Court, and as favorite of the Princess his Daughter, declared to me so many things of this unknown Prisoner, that it confirm'd my belief 'twas the same whose Character I had received in the Camp; for when *Berelisa* pass'd by, whose perfections did this day shine forth in their greatest splendor; Go *Zenocrates*, go, said he to me, lend us your assistance to discover this Unknown Prisoner; make love to *Berelisa*, more easily to effect it, whom I presuppose he now loves; for 'twould be a shame for him to have remained so long Prisoner of War in a Castle where she resides, and not become Prisoner of Love: Go then *Zenocrates*, go, added he, and endeavour the discovery of your Rival. I receive, Sir, so much advantage by your commands, replied I to him, that I am sorry time will not give me leave to return you thanks for such an unexpressible favour. But Madam, if I was surpris'd to see *Artemidorus*, he was no less at the sight of me, for I fear'd I had discovered him; and remembring he had seen me at *Leontine* when he made his addreses to *Clidimira*, my sight excited a commotion in his heart, which I taking notice of, and imagining from whence it proceeded, to resetttle his troubled thoughts; ranking my self on th' other side of *Berelisa*, with a respective observance, thus said: Madam, the Prince of *Agrigentine* whose curiosity can be confin'd in the discovery only of this valiant Unknown, hath sent me to you, that I might share his happiness by attending your person: But Madam, added I, my infelicity would be extreme, should you deny your consent. You have so little knowledge of your pretended Mistress (replied *Berelisa*) that I would advise you not to obey the *Agrigentine* Prince. If you knew him who speaks to you, replied *Artemidorus* to her, you would know that several passions in his heart do at one time receive both their life and death: But I pray, added he, disguising my knowledge of him, forb'd him to discover me, though he should happen to be one of my intimate acquaintance. We march'd in this order to a place where we made a stand, because the Prince of *Agrigentine* desired the Ladies should arrive last at *Carisalis*, he therefore pass'd before them with all his Troop, that the fairest shew might conclude the Triumph. For my part, I confess my heart was wounded with the perfections of all those twenty Ladies,

who accompanied the Princess *Philonice*; for as I am an universal Lover of all those objects which delight my eye, even at the first sight, and these twenty Ladies dress'd in this Nymph-like habit appear'd, graced with the accession of such charming features, that my amorous heart could not resist those piercing beams shot from their conquering Twins of light. In fine, we arriv'd at *Carisalis*, where *Cleodamas* welcom'd the Prince with an eloquent Oration, penn'd in such concise terms, that it far transcend'd the capacity of vulgar Intellects: The Prince not desiring to return to *Agrigentine* till the darkness of the night began to ruine the days splendor, *Cleodamas* treated him with a magnificent Collation: But whilst things were preparing more ceremoniously to invite his stay, the Ladies by the assistance of their Knights dismounted from their horses, and went to breath out the fourth part of an hour in that high Walk I have before mention'd: For my part (I confess) never any sight did so much please my eyes, as these twenty Ladies and forty Knights: To avoid confusion, the Prince of *Agrigentine* had command'd all his other followers not to enter into the house of *Cleodamas*, but that they should be entertain'd in the fairest houses of the same Village, and not seeing in this Alley and the pre-mentioned Wood none but persons exactly proportioned in all the dimensions of their Bodies, and beholding their waving plumes and glittering habits through the leavy Boughs, I may confidently say, never any object did more deserve my attention, as the pleasantness of the place inspir'd joy; all the company were so fashion'd to delude time with amorous discourses, that they perceiv'd not the melancholy which deny'd mirth to *Artemidorus* and the jealous *Terillus*: In the mean time *Artemidorus* had an urgent desire to confer with me, and on the first presented occasion, he briefly acquainted me with his adventures, demanding of me what I had heard concerning *Clidimira*, he not being ignorant that all memorable accidents which pass'd at *Leontine* were obvious to me. I know, said I to him, she is both ingrateful and unfaithful; and imagining she should be constrain'd, if she made not a publick recantation of your love, she engag'd her affection to a deserving person, and submitted to the tryal of the Lake of *Dela*, to assure him of her fidelity: Therefore if you credit my words, I would advise you, by another love to banish this passion from your heart. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to me, none can renounce love so soon as you. Time would not permit us longer discourse, for one came to advertise the Ladies that Dinner was now prepar'd: They were conducted into the fair Hall I have before mention'd, where they were serv'd with all magnificence befitting persons of their condition; and the Prince of *Agrigentine* din'd with some of his Nobility in a low Hall, a foot higher than the Garden. The Ladies after this Repast entred into a fair Chamber, directly opposite against the Hall, with a part of the most accomplished Gallants, the rest remaining with the *Agrigentine* Prince, who relat'd to *Cleodamas* divers things concerning the last Campagne: But entering there, *Philonice* whose curiosity extend'd to all delightful objects, cast her eye on a Picture hanging on the way to this Chamber, it being design'd by a Virgin allied to *Cleodamas*; and as this Picture merited

merited some observation, *Philonice* called *Berelisa* to see it: This Picture is framed with ingenious Art; one may see there a pleasant Country, with a fair Tree; at the foot whereof is a beautiful young person sumptuously attired, and behind her three Women, she holds a Distaff in her right hand, presenting it to *Hercules*, whom a young *Cupid* holds chained in a golden Chain; and drawing it with her left hand, she forces him to cast away his Club, and to take the offered Distaff; but better to explicate this Picture, the little *Cupid* holds in his right hand a Torch, and with the other retains the Fillet that blinds his Eyes, which seems to be fanned by the gentle Breizes of the Wind; underneath are some Greek words, which speak thus in our Language,

From my Fire proceeds my Force.

After *Philonice* had considered the explication of this Picture, she said (turning her self to *Berelisa*) That for her part she believed the power of Love proceeded not but from the debility of those whom it assaulted. But, Madam, (replied she blushing) do not you see *Hercules*, who appears far superior in strength to that young Child, forced by him to embrace what he desires. Ah, *Berelisa*, replied she, there's a certain weakness of heart commonly found in men, which is not incompatible with the force of the Body, nor with the greatest Valour: *Philonice* had hardly pronounced these words, but all maintained Love's Party: The Prince of *Ericine* amongst the rest, said, He could not admit Love to pass for Debility, unless in the hearts of those who persevere in loving an unfaithful person. *Artemidorus*, who felt himself touched with the expressions of the Prince of *Ericine*, changed colour, and could not frame an answer: Whereupon *Terillus* thus replied, that it argued not so much weakness to continue to love a person, though she had changed affection, as to persist in loving a person, whose affection 'twas almost impossible to acquire; for (added he) 'tis the greatest subject of complaint one can imagine, to court a Person without hope to attain her love. 'Tis doubtless a great unhappiness (replied the Prince of *Ericine*) but the inconstancy of a Mistress is far greater. Ah, Sir, (replied *Terillus*) 'tis more injurious not to be beloved, than to be deserted by a Mistress. After this, every one took the part either of the *Ericine* Prince, or *Terillus*, except *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*, whose interest were engaged in this question; for if *Artemidorus* yet affected the inconstant *Clidimira*, *Berelisa* treated *Terillus*, with so much cruelty, that she saw he spoke against himself, to have occasion to speak against her; but as the conversation seemed curious to *Philonice*, she seated her self, and caused the other Ladies to take their places; the men standing before them, except some, who kneel'd upon Cushions, more conveniently to entertain their Ladies, whilst the Prince of *Ericine* and *Terillus* disputed nigh. *Philonice* and *Berelisa*, on the precedent subject: For my part, replied the Prince of *Ericine*, I find no comparison between these two things; for as 'tis not impossible that a Woman who

loves you not should esteem you, I find that in ceasing to love her, you are not obliged to hate her, that 'tis sufficient to render indifferency for indifferency, that you are even bound to express Civility to her, when you happen to meet her; and if you disesteem her, and unchain your heart, you sufficiently punish her for her injustice and insensibility, without adding hatred and despatch, but for an inconstant person: Ah, *Terillus* (purified he) you cannot too much hate, nor too much despise her: I likewise assert, that if a man hath been very amorous, and hath believed his affection hath been requited, he cannot limit his hatred to an unfaithful person; and I believe 'tis very easie to cure his passion, by ballancing the grandeur of her love and her inconstancy; for by remembering that his anger will be screwed up to such an height, that he will think it punishment sufficient to requite her wavering nature, which should not be expressed to a person which hath contemned your affection, either through averfion or indifferency.

Ah, Sir, replied *Terillus*, our resentments are different, for I believe 'tis more easie and more just to despise a woman which hath slighted his love, than one from whom you have received many demonstrations of affection, though she retains those testimonies, and varies in her former thoughts; for 'tis the greatest injustice one can offer to an amorous man, who is permanent in his love, to reject his Passion; 'tis so natural to love them who affect us, that when a man is so happy to persuade his love to any person whom he adores, if this woman doth not correspond in her affection, disesteems the Lover, is averse to his Passion, or hath entertained another; if she loves another, she is criminal for permitting a new Lover to engage to serve her; if she doth but a little esteem him, the Lover should be very unjust to esteem her much; and if she is averse to him, he ought to retribute the like to her; and in what manner soever it should be, a generous Lover, which hath wasted many days, and not gained the affection of his Mistress, ought to hate and condemn her, who hath with such pertinacy resisted his love, since 'tis certain that ingratitude is a capital crime; and there is nothing more ingrateful than not to love those which loves us: For I have already told you 'tis so natural, that love produces love; that if this passion is not produced in a woman's heart, which is ardently loved, it either proceeds from the small desert of the Lover, the capriciousness of the Mistress, or from the abovesaid reasons; nothing seems to me more just, or ought more easily to be done, than not to have any esteem or complacency for an insensible person, I say one ought to requite her with all the civility a discreet person can be capable of: And if it was possible there should be any matter of indiscretion, between a neglected Lover and his Mistress, I think I should permit him to be indiscreet; for in fine, as he should have no indiscretion, which might make him be suspected of vanity, or which might injure the reputation of an unsensible person, it would be a sweet and innocent revenge; if I did not generally hold that Persons of Quality ought not to revenge themselves of their Ladies in the same manner as they would revenge themselves

of their Enemies. I am of your opinion, replies the *Ericine* Prince, that an insensible person, to who none hath given many testimonies of Love, if she ungratefully requites him, she merits the same ingratitude; but that which I maintain, is, that 'tis more easie to hate an inconstant than an insensible person, and that the revenge appears more just. On the contrary, replied *Terillus*, I assert 'tis more difficult, to relinquish the love of an inconstant, than an insensible person, and that if a man hath been once favoured and affected by a Lady, he is indispensably obliged, not to be deficient in his discretion to her, though she hath changed her thoughts; but one should not so act with an insensible Mistress, of whom he might more innocently revenge himself, because her insultation is greater by beginning not to love her than the other, by deserving the affection of his Lady, nor can he be obliged to any discretion. But separately to speak of these two things, I will at first make you to see, that 'tis more easie for an abused Lover to dispel love from his heart, than for a Lover which hath been favoured; there is in the memory of a Lover obstinately despised, nothing which can or ought to retain love in his Soul; since that, if he call'd to remembrance the person whom he had served, he sees her cold, insensible, and always indifferent, if she remembers to have written to her, he will likewise remember that she hath not answered to him; or if she hath, her answers have contained no affectionate expressions; if he remembers his eyes have saluted hers, his memory will tell him, that he turned her face from him with contempt; or that she beheld him with a kind of stupid indifferency, which is insupportable in love; if he thinks what actions he hath performed to please her, he remembers either she hath slightly received, or scornfully disdained them, perhaps he hath praised her Beauty, but it often appears he hath thereby betrayed his judgement; for it often happens love intitles those fair which deserve not to be placed in that number: Moreover, a Lover hath no obligation to a person whom he loves without the same requital; so that his heart raising no opposition against his resentment, it seems easie to me, even by his anger to cure his love; honour likewise might do it with much facility; since there is nothing more fit to banish love, than the remembrance that one hath lavished much time in courting a person, which despises him, and who hath distinguished him from the rest of men by a secret aversion; but for a woman which hath once loved you, it is not so, for she hath esteemed you, and preferred you before all men; she hath chosen and confided in you; but 'tis not so in the other; for there's nothing in his memory but indifferency, which might retain affection; there is a thousand and a thousand thoughts in a Lovers heart which hath been beloved, which may retain his love in despite of the inconstancy of the beloved person, he may see tender and passionate Letters, not respecting the person who hath wrote them; she being unfaithful, he may behold her Pourtrait, no acknowledgement retaining his resentment, and even the possibility to revenge ones self, arrests a part of ones revenge, and every time one remembers so many amorous regards, so many

obliging assignations, so many favourable discourses, and so many innocent favours, there's means enough to destroy the desire to reconquer the heart one hath lost, and likewise to destroy the hope thereof; for after he is assured he hath done all he can imagine to please her, since he hath pleased her; he thinks he is wanting in something, that in demanding pardon, he may recover the treasure he hath lost; and even supposes if he can accuse himself of nothing, but lay the whole accusation on her, 'tis a capricious humour which will soon vanish, and that then he shall receive more affectionate assurances than he did before; therefore hope may subsist in a Lovers heart, whose affection hath been entertained with a correspondency, though his Mistress hath proved inconstant, and there is much difficulty to disengage his Passion: To speak with sincerity, there's nothing so puissant to retain love, in an heart composed of tenderness, than to hope a pleasure he had before enjoy'd; one will sometimes recede from Glory to preserve his Conquest, and to hinder his Rival from gaining any profit by it; Jealousie which boasts it self to be the most puissantest Enemy of Love, retains it often in a Lovers heart deserted by his Mistress, when he is devoid of hope: Judge then (I pray you) if an indifferent Mistress, which gives you neither hope nor jealousy, can or ought to be difficult to forget, for the remembrance of the pass'd cannot render it amiable to you; the present exasperate you, or the future flatter you with success: But if you consent (replied the *Ericine* Prince) that 'tis more easie, and even more just to hate a person of whom one cannot be beloved, than one of whom one hath been favoured, though she hath now cancel'd all favours, consent likewise that a Lover is confined to a stricter limit with her, which hath always despised him, than with her which hath betrayed him; for she which hath never loved you, having promised you nothing, she hath not injured you so much as that person, who after she had sworn to you an eternal affection violated her word; and I conclude you ought to be more reserved to one than to another. I am of your opinion (replied *Terillus*) but 'tis not according to your Method; for I maintain that a man, who hath been uncivilly dealt withal by a woman, owes no more civility to her than to all women in general; I know not whether he can dispense with it in some occasions; but for a woman which hath once loved, I affirm, that if she at length hates him, he ought to respect her, and is obliged to discretion, though his love seems extinct; and as it is just that an abused Lover should ever perpetually keep in his heart the resentment of the ingratitude and indifferency of his Mistress, so a deserted Lover should ever preserve a kind of acknowledgement for his Precedent favours; and this recognition must even oblige him not to be so far transported, as to injure the reputation of his Mistress, from whom he once received favours, which might still deserve his love. I believe it (replied the Prince of *Ericine*, yielding to *Terillus*) for as all the favours of Ladies stream from pure Fountains; I am of opinion they may retract them when they please, without being termed indiscreet, principally when they practice no Gallantry; as I never

never fathom'd the resentments of a forsaken Lover, and believe that I never shall be expos'd to try those of an injured Lover; 'tis not strange I never attained to the knowledge of those excellent things you have so judiciously discours'd of; I have (it may be) less experience than you, in the Estate of a Lover forsaken by his Mistress (replied *Terillus*) and have more interest than you imagine (added he, looking on *Berelisa*) in the condition of a Lover whose Mistress lights all those favours he offers to acquire her esteem; but to take my choice in these two things, I had rather continue in the same resentments I now am, to have been once affected by the person I love, though she should vary in her affection, than to believe I shall never arrive to that happiness: The event is so dubious (replied the *Ericine* Prince) that we ought never to admit of despair; we commonly use those expressions to an unhappy person, replied *Philonice*, but there is some things we may confidently say will never happen, you have reason, Madam (replied *Berelisa*, on purpose to anger *Terillus*) for by Example, when one hath a natural aversion against any person; how is it possible to vanquish it; but if it is not possible to surmount a natural aversion (replied *Artemidorus*) is there any way to subdue a violent inclination? In truth, answered the *Ericine* Prince, I believe there's much equality in these two things; and that if it is not easie to expel hatred from his heart; 'tis very difficult to banish love from thence. Ah, Sir, (replied *Berelisa*, who would not have *Artemidorus* entertain this resentment) I assure you there's divers occasions, to which our hatred may not extend, and yet they blot out our love. Who will not say (replied *Philonice*) that *Berelisa* hath had many Lovers and many Enemies; which hath experimentally taught her to frame these distinctions? and how can't be true she hath never yet had either love or hatred. Ah, Madam, replied she, her cheeks being dy'd with a modest blush, if you had remembred my true sentiments, your language would not have so far exceeded—— I pray (said *Terillus*, interrupting her, speaking to her in a low voice) do not give a clearer explication of your thoughts; for the person to whom you speak, too well knows what she hath said: *Berelisa* had answered him, had not the Prince of *Agrigentine* entered, which caus'd all to rise from their seats; but every one was surpris'd to see the Prince so soon as he was enter'd go directly to *Artemidorus*, and looking upon *Berelisa*, Know (said he, to her) your Prisoner is a Prisoner of importance, and that if you have profited of the Counsel I heretofore gave you, when I desired you to inflame his heart with an amorous affection, you have gain'd an illustrious conquest. As I believe I have not done it, replied she blushing, I think, Sir, I may say for my honour I never had any design to effect it; Conquests of this nature being more often performed when one hath the least suspicion of them, replied the *Agrigentine* Prince, 'tis therefore impossible for me to give any direct answer, but expecting till you resolve my question; let me complain of the diffidence the Prince *Artemidorus* conceived of my generosity, by concealing his true condition; at these words, every one cast their eyes on this illustrious Prisoner,

who was plunged in a deep perplexity; for he knew not whether it was *Berelisa*, or I who had made this discovery; *Berelisa*, who suspected the thoughts of *Artemidorus*, sought by her eyes to justify her innocence; and I likewise by some private signs evidenced to him, I was not conscious of this action.

In the mean time, as his heart is great and noble, he did not much study for an answer, for seeing he was known, he did not deny the truth, but ingeniously confess'd it, and addressing himself to the *Agrigentine* Prince, Sir (said he to him) I intreat you to believe you are not the cause of my disguise, and those who have declared my quality, have perhaps told you that I have departed from *Leontine*, but for an interest of State. I know it very well, replied the *Agrigentine* Prince, for the Parents of fair *Clidimira*, having sent hither a man express to inform of them *Telefis*, who is to espouse her; it hapned that this man being born at *Agrigentine*, though he resided at *Leontine*; and coming hither with a desire to see this solemnity, knew you; and being born my Subject, he thought himself bound by Allegiance to discover you to me: but when he acquainted me with it (added he) it seem'd he had no design, but that you should live in splendor proportionable to your Quality; for he highly exaggerated the injustice of the *Leontine* Prince, and your own Merit; neither am I resolv'd to use you otherwise, nor to change any thing of your Fortune, but to give order you should be treated like a Prince: for though the Treaty of *Heraclea* be not concluded, you shall receive your liberty as if your condition was not known; I offer you likewise my Court as an *Asylum*, till the Prince your Brother remits his anger, and resolves to respect you according to your merit. Your expressions are so generous (replied *Artemidorus*) that I can frame no language to reach the grandeur of your excessive Favours, immoderately bestow'd upon me, nor can I requite your generosity, but by assuring you I will unlace the azure Conduits of my Veins for your service, whilst Honour permits me to expose my life for your Interests.

After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* saying, 'twas time to depart, the Princess thereto dispos'd her self, but not till she had made an obliging complement to *Artemidorus*, to whom all the Ladies, and the rest of the company did the like; *Terillus* did likewise salute him, but with a kind of compulsive civility; for remembring all those courtesies *Berelisa* had performed to this Prisoner, he believ'd it may be she knew him; and had more suspicion of it, because she express'd a great emotion of joy at the generosity of the *Agrigentine* Prince, when *Cleodamas*, who came with this Prince approach'd her, she could not restrain her self from testifying her satisfaction. Sage *Cleodamas*, said she to him, what say you of this adventure? You who can set a just price on heroick actions, how do you esteem this action of the *Agrigentine* Prince? and how do you like the reception of it by the Prince *Artemidorus*? I find (replied *Cleodamas*) you have your part in the glory of this day, since *Artemidorus* is your Prisoner, and that you were the first who knew his merit. As *Terillus* had attentively

hearkned to the words of *Berelisa*, his heart was enslaved with such a jealous passion, that swaying all his rational faculties, it retained Love, which was ready to forsake its residence. But not to intrude on your patience by reciting several things not material to this History, I shall retrench them, and only tell you, that the Ladies having remounted on their Horses, returned to *Agrigentine*, where the Prince was received with all the Ceremonies usual in such occasions: before he departed from *Carisalis*, he caressed in a singular manner the sage *Cleodamas*, highly commending his sumptuous entertainment: for the amiable *Philomice*, she was so pleased with the delectable Situation of his House, that she promised to retire thither ere *Cynthia* had once repaired her wained Horns, to pass away some few days with more pleasure and delight. I shall, Madam, tyre your attention by the recital of the Feast in the Princes Palace, or the Masques and Balls, which lasted the space of eight days: but shall only tell you, that the *Agrigentine* Prince incited by his natural generosity, forced *Artemidorus* to accept an equipage correspondent to his condition; this Prince then appeared without constraint the most amiable of men, though his melancholy did eclipse his humour; and esteeming *Berelisa* in a high degree, 'twas not easie for to vanquish her puissant inclination: As *Berelisa* was the first Lady in the Court, to whom I had spoken, and who favoured *Artemidorus*, being my particular friend, she testified unto me so much goodness, that I became wholly obliged to her; and sometimes I imagined if my heart had not been already engaged, I had disposed my self to love her: Judging then *Artemidorus* by my self, I counselled him what I could to love *Berelisa*. Alas, said he to me, when I spoke to him of it, my heart is framed to love her, there's nothing I would not do to content her; and I esteem her a thousand times more than *Clidimira*: but I cannot raze that unfaithful person from my heart, & in despatch of my anger, jealousy and grief, my soul is disturbed; when I suddenly hear her name pronounced, my imagination represents her to me, and my heart desires her; and if my words may not be construed in a degenerate sense, my heart yet affects her, though she is inconstant: I am likewise resolved (replied he) to re-enslave, or cure my passion, to write once more to *Clidimira*, to see if she'll have the confidence to forbid me to love her, and always to deny love. I would have diverted him from his intention, because I feared this person would flatter him with uncertain hope; but as his Design was absolute, I assisted him therein, commanding one of my men to carry his Letter, which contained these expressions, if my memory prove not trecherous.

The Faithful Artemidorus to the Inconstant Clidimira.

YOur variable Nature (Madam) is the subject of all Discourse; and though the Title of my Letter doth seem to evidence my Belief, yet I confess to you

my doubts are not fully resolved, till your own hand clear my suspicion: I know you have given all my Letters to my Rival, that your Lines to him demonstrate the Reality of your Affection, and that you have given him the *Portraiture* designed for me: Though these things may be convincing, your Writing only can render me happy, or undeceive me. I am persuaded you fancy Love to acquire your repose during my absence: For my part I shall not declare to you what affection sways my heart, before you have resolved my question, Inform me then whether your Perfections are still graced with a permanent Love, or whether your Inconstancy hath deformed your Beauty.

Artemidorus somewhat scrupled to send this Letter before he had shewed it to *Berelisa*, but as she was the Sister of *Telefis*, he thought if he spoke to her of it, she would not permit him to send it; at last he did not insist on this consideration, whereupon I gave it to one of my men, who went to *Leontine*, I having other Interests which obliged me to send thither: I know not (Madam) whether you remember I told you, that when *Telefis* departed from the Camp to go to *Syracusa*, where he was sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who wrote to *Berelisa*, he would go privately to *Leontine*, desiring her to tell no person of it: It hapned that when *Clidimira* received the Letter of *Artemidorus*, *Telefis* was there; you may judge then what answer she returned to oblige the last, and to introduce despair into the first Lovers heart, she wrote to him but these words, which doubtless were framed on purpose to banish love from the faithfullst Lover Nature ever produced.

Clidimira to Artemidorus.

AS we ought never to engage to Love, without the Hope to be crowned with Felicity, I hold we may desert that Love, to the end we should not be plunged in misery; therefore, Sir, Knowing the state of your Fortune and mine hath distanced our Happiness, I have changed my Affection, to change my Destiny: Forget, I pray you, all that which hath passed between us, as I am resolved to bury it in Oblivion.

You may judge, Madam, this Letter quickned the anger of *Artemidorus*; for my part, I never saw any man more enraged after he perused it: What *Zenocrates* said he to me, *Clidimira*! the ingrateful *Clidimira*, hath she wrote unto me a Letter of this Nature, after she hath buoy'd up my Love with Lines both tender and engaging! Can I still preserve an inviolate affection? Ah no, no, added he, I can hate her, I will hate her, and I already hate her, I will love another, or expire. Your thoughts are so various (replied I to him) that I fear you can resolve on nothing. Ah! to hate *Clidimira* (replied he) I feel my self already disposed, and the difficulty is to know whether I shall persevere in this hatred. If I was in your place (said I to him) instead of perplexing my self with hatred, which is an unquiet passion. I would assume love, Ah *Zenocrates*! (replied he) when one

one seeks it, 'tis not so easily found, for it commonly steals on you on a sudden; and after this adventure, I fear any more to enter the List against it; for I confess I never in the least apprehended that infelicity which hath hapned; I lov'd, I was lov'd; I acted many things to please *Clidimira*, and I received from her the same demonstrations: In this condition my passion was glorious to me; I alienated myself from her to compass her repose; I never had any suspicion she would change her resentment; yet I was no sooner benighted from her piercing eyes, which had fired my soul with a beam of their mingled luster; but she deserted my love, and embraced another, thereby becoming the most unjust and unconstant Person in the World. Cannot you do by reason what she hath done by Inconstancy? replied I. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to him, 'tis easie for you to counsel me, but 'tis not for me to pursue your counsel. Thus you see, Madam, how the spirit of *Artemidorus* was seated. As for *Berelisa*, her thoughts were divers, her aversion still reigning against *Terillus*, she had a violent inclination to *Artemidorus* of whose affections she had some expectant glympse of hope; but her heart was confusedly disturbed at her involuntary weakness. *Terillus* had both Love and Jealousie; 'tis true, he had heard *Artemidorus* was amorous at *Leontine*, but he saw him daily pay so many devoirs to *Berelisa*, which she accepted with so much satisfaction, that he repented himself for having presented this Prisoner to the *Agrigentine* Prince, not having left him concealed as he desired, he repented that he had took him; and though all his actions were noble, yet he repented for not depriving him of his life: *Artemidorus* always civilly acknowledged that curtesie he had received from him; and since his condition was discovered, he repayed him in generous and obliging terms.

In the mean time, the Treaty of Peace which appeared so nigh conclusion, was quite dissolved, so that the liberty of *Artemidorus* was as far distant as ever; 'tis true, he was not the more confined, for the Prince of *Agrigentine* suffered him to go on his Parol, highly esteeming and affecting him, though he was Brother to his Enemy; his esteem was augmented by the information he had, that the Prince of *Leontine*, having notice how *Artemidorus* was treated at *Agrigentine*, was so displeased, that he intended to declare him criminal; as if 'twas an effectual crime civilly to use a Prisoner of War; and if the Princess of *Leontine* (his Sister) had not retained a part of his violence, he had accused *Artemidorus* of plotting with his Enemies, and proceeded against him as a rebellious Prince. But to enlarge his injustice, he fancied *Telefis* being at *Leontine*, and *Artemidorus* in this Court, the love of *Telefis* was but a fictive invention to carry *Clidimira* to the Prince his Brother, that 'twas but a feigned love, and specious Nuptials, and that *Clidimira* did yet affect *Artemidorus*: Being advertised *Telefis* was unknown at *Leontine*, he would have arrested him, and would have re-entomb'd *Clidimira* in the Temple of *Ceres*; as for *Telefis*, he could not have him in his power, by reason a faithful friend who concealed him, gave him notice of it, and advised him to return to *Syracusa*, where

he had been sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince: For *Clidimira* she alledged her love was now extinct; but he would not credit it, neither would he believe the Tryal of the Lake of *Dela*; therefore to repose his Spirit, he designed to espouse *Clidimira* to some other; as she is opulent in riches, he found a person of Quality, who not being able to maintain himself in that garb his condition required, resolved to espouse her: But *Clidimira* was much afflicted at this new persecution, because she utterly disliked that person which was proposed to her.

In the mean time as this news was soon known at *Agrigentine*, the joy of *Artemidorus* was extreme, when he had first notice of it. But *Berelisa* breast harboured inquietude; for she feared that the persecution this Virgin suffered for the consideration of this Prince, would foment his love; her fears proved not vain: The first emotion of joy being passed, *Artemidorus* became very passionate, being much afflicted because she was persecuted for the love of him; so that pity now changed that design, he had conceived to hate her: The Sun had not eight times measured this Terrestrial Globe, when there was an alteration in his thoughts; for we were informed at *Agrigentine*, *Telefis* had been secretly at *Leontine*, that *Clidimira* had invented a way to escape from the place where she was inclosed; that she was at *Syracusa* with *Telefis*, from whence he had sent to *Agrigentine* to demand permission of his Father to espouse this Virgin, and to bring her to his House, representing to him that he had already consented to the Marriage, and that the goods of *Clidimira* were of such a Nature, they might easily be transported thither.

Artemidorus hearing what *Clidimira* had done for *Telefis*, formed a resolution to banish her his heart, appearing somewhat displeased at the intended coming of *Clidimira* to *Agrigentine*: *Afronor* at first seemed highly incensed against *Telefis*; but as the Prince of *Agrigentine* is always favourable to Lovers, he straight allay'd the fury of his anger; for *Berelisa* she could not imagine what to desire; for it imported, her Brother should espouse *Clidimira*, but she wished not her company at *Agrigentine*, for fear her sight would revive love in the heart of *Artemidorus*, there was no means to obstruct it, because *Clidimira* being amiable, gained the esteem of the *Syracusan* Princess, whilst she resided there, for though this Virgin was stole away from *Leontine*, it appeared not so to every one, it being generally conjectured her Kindred had carried her from thence to free her from an unjust persecution; one of her Aunts, coming with her from *Leontine*, therefore the Princess of *Syracusa*, who esteemed and loved her, wrote concerning her with so much affection to *Philomice*, that she obtained of her Father and *Afronor* what *Telefis* desired: *Berelisa* on the other side, durst not openly display the secret thoughts of her heart, and *Artemidorus* by the grandeur of his Soul, would not oppose the return of *Telefis*, since he could not solemnize his Marriage with *Clidimira*, neither did he believe in the estate he was now, he could render with honour any discourteous office to the Brother of *Berelisa*, and *Afronor's* Son, by whom he had been so civilly treated during his imprisonment, he imagined how

how apprehensive his grief would be when he should see *Clidimira* in the arms of *Telefis*, who had already contracted his hatred though he had never seen him: *Telefis* in the mean time, knowing his affection for *Clidimira*, would not come back to *Arrigentine*, till *Hymen* had tyed that indissoluble knot, which none but death can dissolve: During this negotiation, *Artemidorus* was continually with *Berelisa*, for he alwaies lodged in the Castle, and as she is a most charming person; the more he saw her, the more he esteemed and loved her; he did not imagine his heart was betrayed to her perfections, but conceived his spirit would still retain his love to *Clidimira*; *Berelisa* on her part did too well perceive, that if she did not yet affect *Artemidorus*, she might easily thereto dispose her self.

In fine, the Spring had no sooner cloth'd the Trees in their verdant Liveries, when *Telefis* after he had espoused *Clidimira* at *Syracusa* brought her to *Arrigentine*, the Troops being then ready to begin the Campaigne, *Artemidorus* whose grief had impaired his health, was ordered by the Physicians for change of air to go to a pleasant house in the Precinct of *Carisalis*, at the same time, as *Telefis* brought *Clidimira* to *Arrigentine*. It likewise happened that *Philonice* after the departure of her father, went to the house of *Cleodamas* to dissipate that melancholy his absence had contracted, accompanied by *Berelisa* and four or five other amiable persons; amongst which was one called *Lysicoris*, to whom *Berelisa* confided her most secret thoughts, she had not yet declared to her, her inclination for *Artemidorus*; but she had acquainted her with her aversion for *Terillus*, his unhappiness could receive no addition, he being jealous, his affection slighted, and being forced to go to the Army, and to leave *Artemidorus* with *Berelisa*.

Things were on those terms when *Telefis* and *Clidimira* arrived at *Arrigentine*, as she had Letters from the Princess of *Syracusa* to *Philonice*, she went the next day to *Carisalis*, where she saw her Sister in Law, she having a noble and sprightly air, extremely pleased *Philonice* who admitted her into her Chamber, and after some discourse went with her to *Berelisa*, who secretly wished she might not appear amiable to her; but she was constrained to alter her desire, and to confess she was indowed with some charming features; *Philonice* thinking to please *Berelisa*, intreated her to stay at *Carisalis*; and *Berelisa* not willing to oppose her was forced to thank the Princess for a civility which would conduce to her affliction: *Artemidorus* who was prescribed some remedies to disperse his disease went not for some daies to the house of *Cleodamas*, and being very melancholy he had rather not see *Berelisa*, who was his sole consolation, then to see so many other persons; so that 'twas his onely diversion to breath his languishing thoughts, when night began to mantle the skie with a gloomy shade, nigh that little River I formerly mentioned, which travelled with its silver streams through a delightful vale; for as heat did at this time usurp the most part of the day, the evening and morning were onely commodious to invite our recreations; *Artemidorus* then every night repairing to this amiable place, commonly left his men

a remote distance from thence, he one time descended, his melancholy not permitting him to note his way, into a little Grove, ore-spread with close compacted bushes, not far from a place where this little River formed a Demi-circle between two Meadows; but as he was ready to leave this little Wood, he spied through the bushes many women at the brink of this pleasant River, and it seemed to him his ears were invaded by *Clidimira's* voyce; for you must know this night all the Ladies who were with the Princess *Philonice* amongst whom were *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, had designed to bath themselves in this delightful place. When *Artemidorus* first perceived them, they began to re-invelt themselves with their apparel, 'tis not easie to divine his thoughts when he heard *Clidimira's* voice, since anger and hatred with some interval of pleasure, mixt with curiosity did then surprize him, seeing he might make a nigher approach, he softly stole between those bushes, till he had attained one which might shelter him from the Ladies sight, and from whence he might over-hear their discourse, when he was there, he looked upon the Ladies, who though newly come out of the Bath, were in such a modest manner, they might not fear the sight of the most curious eye, amongst those Ladies *Artemidorus* spied *Clidimira*: hardly had he given passage to his regards, when he saw *Berelisa* nigh her, but in a different nature, all the Charms of *Clidimira* being Epitomized in her face, her hands lean and squalid, her breast deformed, and not any part matching the agreement of her eyes, *Berelisa's* hands are shaped with exact proportion, her breast white as snow, and all her other parts correspondent, the beauty of the one displaying the defects in the other, *Artemidorus* was highly pleased at this sight, imagining *Berelisa's* husband would receive a far greater happiness then *Clidimira's*. In fine, Madam these Ideas were so strongly imprinted in his spirit, that when the fear of being seen commanded his retirement, he contemplated the remainder of the night, the ones beauty, and the others defect, remembering the infidelity of *Clidimira*, and all those curtesies *Berelisa* had conferred upon him, his person likewise did wholly imploy their thoughts whilst darkness blinded the World, they not imagining themselves the objects which kept unsealed the inclosure of his eyes, for though *Clidimira* had the confidence to justify her actions, she fled the sight of *Artemidorus*, and 'twas not possible for her to remember so many testimonies of affection she had bestowed upon him, without being confused at her inconstancy: *Berelisa* both feared and desired this interview; for if *Artemidorus* should never submit his heart to her love, she would have some satisfaction if he deserted *Clidimira*, in these thoughts she wished the conclusion of this dangerous occasion, fearing there might happen something which might cloud her propitious fortune; for she had acquired so much esteem with *Artemidorus*, that to her his thoughts wore no cover; but as she would not be too curious in prying into his Actions, she intreated her dear *Lysicoris* to observe with a vigilant eye the Passages betwixt *Clidimira* and this Prince, she did not relate to her the cause of her curiosity, though she was one of her dearest friends, colouring

colouring it over with her Brothers interest; for 'tis more difficult for a woman adorned both with spirit and vertue to confess a violent inclination to any person, who doth not express his love to her, then to avow she favours a Lovers passion, as the last adventure had armed *Artemidorus* against the charming force of *Clidimira's* eyes, knowing that if he went not to visit the Princess at *Cleodamas* his house, she would prevent him by coming to him, he determined to wait on her after dinner, which surprized the company, they not imagining the state of his health had yet licenced him to leave his Chamber. When *Philonice* was informed of his arrival, she was in the great Hall, I have formerly mentioned, no sooner did *Clidimira* and *Berelisa* cast their eyes on this Prince, but their faces were shaded with a crimson colour, which even planted his Cheeks with blushes; he could not conjecture whether this agitation proceeded from his new or ancient love, confusion did at this time so distract his senses. In fine, after he had saluted *Philonice*, she presented *Clidimira* to this Prince, and knowing what accidents had formerly happened between them, she did not ingage them in any long discourse, but spoke to *Artemidorus*, who seeing now only the beauties of *Clidimira*, was glad he had discovered the dissimilitude of her other parts, she being so discreet that her hands never lay open to the sight of any person, her breast was masqu'd with a pleas'd scarf, which barred the eye from descrying her deformed features, so that if any one had seen her dressed after this mode, would have judg'd the whole compofure of her body proportionable to the splendor of her eyes; but *Artemidorus* contraried this opinion, her defects being now as apparent to him, as if they had been visible; for *Berelisa*, he knowing the pure whiteness of her breast, and the perfect shape of her hands, admired her modesty for not disclosing those things, which *Clidimira* concealed through affectation; and concluding it an effect of her vertue, began to feel his heart retreating from *Clidimira's* love, to be storm'd with *Berelisa's* perfections: as *Clidimira's* spirit was a little disquieted, it stopt the Organs of her speech, which incited *Berelisa's* desire to wing away the time in pleasant discourses; 'tis true her spirit was not yet re-stated in its former tranquillity; but knowing how far her beauty surpass'd *Clidimira's*, her joy fram'd her to this agreeable humour; *Philonice* after a little stay in the Hall, went into the Wood followed by *Cleodamas* and all this company; at first they discours'd of the beauty of the place, and clearness of the day, but the company being strayed into these divers alleys; fortune plac'd *Artemidorus* between *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, all three were surprized to hear no words break from each others lips; the unfaithful Mistress durst not speak to *Artemidorus* before her sister, to appease the distemper of his spirit, caus'd by the levity of her former actions; and *Berelisa* willing to see to whom *Artemidorus* would address his speech, did not unlock the silence of her harmonious voice: this Prince not knowing in what language to express himself, in the presence of these two persons, expected one of their tongues to supply its office; in this manner they arriv'd to a Balcony at the

end of this Ally, where *Philonice*, *Cleodamas* and *Lyficoris* stay'd his coming; the Princess seeing them walk in this mute posture, scarce taking notice of her, demand'd of *Artemidorus* on what subject he entertain'd the attention of these two amiable persons. I assure you (replied *Berelisa* not giving this Prince leisure to shape an answer) my sister and I are not jealous of what *Artemidorus* hath said, for he hath been so sparing of his words, that he hath spoken no more to one than to another. I had more to say to one than another, replied he, but I did not think it convenient to declare my thoughts; for my part (added *Clidimira*) being a stranger here, I did not imagine my self oblig'd to begin any discourse; for my particular (added *Berelisa*) I am so pleas'd with my own idle fancies, that my words would have been a pittance to me for interrupting my sweet repose: it seems to me (replied *Cleodamas*) that the fancies of such an excellent person (as *Berelisa*) if she declared the subject of them, would produce much delight; for it only appertains to those who have tender hearts, to be skill'd in the pleasures of a certain pleasing deliberation, which diverts the spirit, and so sweetly seduces reason, that one cannot define its inticing allurements: 'Tis true (replied *Berelisa*) all mens humours do not comply with this delightful dotage, and there's many speak of it, who believe it only consists in licensing their Spirits rather to the motions of their hearts, then to the conduct of this imperious reason, to enjoy our pleasant fancies we must let our spirits wander up and down, confine them no where, we must have something in our souls which whispers no disturbance, our temper must be inclining to Melancholy, we must think on something which pleases us, and we must be capable of a certain Lethargie of the senses, which imprints belief in all our thoughts, and the use of reason must be for some time suspended; I say, we must but confusedly hearken to the singing of the Birds, or the murmuring of the Springs, neither must our eyes distinguish the diversity of colours. Ah *Berelisa*, cry'd *Cleodamas*, you describe these fancies too clearly to be ignorant of them. If idle Imaginations were a crime (replied she) I would subscribe to your opinion, but as they are the most innocent pleasures, I confess I know them, and that I sometimes prefer them before all company whatsoever. But you do not dream (replied *Philonice*) that you have said, to draw these fancies to the life, there must be something in our hearts which doth not displease us. Pardon me Madam (replied *Berelisa*) but that something I have nam'd, is not that something you imagine. I assure you (replied *Artemidorus*) that if one mention something that you have done, it will admit of no other explication then that of the Princess. Whatever it should be (said *Cleodamas*) I should think that man happy which should insinuate into *Berelisa's* heart, that she hath call'd something, which in a vulgar expression is term'd Love. *Berelisa* blush'd at this discourse, and fortune conducting *Terillus* to this place, they chang'd the subject of their conversation: on the contrary, *Philonice* finding her self on a square Base of stone on the right hand from the house as one ascends the high

high alley, *Cleodamas* sent for several embroider'd Cushions for the Ladies, who seated themselves in divers ranks on the two sides of this Marble stone, leaving the middle void, lest any person should hinder the sight of the Princess *Philonice*; as a mark of distinction from the rest, *Cleodamas* placed the Cushions destined for this Princess, at the foot of a fair Tree, whose distended branches served as an *Umbrella* to shadow her from the Sun's heat. All the company being seated, 'twas the fortune of *Terillus* to be next *Clidimira*, and of *Artemidorus* to be next *Berelisa*; for *Lyfcoris*, she was next *Cleodamas*. *Philonice* seeing these two dear friends separated, ask'd *Berelisa* if she was not jealous to see *Lyfcoris* leave her for *Cleodamas*? Ah Madam (said *Terillus*, whose Jealousie even consumed his vital spirits) Do not so much injure Jealousie, as to believe it can be found in friendship, and do not deprive love of that thing wherein its power is effectually seen. *Berelisa* who knew what consequence he would draw from his own words, oppos'd him, demanding (in an angry voice) on what reason he built his conjectures, that he durst affirm Jealousie belonged more to Love than Friendship? For my part said *Artemidorus*, as I never had but the Jealousie of Love, because my friends have always proved constant, I cannot give any satisfactory answer to this question. For my particular (added *Clidimira*, not seeming to take notice of what the Prince had said) I believe that as there is not a long love without Jealousie, so there is no Jealousie without Love; and that it cannot be admitted in friendship. For my part, said *Philonice*, I am such an enemy to Jealousie, that I dare not give my Judgement of it: I therefore constitute the sage *Cleodamas* to be the Sovereign Judge when *Berelisa* and *Terillus* have alledged all they can to assert their opinions. I consent to't said *Berelisa*: and I likewise said *Terillus*; whose Jealousie pressing him to speak, and he beginning to attack *Berelisa*, she declared she would not be denied from interrupting *Terillus* when her fancy prompted her to do it. I consent thereto said he, on condition you will grant me the same liberty; but to speak ingenuously, added he, I think you will have sufficient difficulty to confute my reasons, without desiring that permission. There's none so ignorant said he, but knows Love produces Jealousie, and that they are inseparable concomitants; and that that which is called Jealousie in Friendship, resembles not the true Jealousie. Is it not certain that Jealousie is the violentest of Passions? That 'tis more sensible than Love which produces it? 'tis restless, cloudy, and sometimes furious? That 'tis capable to inspire all crimes, that it transports one to revenge, and that it often excites a man to dye his hands in blood? It admitting then this definition, can we believe it may proceed from Friendship, and that such a tumultuous Passion can spring from such a pleasing and peaceful Mother? To speak truth, Jealousie is an effect so necessary in Love, that one cannot be wounded with the Darts of Love, without being poysoned with the stings of Jealousie: For, if one hath no Rival, it receives production from several other things: By a Jealous resentment one envies the glory of the beloved object; one de-

fires alwaies to be with her, to entertain her alone, to admire and adore her, one would have sometimes so much Jealousie essentially attach'd to Love, that the Beloved person should not love none of her acquaintance, that she should have no manner of attachment for sensible things; and I know not whether one would have her love her self, unless for the love of another: I know there's some injustice in these fantastick thoughts, but I likewise know that a prudent love is no love; and that the disorders of this passion which are blemished by no crime, compose the most sensible pleasures. Judge then if Jealousie which is the greatest irregularity of love, and from whence proceeds the most various subjects, can be found in friendship: For if you are not ignorant that this kind of affection is ordinarily produced more by reason than inclination, and that if the proper effects of things were ascribed to their right causes, Friendship would be termed a necessary effect of merit and virtue, since Friendship sways men to love all those who deserve esteem; but if it should not be so, 'tis true, there's friendship for many persons, and if one should yield to your opinion, there would be many jealousies which would be the terriblest things imaginable: All the world should then be filled with crimes, and as there's none but either love many, or one particular person, it would follow all the world should be jealous, and every one would seek to destroy or hate each other; and it may be a man would be so unhappy to have resentments of Jealousie mixed with the friendship of his Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Kindred, Friends, Wife, Slaves, and Mistress. You exaggerated this so pleasantly (replied *Berelisa*) that I am much pleas'd at it, for when one is constrained to insert agreeable things, when solid reasons are necessary, 'tis an infallible sign one maintains a wrong part. What (replied *Terillus*) do you believe that by explaining to you 'tis possible to have many friendships and many Jealousies, my reasons are more pleasant than solid? If you could prove your words (replied *Berelisa*) I would not have said that which I have done, but far from consenting to that opinion, I pretend one cannot love nothing of which one might not be jealous: For without examining if there's reason to term Jealousie a passion, or if one ought to consider it as a simple effect of the tenderness of our heart; let's look upon't in its self, Jealousie is not to speak properly, but a violent desire to preserve that we either affect or possess, and to hinder another from the enjoyment of that we would attain the possession: From whence I conclude, we may be jealous of all that we love, and that we cannot love nothing without Jealousie. I know this resentment is sometimes so weak, that those which have it have no perception of it, but when 'tis so, 'tis doubtless that the attachment we have, which gives such a feeble Jealousie is not great, and that those which have it, have a confiding Spirit, which makes them repose so much trust on their own Fortune, that they believe no power able to destroy that which they have once gained. But after all, who-soever loves any thing, wishes the possession of it, and desires to possess it when he hath acquired it, he hath even an inquietude to preserve it, proportionable to the inclination and reason which hath fixt

fixt it in his thoughts; so that the jealousy is stronger or weaker, according to the power of the attachment, and 'tis that which without doubt makes the difference between those effects the jealousy of love inspires, and those which are produced by friendship; but the difference which is seen between these two jealousies, are sometimes found in jealousies caused by the same passion: For Lovers are not equally jealous, the diversity of their Temperament and Fortune altering their resentments; and though they all have jealousy, yet perhaps in theirs is as much difference as between that of Love and Friendship: There's jealous persons who evaporate their sighs, complaints, and tears, in amorous verses; there's some whom Jealousie makes to compose a Song, and there's others whom it deprives of reason and vertue, who have recourse to Steel and Poyson, to carve out their revenge on the person they love; but this diversity doth not hinder that the jealous Lover, who only makes a Song to testify his Jealousie, should not be effectively jealous, since 'tis true one cannot otherwise name a certain resentment which is produced in our heart, with the desire to acquire something of what nature soever: But to speak of Friendship, I affirm that though 'tis prudent, it cannot be tender, unless it be infected with a little Jealousie; I know that the jealousy of Friendship doth not take from us the light of our reason, and that it doth not make us act such fantastical things as the jealousy of Love; but Friendship is not tender, if we do not desire to be preferred before others, if we do not do all things we can imagine to effect it, if we have not some despite when we believe we have not attained our desires, if we are not displeased at those who we see preferred before us, and if we take neither care nor inquietude to preserve what we have gained; you will it may be tell me we may see a thousand and a thousand which have no sensibility of what you have alledged: To that I will answer, there are many persons who believe they love when they have no affection, and who call Friendship a kind of Society, or necessary commerce of life; but when I speak of Friendship, I mean an effective Friendship both tender and solid, of a Friendship where there is a commutation of hearts and secrets: Every one is not jealous according to the proportion of his Friendship, neither doth every one seat it in its right place; but to speak sincerely these luke-warm friendships do not produce violent Jealousies, no more than that love which tunes our Spirits to a musical harmony: But that doth not shew that Friendship doth not produce jealousy, at least I know I have sustained it for *Lyfcoris*, for I remember when she once went into the Country without bidding me adieu, I was extremely grieved at it; 'tis not but that I am an enemy of all constraint and ceremony, but because she gave her farewell to another of her friends that she ought not to respect so much as me: I was extremely displeased; and I complained a thousand times of her, and even hated her whom she had visited. But it may be (replied *Terillus* looking on her) you have sometimes Love, not thinking you have any: No, replied she blushing, for I assure you I know so well how to distinguish Friendship, Hatred, and Jealousie, that if I had love it were difficult to deceive me. But is it possible (said *Terillus*) you can call Jealousie

all those light despites that a resentment of glory produces in friendship, when that one renders you not the Justice you think to merit? But is it possible (replied *Berelisa*) that you doubt Friendship hath not its Jealousies as well as Love? That which makes me doubt of it (replied *Terillus*) is, that I am persuaded Jealousie is not but an effect of the irregularity of Love; and that Friendship cannot have the same irregularity, neither can it have Jealousie. But Friendship (replied *Berelisa*) hath it not all that which is found in love? It hath little cares and great services, it contains the desire to please, complacency is always thereto annexed, there is likewise of the favours of Friendship effective confidences, and of trilling secrets; one esteems the letters of his friends absence is not rude, Presence is sweet, and in fine, there is found in a tender Friendship all that one can attribute to a tender Love. But, replied *Terillus*, Do not you comprehend that one cannot be jealous but of that one possesses, or may possess? And that being so, one cannot have Jealousie in Friendship; sure 'tis true that our friends cannot be absolutely ours; for take the perfectest friend in the world, if he hath a Mistress, he will be oftner with his Mistress than Friend; so that Friendship giving nothing which might solely depend on us, it is impossible to be as jealous as if one had a Mistress: But as solid Friendship is too little divertising, Love is robb'd of divers things which have dependance only on it; so that those little cares, and all those things of which you have spoken, are become its mode by Usurpation: But for Jealousie, believe me *Berelisa*, it hath ever appertained to Love, neither can it be admitted to any passion but this. But how call you that I felt for *Lyfcoris*, replied *Berelisa*? for I would be more loved by her than another: I should be angry if I was less, I would know her thoughts, I would have her if she is in love with any one, to declare it to me; and I should never suffer her without much distemper to write to any of her friends, without shewing me the Letter: And I very well know the commotion of my Spirit proceeds from Jealousie; I even hold (added she) that the Jealousie of Friendship is more Jealousie, if I may so say, than the Jealousie of Love; for as it retains Reason still entire, the least effects it produceth in a friends heart, ought to be more considered than those it produceth in a Lovers: But in what place may we see jealous Friends, (replied *Terillus*) who have their eyes wandring, their tincture pale, their humour melancholy, and their spirits disquieted through excess of their Jealousie? But in what place, replied *Berelisa*, have you seen Friends which receive contempts without grief, which patiently suffer tepidity, oblivion, indifferency, and irregularity when they believe they are neglected by a new Friendship. I confess it would be difficult for me (replied *Terillus*) to shew you a friend so patient to suffer all those things you have named without resentment; but I call it despite, and not jealousy: And for my part (replied *Berelisa*) I will call revenge all the resentments of a jealous person after your mode, but to speak rationally, as Love and Friendship derive their Original from the heart, and that we know not how to love nothing but by a certain universal cause, which forms all Loves and Friendships in the world, there is likewise in the heart

of all men, as well a jealous as an amorous disposition, and this disposition acts doubtless more or less violently (as I have told you) according to the form of the affection which causes it, according to the subjects one hath to entertain Jealousie, and according to the temper of men which are capable of it: To speak truly, Friendship being no other thing than an imperfect Love, it would be strange if the inseparable concomitant of Love doth not follow it, though not with all those torments and punishments it trails often after it in a Lovers heart. Therefore I entreat the sage *Cleodamas*, who ought to be our Judge, to condemn you to have an eternal Jealousie in all manners imaginable, and to execute his arrest. I offer my self (added she with a malicious smile) to solicit all the persons you the most love to give you cause to be jealous: *Terillus* would have answered *Berelisa*, but the last thing she said having framed the company to laughter, he had an extreme despite, and could not have retained himself; if the Princess, who noted his grief, had not turned towards *Cleodamas* to tell him he should pronounce his sentence on this question in which so many were interested. As universal as Jealousie should be (replied *Cleodamas*) it appears Madam, that you are not a little jealous of your authority, by commanding me to speak before you, but at least (added he) do me the honour to give me your advice, and permit me to take the opinion of all the Company: No, no, replied *Philonice*, I would know your pure resentments in this occasion, before I declare mine. Since 'tis so, replied he, permit me to render exact justice, and to begin by the Elogium of *Terillus*, for he without doubt so ingeniously sustained. Jealousie appertains not but to love, that if *Berelisa* had less spirit and eloquence, I should have been exposed to have given an unjust arrest: But to speak sincerely, she hath so courageously defended the part of truth, that 'tis to no purpose I should declare their jealousy in Friendship as well as jealousy in Love, and that if there are found friends without Jealousie when they have cause to have it, there are friends without tenderness, which unjustly usurp a quality they do not merit, since 'tis absolute impossible to have a durable love without some stains of jealousy. Nevertheless to clear up the spirits of *Terillus* for asserting a grand error; I believe as he hath more love than friendship, he knows not but one kind of jealousy, and judging others by himself, he hath believed there would be no jealous friends: On the contrary, *Berelisa* who knows by her own experience that Friendship gives Jealousie, and who perhaps hath lovers to whom she hath given it, hath been better instructed than *Terillus*, and hath so admirably maintained her part, that I am forced to pronounce my arrest, and Crown her with the Victory. In effect, I declare none can better sustain the truth, than *Berelisa* hath defended hers, she having acquired the sole advantage of the dispute. I therefore entreat her (added *Cleodamas*) to moderate her resentment, and not to wish that *Terillus* who knows so ingeniously to defend a bad cause, should have at one time so many different jealousies; for the jealousy of friendship if there is any, replied *Terillus*, I do not fear to have it, but for the jealousy of Love if I have it, I shall be very much deceived if *Berelisa* takes it from me: She is doubtless more fit to give than to

take away, replied *Philonice* rising from her Seat: I assure you Madam, replied *Berelisa*, that I know not how to do neither the one nor the other; but in the choice of these two, I had rather give this evil to whom I would than desire to heal it, for the power to give replied *Terillus*, one must have given it another before, and for to cure, one must take the first one hath given.

As I know not how to divine Enigma's, replied *Berelisa*, I cannot answer to what you say; if you desire said *Terillus*, I will more clearly explain it to you: It is better (replied *Philonice*, beginning to walk for fear *Berelisa* would give him too severe an answer) at this time no farther to insist on it, for *Berelisa* is now in such an humour, she will not understand what she desires not to hear: After this all the company began to direct their steps towards the house, for *Artemidorus* he was so melancholy, that he scarce knew the subject of their disputation, and his passion for *Berelisa* did so much possess his Spirit that his former love for *Clidimira* seemed almost extinct, his soul was likewise so suspended between love and hatred, that he would not speak to *Clidimira* for to complain of her, nor to *Berelisa* for to tell her he feared she had too much cured his love for her Sister: *Berelisa* and *Clidimira* explained his melancholy in the same manner, for *Berelisa* thought *Artemidorus* was buried in this anxiety because he yet loved *Clidimira*, and *Clidimira* imagined that this Prince yet loved her, so that maugre her inconstancy she had some slight compassion; but for *Berelisa* she had a strange despite to see *Artemidorus* should be so little sensible of the outrage he had received, that he should yet affect *Clidimira*, though her affection lay not open to the discovery of every person, she could not ore-canopy her grief from *Lysicoris* who perceived it, and demanded one night from whence it proceeded, as they were leaning over a Balcony at the end of the high Alley. When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light repaired the essence of her Brothers lamp, and silence so reigned in this fair solitude not troubled by the agitation of the leaves, that *Lysicoris* and *Berelisa* cast forth two or three sighs, and desiring to know the reason of them, I pray said she to her, tell me what makes you sigh? For I confess I am ignorant of the cause thereof: Your fortune is happy, the Princess prefers you before her other attendants, you are beautiful and in the flower of your age, you have naturally both spirit and virtue, and you command the affection of all: Ah *Lysicoris*, replied she, a sigh stealing from her heart, you are a flatterer: Truly, replied she, I do not flatter you; it is certain I know men whose affections are changed to you, but none who desire not your love, yet you are melancholy, you flee company and sigh, not willing to declare the subject of them; do not you repent your rigor to *Terillus*, and dare you not through pride publicly confess it? No, replied *Berelisa*, and I can assure you the more *Terillus* loves me, the more he becomes insupportable to me: I know he is magnanimous, and is advantaged by a great spirit yet he hath many other things which displease me. 'Tis true, replied *Lysicoris*, his body is not of so perfect a composure as that of *Artemidorus*, but it seems to me love should not solely submit to beauty; and if I am not deceived there are other qualities more essential than this: 'Tis true, added she,

she, if this Prince was the Rival of *Terillus*, I should think you had reason to prefer him, for he hath not only a more graceful deportment; but more affability and virtue, but as you know if he is yet amorous, it is certainly of your Sister, and *Terillus* being the completest of our Court, you act too much injustice by treating him with such severity: It is needless to know whether it is justice or injustice, replied *Berelisa*, but I confess to you, I would have you discover if *Berelisa* loves my sister, and if you desire to be informed what thoughts possess my heart when I sigh, they only spring from my Brothers interest, and from the apprehension I have that *Artemidorus* and *Clidimira* renew their former gallantry; the face of *Artemidorus* appears masqued with so much melancholy since the arrival of my Sister. I have noted it as well as you, replied *Lyfcoris*, but others sigh not in such a manner for a Brothers interest, and your words varied from true sincerity, when you invented the precedent expressions. What would you have me tell you, replied *Berelisa*: I would know, replied *Lyfcoris*, from whence proceeds these sighs: Really, replied she, I think *Artemidorus* hath occasioned them: If so, you are captive to your Prisoner, replied *Lyfcoris*, for I am assured when one breaths forth such heart-breaking sighs as yours, they must of necessity proceed from an amorous tenderness. You are so knowing in sighs, replied *Berelisa*, that one may imagine your life hath been but a continual suspiration. If I have not sighed, replied she, I have seen many sigh, but the sighs of love differ from others, and if you will speak sincerely, confess to me those sighs I have heard were not produced by domestick affairs or ordinary accidents: If they were sighs of Jealousie, replied *Berelisa*, what would you say of them? I should much murmur, replied she, for they must then proceed from a concealed passion which precedes it. Murmur then, answered *Berelisa* turning her head, since 'tis too true for my misfortune, that my heart is infected with a terrible jealousy, though I have no violent affection: Ah *Berelisa*, replied *Lyfcoris*, that cannot be, and if you are very jealous, you must doubtless have much love; in truth replied she, I feel nothing but jealousy, if so replied *Lyfcoris*, you feel more grief then pleasure; 'tis not so replied *Berelisa*, but 'tis that I dare not tell you, for the confusion of it hath almost prescribed limits to my life; but it may be there's something more contemptuous, replied *Lyfcoris*, then to confess one hath jealousy; yes replied *Berelisa*, and if 'twas not that I conceive it expedient for me, you should know the secret of my heart, to endeavour to know that of anothers, and the more easily to conceal mine from the rest of the world, I should never tell it you, though you have ever been the confident of all my secrets; you have then a strange secret replied *Lyfcoris*, more strange then you can imagine replied *Berelisa*, since in word my dear *Lyfcoris*, I swear I have a simple desire in my heart to be affected by *Artemidorus*, in the mean time it gives me such a violent jealousy, that I fear I cannot conceal it, for since my sister-in-law came hither, such melancholy cogitations so benight his pleasing humour, that I doubt not but he yet loves her; believe me *Berelisa*, replied *Lyfcoris*, when one ardently desires the love of any person,

there must needs be a strong affection to the desired party. In truth replied she, I do not believe I love *Artemidorus*, but I would not have him love *Clidimira*; he hath so much friendship for you replied *Lyfcoris*, that I believe if he loves her, and you demand satisfaction in that point, he will not deny it; if I was not the sister of *Telefis* answered she, I should ere this have demanded it: 'Tis not added this fair Virgin rather then to remain in this incertitude; I resolve in the end to speak to him of it, but as I fear he'll divine 'tis not the interest of *Telefis* which frames my curiosity; I should be much perplexed to execute my design, though hitherto I have had sufficient power over my self not to perform any action, or speak any word, which might give any occasion to *Artemidorus* to suspect I had any particular inclination for him, for in fine I love glory, and I so much with the estimation of this Prince, that if I should not be severe by my own virtue, I should be cruel for the love of him; those Madam were the resentments of *Berelisa*, those of *Clidimira* were of another nature, for when she thought *Artemidorus* yet affected her, she was more confused at her infidelity, then ever she had been before; 'tis not that she would renovate her affection with this Prince, for she hath virtue, but she at least would not have been displeased if she could have excused her self to him. As she considered she could not easily effect it, she avoided him as much as possible she could; for *Artemidorus* he fled every one, his grief was so extream to find himself amorous of *Berelisa*; 'tis not but he wished he might be in love with *Berelisa* in the first transports of his anger, but he wished it when he did not think 'twould arrive, so that now feeling himself in a different estate, he contrary'd his former wishes, but they proved ineffectual, for the defects of *Clidimira* and her infidelity were so recent in his memory, that they banished from his heart his precedent love; on the contrary, *Berelisa* appeared to him both amiable and charming. The great care *Clidimira* us'd to hide her deformity, and the little care of *Berelisa* to shew her excelling features, did produce such a strange operation in his thoughts that *Artemidorus* despised the one, and esteemed the other; but after all, he saw he had better not ingage himself to love *Berelisa*: if there had been no other reason but that this fair Virgin was a Princess, whose Father was enemy to the *Leontine* Prince his Brother, who would doubtless say when he had notice of it, that he thought only to love his enemies. As his reason was already accustomed to yield to his love, his greatest grief was, to think that perhaps he might not be loved, for *Terillus* seemed to him a discreet man, and he feared to share his fortune, he knew *Berelisa* had more friendship for him then *Terillus*, but his friendship ever disquieted him, and he thought 'twas an easie matter to compass the love of any person which had but indifferency for him, then a Virgin who was already of his intimate acquaintance; for *Terillus* he was altogether unhappy, he was a lover, his love was rejected, he was jealous, and not without cause, he must go to the Camp and leave his Rival with his Mistress,

but mauger so many melancholy thoughts; the charming *Philonice* made the society at *Carisalis* appear very agreeable; the sage *Cleodamas* likewise desirous to ever use the memory of her residence there, parted all the Alleys and Cabinets of the wood, between ten or twelve persons who composed the pleasures of this illustrious Princess and fixt inscriptions at the end of every Alley, consonant to the humours of those persons from whom they derived their names; he gave likewise names to the little paths which crossed this amiable wood, and he called one the Alley of sighs, because it seemed a fit place to cast forth a secret sigh: 'twas in this that *Berelisa* not thinking him to be there, having found *Artemidorus* alone whilst the rest of the company were in the great Alleys, heard this Prince sigh; he had not yet any design to tell her he loved her, neither had she any intention to speak to him in particular, but a casual accident making them meet in this Alley, presented them with an opportunity, they little expected; as they both sought this place of the wood to flee all discourse, they blushed when they saw one another, they explained not the change of their colour as they ought; for *Artemidorus* believed the modesty of *Berelisa* made her blush, and *Berelisa* imagined the alteration of his countenance proceeded from his being surpris'd in an amorous deliration for *Clidimira*, whom he ought to blot out of his remembrance, she having stained her vertue by her unfaithful levity, and the curiosity she had in her soul becoming more strong; confess the truth said she to him, her cheeks being replanted with blushes. You are not so vindictive as you imagine, and you yet permitted the inconstant *Clidimira* a firmer seat in your heart than her mutable affection might claim: Nevertheless added she, I will believe you constrain your self for the love of me, for I presuppose it's because *Clidimira* is my Sister that you flee her, that you do not speak to her, and that you see not the occasion to essay to revenge your self of her infidelity. Ingeniously confess replied *Artemidorus*, (looking on her with an amorous eye) you are the cause that I flee *Clidimira*, but charming *Berelisa*, 'tis not by the reason you imagine; No, no, replied *Berelisa*, invent not a deluding sincerity to punish me for my rallery; for in fine, since the first instant you have reviewed *Clidimira*, you are not the same as before, and the change of your humour is so great every one takes notice of it. I confess to you I am surpris'd at it, for 'tis true, *Clidimira* hath performed such unworthy actions, that I conceive not how you should yet retain your love: ah if I have any for *Clidimira* cry'd he; I intreat the Gods *Berelisa* should never have any for *Artemidorus*, though he cannot hope to be happy unless he is once honoured with *Berelisa's* affection. I pray, replied this Virgin with much astonishment, do not answer in this manner, a person who speaks to you seriously as a faithful friend. I pray Madam, replied he, do not thus answer a person who speaks to you with sincerity, and as a faithful Lover restrain me from the sentiments of *Terillus*; and do not crucifie me more by your rigour, than *Clidimira* hath done by her inconstancy.

Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisa's* spirit was in a deep disquietude, for she knew not with what temper to receive these expressions of the Prince: She saw doubtless in his eyes and visage all the signs of an ardent love, and the tone of his voice justified his sincerity; but fearing *Artemidorus* would deceive her, to have a pretext more easily to see *Clidimira*, her spirit was enraged, and not to expose her self to such an adventure, she thus spoke to him: Sir, said she, a serious gravity being seated in her face, though it is not my custom to remember any persons of those courtesies they have received from me, yet I entreat you to recal into your memory the intention I ever had to render your restraint more pleasing. I pray Madam, said he interrupting her, change not your thoughts I conjure you, and act as favourably for a Prince, who will be always fettered in your Chains, as you have acted for your unknown Prisoner: But to begin to do it (added he) believe (if you please) I am sincere, that I love you a thousand times more than I ever loved *Clidimira*: Yes, charming *Berelisa*, I have learned to love by serving her, and you alone have taught me to hate her; for I confess unto you my imbecillity and stupidity, if you had not chased her from my heart, she would have maugre her inconstancy, still triumphed in my misfortune: Commiserate then a Lover, who is so well skilled in the tenderness of love; for if you do not, I know not what will become of me. That which you say is so surpris'ing (replied *Berelisa*) that I know not what to think of it; for in fine, Sir, if I could believe you loved me, if I should desire it, how should I be perswaded your affection is real? Is it not true that the day which preceded *Clidimira's* arrival, you yet loved her? I very well know (said he) that I would not have loved her more, and that I wished my heart was submitted to your Love; but as I am sincere, I confess if I am not deceived, I had then some love for *Clidimira*; and admiration and friendship only for the charming *Berelisa*; but alas things have now assumed a new face; for I love *Berelisa*, and so condemn *Clidimira*, that I resolve to upbraid her with her infidelity: Let *Telefis* peaceably possess her, added he, I will not emulate him; and if he bestows on me his amiable Sister, I will voluntarily resign to him my ancient Mistress. But Sir (replied *Berelisa*) how can Love so suddenly die, and soon revive? Do you desire Madam I should tell you, said he to her, that it may be I am as unfaithful as *Clidimira*? And that I did not love you, when I believe I loved her? But I know I love you more then ever I did any, and there's nothing I should not be capable to do to convince you of it; I know (pursued he) you use to give love without receiving any, and that *Terillus* hath a cruel experience of it: But Madam, since he hath the unhappiness of your hatred, and that it seems you sport your self with his misfortune, use the occasion I offer you, to torment him, and love me by a cruel resentment for him; if you will not love me by a resentment of tenderness for my self. But yet replied *Berelisa*, how shall I know how this pretended Love hath entred into your heart? By the trecherous window of my Body, replied he. But you do not consider what you say, replied she, for I am not graced with more perfections then I was three months since; and

and *Clidimira* (as my Brother hath said) is more beautiful than ever. 'Tis true, said *Artemidorus*, but *Clidimira's* Beauty is lessened in my esteem, and and yours is heightened by the opposition of her defects, demand therefore (Madam) no more satisfaction of me, and rest satisfied, that I love both your spirit and person with an equal ardour, and that I am perswaded whosoever takes from *Clidimira* the splendour of her eyes, the freshness of her tincture, the carnation of her lips, and a certain gallant air in her face, will deplume her of her attractive features; for her Spirit as 'tis inconstant, it admits of no praise. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, was surprised at it, for as the perfections of a Rival picture a strong impression in the spirit, she remembered *Clidimira* had no charms to allure the eye but her visage, and the proportion of her body, and she was not ignorant that she was imbellished with all those graces which are required in the composition of a perfect Beauty; and this imagination spreading her face with a scarlet colour, she shadowed it with her vail to conceal her blushes: But as she was shaping an answer, she saw *Terillus* and *Clidimira* appear, who not seeking them, accidentally found them in this place, this sight confused all parties, but as there was no way to fly their company, they joyned them in the middle of this alley, regarding one another with a different aspect; for *Artemidorus*, who desired to perswade *Berelisa*, *Clidimira* was now banish'd his heart, looked only on his new Mistress: *Terillus* being jealous, looked both on *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; *Clidimira*, who thought she might yet challenge some affection in this Prince, blushed at her infidelity, looking on the curious weaving of the leavie branches; for *Berelisa* she sometimes looked on *Artemidorus*, and sometimes on her Sister, to the end to discover what imaginations swayed their Souls: The conversation of these four persons was very reserved, and I assure you, their words did not countervail their thoughts, and what they said, dissented from their resentments; in fine, after they had shared an hour in discourse, other persons coming thither parting this company, *Artemidorus* was necessitated to joyn with *Clidimira* or *Terillus*: In the choice of these two, he had rather speak to his Rival than his inconstant Mistress, since he could not entertain *Berelisa*, with whom a Lady had some private conference: As *Terillus* was jealous, and prepared for his martial expedition, and that he knew *Artemidorus* was generous, he resolved to speak to him of his love; and singling him from the rest, Sir, said he to him, you will perhaps tax me of audacity and injustice, for demanding of you if you are but a Prisoner of War, and for entreating you to call to mind, that if I had not retained those whom your valour had incensed, your death only could have ransom'd the rashness of your courage; I say not this, Sir, added he, to reproach you, you are indebted to me for your life; but only to demand of you whether you are but a Prisoner of War, or whether you are become Prisoner of Love; for in fine, if you are amorous, your heart is chained to *Berelisa's* Beauty. Before I give a precise responion to your demand, replied *Artemidorus*, I confess to you your generosity hath preserved my life; but

Terillus, I sell my liberty dear enough, if I tell you I should have dyed without shame in that occasion, and as I was not too happy, but am yet very miserable in giving me life, you have not given me so much as you imagine; and it belongs only to me to accuse you of all the misfortunes of my captivity: But *Terillus*, I am more just, and too generous for to tell you, your preservation of my life reflected more from the Prince of *Aggrigentine's* interest than mine; I look on you as my Conqueror, but *Terillus*, added he, you must know *Mars* and *Love* are not at variance, and that I am not obliged to tell you, whether I do or do not love *Berelisa*; if I should be amorous, I should not be conscious of any injustice to you, for your love is disesteemed, and I should deprive you of nothing, if I should be so happy to gain her love; but *Terillus*, things are not yet come to this point, and if I love *Berelisa*, she hath yet no knowledge of it. Ah, Sir, replied *Terillus*, if 'tis so, let her never know it, and disengage your self from the service of that person; I know your quality hath seated you above me, but since the Fortune of Arms licenses me a freer liberty of speech than another, resist the charms of her tempting Beauty, and let not my Prisoner become my Rival. I pray *Terillus* (replied *Artemidorus*) if you well understand your Interests, press me no more; for Love is such a capricious passion, that difficulties augment it; and to consider it in a rational manner, as Love is not a voluntary thing, they are even unjust which would constrain it; act then what you can to compass *Berelisa's* love, and if I love, permit me likewise to conquer an heart; she hath refused you, and for the life I owe you (pursued he) I will put my self in estate to render it you when you require it. *Terillus*, who is fierce by nature, gave a sharp answer to *Artemidorus*; and if some men had not interposed, seeing them heated with anger, some misfortune would have put a period to their incensed minds; but as the agitation of their spirits was visible in their faces, *Philomice* was advertised of it, who following the counsel of the sage *Cleodamas*, made them seeming friends, not diving into their secret thoughts: Since this time both *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* cancelled their former obligations, he after a little time returning to the Camp; for *Artemidorus*, he accompanied the Princess to *Aggrigentine*, where he performed so many things, that *Berelisa* was perswaded he loved her; but though she had a strong inclination for him, and that she wished his love, yet her actions were so reserved, that he was a long time ignorant of his felicity; and they so prudently managed their affections, that their loves was not yet divulged: 'tis true, *Terillus* declared them, but as he was known to be jealous, none made reflection on his words; and *Clidimira* believing *Artemidorus* yet loved her, though he did not speak to her of it, acquainted several of her friends with her resentments, so that his love for *Berelisa* was not in the least suspected. But in fine, not to disoblige your patience, in the time that *Artemidorus* was favoured by *Berelisa*, news came that the Fates had exiled the life of *Telefis*, which afflicted both *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*; but grief reigned with a fuller power over *Berelisa* than *Clidimira*, she having a spirit

spirit which easily admits of consolation; on the other side, *Berelisa* seeing her Sister at her own dispose to make a free election, feared, that after her tears were banished, she would reconquer the Princes heart, who was obliged to share his visits betwixt these two fair afflicted persons; 'tis true, when he repaired to *Cidimiras* Chamber, he always chose a time when others were there, to the end he should not be engaged to make a long complement, entertaining her with some consolatory discourses, according to the custom of such visits. In fine, when time hath calmed the displeasure of this fair Widow, and that she believed her self in a capacity to make an innocent conquest, she perceived *Artemidorus* loved her Sister, so that jealousy remitting in her heart her former love for *Artemidorus*, she repented her inconstancy, and designed by all enticing allurements to gain what she had lost: Being returned to *Aggrigentine*, my eyes presented her to me with such an accessional luster of perfections, that knowing *Artemidorus* had renounced her love, I was caught in those snares laid to re-entrap his heart; I gave her assiduous visits, and some amorous expressions slip'd from my tongue, but as soon as she perceived I was engaged in her service, she used this occasion to justify her to *Artemidorus*, with whom she had had no particular discourse since she came to *Aggrigentine*; for knowing the intimate familiarity between us, she did not doubt but what she declared to me, I would make to him a full declaration of it; and ingeniously confess, she over-reached me with subtlety of her wit: As I then one day spoke to her of my pretended passion, being alone in her Chamber, she cut off very short, but in an obliging manner: I pray *Zenocrates* (said she to me) silence your passion; and to testify unto you how infinitely I esteem you, I will not treat you as I ordinarily treat those who are so prided with their imaginary fancies, as to declare their affections to me; if you will therefore disclaim your love, I will embrace your friendship, and confide to you the whole secret of my life: You know (pursued he) we have been of long acquaintance, and I know that when you went to *Leontine*, you were linked to *Artemidorus* in such a strict bond of amity, that you cannot be ignorant of what passages happened between us; but *Zenocrates* I will discover that to you, which neither you nor *Artemidorus* knows, and which perhaps he may never know. But, Madam, said I to her, *Artemidorus* doth not love you, and you ought to have no more affection for him, which is the reason hath engaged me to serve you. I knew, replied she, *Artemidorus* hath wound himself out of the labyrinth of his love; but *Zenocrates* (added this artifice person, seeming to have some confusion) *Artemidorus* is unjust, for he hath believed me more inconstant than I have been; and if I dare say it, I have been more unfaithful to *Telefis* than *Artemidorus*. I say not this to you (pursued she) that you should declare it to him, but only to the end to unlock to you the secret Cabinet of my heart, and to merit your esteem and friendship, since I am not in estate to receive your love: Know that when *Artemidorus* departed from *Leontine*, my Parents persuaded me that this Prince estranged himself, to

the end that during his absence, the Prince his Brother might marry me by his authority to whom he pleased, so that delphight possessing my spirit, I resolved to obey those who proposed *Telefis* to me, seeing I could not be free but in marrying my self, and I thought I could not better revenge my self of *Artemidorus*, than to engage my self to *Telefis*, whom I chose rather than another, because he was no *Leontine*, and that if I could not forget the love of *Artemidorus*, I at least hoped I should never see him; for I did not foresee any likelihood I should find him at *Aggrigentine*; but for my misfortune Fortune hath dispos'd it otherwise, and I see my self exposed to the most cruel adventure in the World; every one knows I have lived so well with *Telefis*, that I have not spoken to *Artemidorus*, that I am neither justified nor excused to him, and that I have acted as a person which cares not to be esteemed unfaithful; but *Zenocrates* maugre all this, I have preserved in my heart such a great esteem for *Artemidorus*, and such an obliging tenderness, that I should be sorry if he knew it. I tell you this, lest you should accuse me of ingratitude; for as you see me young, I do not refuse your affection but to accept anothers; But not to tell you a lye, I will not engage my self in all my life to suffer the constraint in which I have lived; and since I cannot destroy the remembrance of *Artemidorus*, I will at least in not pretending more to his love, never suffer any others; 'tis not that he merits the tenderness I have for him, for he hath received my infidelity in such a manner, which makes me see it had been difficult for him to have been unfaithful: he hath done me the favour to hate both *Telefis* and me, but is resolved to destroy me with so much tranquillity, that I am not astonished to see him engaged in a new affection: But in fine *Zenocrates*, I esteem you a too discreet man to receive you in a divided heart; content your self to be my Friend, never speak to him of what I have told you, and believe I could not have given you a greater testimony of esteem, than to open to you the secrets of my heart. *Cidimira* framed this Discourse with such ingenuity, that I believed it; and though at first Love was the Theme on which I discoursed, I at last was contented to be her Confident; as I knew the engagement of *Artemidorus*, I told her, that I would not counsel her to think of reconquering his heart; for, said I to her, if one hath at any time committed any infidelity to her, I do not believe one ought to renew love with him, who hath done it, because I believe confidence can never be re-established; all other subjects of complaints which may be between two persons which love, are nothing, which may be presently reconciled; but for infidelity, Madam, (replied I) it is not so; and 'tis much better to make a new affection with me who am not scrupulous. No, no, *Zenocrates* (replied she) I will not follow your counsel, for I will love nothing; I do not think to regain the love of *Artemidorus*, who hath blotted me out of his thoughts; but *Zenocrates*, added she, I conjure you never to speak to me of your pretended love, if you will not aggrandize my affliction. Can I hearken to that you tell me, without thinking you tell it me, if 'twas not that you knew by an infallibly certainty, that I am absolutely

solutely indifferent to *Artemidorus*? I entreat you do not multiply my grief; and be certain that if I was disposed to a new engagement, I should prefer you before all my acquaintance. *Clidimira* had doubtless stretched her Discourse to a further length, had not some Ladies interrupted us. In the mean time I was so astonished at her words, that I knew not where I was, and as I was assured that *Artemidorus* did no more think of *Clidimira*, and that she was already expelled his thoughts, I did not fear he would re-entertain her love, I went therefore to seek him, to tell him he had completed his revenge on *Clidimira*, since she yet loved him: My expressions did so surprise him, that he believed I did but jest with him; but I at last spoke to him so seriously, that he knew I invented not any fiction; and though he loved *Berelisa* with an extream passion, that which I told him of *Clidimira* made him change colour; for he then remembred divers things which made him imagine this person had a design to recal him; anger was solely seated in his breast, and if *Berelisa* had seen that which passed in his heart in this occasion, she would have had no subject of jealousy: He did not believe he ought to make known to her this adventure, because he held that a wise man ought never to tell (without an absolute necessity) that a woman loves him, nor whether he loves her, or loves her not; he did not testifie to me that he believed he was loved; on the contrary he counselled me not to shake off my Love, and I followed his directions, but I found a strong resistance, that ere the Sun had fifteen times run its diurnal course, my passion was buried in its own ruins. Though *Artemidorus* had defended me from telling *Clidimira*, I had acquainted him with what she had told me; and though he constrained himself as much as possibly he could, yet she saw by his eyes he knew it, hoping then that in continuance of time there might happen some slight quarrel between *Berelisa* and him, which might tend to her advantage, she acted many things to effect her design; for when she was with any friends of *Artemidorus*, she would be lavish in his praise, she always frequented those places where he went, she oppressed *Berelisa* with visits and testimonies of friendship, and when she encountered the eyes of this Prince, she made, as if she would shun them, though she carefully sought them, likewise making him see in her a certain emotion accompanied with confusion and modesty, she excited some kind of trouble in the heart of *Artemidorus*, which obliged him to fly her; 'tis not that he did not feel himself faithful to *Berelisa*, that he should always be so, and that the infidelity of *Clidimira* would yet much anger him; but after all; *Clidimira* acted in such a manner, which both grieved and perplexed him: This fair person therefore to attain her desires, contracted a particular friendship with *Terillus*, she told him she was touched with his merit, that she would protect him nigh her Sister, and she effectually become the confident of his love, and his jealousy of *Artemidorus*; she even gained one of the Maids which waited on *Berelisa*, she entertained likewise some commerce with me, and in this manner, whether by *Terillus*, by the Maid which she gained, or by me, she knew all which passed be-

tween *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; 'tis not that I told her any thing in particular, only as I well knew *Artemidorus* desired she should believe he would love her no more, and that he desired not her affection; I would confess to her he was very amorous of *Berelisa*; but to tell you the truth, she knew all things both by jealous *Terillus*, and the aforesaid person: so that a furious anger possessing her spirit, she plotted all her designs to sow division between these two persons: As she hath a subtle spirit, she judged that 'twould not be easie for her at first to put any difference between *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*; for 'tis a person who hath a tender heart, a regulated spirit, who thinks not but of that she loves, who believes there ought to be as much probity in love as any other thing, and who doth not give the least subject of jealousy to *Artemidorus*; but she thought 'twould not be so difficult to put distrust in *Berelisa's* spirit; therefore after she had been acquainted by the pre-mentioned ways in several particulars, reflecting on the affection of *Berelisa* for *Artemidorus*, she wrote a Letter to her Sister by an unknown hand, and another to *Artemidorus*, under the name of one of his friends who was in the Army; she put them both in one Pacquet, and by a secret way sent it to *Artemidorus*, he knowing not from whence it came, and unripping the Seal, he found a little Note directed to him, which contained these words.

I Demand your pardon for not writing to you my self, but having received a slight hurt in my right hand, I have employed another, to entreat you to deliver this inclosed Letter to *Berelisa*; I assure you it comes from a Person who hath much interest in her affairs, and who so far engaged me to render it safe to her hands, that I believe I could not better cancel my Engagements, than directing it to you: I shall not excuse my self for the trouble I impose upon you; since you will be fully recompenced by the sight of that beautiful person.

Artemidorus having read this Note, did not suspect there was any deception in it, for he knew the name they had subscribed to this Letter, whose name I cannot at this time remember, and 'twas true, that this man had been hurt in the right hand, so that *Artemidorus* being impatient to perform this service to *Berelisa*, went to carry the Letter to her, and as *Clidimira* had a design to be an ocular witness of the effect of this deceit, she went to *Berelisa's* Chamber, where *Artemidorus* came; and imagining this Letter was not of much consequence, he gave it her before *Clidimira*, telling her in what manner he had received it. Though *Berelisa's* curiosity incited her to peruse it, principally because she could not imagine who writ it, she would have by a resentment of civility put it in her pocket; but *Clidimira*, who saw *Artemidorus* take notice of it, said to him; Do not you think my Sister renders you a respect, which is the most difficult in the World, for my part I know nothing so weighty to carry as a sealed Letter; when one dares not open it by reason of Ceremony? *Artemidorus* being now roused from that Lethargick Slumber in which

which he was buried by *Clidimira's* sight, told her, he would dismiss himself from her company, if she would not read this Letter; so that being constrained to open it, she found it poisoned with these dangerous words.

I Pray, Madam, receive with a favourable eye the advice I intend to give you, and do not think strange if the person subscribes not her name; for your Friendship is so dear to her, that not knowing how you will receive this advice, she dares not expose her self to your hatred. Know then, Madam, he which renders you my Letter, doth not possess your affection without the knowledge of divers persons; I know not whether 'tis his fault or yours, but many know you loved him first, and may yet love him last; for as he hath not been too strongly touched with *Clidimira's* change, he is not perhaps so faithful to you as he ought to be; every one knows you love him, that you receive his Letters, and return him affectionate answers, that he wholly sways your soul, and that you vouchsafe him many favours, which he doth not receive with such transport of love as *Terillus* would, did you please so far to honour him: Every one knows *Clidimira* doth not hate him, that he hath not sealed her justification, and that his extinct flames may be re-ascended, if they are not already: You would therefore attract much more glory, to recompense the inconstancy of *Terillus*, to leave *Artemidorus* to *Clidimira*, and by this means you will free your self from that obloquy which doubtless will blemish your Reputation, if you do not regulate your self by my Counsel.

As soon as *Berelisa* began to read this Letter, she blushed, and blushed with so many signs of anger imprinted in her face, that *Artemidorus* who looked attentively on her, knew it contained something which displeased her, and had much vexation, because he had delivered to her: *Clidimira* on the contrary had an extreme joy to see the inquietude of *Berelisa*, she testified her notice of it, to the end to give more curiosity to *Artemidorus*, for she believed *Berelisa* would not shew it him. She had no sooner perused the Letter, but she said to her, I entreat you Sister to tell me, if the news you have from the Army, acquaints you with the death of any of your Friends, for I see so many marks of grief in your countenance, that I already seek to divine who we have lost. For my part, added *Artemidorus*, looking on *Berelisa*, I shall esteem my self very unhappy, if I have brought unto you any doleful news; but if so, I can at least assure you, I know not who writ it. *Berelisa* seeing her self prest to shew this Letter, told him, that there was nothing considerable in it, and that it contained certain Domestic Affairs. You have not a soul so interested (replied *Clidimira* with much confidence) to be sensible of things of this nature. I blush sometimes so easily (replied *Berelisa*, cloystering this Letter in her Pocket) that one must never judge of the resentments of my heart, by the emotion of my face; but though *Berelisa* made a great effort to constrain her self, *Artemidorus* knew some disturbance had entred her spirit; in effect, so soon as *Clidimira* was gone, she thought on nothing but this cruel Letter, and she imagined

it had been wrote by the contrivance of *Terillus*; but though her spirit was incensed, she did not believe she ought to shew this Letter to *Artemidorus*, for fear he did not credit what she believed, and lest he should be transported against *Terillus*, to whom they had both obligations; and her ancient jealousy beating an alarm to her heart in this instant, she had intention for some time to observe *Clidimira* and *Artemidorus*. In the meantime *Clidimira*, who secretly triumphed at this deceit, was in hope this Letter would prove effectual; for if *Berelisa* did not shew it to *Artemidorus*, 'twas an evident sign this Artifice had made some impression in her heart, which might in some time breed a difference between them; and if she shewed it him, *Clidimira* drew from thence at least this advantage, to make known to *Artemidorus* she yet loved him; for though she imagined I had told him, she was not certain of it. So soon as she was departed, *Artemidorus* pressed *Berelisa* to shew him this Letter; but as *Clidimira* when she went away saluted this Prince in a manner which augmented her suspicions, she confirmed her self in her intended resolution not to shew it him: *Artemidorus* who could not suffer she should conceal any secret from him, thus complained of her injustice: Do you then believe Madam, said he to her, that it is permitted you to hide any secret from me, who have made an entire resignation of my heart to you, and who tells you without any reservation all you desire? Is it thus, Madam, you requite my Tendernefs, my Fidelity, and my Respect? You know (added he) that you have refused me a thousand and a thousand favours, and that I have promised never to breath forth any dislike of your actions, whilest I am assured to possess your heart: Speak then, Madam, I entreat you, and tell me if this is to be the master of it, not to know what passes there? Do you think, Madam, that one cannot be unfaithful but in ceasing to love any person? Or that one cannot love others more than *Clidimira*? And believe you not that it should be a kind of Infidelity to trust more to ones self than to the person one loves, and conceal any thing from him. I believe at least (replied *Berelisa* blushing) that when one faithfully loves a person, one ought never to mention a woman one hath loved, if he is not constrained to it; but you do not so: For I am assured you speak an hundred and an hundred times of *Clidimira* without necessity; I have even heard you mention her name for anothers, there being no resemblance betwixt them: If you would speak of some quarter of *Aggrigentine*, the street where *Clidimira* remains; if one asks you the time when you were freed from close restraint, you say it was a little before *Clidimira* came to *Aggrigentine*, and *Clidimira* is yet so strong in your memory, that you speak not so much to me of others, as you do of *Clidimira* to me. But Madam, replied he, I have mentioned her an hundred times to you, to declare her unworthy actions. You would have done me more pleasure never to speak to me of her (replied she) to disaccustom your mouth from pronouncing her name: For in fine, it is a general maxim, not to mention the first Mistress to the second, unless (as I have formerly said) one is constrained; and I had rather hear you call *Clidimira Berelisa*, than *Lyfcoris Clidimira*: But Madam, said *Artemidorus* to her, Do not

not you think hatred presents persons one hates to the memory, as well as Love those which one loves? And do you think it should be possible I might ever love *Clidimira* if I should not love you? No, no, Madam, added he, I cannot love an unfaithful Mistress: 'Tis true, I am not so much transported as another, but it is because I believe discretion ought to reside in the hearts both of happy and unhappy Lovers, and that they should retain a kind of civility for the Female Sex: But after all I hate and despise *Clidimira*, and I despise her it may be more than you can imagine. Time will demonstrate it to us, replied she: What? Madam, replied he, do you believe time is necessary to assure the fidelity of a man to whom you have promised your affection? And can you conceal a secret from me? Ah Madam if it is so, *Terillus* is less unfortunate than I am, for at least he can ground his happiness on no future hope; but for my part, Madam, who think to be happy, I find my self plunged in misery. In the mean time added he, there is it may be several things within these few days happened to me, which merit a more favourable treatment. But if there is happened things I know not (replied she with precipitation) you ought not to think it strange if I declare not a secret to you, since you have one I know not. *Artemidorus* seeing his own words had betrayed him, and not willing by generosity to acquaint *Berelisa* that her Sister yet loved him, would have explained it otherwise than he had said; but as he is naturally very sincere, he could not frame himself to tell a lye. *Berelisa* then knowing by the manner of his speech he had something he would not tell her, had such a strong curiosity, that she earnestly pressed him to tell her what had happened to him, which made him desist from desiring to know the contents of the Letter: So that both having a strong curiosity, and this curiosity augmenting by their resistance, in the end *Berelisa's* being the stronger, it obliged her to tell *Artemidorus*, that if he promised her not to be transported with any resentment against the party (whom she imagined) had wrote the Letter she received, she would shew it him. And he likewise told her, that if she engaged her self not to speak of what he said to her, she should see that she had much injured him in speaking to him of *Clidimira* in that manner as she had done. In fine, *Berelisa* gave to *Artemidorus* the Letter he had given her; which so surpris'd him, that the fountain of his utterance was a long time sealed, before he could perform his Word to *Berelisa*, for they at first so sympathized in their thoughts, that there was doubtless a transmigration of their souls: For he likewise believing *Terillus* had invented this fallacy, he then began to exaggerate his misfortune, for having a Rival to whom he had many obligations, and to seek by what way *Terillus* had known what he had wrote in his Letter: For, said he to *Berelisa*, if there was nothing there but my Love for you, and your goodness for me, I should say Jealousie had dictated it to him; since there is no better spy than the spirit of a jealous Lover: But Madam, I am surpris'd of what he relates concerning *Clidimira*, since that (in fine) if I must tell you all things, it is true that this unfaithful person would without doubt once more deceive me. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, pressed him to retail to her that which he had said; and

this Prince willing to obey her, recounted unto her that which I had told him: But though she might remain satisfied, yet she was angry he had concealed that from her so long time. Nevertheless (added she by a motion of Jealousie) do not you imagine *Clidimira* would reconquer your heart by a resentment of hatred for me; and if another had deprived you of your Love, she would have resigned to her a peaceable possession, but as I am unhappy, I would not swear you will not become unfaithful. Ah Madam (interrupted *Artemidorus*) you are the injustest person in the world to use those words. As they were on these terms, the amiable *Philonice* entred accompanied by the Prince of *Messina*, who came to *Agrigentum* during a suspension of Arms: I came likewise to *Berelisa's* house a little after; and as I was taxed of inconstancy, *Lysicoris* who was come with the Princess *Philonice*, having something to tell me called me; whilst *Philonice* spoke to *Berelisa* towards the windows: But as I answered not; I pray, said she to a Lady which was nigh me, tell that unfaithful person who is by you, that I would entertain him: Hardly had *Lysicoris* said this, but turning towards her; I pray, said he to her, call me not unfaithful; yet for Inconstant (pursued I) I endure it; but for unfaithful I cannot suffer it: I have not such a delicate Spirit as you (replied *Lysicoris*) and I know not too well between Inconstancy and Infidelity. As *Lysicoris* said that, the Princess *Philonice* who had heard her, turned and seated her self, and making one in this discourse, she demanded who could doubt there was no distinction to be made between an unfaithful and inconstant person. In truth (replied *Lysicoris*) I think in case of Love, these two things very much resemble. For my part, replied I, I am not of that opinion, that one cannot sometimes be inconstant without shame, and that one cannot be unfaithful without baseness: *Berelisa* seeing then such a fair occasion to insult over *Clidimira*, and to darken her esteem with *Artemidorus*, engaged so discreetly this conversation; that she saw her self obliged to make the distinction; and she did it more easily than any part of the Company, and the Prince of *Messina*, as others without exact examination said; that inconstancy and infidelity might easily be confounded. For my part said then the Princess *Philonice*, I am of the opinion of *Berelisa* and *Zenocrates*, for I believe one cannot say there is a kind of inconstancy without infidelity; or fidelity without inconstancy; and if it was not that I am now in a melancholy humour, I might very well bring my thoughts to tryal; but since *Zenocrates* and *Berelisa* are of my opinion, I give them Commission to declare my resentments; for I imagine they know them: But said then *Lysicoris* smiling, is he not an unfaithful man which changeth love? And an inconstant Lover is he not likewise who changes his Mistress? A liberal man who makes a present without choice (replied *Berelisa*) gives something which is to him, and a prodigal man which casts without choice, gives likewise that which appertains to him; the one practiseth a virtue and the other makes to see he hath a vice; this which is well more estranged the one from the other, than inconstancy and infidelity; for I say not that inconstancy should be a virtue, but I say that an honest man when he is young, may sometimes be inconstant without dishonouring

honouring himself, and that in some times, in some age, and in pretext that this should be, no person can be unfaithful without baseness and infamy: I sustain likewise that infidelity and inconstancy are yet more horrible in women than men. *Berelisa* said this with so much emotion, that I knew well that I might do her the greatest pleasure in the world to remit my cause in her hands, and that she was not sorry to speak on this subject, finding likewise much more fit to oblige her to defend me, than to defend her self; I left her at least to begin this innocent war. But then, said the Prince of *Messina*, I would know precisely what is that delicate distinction you make of inconstancy and infidelity? I call inconstancy, (replied *Berelisa*) a certain incertitude of heart and spirit, where young men are more subject than others, since there is without doubt two or three years of life; where those which are naturally of an inconstant inclination, find nothing which pleases them which attaches them not successively. For by example, if *Zenocrates* would say the truth, he will confess that a great number of women have pleased him, that he hath fair brown, and fair yellow, he hath many times felt in his heart enough disposition to have love, he will even confess I assure you that he hath began to tell it to many fair persons; and that there's likewise some others for whom he hath changed his thoughts before he had occasion to speak to him of his passion. Ingeniously confess, replied he, but above all I believe not to be unfaithful. You have reason, replied *Berelisa*, and one cannot without doubt accuse you but of a simple inconstancy which hath even nothing which resembles infidelity; for as I have already said it, to speak of this kind of inconstancy in general, it comes from this, that those which are capable of of it, are sensible to all that which appears fair to them, of all which is new to their eyes and to their spirits, of that which they seek to please without difficulty, of that which they have any irresolution in the spirit, which hinders them from chusing of that that the first youth of inconstancy have some resemblance: But after all, those men there which see pleasures from quarter to quarter, from street to street, and from house to house, do not assuredly betray the person, because no person trusts to them; and to speak truly, the inconstants of this kind only vex themselves, since they have pain to attaque an hundred hearts without gaining one; one hearkens to their pleasures without believing them, one receives their incense without vanity, one leaves them without pain, one destroys them without regret, and they come through the world as Butterflies on Flowers, without resting on any thing and without leaving any sign of their passage, likewise not doing any discourtesy to a person, there would be much injustice to confound those inconstants with the unfaithful I have spoken of; sure their inconstancy is without perfidiousness and superchery; it is not but to say the truth it should be desired this inconstancy was banished from the heart of young persons; for if it is not very criminal it is not at least laudable; I will likewise confess with sincerity is not yet altogether a true inconstant, and he hath only a simple disposition to be so. I am obliged to you (replied I) for enrolling me in the number of the inconstant persons, and not placing me among those which

are unfaithful, for it is certain I cannot suffer it. But, said the Prince of *Messina*, I comprehend not wherefore those which vary in their thoughts have not infidelity. You will easily be satisfied therein (replied *Berelisa*) if you consider that to make a Lover truly merit the quality of unfaithful, one must suffer his affection, one must hearken to him; one must give him hope, one must love him; if a man on the contrary loves a woman without being beloved, and that he hath served a long time without attaining her love he leaves her; one loves another, one cannot in this case place him in the number of the unfaithful, nor that of the inconstant; for as one loves not but for to be loved, as soon as one destroys the hope, Love may die in a Lovers heart, without being culpable of any crime; and to speak truth, it is not even possible that it dies not there: 'Tis therefore not doing that but which one might hinder themselves from doing; one leaves love without inconstancy, and one cannot love otherwise without infidelity; but the most odious and the most degenerate crime in the world is, when there's a concatenation of affection between two persons, and that it happens one breaks the Chain; for in this case there it is not a simple inconstancy, it is an infidelity, where inconstancy, perfidiousness, and baseness are found: And it is in fine, as I have said, the greatest of all crimes in this point, before you engage your self you consider not what you do, you examine not your thoughts, and do not well know the heart you give nor the heart you receive. 'Tis true, said *Philonice*, I find something very strange to see men of spirit suddenly change their thoughts: But, said then *Lysicoris*, when one hath this misfortune what shall one do? I will, replied *Berelisa*, one should continue to love by generosity, when one cannot by inclination; that in fine, when one is promised an eternal affection, no reason can dispense with it but the infidelity of the person one loves: And in this case we must not only love her any more, but hate her, despise her, flee from her as from a Monster, and revenge our selves though ne'er thereby prejudiced: For if it is a man which is unfaithful, no person should force him to go to say to a woman he loves her, and to tell her it often to make her love him; therefore when he changes he hath no excuse in effect: Probity, Sincerity, and Fidelity, ought to be in love as all other things, and more than in other things; because the consequences are more dangerous, being certain there is no exchange more important than the hearts of two persons which love one another. But if a man is criminal of being unfaithful; at least confess, replied the Prince of *Messina*, that a woman hath the same injury as a man. I say, replied *Berelisa*, and I'll maintain she hath more, for as cruelty befits women in love, they might take him to examine themselves, ere they engage to love any one; but after you have considered of it, a woman accepts the heart is offered to her, and that she gives hers, she cannot change without infamy; and truly a woman at least in my opinion, cannot innocently love but once in her life; besides baseness and perfidiousness, which is common to her with an unfaithful man, neither can one yet accuse her of imprudence or little modesty: For for my part, I conceive not how a woman who hath vertue and good judgment to resolve her, should voluntarily

voluntarily renounce the love of a man, to whom she hath given many testimonies of affection, when she feels her love decay.

Nevertheless, replied *Philonice*, one sees they make no difficult to do it. I am of your opinion, replied *Berelisa*, but if I was a man, I should have an horrible aversion for those women. But I pray, said the Prince of *Messina*, in what rank do you place those men who make a seeming love, when they love not, and sometimes obtain love? I put them in the rank of deceivers, replied she. But amongst the unfaithful, replied I, it seems to me there are many sorts; for there are some which become so, because they find defects in the person they love, that they noted not before; and there's others which cease to love, because their own good fortune destroys their love. For the first (said *Berelisa*) I sustain that when one hath solidly contracted an affection with some one, there is but one only defect of love, which might be a legitimate cause to break it, and the loss of beauty, youth, change of fortune and health, ought to change nothing in the hearts of two persons which have promised an eternal love; but for those whose love destroys it self, I find them so criminal and so odious, that I boldly say 'tis impossible their spirits are seasoned with any good qualities, or that their heart is noble; and the change of thoughts without any strange cause, is the greatest sign of imbecillity, and defining of judgment, and that in the end, the infidelity in love from whence soever it proceedeth, is the basest and criminallest thing in the World; all other duties of life approach not the ingagement of this, because one is born subject to all the others, and this is by a voluntary subjection one makes it a law to himself, which ought to be as much more inviolable as one imposes it, and one cannot infringe it without condemning himself, without destroying his own pleasures, without blemishing his Honour, without trampling Justice and Virtue under his feet. All that which you say, is admirably well said, replied the Prince of *Messina*, but above all, if in despatch one hath of it, one feels one loves no more, what shall one do then? I will, as I have already told you, that one loves by generosity, when one cannot love more by inclination; and I will, if one can no more love, that one constrains himself therefore to act, as if one loves not; yet since that it is in this occasion only, that it permits to deceive innocently, and that it is even good to do it; at least I know well, that if one act otherwise, one must resolve to be hated and despised of all persons, which have Virtue and Reason; for I confess to you, that I know not how one hath boldness to shew himself in the World, after a perfidiousness of this nature; nevertheless there is found women which shew themselves, replied I. And there is likewise found men, added *Philonice*, which leaves not to love them. Ah for these men there, said then *Berelisa*, it is assuredly they should not be too delicate in love, nor in generosity; for, for my part, if I was a man, it would be impossible for me to love a person which should act any infidelity. But yet, said the Prince of *Messina*, without knowing the Interest she had in this Question, which excuse you more sooner, whether a man who should love a woman, which should have

made an infidelity to another, or of a Lover a Lady should have betrayed, and which would renew affection with her? In my opinion, replied *Berelisa* blushing, I cannot ballance these two things, for he which should have suffered infidelity, would be more condemnable than another that at least might flatter himself with the opinion to have more merit; than he which should have been abandoned. Nevertheless, added she; to make *Artemidorus* speak, I should be glad but for this Article, one demands that he seemeth of it to all men in the company. You are so equitable in all things, said then *Artemidorus*, who had not yet spoken, that your thoughts should be those of all honest persons; and for my part, I declare, I approve all that you have said, and even all that which you think.

For my part replied I, I am not so complaisant, for I find both have an equal wrong: And I, added the Prince of *Messina*, I think that a Lover who hath conquered the heart of a woman, ought (if he can) reconquer it, when he hath lost it; for what knows he, but he will find it better: But, it may be, he may find it worse, said *Berelisa*. Though it should be so, replied *Philonice*, I find *Berelisa* hath very well made the distinction between Inconstancy and Infidelity: I confess to you Madam, (replied she) I have not said the third part of what I think, for better to understand it, one must after to have separated the inconstant from the faithful; one must I say divide the unfaithful between them and the inconstant; there are unfaithful persons by weakness, by interest, by capriciousness, and by impiety, and there is likewise inconstant persons of temperament, of occasion, of vanity, of little judgement, of debility, of wantonness, and of idleness. If you will examine these divers things, said I to her, 'twould require doubtless much time. As one accuses to be a demy-inconstant, replied *Philonice*, I see well you fear that one puts you not in the rank of those, of which *Berelisa* would speak; but since you take no interest to infidelity, and that you have never loved long enough to be unfaithful, I would willingly demand of you, which of the two a woman should love best, in the necessity to suffer infidelity? Ah, Madam, interrupted *Berelisa*, always thinking on *Artemidorus*, I put no comparison between these two things? for a man which leaves one woman to love another, or a woman which breaks with a lover for a new ingagement, commits a more outrageous action, than if a lover diminishes by little and little. For my part, replied *Lyscoris*, I am not of your opinion, and I know nothing more cruel or more outrageous, than when without any strange cause, one sees the fire extinct; for in this estate, one knows not what to do to retain such a lover; I have had a friend to whom this adventure was hapned, who told me the fantastical things in the World to exaggerate to me her grief; for, said she one day to me, I am the same I was, when he of whom I complain, was deeply in love with me; my mirror and my eyes speak the same, and all those who approach me, confirm me by their flatteries; I am not deceived, I am likewise pleasant, and as faithful as ever, I have no less spirit, and he is not the same he was; yet added she, if any amiable

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Person hath deprived me of him, I should have the consolation to hate her, I should find a hundred inventions to displease her; I should even think her adulation had attracted him, that novelty had charmed him; and in continuance of time, he would repent himself of his infidelity, and return to me; but ye think being, as it is, one would say he hath forgotten to love, and that he remembers not to have loved: I know not likewise what to do, neither to remit love in his heart; nor to hate him, though I know there's nothing more outrageous, than to cease to love in this manner, because it must of necessity be supposed I have no puissant charms, since I cannot keep an heart I had conquered, that no person deprives me of it. After this (pursued *Lysicoris*) I have nothing more to tell you to assert my opinion, since the complaints of my friends I have reported, sum up all my reasons. If you have no better (replied *Berelisa*) it will be easie to vanquish you, since 'tis certain there's no comparison to make between these two sorts of Infidelities; one cannot imagine but he ceases to love without making any new love, doth it not but because a certain scrupulous sagacity perswades him this passion is a weakness; or that being of those men who can stay long in any place, he is troubled at his own conquest; so that to reason well one may say, that a Lover of this nature renders himself worthy of the despisal of her whom he abandons, without one may positively say that he despises her; for in ceasing to love a person without loving another, one sees he despises love in general, and not in particular, the person whom he deserts; but for a Lover who makes a new Love, there's nothing more injurious, more cruel, nor more sensible; the tenderness of the heart is thereby wounded, Honour is thereby engaged; and in fine, one suffers all that he can. I am of your opinion that this other kind of Infidelity is rude, that one sees no remedy; and that its very just, and very natural to hate whosoever denies his love, I boldly confess that one ought more to hate one of those Lovers, than a true Enemy, who hates you as you hate him, and who not having never loved you, hath not at least betrayed you; but after all you may not have in your heart in this occasion, hatred against him, and against your self; on the contrary, an infidelity of the other manner, seats in your heart not only hatred against your self, and against your Lover; but that which is the most cruel of jealousy, of fury, and even sometimes of injustice and cruelty; for the means to see ones self to attain between the hands and heart which is very dear, without hating not only him which gives it to another, but her to whom it was given; at least, I know I have seen women, who have hated all brown Beauties, because that some Lady who had black eyes and brown hairs, had rob'd them of their Lovers; and in effect it is altogether hard to see that one prefers another person before you, and that one leaves assured for uncertain favours. Moreover, what grief is it to think this Lover sacrifices you to his last Mistress, and that he tells what obliging curtesies you have bestowed upon him, to the end to oblige to bestow more; for my part, I believe that this kind of grief so much troubles reason, that though it

would be more shame in appearance that one prefers another person without merit before you, one therefore had rather the thing should be so; to the end that at least one hath the consolation, that if this adventure is known every one blames her, which hath made such a bad choice. But, replied *Lysicoris*, can you yet hope that this unfaithful, which is not become insensible to love, will recover reason, and will return to you; instead that if 'tis one of those Lovers, whereof the fire is extinct, what do you, and what can you do to refire him. Nothing, replied *Berelisa*, for I declare to you, that whosoever should cease to love me, should never be loved of me; but had you rather love an unfaithful, which becomes so by ambition, replied *Philomice*. In truth, replied *Berelisa*, it is of infidelity as of death; for in any manner that one dies, it's very rigorous to die, I think nevertheless that I should rather forget an ambitious unfaithful, than an unfaithful, as I have spoken of, I would therefore despise him very much, added she, but as I should not fear so much, that he would go to recount my favours to Fortune, than another to his Mistress, I should have less grief. But, replied I, do you think it fit one should leave you for glory? By no means, replied she, for the love of glory is not inconsistent with that of a virtuous person, and not to trouble you further with any frivolous discourse concerning infidelity, assure your self I should never think well of him that should forsake me, though it were even to save his own life. The fair *Berelisa* says right, replied *Artemidorus*, for when all's done, there can be no excuse for infidelity. You speak but light of it, for one that hath experienced it, replied she blushing, for, for my part, I declare, that I cannot imagine any thing, more unjust, more base, more ungrateful, more unworthy, a gallant Soul, nor more incompatible with Virtue. However, said I to her, smiling, give not so cruel a verdict against such as are inconstant without any evil design, whom you ere while so pertinently compared to Butter-flies. I acknowledge it, said she, but that I may neither flatter nor surprise you, I think that if people do not in time recover themselves out of that harmless inconstancy which you speak of, it may prove a disposition which may arrive to the habit of infidelity. I therefore think it much concerns any one, to shake hands with it as soon as may be; for to be plain with you, inconstancy, though never so little, is a crime. But, I pray, replied *Philomice*, of the inconstant, what kind are you most pleased with? Those which are such out of affection, replied *Berelisa*. But are there any such, replied I? For my part, I assure you, if I am guilty of any inconstancy, I mean no hurt by it, I think not of it, even when I am seized by it; and if there happen a change in my Love, the true reason is, that which did please me, pleases me no more, or that there is something else, I am more taken with.

The whole Company having laughed at this extravagant sally of mine; *Berelisa* maintained against me, that there were some that were inconstant out of affectation, who only to shew themselves *Galantillo's*, Wits, and Sparks, pretended one while to love such a one, another some other, without any other design, than in a short time to beat a many

many bushes, and to raise talk of themselves in divers places: But take it from me, added she, very pleasantly, that as there are some young Gallants who conceive themselves obliged in reputation, to pick up the little news that are sown up and down; to sing tolerably well, the songs that are most new and most in vogue; and to treasure up in their Pockets such compositions in Verse or Prose (good or bad it matters not) as are new, there are also others so vain as to make it their business to complement all those, whose perfections may indeed challenge it; and though neither guilty of inconstancy nor love, perpetually wander into those places, where they have nothing to do, nay where indeed they are as slightly entertained. And whereas such people would seem to be what they are not, labor them beyond the instant, and can afford them no other predicament than that of the faithless. But, replied I, if all manner of inconstancy were banished the World, it would follow, that a man must never speak to above one woman in all his life, and must commend none but her, which in my opinion would to many people be a thing insupportable. Ah *Zenocrates*, replied *Berelisa*, you screw up the Peg too high; for there is a certain complemental civility allowed in conversation, which permits you to commend all beauties, which keeps you from being savage or brutish, and you may sometimes celebrate the brown, sometimes the fair, in as much as beauty is every where commendable, what dress soever it be in. But there is a great distance between a general civility and inconstancy, for a person generally civil begets in all hearts an inclination of love and esteem for him; but a man professedly inconstant, such as I know some, spends his whole life in saying what is never believed, in praising those which dispraise him, in snatching at every thing though he fasten on nothing; to fight without victory, and to love without any return. Thus it happens at length, that men of this humour feel all the afflictions of love, and never come to be acquainted with the pleasures, and after they have shifted their hearts from hand to hand, they are forced to take them home withered, because they can meet none that will be troubled with them. This expression of *Berelisa* causing a great laughter in the company, I publicly declared that I would reform that careless inconstancy whereof I stood accused, and made a vow either to become a constant Lover or insensible. Whereupon *Philonice* said pleasantly, that she believed I should rather prove the latter than the former, and that she should be as glad of it as my self; which said, she rose up, and the company being dissolved *Berelisa* was extremely troubled: For though she had said many things handsomely, yet came they from her, rather out of that concealed interest which she had in what was discoursed of, than any freedom of humour; insomuch that being left alone, she was excessively melancholy. She read over the cruel Letter she had received, and found in it so much matter of grief, that she could not sleep all night. That which disturb'd her most in all this adventure was, that *Artemidorus* had told her, as a secret, of the recommencement of *Clidimira's* love to him; for as to what was said, of the affection which she herself had for that Prince, as it was very innocent, so was she not much troubled at it. She was

also much incensed against *Terillus*, as believing it was he who had directed the packet which *Artemidorus* had received, nor could she but fear the business might have some unhappy consequence; but all considered, she feared nothing so much as that *Clidimira* might recover the heart she had lost. On the other side, *Clidimira* was in doubt whether she should gain her ancient Servant from *Berelisa*; but withal had this considerable satisfaction, to think that she caused a disturbance in her Rival. As for *Artemidorus*, he was extremely perplexed and out of tune; for in the imagination he had that *Terillus* had sent him the terrible Letter he had delivered to *Berelisa*, he was almost out of himself that he was in debt for it, and that he was withal obliged in point of generosity, to pretend not to believe it was he had put that trick upon him. Besides, the jealousy he observed in *Berelisa*, made him fear the consequences of it; nor was he less disordered by the affection of *Clidimira*. Yet was he not without some intervals wherein he was not much displeased, to think that it was now her turn to feel what punishment it is to love, and not to be loved again.

But to hasten as much as I can to an end of this long Relation, *Artemidorus* returned the next day to *Berelisa's*, to ask her what she would have him do. In the first place, said she to him, I would have you not pretend to believe that it was *Terillus* who directed that Packet to you; in the next, I would have you without doing her any violence; put some publick affront upon *Clidimira*, which may serve you as a pretence never to go to her house more, nor speak to her any where else. That I should never more see her at home (replied he) nor speak to her again, I gladly submit to you, but to do her any affront publicly, is a command you cannot justly lay upon me, insomuch that common civility will not allow a virtuous man to do any such thing. I know not (replied *Berelisa*) whether civility will permit it, but I am certain Love will, since I would have it so: For in fine, what confidence can I have in your affection, if you obey me not in this business? You know (added she) that it is with much reluctancy you have resolved to hate the unfaithful *Clidimira*, how then can I be assured that you will persist in this disaffection, since she still behaves her self as if she loved you? But Madam, answered *Artemidorus*, if I have been so much troubled to cease loving the faithless *Clidimira*, how do you conceive I can possibly cease to love the faithful *Berelisa*? However it be (said she) I must have this expression of your affection. But Madam, replied he, I do not absolutely deny you, but entreat you to take some days to consider, whether you do not your self an injury by engaging me upon such a business; for *Terillus* and *Clidimira* who have of late seemed very kind together, will be sure to lay it at your door, if I do what you would have me: If therefore you will take my advice, you will be satisfied with that security I give you, never to see *Clidimira* at her house, to avoid her elsewhere, never to speak to her, and to love you eternally. Ah! *Artemidorus*, replied *Berelisa* blushing with vexation, you are too discreet to be a Lover, and if the humour takes me to be discreet also in my turn, you shall find that Love and Discretion hold not so good correspondence, and that they are more likely to destroy

destroy than support one another in the same heart. But Madam, replied this Prince, what have I said which might incense you? What have I done which might deserve your indignation? You husband your self too much between *Clidimira* and Me, replied she, and that I am not able to endure; whereas if I were as cautious not to displease *Terillus* as you are *Clidimira*, either you would renounce all love for me, or be very angry. But Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, are you not confident of my affection? And can you suspect that I still love the faithless *Clidimira*? I do absolutely believe you love her, replied she, but if there should happen some little difference between you and I, I should not think it impossible you might love her again: My desire therefore is, that you were at such a distance with her, that you should never be reconciled, and consequently never give me the grief to see you in your ancient fetters: Not (added she) but that if I were to hate you, I should wish you that misfortune; for I know nothing more unhappy, more poor, nor more unworthy a man of a great and noble soul, than to be matched with a faithless one, and put himself into a condition to be over-reach'd the second time. I assure you Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, that I am not likely to meet with this sad misfortune; and that I cannot be unhappy by the means of any faithless person if you do not become such. But why then (replied she) do you not raise me out of the weakness you see I am in, since that while you restore me, you should withal be revenged of *Clidimira*? If I could do it without your being concerned therein as well as my self, replied he, I should gladly obey you: But Madam, I beseech you consider what commands you lay on me, and assure your self I shall ever love you, *Clidimira* never, even though she should have a greater affection for me than ever I had for her. *Artemidorus* (replied she) you are too tedious in debating a thing pleases me not.

While she said this, *Clidimira* comes into the room, which caused a fatal interruption of the conference. In the mean time *Artemidorus* thinking to oblige *Berelisa*, took his leave; but not being able to quit the room without passing by *Clidimira*, he had not the power to do it without a civil salute; which *Berelisa* took very hainously: Not but that she knew well enough that he could not avoid saluting her; but she conceived it but just, after the discourse she had entertained him with, he should have acquitted himself with more neglect and less Civility. Nor was it in her power to dissemble the disturbance of her mind; which *Clidimira* perceiving, and looking on it as a consequence of the Letter she had caused to be written to her, began maliciously to press her to tell the reason of it. When you shall have told me that of the Joy I see in your countenance, replied *Berelisa* coldly, I shall happily give you that of the melancholy which seems to be in mine. Truly, replied *Clidimira*, if my eyes do discover any joy, they betray me; for since the loss of *Telefis* I have had no great reason to be joyful. To deal as truly with you, replied *Berelisa*, I also assure you that if mine express any melancholy, they are impostors and deceive you. But Sister, replied *Clidimira*, it were more unlikely that I should arrive to any joy after the loss of *Telefis*, than it is that you should be sad. There are so many things like

ly to be true which are not true, replied *Berelisa*, and so many true things which seem not to be so, that I think it not fit to measure your joy by the account you give me of it: Not but that (added she) after the loss of such a Husband as you had, it would be thought very strange that you should so soon have overcome all grief; but it seems youth, and a greatness of mind and beauty will not suffer affliction to be long liv'd. If it be so, replied *Clidimira*, since you have so great a Wit, since you are so Young and Handsom, and have only lost a Brother where I have lost a Husband, it is likely you should be much more light-hearted than I. As I have not lost a Brother, but I have withal lost a friend, replied *Berelisa*, I have haply thought my self more concerned in this loss than you have: For to speak generally, when one loses a Husband one loses a Master, who many times disturbs our pleasures; and therefore it is not impossible but that the loss of *Telefis* may cause me a greater affliction than it does you. Not to examine whether it be impossible or not, replied *Clidimira* blushing for madness, I am certain *Telefis* is nothing concerned in the melancholy which is now legible in your eyes. And not to examine, replied *Berelisa*, whether you have reason to speak as you do; I am certain that the gladness which may be read in yours ought not to be there, there being no great reason it should. You may be satisfied, replied she, that if I am glad I have reason to be so. And I for my part tell you, replied *Berelisa*, that if I am troubled, I will be revenged on those that are the causers of my trouble. As angry as you are, replied *Clidimira*, I should willingly contribute to your revenge: And so you shall, replied *Berelisa* in a malicious tone, for being related as we are, our interest cannot be without some relation, and so not to be divided. Tell me then, who are your enemies of either Sex, replied *Clidimira*? You see them every day, replied *Berelisa*, I need not name them to you, and it shall go very hard but—

As *Berelisa* would have continued what she was saying, *Aphranor* comes into her Chamber, to acquaint her that the valiant Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had defeated his enemies, had at length forced them to Petition for Peace, which was signed; adding withal, and directing his speech to both her and *Clidimira* that they must needs go immediately to the Princess *Philonice's*. Which said, he acquainted them with some of the Articles of the Treaty, they not offering to interrupt him as having their several expectations, that he would not forget that which concerned the Prisoners. But *Aphranor* conceived they were not to learn, that in all Treaties of Peace, the prisoners of War are set at liberty, and therefore said nothing to them as to that point. Inomuch that having both an equal curiosity as to one Article, wherein yet they were not equally concerned, they spoke both at the same time, to ask the same thing. But having received their answer, they blush'd, they became more jealous one of another, they hated one another more then before; and to consummate their affliction, *Aphranor* told them that all the Prisoners were set at liberty; 'Tis true (added he) that the Prince of *Agrigentum* had ordered him who had brought him this news, to tell Prince *Artemidorus*, that his Court should

should be his Sanctuary, as he had offered it sometime before, and conjured him to remain there, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince of *Leontum*. But when he had quieted them a little with this weak hope, he added, that it was thought this Prince would not accept of the proffer, because of the mis-intelligence which was between the Princess of *Agrigentum* and *Leontum*. So that *Berelisa* and *Clidimira* perceiving that *Artemidorus* would be obliged to remove, were both extremely troubled, which trouble yet had a mixture of some reflections of joy, which either of them raised from this consideration, that this absence of his would afflict her Rival. But to speak truly, it was a joy was neither serene, nor of long continuance.

In the mean time, *Aphranor* pressing them to go immediately to *Philonica*, and they not thinking it civil to discover they were not so loving one to another, as to make a visit together, were forced to obey him. But all the way as they went to this Princess, they spoke not one to another till they were come near her Palace. *Clidimira*, purposely to vex *Berelisa*, and to sift out her thoughts, asked her whether she thought it not fit that she sent to congratulate *Artemidorus*: For, added she, with a seeming simplicity, since he was pleased to give me a visit in my affliction, I conceive it but fitting I should return this civility. If there be a necessity that he depart and leave us, it were fit you did what you say; but if he remain, I should conceive you did well, if you had no more to do with him, considering what hath passed between you. I assure you, replied *Clidimira* maliciously, that were it not that I found him constantly in your Chamber, I should be very indifferent whether I returned him this civility or not; but since there is a decorum obliges me not to refrain visiting you, there is no great fear I should receive any incivility from such a Prince as *Artemidorus*. I know not whether I advise you well or not, replied *Berelisa*, but I conceive it were better you received an incivility, then expose your self to Calumny. As for Calumny, replied *Clidimira*, I fear it not much; for when one is conscious that he deserves it not, he need not trouble his thoughts with it. You are very happy, replied *Berelisa*, to have such a serenity in your thoughts; which said, they entered into *Philonica's*, where all was filled with joy. But they had not been there an hour, ere *Artemidorus* came to that illustrious Princess, to express his gladness of the satisfaction, which the so glorious success of the Prince of *Agrigentum* had caused to her; and withal to acknowledge how much he conceived himself obliged to the generosity of that Prince. *Philonica* answered *Artemidorus* with her ordinary Prudence and Civility; which done, the sage *Cleodamas* being come in, began to whisper something to *Philonica*. For being a man of the most ancient and most honourable House of any in *Agrigentum*, and had withal the recommendation of a great Understanding, Vertue and Honesty, he was more then any other concerned in the Peace which his Country was now to enjoy; so that having acquainted *Philonica* with many things, which it concerned her to know, he began openly to commend the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had now satisfi-

ed the World, that he had not raised a War but to settle Peace, and not out of any Sally of Ambition, adding that he was truly a Father to his Subjects, since he preferred their quiet before the carrying on of a War, which it had been more to his glory to have continued, had he not preferred the publick good before his particular advantages. It is true, continued *Cleodamas*, that to speak rationally, it is much more glorious for a Prince to have preserved Plenty in his Dominions then to have ruined his neighbours; and is more noble out of a consideration of Justice and Humanity to be thrifty of the blood of his Subjects, then out of a *Punctillo* of glory and ambition, to be prodigal of his enemies. All approving what *Cleodamas* said, and acknowledging the praises he gave the Prince of *Agrigentum* to be just, they congratulated *Philonica*, and afterwards, *Artemidorus*. For there being some or other continually, coming in, and going out of *Philonica's* Chamber, the company stood, and every one was at liberty to go from one place to another. So that there was not any either man or woman, which did not complement *Artemidorus*, except *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, who had not the courage to go and tell him that they were glad of a thing which indeed caused all their affliction: But *Berelisa* desirous to conceal her trouble from her sister-in-law, and being withal, almost out of her self to put her into some disturbance, came to her, and speaking softly; for one who thought her self so much concerned to send congratulations to *Artemidorus*, said she to her, methinks you make not much hast to tell him that you are glad he is at liberty, I expected you should have shewn me the way, replied *Clidimira*; for I believe you think your self as deep in the concerns of that Prince, as I do; but since haply you conceive, that by reason of the relation I have to you, I ought to speak first, I shall do it: Whereupon *Clidimira* without expecting any answer from *Berelisa*, drew near to *Artemidorus*, who was not far from her, and made a very handsome and obliging complement to him, *Artemidorus* thinking it in a manner barbarous not to return a civil answer before so many people, gave her thanks for her good wishes. But persisting in the desire of tormenting her sister, she behaved her self so, that though he had for a good while endeavourd to avoid discourse with her, yet she forced him to answer her divers times: Whereat *Berelisa*, who heard not what passed between them, was extremely vexed, *Artemidorus* who was not ignorant of the ticklishness of her humour, would have gone to her as soon as he was dis-engaged from *Clidimira*, but she avoided all discourse with him, and gave him such a lesson of vexation to read in her eyes, that he was infinitely troubled at it. He nevertheless continued following her, and pursued her from place to place, in so much that at last taking her leaning on a Window which looked into the garden, he went to that next it, and taking hold of a corner of her garment to stay her from going away: Well, cruel *Berelisa*, said he to her, will you eternally avoid me? And when all the World congratulate me though for a thing which afflicts me, do you think it a trouble to comfort me?

me? You are then already resolved, replied she roundly, to take *Clidimira* along with you to *Leontum*? I am resolved to die, cruel *Berelisa*, if you prove not more favourable to me; and I am resolved to hate and be revenged of you, replied *Berelisa*, if you prove unfaithful. I am content you shall do both, replied he, if I do prove such; but if I am both constant and unfortunate, pity me, and love me at least as much as you have promised. *Philonica* hereupon, calling *Berelisa* to her, *Artemidorus* had not the opportunity to speak to her any more all that day; nor could he sleep all the night following, such a distraction did the humbours of *Berelisa*, and the insinuations of *Clidimira* raise in his thoughts. Not as I have already acquainted you, that he had any design to ingage himself any further to *Clidimira*, and had an excessive affection for *Berelisa*; but he had a conceit that it were a kind of aspersion to a person of honour, uncivilly to shake off the love of a woman, whether she have forsaken him or not; so that not finding any mean between these two things, he was in a strange perplexity. His liberty, which he now was Master of, contributed to his disturbance, for if it favoured him to be rid of *Clidimira*, it also removed him from *Berelisa*, without whom it was impossible for him to be happy. On the other side, as to what concerned his fortunes, he easily fore-saw that if he remained at *Agrirentum*, now that he had obtained his liberty, he should be proclaimed Traytor to *Leontum*. So that which way soever he looked, whether on what concerned *Berelisa*, or *Clidimira*, or on himself, his mind was still in the same disturbance. That which further augmented his disquiet, was the arrival of *Terillus*; for being perswaded it was he had sent him the cruel Letter which he had delivered to *Berelisa*, he was no longer able to indure the affront; and if *Berelisa* had not charged him to keep the business secret, he could not have forbore expressing the resentments he had of it.

In the mean time, *Clidimira* having understood by the Gentleman whom she had corrupted, that *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus* had had some little contestation, failed not to make her advantage of it, and was so diligent in finding an opportunity to talk with him at *Philonica's*, that indeed he could not with civility avoid her. To acquaint you, Madam, with what discourse passed between them, were no easie task for me; for neither *Artemidorus* nor *Clidimira* could yet be perswaded to give an exact account of it. Yet thus much hath been gotten out of *Clidimira*, that *Artemidorus* entertained he with the bitterest reproaches, which, without a visible affront, and an abjuration of that civility which is due from man to womankind, he could imagine; and *Artemidorus* hath discovered so much, as that *Clidimira* without telling him plainly, *I love thee*, had entertained him with the greatest tenderness and passion, in the excuses she made, that she had married *Telestis*. To be short, the very same day I saw this Prince, but so clouded with sadness, as I had never seen him before. Not but that he loved *Berelisa* with the greatest affection imaginable; but believing withal, that *Clidimira* loved him as much, he looked on it, as what would raise a Tempest between him and *Berelisa*.

Nor indeed was it unlikely, for there cannot happen a greater disturbance to a vertuous man, then to be loved of two women that hate one another, and yet are obliged to be almost perpetually together.

But *Berelisa* having understood what discourse had past between *Artemidorus* and *Clidimira*, by one of *Philonica's* women, who had over-heard some part of it, was so troubled that *Artemidorus* had said nothing to her, that without discovering her affliction either to *Lysicoris* or me, or yet to *Artemidorus*; she (to be revenged of the disloyalty of this Prince, as she interpreted it) resolved to be more kind than ordinary to *Terillus*. But to tell you the truth, these two Lovers were equally surpris'd at her carriage: for if it was matter of wonder to *Artemidorus*, to see a remission of her affection to him; it was no less to *Terillus*, to find from her that little kindness she was pleas'd to shew him. He at first imagin'd, that the foreseeing that *Artemidorus* was shortly to leave *Agrirentum*, thought fit to make sure of him; and having a subtle and piercing wit, and that sharpen'd by his jealousy, he soon discovered that this kindness and compliance of *Berelisa* was but personated and artificial, such as wherein her heart was nothing concerned; so that it caus'd him to be more jealous than ever. As for *Artemidorus*, though he doubted not but that *Berelisa* still loved him, and that it was only for his sake that she was so kind to *Terillus*; yet all considered, he could not avoid some reflections of jealousy, which oblig'd him to hate this Rival. For *Berelisa*, though she was satisfi'd that *Artemidorus* had a tender affection for her, yet being not assur'd but that the flatteries of *Clidimira* might have some influence on him, she was seiz'd by a jealousy which distract'd her beyond all imagination: and as concerning *Clidimira*, though she then could without any return of love, and in a manner without hope of any, yet was she subject to jealousy: So that it may be said, that jealousy never had such an Empire in any amorous transaction, and was withal so ill grounded, as in this. For *Terillus* was jealous, though he could never hope for any love from *Berelisa*. *Artemidorus* was jealous of *Terillus*, whom *Berelisa* hated; *Berelisa* was jealous of *Clidimira*, whom *Artemidorus* loved not; and *Clidimira* was jealous, though there was not any rational likelihood she should ever regain the heart she had once lost. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the consequences of these several scenes of jealousy must be sad and tragical, and such as hindred these persons from those enjoyments of Peace, which the Prince of *Agrirentum* brought along with him, who was now come burthened with glory to receive the acclamations of his people. But I should tire you with a second relation of the honours were done him, and withal I must remember, it is the History of *Artemidorus*, and not his, which I relate to you. I shall therefore only tell you, that things being in this posture, there hapn'd to be a consort of Musick in the Gardens of the Palace of *Gyants*, whereof I told you the ruines were so magnificent. For though this Palace be ruin'd, yet the Gardens remain, and they are so well ordered, that it is the general Walk of all persons of Quality, of either Sex, especially in the Summer,

mer, when we court the fresh Air, to avoid the inconveniences of the heat. The Prince of *Artemidorus* therefore desirous to hear some Musick in this Garden, wherein there are a many Walks with Trees on both sides, which cross one another, had it after an excellent manner: For the Moon not shining that night, and that it is neither pleasant nor handsome to be in the dark, especially in a place where so many people meet, he caused Lamps of Crystal to be fastned to all the Trees of the principal Walk; as for the rest, they were only at the places where they crossed, to the end that those might be humour'd who delight to walk in dark shady places, and are desirous of recollection, or would confer of something which cannot be spoken without a change of colour: So that it being noised abroad that there would be a Confort in the Garden, which is called the *Cyclops Garden*, abundance of people came thither that evening. Among others came *Artemidorus*, *Berelisa*, *Clidimira*, *Lyfcoris* and *Terillus*. For my part, I was never taken with any thing so much as that nights walk: For those lights made a strange shew through the thickness of the Trees and the darkness, and that multitude of excellent persons, whereof one had but a glimpse, made a delightful confusion, and caus'd a many adventures. Some walk'd one way, some another; some walk'd up and down, as those that look'd for what they were nor likely to find; others having met those they look'd for, possess'd themselves of those seats, which are in divers places of the Garden, and without any regard to the Musick, nor those that pass'd to and fro, they discours'd freely, having their minds so far disburthen'd of all things, as if there had been no other people in the world. There were others on the contrary who continually remov'd from one place to another, pretending they had much to do in every place, where indeed they had not any. There were also some who having quite forgotten the Company, hearkned only to the Musick and were wholly taken up with that: on the contrary there were others, who not minding the Musick at all, acted the parts of publick spies, and seem'd to have no other business there, then to observe what was done, that so they might have something to discourse of the next day. There wanted not those, who pretending they had some design in hand, and some business to do, seem'd to be much troubled, which made them quit the company they were engag'd in, to go into the Walks, as if they had appointed to meet some body there, though they knew there was nothing to entertain them but obscurity. There were also some, who neither discoursing with any body nor hearing the Musick, nor giving themselves to any recollection; walk'd up and down, singing as if they had been alone in some solitary place. In fine, I saw so many pleasant spectacles that night, that I never spent any with greater delight. 'Tis true, it was the mother of one unhappy accident; for you are to know that *Lyfcoris* having observ'd *Berelisa* to be very melancholy, and that she minded not the Musick, took her aside, and conducting her to a seat which is near the *Cypresse Labyrinth*, importun'd her to tell the reason of her sadness. *Berelisa* who felt

her self almost over-burthened with it, told her all her mind, heightning and aggravating the affliction it was to her to be more favourable than ordinary to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*. But (added she, her soul being dissolved into tenderness and passion) if this Prince depart, as I believe he will, I will be revenged upon *Terillus*, both for the disloyalty of *Artemidorus*, and the Letter he caus'd to be sent me; as also for the jealousy which *Clidimira* causes me, and the correspondence that is between him and her; for I am confident it is he hath distilled into her those inclinations which she hath, or pretends to have for *Artemidorus*.

Lyfcoris hearing her speak so violently, told her she was very much too blame in all things; that for *Terillus* he was unfortunate enough in that he was not loved; abating the cruelty she had used in abusing him for some time; that as for *Artemidorus*, she might assure her self of his affection, and therefore should not entertain a jealousy that he would be so unworthy, as ever to return into the fetters of the faithless *Clidimira*: So that there remained only her Sister-in-law, for whom she might have any just aversion. And therefore, said she to her, you need not think it strange now that *Telefis* is dead, that she should endeavour to repair her disloyalty past, by a future fidelity. Ah *Lyfcoris*, replied *Berelisa*, she would not certainly have renewed her love to *Artemidorus*, were it not to rob me of him, and indeed it is only envy, that hath let love into her heart. It happens in the mean time, that I who had resolved not to love any thing, had broken my resolution, to oblige a Prince whose affection I thought I might innocently entertain, and of whose heart I thought to have been possess'd for my life, whereas now I am in a strange disturbance, and a fear he should be guilty of an infidelity to me, to satisfy the most faithless, and consequently the most detestable person in the world. But, said *Lyfcoris* to her, you torment your self without any reason; for I am confident that *Artemidorus* loves you, that you love him, and that *Clidimira* will love without any return of her love. To what end then do you trouble your thoughts to hate *Clidimira*, to entertain jealousy, and to pretend kindness to *Terillus*, since you hate him? I hate *Clidimira*, replied she, because I cannot help it; I am jealous for the same reason, and I am kind to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*, to put a worm of jealousy into his brain, and to make him quit all thoughts of *Clidimira*, and oblige him to love me better. Alas, 'tis too much, cruel *Berelisa* (crieth out *Terillus*, who stood behind a Cypresse near *Lyfcoris*) and I should be the basest of man kind, if having heard all this, I revenge not my self on you in all the ways and circumstances that a person of honour may be revenged of a woman. Now, Madam, to represent unto you the amazement of *Berelisa*, were not easie for me, for she had not so much as suspected, when she left the company with her dear *Lyfcoris*, that *Terillus* had followed them. Nevertheless how angry soever she might then be with *Artemidorus*, her first reflection in this accident was, a fear that *Terillus* might attempt something against

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him. Whereupon doing her inclinations the greatest violence could be, she earnestly intreated him, to give her the hearing out of a consideration of generosity. But the more she intreated, the further was he from satisfying her, and suddenly stealing away, she soon, by reason of the thickness of the Trees, and the obscurity, lost sight of him. However, she imagined not that *Terillus* should take such a violent resolution as he did, or that it should be taken and executed in so short a space. She and *Lyfcoris* thought to find me out, to acquaint me how things stood, that without interesting her in the adventure, I might have a care of *Artemidorus*. But there being an infinite number of people in the place, and that women cannot shift places so easily as men, they saw me not. Besides that, the Princess *Philonica*, seeing them pass by, called to them, and obliging them to stay with her, which they did, but with little ease, as being extremely troubled at what had happened. For *Berelisa* thought not fit to acquaint *Philonica* with the disturbance. She was in, since she could not do it without discovering the mutual love which was between her and *Artemidorus*. That which yet increased her disquiet, was, that this Prince was neither with *Philonica*, nor with the Prince of *Agrigentum*; however, hoping to meet with me before the night were passed, she said not a word, and only charged divers people, in case they saw me, to tell me, that she would gladly speak with me about a business that required great haste. So that in fine, one of *Berelisa's* friends having found me among some women told me of it; but it happening to be just at the time that the musick gave over, and that all people were departing, I could not by reason of the throng get from among those Ladies with whom I was in discourse, nor yet come near *Berelisa*. Besides that, not able to conceive what she was so hasty to acquaint me with, I resolved to put it off till betimes next day. By this means she went away without seeing me, and I went my ways, without any thought of *Artemidorus*, to whom there had happened what is indeed to be admired. For you are to know, Madam, that *Terillus* having overheard what *Berelisa* had said, took a resolution in the first transport of his indignation, either to destroy himself or *Artemidorus*. To which end, it being ordinary for men to take their swords with them, in such evening walks as these, because it is very late ere they retire, and that in regard they are obliged to convey the Ladies, it seems fit they should be in posture to defend themselves; *Terillus* found it an easy matter to execute his design, yet so, as that it might not be discovered. He had no sooner left *Berelisa* and *Lyfcoris*, but he went to find out *Artemidorus*, whom he soon found; for as a jealous Lover is very observant of what his Rival does, he knew the place where he had left him. Finding him accordingly, and taking him aside unperceived by any, he led him into one of those cross walks, which I told you had only Lamps at the places where they crossed. He was no sooner in it, but *Terillus* broke forth thus, My Lord, said he to him, you will haply think me very bold, if I presume to ask you whether you remember not a certain thing you said to me in the Wood of *Carisalis*; further,

if I desire to know whether you will make good your word; for since you cannot bestow *Berelisa* on me, though you would, there is a necessity you should deprive him of his life, who once saved yours, according to your promise, so dispose of your self, that you may return me the life which I have preserved for you, *Terillus* at these words having drawn, *Artemidorus* saw it was no time to consider what he had to do, he retreated two or three steps to put himself into a posture of defence, and moved by a resentment of generosity and gratitude, I beseech you, cried he to him, force me not to your ruine, since it is no fault of mine that you are not loved by *Berelisa*. But *Terillus* in stead of returning any answer to *Artemidorus*, made such a thrust at him, that this Prince was satisfied, that if he did not look to himself, he who sometimes had saved his life, would now take it away. However, for some time he stood only upon the defensive; but at length, finding himself hurt on the left side, he became more prodigal of his Valour, And now looking on *Terillus* as a furious Rival, there hapned between these two Lovers, a most terrible Combat; for being at good distance from those Lamps which were in the cross walks, all they could do was to see the glistering of their swords, not perceiving one another distinctly. But in fine, not to trouble you with the description of a Combate, which was not seen by any body: I shall onely tell you, that it proved so bloody and so obstinate, that *Terillus* fell dead at *Artemidorus's* feet, after he had received four great wounds. 'Tis true, *Artemidorus* had received three, whereby he was disabled to walk, as having one of them in his thigh; and being got into one of the most remote Walks, they had not haply been found out, if by chance *Berelisa*, who was to lie with *Lyfcoris* that night, so to avoid the opening of the Castle gate of *Agrigentum* at an unreasonable hour, had not slunk away from *Philonica*, to go out at a back gate of the Garden which was neerest to that Quarter where her friend lived. *Berelisa* therefore following her, and being conducted by a Brother of *Lyfcoris*, and some others, they passed through that Walk where *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* had fought, and where they yet were in a most sad condition. The slaves who went before them, with a kind of Torch made of the Bark of Pine trees, which they use in that Isle, to light them in the night, spied *Terillus* laid along on the ground all bloody, and *Artemidorus* leaning against a Tree, as hardly able to keep on his feet, and having his own Sword in his right hand, held that of his adversary in his left, to help to bear himself up. These slaves making a great exclamation at it, *Lyfcoris*, *Berelisa*, and the Gentlemen who waited on them, came neer, and found these Rivals bloody all over. To tell you what impression it made in *Berelisa*, were a thing would trouble me much. As for *Artemidorus*, he spoke so, as that it was soon seen his wisdom and discretion had not left him; for he bemoaned his misfortune, in that he had been forced to fight with a man to whom he was obliged; and concealing the occasion of their quarrel, to preserve the reputation of *Berelisa*, he only acquainted them that he was not the beginner. But while *Lyfcoris*, her brother and the other Gentlemen

Gentlemen went to find out Chyrurgions and people, to have a care of, and remove the persons hurt, *Artemidorus* turning to *Berelisa*, All the suit I make to you, Madam, is, that if I die, you will believe I die with all fidelity to you, and that if I live, you assure your self it shall be only for your sake. These words having softened the heart of this great Beauty, it soon dissolved into tears in her eyes, so that she was not able to return him any other answer, then these three words, *I wish it*; as being partly hindered by the arrival of a multitude of people in an instant, which obliged them to provide for the wounded, whom for the present they carryed to *Lysicoris's* house as being the neereſt.

They were no ſooner gotten thither, but the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had been acquainted with this accident before he had reached his own Palace, was there alſo; where he had not been long ere *Terillus* dies in the hands of the Chyrurgions who dreſſed him. Whereupon the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who knew how powerful the Family of *Terillus* was, cauſed the Corps of this unhappy Lover to be immediately carryed to his own Palace, ſo to divert his friends from coming where *Artemidorus* was, whoſe wounds were very dangerous. But that *Bereliſa* might not grieve for this miſfortune, with that freedom ſhe wiſhed, *Clidimira* going homewards in her Chariot, paſſed by *Lysicoris's* houſe, and ſo came to underſtand what had hapned; pretending a tenderneſs for the health of her Siſter in Law, by reaſon of the fright ſhe had received, ſhe would needs ſee what condition that Prince was in, for whom ſhe had ſo infinite affection: I leave you to imagine what reſentments theſe two Rivals might have, as alſo what might be thoſe of *Artemidorus*, who when he had been dreſſed, ſaw all people came freely into the Chamber where *Lysicoris* had diſpoſed him, and found theſe two women about him. 'Tis true, this diſturbance laſted not long; for *Lysicoris* having obſerved what trouble he was in, as alſo what *Bereliſa* ſuffered, cauſed the Chyrurgions to give order that the Company ſhould quit the Prince's Chamber. By this means *Clidimira* was forced to depart, and to allow *Bereliſa* the liberty of bemoaning this unfortunate adventure, which ſhe was more ſenſible of than can be well imagined, for ſhe was not only troubled for him whom ſhe loved, but was alſo afflicted for his death whom ſhe loved not. This done, the Prince of *Agrigentum* fearing the friends of *Terillus*, who was deſcended of a Houſe to which courage and boldneſs was hereditary, ſhould commit ſome violence, left part of his Guard at *Lysicoris's*, and returned to his Palace. For my part, I heard nothing of this accident till the next morning, no more did *Philonice*, but at the firſt noiſe of it, I was more ſurpriſed than ever I was at any thing in my life. This day the friends of *Terillus* making a great ſtir about his death, *Artemidorus* was ſecretly brought into the Caſtle of *Agrigentum*; for the Illuſtrious Prince, who is Maſter of it, would not, out of conſiderations as much of Generoſity as Policy, expoſe *Artemidorus* to the violence of his Enemies; ſo that now it was *Bereliſa's* charge to have a care of this Illuſtrious wounded perſon. 'Tis true *Clidimira* kept her company much, for it having hapned

that a houſe ſtood next to hers falling down, had brought with it part of the Walls of her Lodgings; Upon this pretence ſhe deſired to be entertained at her Father-in-Laws, who not conſidering the conſequence of it, received her; ſo that *Artemidorus*, notwithstanding his averſion, was obliged to ſee her, and *Bereliſa* could not blame him for it, nor indeed durſt take it ill. Now *Clidimira* being very ſubtle, behaved her ſelf ſo, as that ſhe really perſwaded *Artemidorus* that ſhe had never loved him with that tenderneſs as ſhe did then. On the other ſide *Bereliſa*, notwithstanding all the ſecret diſcontents which ſhe had gone through, and thoſe ſhe ſtruggled with, aſſured him, that never any woman was inſpired with a more violent, and withal a more vertuous paſſion; than that ſhe then had for him; and what was moſt remarkable, was, that theſe two Rivals, out of a fear of diſturbſing the Illuſtrious Patient, as alſo to conceal their loves from the world; and laſtly, for fear of loſing the happineſs which it was to them, to ſee what they loved, ſeemed to live in an abſolute Peace, though they really hated one the other as much as might be.

But *Artemidorus* beginning to recover, and having paſt all danger, fell into an incredible diſquiet. For though he faithfully and fervently loved *Bereliſa*, yet could he not without incivility reject the applications of *Clidimira*: ſo that it was a perpetual trouble to him, for to entertain them but coldly, he could not without ſome violence to his own inclinations; if he received them with any ſatisfaction, he muſt expect to find in the eyes of *Bereliſa*, thoſe characters of affliction which brought him infinite trouble. But in ſine, to put a period to my relation, you are to know that this private combat proved of publick concernment. For *Artemidorus*, being Brother to the Prince of *Leontum*, and there being no probable account given of this quarrel, the friends of *Terillus* were ſo ill ſatisfied with the Prince of *Agrigentum*, for giving Sanctuary to him who had killed him, that the people being engaged in it, and the Magiſtrates taking notice of it, he was forced to acquaint *Artemidorus*, that, though he were quite recovered of his wounds, it were hard for him to carry the buſineſs ſo, as that he might promiſe himſelf ſafety in his Court, as he had hoped he might, by reaſon of the difference that then was between the Prince of *Leontum* and himſelf. But at length that the buſineſs might be carryed on with as much generoſity as might be, the Prince of *Agrigentum* aſſured him of a ſafe Retreat with the Prince of *Syracuſe*, and withal forced him to ſubmit to be put into an equipage ſutable to his condition, and that he might continue it to him at *Syracuſe*, till ſuch time as he had made his peace with the Prince his Brother; aſſuring him, that if the friends of *Terillus* might be reduced to hear any reaſon, he would ſend for him back to *Agrigentum*. *Philonice*, for her part, expreſſed a thouſand civilities to him; and it may be ſaid, that never man had ſo much cauſe both to commend and complain of his Fortune, as *Artemidorus* then had: For as he was infinitely obliged to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, ſo was he equally unhappy in that he was forced to leave *Bereliſa*. It added ſome grains to his unhappineſs, that he was loved by *Clidimira*; theſe three Per-

sons suffering no mean afflictions, yet such as were not alike in all. For *Berelisa* was excessively afflicted at the absence of a Prince whom she loved, and of whose affection she was assured, though she was not without some jealousies he might prove false to her. *Clidimira* was for her part as highly troubled, in that she lost both the hope of regaining him, and that of seeing him of a long time. They had accordingly each of them to express their several passions, a conference in private with this Prince the night before his departure. Although it be the most terrible thing in the world to a woman to love, and not be loved (said *Clidimira* to him) yet (my Lord) I am of opinion, that rule ought not to be so general, and that a person whom only the malice of her Fortune hath made seem unfaithful, may and ought to repair the crime whereof she stands accused, and persist in her affection, even though she be not loved any longer. And therefore (my Lord, added she) permit the unfortunate *Clidimira* to assure you, that into what part soever of the Earth Fortune shall dispose you, she shall have those sentiments of affection for you, which she shall never for any other. I quarrel not with you (continued she) that you have quitted the affection you had for me, and have directed it to *Berelisa*; for when you began to love her, it was because you believed me unconstant: I was then at the disposal of a Husband, and could not love you any longer with innocence. But be you withal so favourable, as not to accuse me of a crime, which my ill fortune forced me to commit: I do not certainly deserve you should have that consideration of my love, as to make you disengage your self from *Berelisa*, but you may haply think me worthy to look on the heart that she possesses as a jewel, which it is possible I may enjoy, in case she either neglect or lose it. All then that I crave, is, that if by some accident, yet unforeseen, you should withdraw your affection from her, you would promise to bestow it on me, and forget my weakness past. Ah, Madam, (said *Artemidorus* to her) you propose to me things impossible, for *Berelisa* will not lose me, and though she should, I shall be thought certainly at a loss of all reason, if I should ever be induced to resign my self to a person who had so unmercifully forsaken me before. All therefore I can say to you, is, that as I have endured your infidelity without any disturbance or revenge, so I shall without indiscretion admit those obligations you shall lay upon me, and shall so entertain them, as not to be deceived by them a second time.

This conference had certainly put *Artemidorus* into some disorder, had I not interrupted; but as to the discourse this Prince had with *Berelisa*, it was longer and fuller of passion, for the tenderness of it was reciprocal. However, *Artemidorus* could not absolutely force all jealousy out of *Berelisa's* heart, though in those things he said to her, he discovered the greatest passion in the World. I am easily perswaded (said she to him) to believe that you love me; nay further, I am confident you love not *Clidimira*; but I am withal certain, that you are satisfied she loves you, and I doubt not but that if there should happen any difference between us, you would renew your affection to her.

In the mean time, this consideration is no small torment to me, and if you desire I should not die of grief, you must promise me in case absence should consume the affection you bear me, or that some other unhappy accident divorce me from your heart, or that my death make an eternal separation between us, that you will never love *Clidimira*; for I perceive that when you shall be returned to *Leontum*, there may happen such a turn of Fortune, as may bring her thither also. But can I give you a greater assurance of my affection, answered *Artemidorus*, than by promising to love you eternally, and to love none but you? You may, my Lord, replied this powerful Beauty, for amidst those fantastick apprehensions I am now engaged with, I should be more satisfied to hear you once say, that you will never love *Clidimira*; then that you should swear you will ever love *Berelisa*. But when I protest that I shall love you as long as I live, replied he, does it not signify as much, as if I said I shall never love her? No (my Lord) it does not (replied she) and if you were sufficiently read in love, you would not think this distinction so extravagant, nor would make so much difficulty to humour my affection. Hereupon *Artemidorus* was obliged to promise her all she desired; and moreover, assured her, that as soon as he could, he would return to *Agrigentum*, that it should be only for her sake that he did return; and that if *Afranor* would but give his consent, he would marry her. He had once intended to have proposed it to *Afranor*, before his departure, but in regard it would have proved very unseasonable, *Berelisa* would not permit him. She also made him promise he would not write to *Clidimira*, though she should write to him; to be short, she made all the *provisos* which the nicest jealousy could suggest against this dangerous Rival.

This posture were Affairs in, when *Artemidorus* left *Agrigentum*. He loved *Berelisa*, and she him: He had renounced all love to *Clidimira*, yet she still loved him, and though he could not guess what might be his fortune, he immediately went to *Syracuse*, whither I accompanied him. He was no sooner gone from *Agrigentum*, but *Clidimira* did two things, one was, she entred into Combination with one of the friends of *Terillus*, purposely to oblige him to use all means to ingage the rest to oppose the return of *Artemidorus*; the other was, that she got leave to return to *Leontum*, where she hath managed her affairs with so much policy, that at the present she is so powerful in that Court, that *Artemidorus* cannot hope ever to come into his Country, but through her means.

On the other side, *Berelisa* left no stone unmoved to hasten his return to *Agrigentum*; but those with whom *Clidimira* held correspondence opposed it so stiffly, that the Prince of *Agrigentum* thought himself obliged, out of considerations of his own interest, not to send for him. But there fell out another accident in the Court of *Syracuse*, which obliged *Artemidorus*, and me, to leave it. There hapned also other alterations at *Leontine*, which forced thence a Princess, who is at the present at *Clusium*, and we were by divers motives induced to come into Italy with *Amilcar*, with whom we took shipping together in Sicily, after

ter we had entred into a solemn friendship. But I forget to tell you, that since *Clidimiras* coming to *Leontum*, and that she hath gained great reputation there: *Artemidorus* is much more unfortunate than ever he was; for being still passionately devoted to *Berelisa*, and standing upon a *punctilio* of fidelity, he was so far from intreating his former Mistress to continue her favours and good offices, that he vouchsafes not to answer the obliging Letters, which she writes to him. On the other side, he understands that the Prince of *Eri-cium*, is fallen deeply in love with *Berelisa*, and that he is joyned with the Friends of *Terillus* to hinder his return to *Arigentum*, and that he might be absolutely unhappy, he durst not have any correspondence with the Princess his Sister, lest he might offend the Prince his Brother. But when all is done, the afflictions of *Artemidorus*, proceeding from no other cause than the excessive affection towards him of two of the greatest Beauties in the World. I cannot retract what I said in the beginning of this relation; but on the contrary maintain that this Prince is too blame for taking so much trouble upon him, since what occasions his trouble might felicitise any two the greatest persons in the World.

For my part (said *Amilcar*, perceiving *Zenocrates* had ended his relation) I think you are in the right, and that it is properly of such things, that it may be said a man cannot have too much. I assure you (replied *Hermilia*) I am not of your mind; for I believe a vertuous man thinks it a great affliction, to be loved by one woman, of merit and quality, having bestowed his affections on another. For what concerns me, said *Valeria*, I think a woman who is so unhappy as to love, and not be loved again, deserves more pity than a vertuous man who is loved, and yet cannot himself love. However it be, said *Brutus*, I think *Artemidorus* condition very sad; for he hath loved a faithless woman, whom it is unlikely he will ever hate, since she hath such an infinite affection for him; he now loves a person whom he cannot

come near; he hath a powerful Rival, and this Rival is absent; his love is an obstacle to his Ambition; he can neither be among his friends, nor yet among his enemies, and he knows he were happy, if he were not where he is: All which certainly is the greatest punishment that absence and love put together can inflict on him. It is but too certain, says *Herminius*, and I am of opinion that a Lover who is loved, when he is forced to be at a distance from the person he loves, and is subject to a fear of losing her, is in a far greater torment, than a Lover who simply fears that he may not be loved. I do believe indeed it is the greater torment, said *Zenocrates*; but yet there is a great pleasure in the very thought of being loved, and it is as great an affliction to be assured that one is not. I agree with you (replied *Herminius*) and yet the fear of losing a good which one is possessed of, and the impossibility of enjoying, signifie, haply, something as hard to be endured, as the bare distrust of not being able to attain that good which one desires. But it is certainly too late to begin the disposition of a thing of this nature, especially in the Chamber of one that is sick, and that a fair one too. For fairness (replied *Hermilia*) I must decline it, and for sickness it is not so great, as that such pleasant company should be any inconvenience to me; but certainly it proceeds from the impatience you are in to return to *Aronces* and *Artemidorus*. They are certainly (says *Amilcar*) too much subject to melancholy, to be left for so long time alone; besides that to deal truly (added he smiling) it is already so late, that it is fit all address themselves to that God, who alone is equally propitious to the fortunate and the unfortunate, without any alteration in their fortunes, and that I have already observed some effects of his power, in the fair eyes of *Valeria*. Hereupon the whole company rising, the entertainment was concluded; though *Valeria* would not acknowledge what *Amilcar* said, and that so many honourable persons were very unwilling to part.

The End of the Second Book of the Second Part.

CLELIA

CLELIA:

The Second Part.

BOOK III.

BEing come out of *Hermilias* Chamber, *Brutus*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, went to *Aronces* and *Artemidorus*, whom every one (according to his humour) comforted after the best manner he could. That done, they fell into discourse about what their minds was taken up with: The Liberty of *Rome* and of *Clelia*, was the business in debate, as being the main scope of all their Designs. And whereas it was only in the night, that the secret friends of *Herminius*, *Brutus* and *Valerius*, had the opportunities of Conference, as soon as they had quitted *Aronces's* Chamber, *Brutus* went to *Valerius's*, to resolve on several things with him: but all the way he thought of nothing but *Lucretia*. Alas! said he to himself, how much more happy are all other Lovers, whose adventures I am entertained with, than I am? For those who are not loved, hope, or at least may hope to be; and those which are, receive those expressions of it, which come not without pleasure. But for my part, I am much more miserable, for the over-tuious *Lucretia*, would not so much as that I should know she hath not forgotten me: so that I am forced to suffer all the malice of a cross fortune, without the least diversion of comfort. Instead of one, I am seized by a many passions; since I am obliged to entertain hatred, jealousy and ambition as well as love: and besides all these extremities, I must chain up my reason, and make it a slave to the cruellest Tyrant that earth affords.

But whilst *Brutus* talked thus to himself, as he went to *Valerius*, and that *Rome* seemed to be a depopulated City, the Inhabitants of it being buried in their rest, the implacable *Tullia*, whose heart was upon the rack of an ambitious jealousy, which is much more cruel than that which ordinary love inspires, had secretly sent for him who was *Clelia's* keeper, out of a design to corrupt him if she could. You know, said she to him, all that I have done for *Tarquin*; as also what he hath done to raise himself above all others; and after all; he is not ashamed to submit himself to a Slave, the Daughter of his Enemy. Nor are you ignorant how often he hath endeavoured to take away *Clelia's* life; consider then what an exor-

bitance of passion this Prince is hurried into, to descend to love *Clelia*, who hates him above all others; who yet might in time haply pretend to love him, that her Father may be restored, and put into a condition to revenge himself, and, in his turn, banish those by whom he was banished. You may assure your self, added she, that if *Clelia* were once in power, you would not be one of the last banished; and you may easily conjecture by what is past, that he would never be quiet till *Tarquin* were turned out of the Throne, and till I were possessed of my grave. Serve me then courageously in the Design I have to take away *Clelia* from *Tarquin*, and doubt not of a reward proportionable to so great a service; for into what place soever you would repair for Sanctuary till *Tarquin* were appeased, I will take order you shall have no cause to complain of your Fortune. Besides that, all the employments which *Tarquin* hath put you upon, have raised you so many Enemies here, that it were not amiss if you removed: and that *Tarquin* hath so poorly rewarded all those confident executions you have done for him, that you cannot expect any future advantage by them. Let me then by my entreaties, by my reasons, and by the hopes I give you of making you happy in what place of the World you please, persuade you to do what I will have you. You know that I can do almost any thing that I desire to do; submit therefore to my will, if you would not rather disoblige the Woman of all the World, who hates to extremity what she is once displeased with, and can most easily destroy what opposes her; but withal, who most magnificently rewards those who serve her with cheerfulness and confidence.

The fellow whom she spoke to being subtle, and standing in fear of her, and knowing her to be the most revengeful Woman in the World, saw it was no time to contest with her; for he considered, that having discovered her self so far to him as she had, he were a lost man if he denied her. Besides, reflecting how ill he had been rewarded for all the crimes he had committed in executing these unjust Orders of *Tarquin*, he concluded, that the dangerous conjuncture he was in, he could not do better than entertain the propositions which *Tullia* made to him. He therefore answered

answered her as one absolutely engaged in her interests, and only demanded some few days to dispose of his affairs, that he might with safety obey her: For Madam, said he to her, I must first make sure of some of the Guard which I command, I must give other Orders to those that are upon the Guard at present, and I must put all things into such a posture, as that nothing may hinder the execution of this noble design of yours, of delivering the King from a person which might really prejudice you, and haply prove his ruin. *Tullia* agreeing to what he said, dismissed him; and slept the rest of the night with more quiet, than a person so cruel deserved to find.

According to this design, *Anilcar* having been with her the next morning, she told him that within eight days at farthest, she would put *Clelia* into his disposal; so that burthened with this great news, he came to acquaint *Aronces* with it, who certainly received it with no small joy; though he was not so sensible of it as he thought he ought to have been. 'Tis to be feared (said he to *Anilcar*) I am so accustomed to misfortunes, that I cannot be otherwise than unfortunate. But however it be (says *Anilcar*) you are to blame not to give Hope a place in your heart; for if *Tullia* do not what she intends, we shall execute our other resolutions, and you shall find that the same persons who are employed to restore *Rome* to her liberty, are also engaged to restore *Clelia* to hers. You have moreover this advantage, that your Rival is one whom all true Romans wish destroyed, and all virtuous people abhor. You speak reason indeed (replied *Aronces*) but when all is done, *Clelia* is still in captivity under an unmerciful Tyrant who is in love with her: I live concealed in *Rome* not being able to do any thing but bemoan my self and give orders; *Clelia's* liberty is uncertain, the effect of the conspiracy is very doubtful, and supposing *Clelia* were out of *Rome*, we were still equally miserable, for what part of the earth would afford us Sanctuary, since we neither know where *Clelius* is, nor where *Sulpitius* may be, and that the Prince of *Numidia* who could inform us, continues still in his madness? But all things considered might it please the Gods, I could but see *Clelia* once out of *Tarquin's* power, for could I but see her at liberty, and might but once more cast my self at her feet, and protest that I die for love of her, I should render fortune thanks and acknowledge my self more obliged to you than ever I was to any man.

But while *Aronces* was thus distracted between hope and fear; while *Anilcar* employed all his wits to serve him, while the Prince of *Numidia* was in some danger of death; while *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Valerius*, and their friends plotted secretly in *Rome* to make some insurrection which might usher in the liberty of their Country; while *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* were ready to hazard their persons in any thing wherein they might serve *Aronces*, while *Mutius* who still continued his addresses to *Valeria*, divided his heart between the love of her, and that of glory; *Horatius* was in an incredible disturbance at *Ardea*, having understood by some spies that *Clelia* was in *Tarquin's* power, that this Tyrant was fallen in love with her, that the Prince of *Numidia* had endeavoured to deliver her, and that it was not known where *Aronces* was. If he had durst he would have

come disguised out of *Ardea* as *Herminius* did, to see if he could have delivered *Clelia*; but he knew he was so much looked on by the besieged, that there was no possibility to do any thing of that nature; and all he could do, was to carry things so, as to oblige the *Ardeans* to persist in demanding the liberty of the Captives. But being withal a person of conduct and experience, he easily conceived it was not very likely *Tarquin* should deliver them up, as being one that was obstinate in all his resolutions. He therefore could do no more than what he did, unless it were to bemoan his fortune, whose pleasure it was, that at the same time he should be in exile in love, ill treated and obliged to his Rival.

As for *Tarquin*, he was astonished to hear that it was the Prince of *Numidia* who had attempted the delivery of *Clelia*; for it was easy to infer thence that this African Prince must needs have a considerable party in *Rome*, to carry on such a design as that. However he doubted not when the Siege were over to discover the truth of the business; and so for the present spent not his thoughts on any thing so much, as how to gain the place by some treaty, or if that could not be done, take it by storm, which way they had not yet attempted. For *Titus* and the Prince of *Pometia*, their minds were rather employed in Love than War, and *Herminia* and *Collatina* were yet absolute Empresses over their Souls. But as concerning *Sextus*, *Lucretia* was the continual object of his imagination, he always saw her, even when he saw her not; he thought of nothing but her, he talked of nothing else, he conceived a hope though he knew not what should oblige him to it; and his apprehensions were so violent and so distracted, that never since it was loves employment to put the senses into rebellion against the mind, did he inspire into any one a passion more exorbitant, more tyrannical, and more fit to overturn all reason than that which had seized his soul. Thence it proceeded that he troubled himself not much, either at what was done in *Rome* or passed in the Camp, and it took up all his wits to find out means to see *Lucretia* again.

While these things were in agitation, the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, staid in expectation, though to no purpose, to hear some news of *Aronces*; for though there were many persons, who could, if they had so pleased, have acquainted *Tarquin* where that Prince was, as also with the true worth of *Brutus*, and all the Plots that were afoot in *Rome*; nay, though there were two women who understood this whole secret, and two Maids that knew the greatest part of it, yet did it not take the least air that could be. For the Interest of the Country being thought at *Rome* of equal concernment with that Religion, there was a greater observance of faith and secrecy in such emergencies than there is elsewhere. And for the women, who were trusted with the knowledge of a business of so great importance, they were not ordinary persons; for *Racilia*, *Brutus's* Aunt, she carried about her that generosity which was (as it were) hereditary to the Family, whence she was descended, and *Sivilia* doubtless wanted not those perfections, and that greatness of Courage, as were requisite to qualify her for the trust of a thing of such consequence. Nor could it otherwise

therwise be, but that the illustrious *Herminius* was so well acquainted with her worth, that had she not been his Mother, he would have made her his Friend. For *Valeria* there need be no more said to give her the greatest commendation that may be, than that she was *Valerius* Daughter, *Lucretias* friend, and *Herminius's* Mistress; and for *Hermilia* there needed no more to distinguish her from the Commoualty of women who can keep nothing secret, than to say she was *Brutus's* Sister, *Racilius* Niece, and *Valeria's* intimate friend. 'Tis true, she was as yet very young, and for that reason was she not acquainted with all that was designed against *Tarquin*; and for what she knew besides, there was no fear she might discover any thing, since she could not have done it without hazarding the life of her Brother.

Thus was this great business carried on so secretly amongst these illustrious persons, that there was not any thing discovered that might prejudice either *Aronces*, *Brutus*, or *Herminius*; nor was there any thing suspected abroad of the great design wherein the illustrious Lover of *Lucretia* had been engaged ever since his coming from *Me-
tapon*; nay, this year he had two sons were received into the service; who were so far from knowing any thing of the design of their generous Father, that they were sufficiently engaged in his Sons Interest, whom *Brutus* was designed to ruine; and besides were entred into a Cabal opposite to that of those young men, with whom the subtle *Amilcar* held a secret correspondence against, if there were occasion to make use of them. Besides all this, there passed neither day nor night, but there were secret meetings in *Rome*, either at *Racilius*, or at *Valerius*, or at *Sivilius*. The *Salii*, and the *Vestals* wanted not their concernment in these negotiations, all which related only to the liberty of *Rome*. They caused divers reports to be scattered among the people, prejudicial to *Tarquin*, either relating to the Siege, or of his refusal to deliver up the prisoners, or of the loss of his Army, which grew weaker every day; or his past Crimes, his present Tyranny, or his future exorbitance. Care was also taken to possess the multitude, that if *Tarquin* took in *Ardea*, *Rome* would be reduced under a more cruel subjection than ever; thus to infuse into the minds of the inhabitants of that famous City, a general inclination which might engage them to a rising, when there should be occasion. It is certain there needed no more than the violences of *Tarquin* and crimes of *Tullia*, to dispose the Romans into a desire of shaking off the yoke of so unjust a Tyranny; for there were none but knew, that *Tarquin* was no lawful King of *Rome*, and that instead of having been chosen according to the Fundamental Laws of that State, he had caused to be murdered one of the most vertuous Kings in the World, so to possess himself of the power he enjoyed, so that it may be said he acquired it through the blackest of all crimes, and conserved it through the most insupportable tyranny that ever was. But though this Prince understood by some of his creatures that the people was discontented, yet contrary to his custom, he slighted the information; as having his heart at that time wholly taken up by love and detesta-

tion. *Clelia's* resistance had filled his soul with those two passions, after so strange a manner, that they afforded him not the least quiet, and his mind was hurried by such violent agitations, that it was perpetually taken up with one of these two thoughts, either that he should enjoy *Clelia* or destroy her. Troubled therefore with a perpetual imagination; either of forcing her to love him, or putting her to death, his mind could not admit much quiet; nay, *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as unfortunate as they were, were less disquieted than he, it being the property of virtue to fill with serenity those hearts it is possessed of. Not but that even the most virtuous people are sometimes most unfortunate, and most sensible of their being such, but it never happens that their hearts are tossed with those impetuous disturbances whereby the souls of wicked persons are shaken through the conscience of their crimes, and if those are forced to complain of some other, they have withal the happiness to have no cause of complaint against themselves, which is no small advantage. For as it would trouble a man more to have any thing to object against a neighbour, than against a stranger, against a kinsman than against a neighbour, against a friend than a kinsman, against a mistress than a friend, so it must be most troublesome for a man to have any thing to object against himself above all others. But there being nothing that *Aronces* and *Clelia* could reproach to themselves, they endured their misfortunes with an admirable constancy, though the sence they had of them were as deep as their affection was great.

There hapned in the mean time a very strange accident which might in all likelihood have proved the mother of a world of mischief. *Valerius* being come one night to *Racilius* to confer with *Herminius*, who was within three daies to return to *Ardea*, the Slave whose charge it was to open the gate having over-watched himself before, forgot to put out a Lamp, which set the house on fire, at a time when all in it were so securely a sleep, that the first notice they had of it, was by the cries of those that passed by the next morning who perceiving great flakes and eruptions of fire, soon noised it all about by knocking at the adjoining houses, and making horrible outcries. Of all those that were lodged at *Racilius's*, *Aronces* was the first took the Alarm, and could not be much surprized at such a confused noise, but must needs be much more, when, having gotten hastily out of his bed, he found his Chamber full of smoak, and whole roof opposite to his windows, so all of a fire, that it was not imaginable how it could be quenched. Awaking hereupon the slave that attended him, he sent him to do the like to all those of that side where the fire had not yet taken, and went himself and knocked at the several Chambers of *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and *Herminius*, the Stairs being as yet free, in regard the Slave who had been the occasion of this disaster, lying in the highest room in the house, the fire began at the roof. That which was most sad in this accident, was that it was broad day; by which means an infinite multitude of people being gotten about the house, were pressing to get in, to endeavour to keep the fire from spreading to the next houses. This put *Aronces* and *Herminius* into

into a strange disturbance, for it was impossible but that among such a crowd of people, there might be some one that knew them, and consequently might cause them to be taken. *Aronces* whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the deliverance of *Clelia*, was now in danger to be taken himself, and *Herminius* was now within the reach of *Tarquins* cruelty, and not unlikely to lose his life; infomuch that those two illustrious but unfortunate persons were in some doubt whether it were better for them to expose themselves to the flames then fall into the hands of such an enemy, were it not that in hazarding their lives in that manner, they had also brought *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and divers other persons that were in the house into imminent danger. When therefore they understood that it was absolutely impossible to stop the violence of the fire without assistance from without, they were the first who opened the Gates to the multitude of people, who demanded entrance, telling *Racilia* and *Hermilia*, that they chose rather to be the Victims of the Tyrant, then expose the lives of two such considerable persons to the cruelty of the flames.

But that there might be a combination of generosity and prudence, and that whilst they endeavoured the preservation of others, they might not be thought absolutely negligent of their own, they disguised themselves as much as they could, and their design was, as they opened the gates, to follow *Racilia* and *Hermilia* with burthens of Purple, Tapistry, and other things of that nature, pretending they were employed to carry them to *Sivelius*, whose house was not very far thence. But to the end they might also defend themselves if occasion were, they took every man a sword. As for *Brutus* it was his business to conduct his Aunt and Sister, who had left in the house such as they thought able to hinder the disorders which are done upon such occasions. For *Brutus* not daring to make any discovery of his understanding, it was not thought fitting he should give any directions in an accident, wherein it is but requisite a man had his judgement at liberty, to act as he ought; Besides that desiring to be in a condition to serve his friends in case they were set upon, he chose rather to go out of the house with them. To be short, this unfortunate company had fortunately made a shift to break throw that throng of people which was knotted together before *Racilia's* door, and was gotten within twenty paces of that of the vertuous mother of *Herminius*, when this illustrious Roman was discovered by the Captain of *Tarquins* Guard, who was going to visit a friend of his in that quarter. The man thinking it a fair occasion to gain a considerable reward from the Tyrant and *Tullia*, by putting into their hands a person whose destruction they had so long endeavoured to bring about, cried out to the people, charging them in the King's name to secure a traitor who was there present, whom he shewed to those whom he spoke to: And that they might take heart by his example, he immediately drew his Sword, and was seconded by two of his companions who did the like.

Herminius had scarce perceived that they made at him, but casting away the Purple Tapistry he had on his back, he put himself into a posture of defence, and indeed behaved himself so valiantly, that

he made his way through the croud that was about him. *Aronces* who went before him, had almost reached *Sivelius*, where he doubted not to have found Sanctuary, but turning about, he finds his friends engaged; Disburthening himself therefore of what he carried, instead of providing for his own safety, he came to relieve *Herminius*, *Brutus* seconded him, having conducted *Racilia*, and *Hermilia* into *Sivelius*. The danger they was in was more then ordinary, for what was most remarkable in this adventure was, that though *Tarquin* were infinitely hated, yet the charge that man made for the securing of *Herminius* proved effectual. It is true, that as that infinite conflux of people which throng to such unfortunate disasters, brings along with it a many persons apt enough to commit any disorders, so is it not much to be wondered at, that there were those that promoted this unjust design. But *Herminius*, seeing *Aronces* and *Brutus* engaged in his relief, was so far from being encouraged at it, that it very much displeased him, and he made a shift to tell them so much as might acquaint them, that they should not have hazarded themselves for him. But they were deaf to such advice, on the contrary they were more eager in his defence then they had been in their own, though they were set upon and kept in by abundance of people. Those who were spectators of this action, were astonished to see *Brutus* fight as he did, for the Captain of the Guard spoke to much purpose, when he told them that the business now was to take an enemy of *Tarquin's*, the other heard him not. 'Tis true, that having gained among the people the reputation of one out of his senses, the people looked on his valour in this encounter as an effect of his madness, and therefore consigned their respect to him as Nephew to *Tarquin*. For *Aronces*, his valour made him be observed, though not discovered, for he who would have taken *Herminius*, would fain have had him alive, and have dispatched *Aronces*, who defended with such a courage, that never was there seen any thing like it. On the other side *Herminius*, to reward his generosity by another worthy eternal memory, knowing him who would have taken him to be the same who had promised *Clelia* within a few days, would not by any means kill him, and was content only to ward off his blows, lest he might ruine that design. But by unhappy accident, *Aronces* not knowing that to be the man who should have delivered *Clelia*, plaid upon him so effectually, that having dispatched three or four of those that seconded him, he run him with his sword quite through the body, so that he fell dead at his feet. *Herminius* who saw the beginning of the business, cried out purposely to hinder *Aronces* from making that thrust, yet his generosity proved ineffectual, for his voice was not heard till after the blow was past. But if it came not soon enough to hinder his death who was to give *Clelia* liberty, yet came it time enough to discover to *Aronces* what he had done, for in the instant the man fell, he remembered his Physiognomy, and perceived that he took away his life who was to deliver his Mistress, which proved the greatest affliction of any that ever had happened to him. The horrid apprehension of despair which in that instant seized his spirits, yet could not suspend his valour; on the contrary it inflamed it, and desirous at least to

save his friends life, he did things so prodigious, that he astonished the multitude that encompassed him: *Brutus* and *Herminius* for their parts did what (truly represented) would exceed probability, insomuch that the Captain, and two of his Guard being dispatched, they were not so much pressed upon as before.

Nevertheless, they must needs have fallen at last, had they not been relieved by the prudence of the generous *Sivelia*; for as soon as *Brutus's* Aunt was gotten into her house, and had acquainted her how things stood, she immediately sent to the place where lodged *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, to acquaint them, and demand their assistance. But it happened that the first was gone to visit *Clelia*, by order from *Tarquin*, from whom he had to that purpose received a Letter, for it was ordinarily in the morning that he went to see this fair Prisoner, so to have all the other part of the day free to do other things wherein he was obliged to serve his friends. Besides that *Clelia* was in a condition that she awaked very betimes, and was so negligent as to matter of dressing, that *Amilcar* had admittance as soon as he pleased, without any disturbance; for it having been long ere they could force open *Racilius* gate, to quench the fire, as having not yet the assistance of those that were without, it was far days. But in fine, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* being acquainted with what passed, came immediately to *Sivelia's* followed by all the people they had. In this posture entering at one gate of this virtuous Matrons house, and going out at that, where *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Brutus* were, they came in to their relief; and their arrival was so seasonable, that the multitude seeing so many armed people come out of the house, was easily persuaded there were a many more within; so that running away, they left those whom they would have taken, at liberty to enter into *Sivelia's*. They were no sooner in it, but they thought it the best course to dislodge; for they easily imagined, that as soon as *Tullia* were informed of the business, she would be-set the house. Without any stay therefore, they only passed through the House, and went to that where *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* lodged, where taking their Horses, they mounted *Aronces* on *Amilcar's*; which done, *Brutus* having found them a guide, directed them to a House which *Valerius* had near *Collatia*, there to lie concealed, till such time as they had more leisure to consider what they had to do. For his part, he would not depart, telling them, that his apparent stupidity would excuse him in this adventure, and bidding them not trouble themselves about him. There being no other course to take, they went where *Brutus* directed them, and were there gladly received; for *Valerius* who had left *Rome* at the break of day to go thither, was there two hours before.

But as they went, what did not the unfortunate *Aronces* think on? If he had followed his own inclination, he could not have been prevailed with to quit *Rome*, but as it had been madness not to have done it, considering what was past, so was it his concernment to leave it, which yet he could not without so much regret and reluctance, that never was there any Lover so mis-

erable. Ah! said he to himself, How unfortunate art thou! Canst thou express no valour but what must be prejudicial to *Clelia*? Is it possible thou shouldst destroy him, who was to deliver her? Is it possible, after such a cruel and monstrous disaster hath hapned to thee, thou canst doubt thy own destruction, or conceive the least hope? No, no, it were more rational to despair, and that thou shouldst by an inconsiderate death put a period to so unhappy a life.

While *Aronces* entertained himself in this sad manner, *Herminius*, who was extremely troubled at the accident, came up to him, and demanded his pardon, as if he had been guilty of his death. Alas, dearest *Herminius*, said he to him, what do you mean? It is I should rather demand your pardon, as the cause of your misfortunes, for I am persuaded that my single unhappiness causes that of all my friends, and that Fortune, who is resolved to make me the most miserable of all, thinking it not sufficient I should be such through my own misfortunes, is pleased I should have no friends but what are unhappy. It is indeed easie to discover that my unhappiness is particular to me, and waits on me every where, for it happens, as it were, by appointment, since when it so much concerns *Clelia*, that I should remain undiscovered at *Rome*, the particular house wherein I lay concealed must needs take fire, which must force me out of it, in the sight of two thousand persons; and the malice and inconstancy of my Destiny must needs have it so, that of the infinite number of people, who made it their business either to kill or take us; I, who would have been content to die a thousand, and a thousands times for *Clelia's* Liberty, must precisely kill that man who should have delivered her. It is certain, my Lord, replied *Herminius*, this unhappy accident hath in it something more insupportable than were the loss of a Battel, or something else of that nature; but all considered, I find in my self a certain confidence, that something will happen which we expect not; for, in fine, there hath not been in *Rome* since *Tarquin's* assuming the power, so general an inclination to some great turn of affairs, as I have observed within these few days. Ah *Herminius*, replied *Aronces*, was there any thing more certain in appearance than *Clelia's* Liberty? and yet by a strange shifting of Fortune, I must needs kill him who was to deliver her. If you then take my advice, let us not hope any thing, added he, but let us rather prepare our selves, either to endure all misfortunes imaginable, or by death to accord them.

Whilst *Aronces* and *Herminius* was thus engaged, and that *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* bemoaned their friends, and their own misfortunes, and were upon their way altogether to *Valerius's* house, divers things past at *Rome*. For *Brutus*, whose great heart admitted not the least fear, went to *Tullia*, to acquaint her, with his ordinary simplicity, that he was present when the Captain of *Tarquin's* guard was killed, who, he said, came by his death among a great multitude of people, by setting upon certain men who endeavoured to quench the fire at his Aunts house, exaggerating, according to his affected stupidity, how much he was to blame for disturbing such as were

were burthened with her goods, which they were carrying to the house of a certain friend of *Racilius*. *Tullia*, who had already understood the death of the Captain of the Guard, and was extremely troubled at it, took no heed to what was told her by a man, whom she thought no great master of his senses. On the contrary, without any further discourse with him: Did not your stupidity excuse you, said she to him, I should teach you how those are to be treated who presume to make use of their Swords against his Majesty's Officers. But since your madness secures you, get you gone out of my sight, lest in the transportation I am now in, I treat you for your stupidity, as your Brother was for his too much prudence.

Brutus hearing *Tullia* threatening him so insolently with death, had almost broke forth, and at once discovered his reason, his indignation, hatred, and his revenge: But at length mauling his resentments, he withdrew, as if he had not heard what *Tullia* said, and repaired to *Racilia*, who was at her illustrious friends house. In the mean time the fire being quenched, the streets were clear of people; and that which was most observable, was, that though abundance of people had been spectators of this accident, yet could not *Tullia* have any punctual account of it. For the Captain being dead without discovering any thing, or so much as naming *Herminius*, and his companions being also out of the way, all that could be made of it, was, that they had been killed, endeavouring to secure an enemy of *Tarquins*. The people knew not *Herminius* from another man, because he was disguised; and for *Sivilia*, the reputation of her virtue was so great, that none durst inform against her, nor tell *Tullia* that those armed people, who had rescued the other two, came out of her house. As concerning *Aronces*, there was mention made of him; and indeed the business was handled in such a confusion, that nothing could be made of it, there being an hundred several relations of the same thing.

But while these things were in agitation, *Amilcar* was gently entertaining *Clelia* and *Plotina*, who were so transported with the hopes of Liberty, that their conversation that morning was as free, as if they had really been at Liberty. For though *Amilcar* had received a Letter from *Tarquin*, wherein he easily discovered what a Tyranny Love and Hatred exercised over him, yet he shewed it not to *Clelia*, but entertained her altogether with discourse concerning *Aronces*, telling her what satisfaction it would be to him to see her at liberty, what it would be to her to receive new assurances of his affection, and the joy that attends a happiness which succeeds a misery. He gave her also a Letter from *Aronces*, wherewith she was extremely satisfied, as containing the greatest tenderness and passion; nay, so much was she pleased, that having perused it, she gave it *Plotina*, who reading it aloud, found therein these words.

Aronces to the Incomparable Clelia.

THe bare hope of seeing you once at Liberty, causes so great, yet so pleasant a disturbance in my soul, that fearing to dye for joy when I see you again, I conceive myself obliged to assure you, that I am still the most amorous of Men, and the most faithful Lover upon Earth. I know I should be somewhat ashamed that I can survive my grief, and withal fear I may die for joy; but all considered, if you well examine the apprehensions of my soul, you will find that a Lover, who hath been accustomed to misery, may rationally doubt his ability to bear the most sensible of all pleasures: However it happen, I shall think myself obliged to my Destiny, and esteem it such as may move envie, if I but die at your feet, after I have once more said, I love you.

Plotina having read this Letter, told *Clelia*, that there was something more to be done, that she was obliged to return some answer thereto, and let her see it. Accordingly this excellent person, who had an extraordinary command of her Pen, was pleased to do what *Plotina* and *Amilcar* desired, and answered it in these words.

Clelia to the Generous Aronces.

SINCE you have survived your grief, you shall not need fear dying for joy, this being more properly the Messenger of Life than Death. But that I may be absolutely happy in my Liberty, remember you have promised never to break those chains which I have put you in; for according to those passionate resentments I have for you, I believe I should chuse rather never to quit my Prison, than that you should get out of the Fetters you are in. Excuse me then, if while you make Vows for my Liberty, mine are, that you may be my perpetual Captive. Farewel, I crave your pardon, if writing to you, I have offered at any Wit; for where there is either Love or Misery, it suffices if there be but Passion.

Clelia having done, *Plotina* and *Amilcar*, who were discoursing at the Window, while she was writing,

writing, drew near her, and read what she had written. Whereupon *Amilcar* assuming the discourse: Ah, Madam, said he to her, how extremely am I pleased at your demanding pardon of *Aronces*, for being too witty in your Letter. There should not certainly be too much wit in Missive and Love Letters, which is the reason that it is so hard to find any Letters or Addresses of this Nature composed as they should; for there must be neither artifice nor negligence; it must not express too much Wit, yet it must speak a certain Gallantry and Passion: In fine, it is so hard to write well in Love, that there cannot be any thing more. But for my part, says *Plotina*, I cannot conceive there should be more difficulty to write of one thing than of another; for I think that, in point of Letters, all one hath to do, is simply to express ones thoughts. For where there is a conjunction of Fancy and Judgement, one for the most part hath reflexion on every thing which he ought to have, and consequently writes what is fit to write of it. For instance, when I am to write of a business of consequence, I shall not so express it, as if I were only to acquit my self of a simple Complement: If I am to write something of News, I shall not trouble my self about Complements: If I write a Letter of Friendship, I must not labour for any high Stile: If a Love-Letter, I have no more to do than to consult my own heart. I cannot therefore well apprehend why you conceive it so great a difficulty to write Letters of this nature. To dealy truly (says *Clelia*) I think it not so easie to write any kind of Letters, and that there are but very few persons absolute masters in it. I am of your opinion, replied *Amilcar*, but of all Letters, those of Love are the hardest to write, as being such, whereof there are very few that are able to judge. Yet *Plotina* speaks (replied *Clelia*) as if she thought all sorts very easie, whereas I think, as I have already told you, of all things in the world, it is that requires most judgement. But to shew you I am somewhat versed in it, replied *Plotina*, and that I know somewhat what belongs to the composing of a Letter, is it not granted that Letters containing business of consequence, ought to be apposite and exact; that they require a soundness of Judgement rather than Eloquence; that they admit not any superfluity or expression, and are compleated by what is pertinent; and that it be especially considered, that there be order and perspicuity? Yet I told you there must be withal, added she, a certain dress of Civility, which is that which puts a difference between the Letters of consequence, written by persons of Honour, and those of others: and in fine, it is necessary that the person who writes, understand well himself, what he would express to another; for I know not any thing more insufferable, than to write a Letter that shall need an Expósito, and confounds things instead of explaining them. And yet there are a many people (replied *Clelia*) who think they understand themselves when they do not. But *Plotina* is none of those (replied *Amilcar*) for I assure you she knows very well what she says, and therefore I should take it as an infinite obligation, if she would shew me how Letters of consolation are to be written; and where-as there happen frequent occasions to write such,

I should take her directions in five or six, which I would preserve as patterns, to imitate when need were; for truly, I find nothing so contrary to my inclination as this kind of Letters. For when ever I intend any such, instead of any condoling or sympathizing with such as are afflicted, I find my self more inclined to divert than bemoan them; and I am so far to seek what ought to be said, and what not, that I can never compleat a Letter of this nature, without writing it several times over; nay when all is done, cannot dismiss it without some blots and scratches; and therefore the fair *Plotina* would extremely oblige me to shew me how to write them. Could you but see my apprehensions of it (replied *Plotina*) you would certainly do it with great ease, for I can by no means admit these tedious consolatory Letters, as proving always fruitless; whereas, it might be said of some people, they write, as if their Letters should have in them some Magical force against affliction, and that they who read them, ought from thence forward abjure all regret for what they have lost. But I am to wish withal (added she) that people would be perswaded once for all, that only time is the comforter of such afflictions, and that it is not the proper office of Eloquence. Moreover, what measure of consolation is to be applied to such as are not over afflicted. The safest course a man can take in such cases, is to let his consolatory Letters be very short; for to observe a certain moderation therein, he is only to acquaint the person he writes to, how much he is concerned in his affliction, without digressing into tedious Lamentations, or high Elogies, not ingaging the numerous forces of Moral Philosophy and Eloquence to no purpose. It is very true (says *Amilcar*) and you are questionless much in the right. For how many Women are comforted for the death of their Husbands, when, indeed, they neither need nor care for it? Nay, how many persons are there of all relations, who should people accommodate themselves to their secret thoughts, were rather to be congratulated than bemoaned, since they are not forry, that they are heirs to those for whose deaths they are complemented. I therefore resolve amiable *Plotina* (added *Amilcar*) never to write any Letters of consolation, but such as shall be short; not to disturb Morality and Eloquence on these occasions; to make no more those long exaggerations against the cruelty of death, as some do; as also not to study high Commendations, or spins out long Panegyrick, and in a word, absolutely to conform my self to your directions. I shall not trouble you to tell me, how a man ought to behave himself in congratulating anothers good fortune, 'tis an Art I am absolute Master of, and I can furnish you with ten or a dozen beginnings of Letters of that kind, abating those that start out thus, *I congratulate your I conceive my self so much concerned in your* and the like, which are too low for persons who would be thought Masters of Wit. But I should take it as a transcendent courtesie, if you would shew me how I might acquit my self well of those Letters of Recommendation, which are given unsealed to those whom one thinks fit to commend; and particularly how those to whom one writes may understand, whether it be his earnest desire they should

should do the business proposed, or is indifferent whether they do it, or not; for when I am at *Carthage*, I am in a manner persecuted with such emergencies.

For my part (replied *Plotina*) when I commend a business which relates to such as for whom I have no great esteem, I write a short dry Letter, yet not wanting as to Civility, nay you shall find in it the word *Intreat*, but it stands so alone, that it is not fastened to any thing. On the contrary, when I effectually desire a thing might be done, I first of all make appear that what I desire is just, I give a good character of the person whom I recommend; I express what friendship or esteem I have for him, I put the obligation in done in his favour upon my own account: I ingage the person to whom I write in point of honour to do him some good office, and to make all secure, I write by some other hand, whereby I confirm all I had written before. For what concerns me (said *Clelia*) I would gladly learn how to write to a sort of people, with whom onely Civility obliges me to hold a certain correspondence, who yet are such as you would not favour with your friendship, nor take any pleasure to oblige. In the first place (replied *Plotina*) I should advise to write to them as seldom as might be, for I can by no means away with that sort of people, that write to no other end but to write, who so readily charge themselves without any necessity, with the receiving of hundreds of Letters from persons whom they care not for; and are for the most part pleased when they send or receive without any choice. And in the second, I should wish, when one is obliged upon the account you speak of, a man would not express in his Letters either too great wit, or too much friendship; for certainly a man injures himself, who writes a high and over-obliging Letter to a person of ordinary parts; wherefore there must be gotten a kind of colder civility, which is soon found when looked for, which is used towards those for whom we have no great love nor esteem, when by some considerations of acquaintance, we are obliged to write to them, and it is in such emergencies as these that we are to make use of those Letters, which are called Letters of *Complement*, wherein there is not any thing particular, nothing either good or bad, containing a parcel of words and little sense, not obliging either those who write them, or those to whom they are directed, to any thing, as being dressed in such general terms, that they may be directed to all sorts of persons, without any particular address to any. Judgement, certainly, is requisite in all (replied *Clelia*) as for instance it might be said there is nothing easier then the writing of news, and yet there are some who write it most fantastically. They are such (replied *Amilcar*) who write news often, though they know not any, who believe all is said to them, write without order or choice; who trouble themselves to write things, that either none regards, or are displeasing in themselves, or have lost all the grace and insinuation of Novelty. For certainly, it is not more necessary that a woman to be a beauty, be also young, then that news be fresh and sudden, to please; there being nothing more unseasonable then a long relation of an old adventure. Yet it must be confessed (replied *Clelia*) that there are certain disastrous

accidents, which some make it their business to renew the stories of, and spread abroad, as if they were lately happened, which certainly, is very troublesome to those who knew them before they were written to them. But in my judgement, when one writes a Letter wherein he would relate what had happened, he is to consider what kind of news the persons to whom he writes are most taken with; for I am confident there are some who are only pleased with those general narrations wherewith Fame it self comes for the most part burthened, and would hear of nothing but Victories or Defeats, the Sieges of Cities, Conflagrations, Deluges, Insurrections and the like. There are also those who matter not the general Occurrences of the World, so they are but acquainted with what passes in their own Quarter; whence it is but necessary we should sift their humours to whom we write, when we are to send any thing of intelligence.

You speak very much reason, Madam (replied *Amilcar*) but that which I would particularly learn from the fair *Plotina*, since she seems to be so much exercised in it, is to know in what Letters a man is permitted to display all his perfections, and after what manner he is to discover his wit. That certainly, is a thing you know better then I (replied she) but that you may be satisfied that I am able to judge of the excellencies of your Gallant-Letters, if ever you shall write any to me, I declare to you, that it is only in them that I pretend to be skilled, and that for those which are called Serious-Letters, I meddle not with them. In these out of all doubt (replied *Amilcar*) a man is permitted a high stile. For instance, if *Valerius* or *Lucretius* were to write to *Tarquin* concerning some affair of great consequence, or if some great Clerks held an Epistolary correspondence, they might pertinently make use of History, Morality, Policy, and in a manner all the assistances of Eloquence. Be it as it will (saies *Plotina*) I understood it not, but for your Gallant-Letters, I am the greatest Critick in the World. It is properly in these, that the Wit hath all liberty imaginable; here the fancy is not limited by any severity of judgement, which is so far dispensed with, that the more serious things may be chequered with pleasant digressions of extravagance. They admit Satyre if somewhat corrected with ingenuity; commendations and flatteries have here their several stations; a man may speak of friendship, in terms of love; all novelty is pardonable, even lying, if innocent, is excusable; if one knows no news he may make some; one may pass from one thing to another without disorder; for this kind of Letters, to speak properly being a conversation between persons that are absent, there is nothing so much to be avoided as a certain kind of reservedness of deep learning, that smells of Books and Study, and hath no acquaintance with Gallantry, which may be called the Soul of this kind of Letters. As to the stile of them, it must be plain, natural, and noble altogether, which yet hinders not, but that there may be a certain Art, by the means thereof, there is nothing which may not pertinently be brought into letters of this nature, there being not any thing from the thredbare Proverb, to the *Sybil's* Prophecies, which a good wit may not make use of. But there must be

be an especial care had in such occurrences, to decline that swelling Eloquence which properly belongs to Orations, and there must be applied another kind, which with less noise proves more effectual, especially among women; for in a word, the Art of telling trivial stories handsomely, is not known to all sorts of people. You may be confident of it (replied *Amilcar*) and I can further assure you, that it is not proper to all to desire to know it. But, amiable *Plotina*, make your obligation absolute, and tell us precisely how you would have Love Letters written.

Since I never either writ, or received any (answered she) I know not very what I shall say, but being now in good humour to speak I shall not deny you. But I must in the first place tell you, there are a many more excellent Love-Letters than its conceived. I am of your mind (replied *Amilcar*.) Yet it is not to be admired (answered she) if the *Gallant* Letters make a great noise, and those of *Love* very little; the former being written to be shown to all the World, the other to be concealed. Those who receive a handsome Letter of Friendship, gain much reputation by shewing it; but for those who receive a well-couch'd Letter of Love, it were a dishonour to communicate it; so that it is not to be thought very strange, if we meet with so good few ones of the latter sort. To come yet nearer the business, since there are an infinite number of people, who may be said to have a great wit, in respect of those who are guilty of a great love; it is not to be wondred at, if there are fewer excellent Letters of this kind than of any; it being indisputably certain, that to write punctually of things of this nature, a man besides an ardent importunate love, must be indued with a certain tenderness of heart and intellects, which is that wherein consists all the Beatitude of Love, either as to Conversation or Letters. But (replies *Clelia*) did you not just now maintain, that in such cases too much Wit was to be avoided? I confess it (answered *Plotina*) but do you not think there is necessary a great deal of Wit to discover little? In so much, that though it may be said, that though Love Letters require not the fire of Wit, which should sparkle in Gallant Letters, yet must there be some instead of it, and the fire of Love possess the place of that Wit, whereof I speak. I conceive therefore the true Character of a Love-Letter, ought to be neat and passionate; and that if there be any thing of gallantry, spirit, yea even diversion in these Letters, it must be moderated with passion and respect. The expressions of them ought to be forcible and piercing, and among those things which divert the mind, there must be others that shall offer a kind of violence to the heart. It is requisite also, if I mistake not, there should be a little disquiet, for Love cannot by any means admit Letters of Felicity. Not but that there may be a certain degree of joy, yet it must be such as is not certainly serene, nay though there were no cause of complaint, yet ought a man to imagine something to himself whereof he may complain. You speak so admirably well (replied *Amilcar*) that if you had studied Love all your life, you could not have delivered your self better. If I have known no love my self (re-

plied she smiling) I have those Friends of my own Sex, who have, and have taught me how to speak of it. In a word then, in a Love Letter, Fancy must be predominant over Wit, and the Style of it must be natural, full of respect and passion; nay, I dare maintain there is nothing more likely to make a Letter of this nature less effectual, than its being over witty. Hence also doth it proceed, there are so few that can judge well of Love Letters, for to be critical in it, a man must imagine himself in the place of those that love; he must suppose what they say comes immediately from their hearts; he must discover a many little circumstances that are only known to those who write, not to others; and in fine, he must be able to distinguish very nicely, between that Gallantry which is required in Letters of Friendship, and what is admitted in those of Love. Moreover (added she) I have it from a very virtuous person, that ordinarily women are more exquisite at Love-Letters than men, and for my part I think he was not mistaken. For when a Lover is once resolved to make a full discovery of his passion, there is no need of Art, to say, *I am still under the Martyrdom of your Love*; but for a woman, in regard she never absolutely acknowledges her love, but doth all things with a greater Mystery, this Love, whereof there can only be had a glimpse, causes a greater pleasure than that which is apparent, and without ceremony. But, it seem, says *Clelia*, there must be a difference between the Letters of a Servant, and those of a Mistress. No question of it, replied *Plotina*; for in the Letters of a Servant, affection and respect must be predominant; those of a Mistress should speak modesty, and fear in aspect to tenderness.

But excellent *Plotina*, replied *Amilcar*, since you are so learned, you are yet to tell me whether length be excusable in Love Letters, for I have a friend conceives they should be short. To speak in general terms of all sorts of Letters, replied *Plotina*, I think they should not be over-long; but it were very pleasant indeed, if it should be thought ill, that two persons, who love one another infinitely, who have not the opportunities of speaking one to another, and meet with many difficulties to convey their thoughts one to another, should not be permitted to write what they cannot speak; and that Love which is an exaggerating passion, and magnifies and multiplies all things, had not the privilege sometimes to dilate it self into long Letters. For, how can a great passion be swathed in a few words? How can a short Letter contain a great jealousy, and transport all the apprehensions of one amorous heart into another in three or four words? As for those who write the gallant sort of Addresses, added she, it is ealie for them to abbreviate, and yet lose nothing of Wit, since their reason being absolutely free, they make choice of the things they say, and reject those suggestions which please them not: But for a poor Lover whose reason is disturbed, he takes nothing up by choice, he writes down the dictates of his Fancy; nor indeed should he chuse any thing, since that in point of Love, neither can there be too much said, nor is it believed there hath been enough. Thus I maintain, there is no prohibition of long Letters, conditionally.

onally they be in no other dress than what love adorns them with; and to speak ingeniously, there's nothing deserves so great commendation as a handsome Love Letter: For all considered, notwithstanding what I said before, I believe that when one writes such a one, the mind is so taken up, and so distracted, that it is much more difficult to write well in this, than in any other case. Not but, as I said before, that the heart is that which is principally concerned in it, but that sometimes the heart is so disturbed, that it self is ignorant of what it feels. But I pray, says *Amilcar*, who are these Female Friends of yours; who have taught you to speak so learnedly of Love? She hath been entrusted with the secrets of so noble a Passion, replied *Clelia*, that if you knew all she knows, you would not wonder to hear her speak as she does. It shall be her fault, replied *Amilcar*, if I do not, for it would be the greatest pleasure in the World to me, to hear her relate an amorous adventure; besides that, added he, you cannot force me hence, though you were ever so desirous, for the Captain of your Guards went out when I came in, and you know the doors of your Lodgings are never opened but when he is here: Nay he told me, he should not return very suddenly, by which means you have as much leisure as you could wish. But what should oblige me, replied *Plotina*, to relate to you the adventure of one of my Friends, when there is no necessity for it? How! replied *Amilcar*, Do you think it a matter unnecessary, to let me know in what School you have learned to speak so well of Love? Assure your self, if you refuse, I shall be perswaded you have run through three or four several Loves in your Life. If it be so, replies that excellent Virgin, I shall rather submit to entertain you with the adventures of *Casonia*, whereof I had this day promised *Clelia* the relation; not but that she knows something in general of what hath hapned to this admirable woman, but since she will have the particulars thereof, I am content you should also participate, conditionally you use all the means you can for her deliverance as well as ours. Ah *Plotina*, replied *Amilcar*, if the fair *Clelia* will have it so, it will be an infinite pleasure to me; for I know not any thing of greater delight, than to understand that a person of a great Wit, and withal serious, can admit Love. I therefore promise you to do all that lies in my power, to oblige *Tullia* to set all the Captives at Liberty: and to perswade her to it, I will tell her, that *Tarquin* will be less incensed at that, then if she only delivered *Clelia*: Here-upon *Plotina*, being confident that *Amilcar* would more readily employ all his interest for *Casonia*, if he were informed what had hapned to her, and *Clelia* having added her entreaties to those of this accomplished *Affrican*, began her Relation in these words.

THE HISTORY OF CÆSONIA.

Since you lay your commands on me, fair and generous *Clelia*, I shall relate unto you the adventures of this admirable woman who hath had the happiness of your good opinion; and I am also content *Amilcar* participate the pleasure of the Relation. But he must give me leave, as learned as he is, to acquaint him with divers things relating to our City, and particularly concerning its original, which an *Affrican* cannot in any likelihood know, that so he may the less wonder if he find so many tracts of magnificence amongst the *Rutul*, and indeed so much gallantry and wit. For to deal truly with you, the Original of *Ardea* is more noble then that of *Rome*, and it cannot be objected to us, as it may be to the *Romans*, that our Fathers were Criminals and Out-laws; and in a word, the *Rutul* are reckoned amongst the most ancient people of *Italy*; *Ardea*, which is their *Metropolis*, being built by the fair and famous *Danae*, the Daughter of *Acrisius*, and mother of *Perseus*, whose History is so celebrated, that I think it unnecessary to relate it.

You do very well, interrupted *Amilcar* smiling, for though an *Affrican*, and as Ignorant as you conceive me, I am not to learn, that *Jupiter* fell in love with *Danae*, that he was put to his shifts for that invention of the precious Golden Shower; that he turned *Bull* to Ravish *Europa*, and put on the form of a Swan to surprize the Mother of *Cassor* and *Pollux*. I know further, that *Danae's* Father understanding his daughter was neer her time of Lying in (notwithstanding all the care he had taken to cause her to be kept in a Tower, to elude the effect of an Oracle, which threatned he should lose his life by the hands of a Son of that Princess) caused this fair Lady to be shut into a Chest of Cedar, which he gave order should be cast into the Sea; and that the gods providing for her safety, directed the waves to cast it on the Coasts of *Italy*. I know farther, that having been found by a Fisherman, who was taken with her extraordinary Beauty, he presented her to the Prince whose Subject he was; who grew so deeply enamoured of her, that he married her. Nay I have heard it reported, though that be not so easily credible, that *Danae*, though inclosed in the chest, and that tossed up and down in the Sea, was safely delivered therein of young *Perseus*, and that the Fisherman made a present both of Mother and Child to the fore-mentioned Prince.

Ah *Amilcar*, cried *Plotina* very pleasantly, you know too much, and I should be easily perswaded you know all I have to tell you. And yet, methinks you should have missed what some related,

viz. that *Danae* was not the foundress of *Ardea*, but a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe*; but the story is not true, as being grounded only on this, that *Ulysses* being a very eloquent person, and *Circe* an excellent Herbalist, the people of *Ardea* speak more politely than those of any other City, and have a greater knowledge of the names and qualities of Plants, than there is elsewhere. But it is out of Controversie, that the fair *Danae* built our City, for the conflagration, though very great, leaving behind it certain magnificent Temples, there is to be seen the History of *Danae*, excellently represented in certain Pictures, though done before the Foundation of *Rome*. She is to be seen also in a sumptuous Palace, drawn by a famous Painter, called *Cleophrantus*, who followed *Demarcus* of *Corinth*, Father to the first of the *Tarquins*, when he came into *Italy* to avoid the persecution of *Cypsalus*, King at that time of the Country; so that it is agreed on all sides: And to confirm it further, there are a hundred particulars to evince the truth; for we have women bear the name of *Danae*; and that of *Persander*, which is an ordinary name, seems to be derived from *Perseus*; and there is to be seen a Cypress Chest, which is said to be the same wherein *Danae* came to land in *Italy*, and was miraculously preserved when our City was burnt. Moreover, in memory of the Golden shower you spoke of, there is a yearly feast celebrated at *Ardea*, wherein all Lovers are obliged to some liberality towards their Mistresses, wherein there must be something of Gold: For there is a certain Superstition spread whereby many are perswaded, that a man cannot be faithfully loved at *Ardea*, if he find not some means to convey to his Mistress something consisting of that Metal. But if the men employ all their wits to do it, the women on the contrary, unless it be on the Feast-day I spoke of, think themselves obliged in point of honour to avoid the receiving of any thing wherein there is gold, unless it be done by some ingenious surprisal; which gives occasion to a many gallant adventures.

But not to trouble you longer with things frivolous, it suffices you know, that there is a great profession of Arts, more magnificence, and more ingenuity at *Ardea*, then there is in *Rome*, as famous as it is: Even *Poesie* is there no stranger; for that in divers Temples may be found Inscriptions in verse, in praise of divers persons. There is one to be seen in *Junos* Temple, very excellent, and very ingenious, though the subject of it be only to celebrate a certain Painter of *Atolia*, who for his Art and acquaintance with all Sciences, obtained the freedom of our City. *Ardea* therefore being a place more polite then the name of the *Rutulii* would make it be thought, wonder not at what I am going to tell you, and charge me not with too much partiality to my own Country.

But having spoken to you of *Ardea*, I am now to speak of *Casonia*. For her Person I shall say nothing, for you know she is infinitely pleasing, that she hath the ayr it self of Beauty, that she hath a Majestick graceful aspect, that she is of a proper stature, hath an excellent eye, and her countenance full of freedom and modesty. You know further, she is infinitely ingenious, of a gentle and constant nature, and her conversation hugely inviting, and that the earth affords not a woman

that hath a heart more noble and sincere, or inclinations more generous. Being a person of the greatest quality in our City, her education was proportionable; Her Father indeed she lost, while she was yet very young, but her Mother (whose name is *Ersilia*) omitted nothing which she thought might contribute to her perfection, and treated her with such compliance and obligation when she was grown up to her reason, that she seemed rather to look on her as a Sister then a Daughter, and would rather intreat her advice, then enjoin her by command. 'Tis true, *Casonia* did not abuse this tenderness, but the more indulgent *Ersilia* was to her, the greater was her respect and duty; so that it might be said the mother was absolute mistress of the daughter, and that the daughter had the same power of the Mother, for there was never observed the least contestation between them. *Casonia* having thus a great beauty, a great wit, a great goodness, and a great fortune, it is not very strange if she had a many Suitors. For my part, though I am two years younger then she, and of an humour less reserved and more free, yet hath she given me the first place among her friends; for I dare presume to affirm thus much of my self that among the most serious Confidants in the World, I will not be outvied by any as to Fidelity and Secrecy. It happened moreover that *Casonia's* house, and that wherein I lived, joined, and that her mother and mine were allyed; by which means we were in a manner alwaies together, and there was such a reciprocation in our pleasures, that we took not any when we were not together in the same place. We had some other friends of our own sex; but to tell you truly, there was a great distance between those apprehensions of friendship which we had for them, and those we had one for another. Yet was there a strange difference between *Casonia's* humour and mine; but withall, such as had the same effect in our hearts, as divers sounds have in Musick, when it is well understood; for my freedom of disposition diverted *Casonia*, and I was no less pleased with her mildness, complaisance and ingenuity. She is even guilty sometimes of a certain languishing melancholy, with which I was much taken; in a word, we made such harmony, that there never hapned the least discordant note between us. Not that we could be alwaies of the same opinion, but when we were not, we disputed without bitterness; as soon as we apprehended truth, we submitted thereto; nay, even when each persisted in her opinion, it was without indignation or any discovery of fullness or obstinacy. Nor did our friendship make a small noise in the City; insomuch, that when people spoke of us, without naming us, we were commonly called, *The two friends*.

Casonia in the mean time having no great inclination of her self to marry, and taking no encouragement from my humour, which hath ever been much addicted to liberty, to change her opinion, slighted many propositions were made to her, though very advantageous; so that she had slipped over the eighteenth year of her age, before her heart was sensible of any disposition to fix her choice upon any one of all those that were her servants. It was certainly no trouble to her that she was esteemed by all of quality in our City, beyond all the Beauties of *Ardea*; but she withall thought

thought it so hard a matter to meet with a man that knew well how to love, and that it was the greatest unhappiness to be obliged to one by whom she were not absolutely beloved, that she would have been glad of *Erfilias* consent she might not marry at all. For when she had a mind to aggravate the aversion she had to marry a man by whom she could not think her self beloved, she spoke the pleasantest things in the world, though naturally she is very serious. But (said I to her one day, when there was very great company at her house, and that all were pressing her upon her shins, and over-reservedness in things of that nature) according to the humour I conceive you to be of, it were a hard matter to persuade you, that you might be perfectly beloved; for though you be sincerity it self, I have heard you say, in the business of love you distrust all things. You may very well have heard me say so (replied she) and it shall be your fault if you hear it not again; for there are not only a sort of men in love, who tell you they feel more than they do; but there are others who though absolutely insensible, will yet entertain you with their incredible sufferings. There is also a sort of Lyars who are sensible they are such, and because they know not well what Love is, think they are in Love, when the most can be said of them, is that they are simply disposed to be so. By that argument (replied an excellent person, whose name was *Persander*) it were not sufficient for a man that were in love with you, to render you those services which another might, but he must find out some new way to convince you of his affection. Very right (replied she) for I am not very credulous, and to prevail any thing with my great mind, there must be something extraordinary, especially if the first birth of the affection should be directed to me, that I might no longer doubt of the conquest I had made. But (said another to her, a person of great merit, named *Turnus*) I would gladly know what that were that should absolutely convince you of the power of your charms. Since I have not so exactly examined what apprehensions I should have of a thing, wherein I am not concerned (replied she) I know not well how to answer you; but for the present, what would assure me of a mans affection, were to see him express it by a neglect of what he were most naturally and most strongly inclined to. For, if (for example) I should oblige an ambitious man to renounce his ambition for the love he bore me; if I should force a covetous man to become liberal; if I should cause a choleric person to banish that Passion out of his soul, merely because I was displeased with it; if a fickle man should prove constant merely for my sake; or if an obstinate Lover should quit some other Mistress purposely to serve me, I think I should believe I were possessed of the Empire of their hearts who should do such things upon my account. And to deal sincerely with you, I do not think those who conquer any heart, ought to use their Conquests as ordinary Conquerours do, who to insinuate into their new Subjects, alter not the Laws of those Countries they have subdued. On the contrary, I maintain, that it is lawful for those who conquer any heart, to govern it by such laws as they shall think fit; and that it is the noblest expression of a Mistress Authority, absolutely to dispose of whatever acknowledges her Supremacy. If there-

fore I should have made a faithful Lover of a fickle, or a fickle of a constant, I should think my self more confirmed in my power, then I should by all the ordinary discoveries which men do make of their Passion.

Casoria had no sooner said this, but *Turnus* smiled, and *Persander* changed colour, as if they were secretly concerned in what that fair Lady spoke. And indeed, you are to know, that *Turnus* was naturally inconstant, and *Persander* loved without any return of his love, and had been a long time a Suitor to a Lady of our City, who certainly deserved not the love of a person of his quality; so that having been both smitten by what *Casoria* had said, it caused a little agitation in their hearts, for they had both an infinite esteem for this admirable person. But for her part, when she spoke it, she thought not of either, and was minded onely to disburthen her self of an opinion, wherein she thought her self singular; and indeed it proved the Text of all that days discourse; all being obliged to dispute whether a woman were more obliged to an inconstant Lover that should prove constant by loving only her, or to a faithful Lover that should prove inconstant to a former Mistress, as being forced to it by the charms he met with in a second. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of that discourse, because I must repeat another in the sequel of my story, whereby I should be obliged to relate the same twice.

But I must needs more particularly tell you thus much, that *Persander* and *Turnus* were of the best of quality in *Ardea*, that they were both very proper as to their persons, and were both infinitely discreet and vertuous. 'Tis true, they were of very different natures; for *Persander* is a man of a more pleasant, more free, and more general conversation, and excellently good at those little things, which indeed are the State-affairs of Love. *Turnus* was of a serene, mild, and complaisant disposition, and if the love of ease had not disputed the Empire of his heart with that of glory, and his Mistresses, he had made one of the most exquisite Lovers in the World: For he had something of Gallantry, something of Delicacy, and insinuation of Affection, which was infinitely taking, and withall, notwithstanding his inclination to ease, certain Sallies of violence, which fortifi'd people in the persuasion they had of his love. But for *Persander* his ingenuity and cunning contrivances were his best Agents; and it may be said of these two Conquerours, one was fitter for the gaining of a battel, the other more excellent at a siege.

Turnus was at this time, instead of one, engaged in divers Love-designs; for there were in *Ardea* three excellent persons, by whom it may be presumed he might have been loved; if he could have been content to love but one, and direct all his affection to her. *Persander* on the other side, could admit but of one passion, but as I told you before, Love had otherwise prevented him; and certainly she to whom he had then designed his heart, was not worthy to receive it. But indeed, she was not only so far from knowing the value of it, that she refused to accept it. On the contrary, she had treated *Persander* with so

much indignity and neglect, that the Clouds under which he lay began to disperse, when *Casonia* without any design, held the discourse I have related to you, which was pertinently directed both to him and *Turnus*, if they could have resolved then to love her. For, if you remember. I told you that *Casonia* acknowledged her self equally satisfied of the affection of an inconstant person, if he became constant, and of that of a constant Lover if he proved inconstant for her sake. That which was most observable in this accident, was, that *Perfander* and *Turnus* who were friends, applied to one another what *Casonia* had said, though they were satisfied that she had spoke without any reflection on them, though indeed the application was not serious on either side.

But departing the house together, and being both equally surpris'd with the beauty and perfections of *Casonia*, they fell a praising of her, and spoke a many things in her commendation. From which discourse, *Perfander* took occasion to tell *Turnus*, that since he was so much taken with *Casonia*, he should do well to address his services to her, and quit that indifference in love, wherein he had continued all his life. For in fine, said he to him, while you wander from one beauty to another, you will not advance much; and since that all those from whom you receive favours, please you not so well as absolutely to ingage you to them; and that you are this day more taken with *Casonia* than all your former acquaintances, I would advise you to sacrifice all your other Mistresses at her Altar. I promise you (replied he) that if I thought the sacrifice would prove acceptable, I should do it with all my heart; but you know, it is not only requisite that the victims should be such as might please the Gods but they also must be acceptable who offer them. Being assured therefore (continued he) that you are more in *Casonia's* favour than I am, I should advise you to undertake the adventure; for if she said that she was confident of the affection of an inconstant Lover that should prove constant for her sake, she also said she would be satisfied with the love of a constant one that should prove unconstant, to serve her. If therefore you will take my advice, you will forsake your ancient Mistress and make choice of this; for not to flatter you, it will be more advantageous for you to alter your resolutions than for me. There are, you know well, three persons, all excellently handsom, of whose affections I might presume, could I but love them, and who find me employment and diversion sufficient, though all that is between us, be no more than a fence of mirth and gallantry, which may haply grow up to something, if we please, and may also come as easily to nothing, if we are disposed. But you, without any reciprocation of affection, love a person that seems onely amiable to your self; and you put your friends upon a necessity of wishing that she may never prove favourable to you; for if you conquer the indisposition of your love by marriage, you were the unhappiest of all men in that it were to exchange one whom you thought a worthy Mistress into a troublesome Wife. If therefore you value my advice any thing, you will this day renounce her, and address your love to *Casonia*, with a confidence of the approbation

of all people. For by this means, you will reform an error which all the Tyranny ascribed to Love could not excuse; Reason would approve your change; and though you should not be loved, yet were your condition better, than it is now; since it is more supportable to be slighted by a person of great merit than by another that hath not any.

I cannot but acknowledge (replied *Perfander*) that notwithstanding the violence of my Passion, I ever knew that the person for whom I have had for so long time a fruitless love, was guilty of some imperfections, nay that she was disagreeable to all rational men. But if I am too favourable, the others are unjust, since she wants not such good endowments, and that For her good ones interrupted *Turnus*, I know not what she may have; but for those that relate to civility; I'll answer for her, she has not any; for she's of an unsetled and perverse disposition; she is ungraceful, both as to behavior and countenance; she is nothing acquainted with the world; she always takes things in the worst sense, she sometimes commends what is to be discommended, and dispraises that which deserves praise, nothing obliges her, she is moved without occasion, and she understands not the greatness of your mind, and consequently not that of your affection. Fasten therefore on the occasion which Fortune presents you with, make a hearty sacrifice of this miserable Victim; for I am of opinion, when the sacrificer is accepted, they look not so directly on what he offers; besides that none can be more liberal than he that bestows all.

You have certainly a strange confidence in my Friendship, replied *Perfander* (blushing through the disorder of his thoughts) to speak to my Mistress as you do. I am so confident of the truth of what I say, that I fear not your displeasure. Not but that I know you now look otherwise on the person you love, then you will do one day; but you are so accustomed to be troubled that others are not so much taken with her as your self, that I do you no more injury then you have endured a hundred times before. Nay I am sufficiently satisfied continued he, that I have seen you blush for very shame, upon several occasions, at some things which that creature either did or said; and therefore it were very unjust you should bear me any ill will, because I cannot speak well of her, since you may easily perceive it is only your own concernment that could have obliged me to speak after this rate, you being the only Suitor to this Wench, who certainly is very indiscreet to slight you, in regard there is nothing so certain, as that if she miss you, she will never meet with such another. Cease then at length, cruel friend, to persecute me, replied *Perfander*, if you expect not I should also take my turn and fall upon you, and tell you, that if I deserve to be blamed for loving a person defective, as to those perfections which Love should aim at, you deserve to be much more, who are indifferent whether you are loved by any one of three the most accomplished women the Earth affords; Hereupon the two friends parted, not thinking what might be the consequence of what they said one to another. On

On the other side *Casoria* and I, not knowing anything of what had passed between *Persander* and *Turnus*, fell to discourse upon what had been spoken in the Company; for, our houses adjoining, we were seldom asunder but at night; nay sometimes it hapned, that I staid at *Casoria's*, or she at our house. Being therefore at liberty, as to company, we took a Walk into *Ersilia's* Garden, but reflecting on whatever had been said, I represented to *Casoria* that she had said one thing which *Persander* and *Turnus* might severally apply to themselves, for their stories were known to all the world. I had no sooner said it, but she blushed, as having no thought of them when she spoke as she did, and fearing they might imagine it directed to them, she was much troubled in her mind. I should be extremely afflicted, said she to me, that two persons of their Quality should suspect me of any design to engage them to love me. Since they are the only two of all the City, replied I laughing, that are not fallen into your chains, what great crime were it if you should spread your chains for them? How great a crime it were I know not, replied she, but it would certainly argue a great weakness, and much indiscretion; but that which gives me some ease; added she, is, that *Turnus* is so well known for his Inconstancy, and *Persander* for his obstinate fidelity, that I shall not be easily suspected of having any intention to alter their resolutions. But that also which is equally true, is, that they are the two men of all the City whom I most esteem, and for whom certainly I should have the greatest inclination; and consequently added I, they are the two persons of all the City who were the most likely to make you happy, if so be you resolve to marry any one. According to the humour I now am in, said she, I should not be satisfied to have only an inclination for him I would take to be my Husband, for I conceive my felicity consists rather in the resentments which others have for me, then in what I have for them: and if I had met with any one among those who have endeavoured to gain me, that could have put me into a strong perswasion that he had a great and violent affection for me, I should without doubt have looked on him, so as from him to have derived my happiness, for certainly there is a greater pleasure in being loved, then in loving.

Ah *Casoria* cried I, you are extremely mistaken if you believe what you say, since 'tis only the Love which is in one's own heart that can make one happy, and that to speak sincerely, there is no pleasure in being loved, but by that which one loves. Every one hath his particular humour (replied *Casoria*) and that is none of mine; for if I had two Lovers of equal merit, and my inclination led me to favour him whom I thought the less amorous, I should prefer before him the other whom I conceived to have greater affection for me, though I loved him the less. Ah *Casoria*, replied I, how great a fault would you do in so doing! Ah *Plotina*, replied she, how dangerous a one should I be guilty of, did I make any other choice? for all considered, is it not true that the end of loving is to be loved again, and that it is the greatest torment to love beyond what one is beloved? I agree with you, replied I, that

it is insufferable to be sensible of having more love then one causes; yet I hold there can be no sensible pleasure in loving any further then it relates to that which one loves; and that all the devoirs; all the services, all the addresses of a person whom one loves not, give no great satisfaction in comparison of those are rendred by one for whom we have a certain respect.

But *Plotina*, answered *Casoria*, you consider not what you say when you speak thus; for it is so natural to love, to the end one should be loved again, and to imagine a certain pleasure therein, that to speak generally of it, one desires to be loved as well by those whom one loves, as those whom one loves not. There is also a certain satisfaction in receiving acknowledgements of esteem from those we are not in a manner acquainted with; and the reason is, that as often as one receives such expression of affection, one seems to take it as a certain argument of his own merit; besides that, if there be any charms in love, I think they consist in an absolute Empire over the heart of a vertuous man. I can also very easily imagine, that it is as it were a degree of felicity, for a woman to see a person of a great reason and understanding, renounce part of his Reason to serve her; that he raises to himself an hundred sensible pleasures from her most inconsiderable favours; that he betrays a thousand obliging weaknesses, which he himself is not sensible of; that his colour changes when he sees her, that many times he knows not what he says, even when it is his design to speak the best he can; that he sees her in all places; that he seeks none but her; that he resigns himself absolutely to her will, and altogether renounces his own. But on the contrary, when one loves, instead of commanding, he obeys and must expect all the inconveniences of love, and never be acquainted with the enjoyments of it.

Ah *Casoria*, replied I, I could not have imagined a serious person could possibly have said what you have! And I should never have thought, replied she, that a person of a free and gallant humour could have held what you hold, which certainly should rather be the Tenet of Melancholy and Distraction. But said I to her, what do you think on when you imagine it is a greater pleasure to be loved then to love? Do you think I cannot name you a hundred several men whom you should esteem strangely troublesome, if they were but once encouraged to follow you every where, and to pretend an infinite love to you? But when I say so, replied she, I do not mean that I would be loved of those people of no worth, who are not to be admitted in the quality of lovers, nor yet of friends; and all that I say amounts to no more then this, that a woman who hath a great esteem for a vertuous man, by whom she is faithfully and ardently loved, shall be more happy then if she her self had a strong love for another vertuous man, who were less amorous then the former. And I hold on the contrary, replied I, that there is no enjoyment in being loved, but in as much as it proceeds from those we love; that all those weaknesses which you say it would be pleasant to observe in a person of a great mind, would not seem such to you, if you were not capable of having the like; and to apprehend aright what

Love is, there is no question but the most considerable services rendered by a person whom we love, far exceed the greatest we receive from another, for whom we have not that sympathy. And in a word *Casoria* said I to her laughing, the case is not the same with love as at a *Ball*, where many times those who dance not, have a greater pleasure than those who do; for certainly, whoever would find a great satisfaction in being loved must himself love, and that to the greatest extent of passion; and for my part, I am so far from imagining any pleasure in marrying an amorous Husband if I loved not him, that I think it no small torment, by reason of the continual reservedness wherein I should conceive my self obliged to live. If therefore you will take my advice, make choice of him whom you your self shall best love, and not him who hath no more to say for himself; then that he hath a greater love for you. I should willingly grant (added I) it were a great unhappiness, and a great madness to love and not be loved again; but as long as I live, I shall persist in this opinion, that there can be no true delight in being loved, if one also loves not; and certainly, the heart must be extremely prepossessed for to raise this one pleasure above all others, and imagine it such as whereby all sorts of afflictions were alleviated, and might effectually put us into a condition of indifference for all things else.

But is it not also certain (repli'd she) that as soon as one is strongly possessed with love, there inevitably follows a number of cares and disturbances. There do so (repli'd I) but I believe withall there are thousands of pleasures, which cannot be consequent to any thing but by the residence of that passion in the Soul. For when all is done, all those things which we say are very pleasing when one loves, are not so considerable in themselves, as to make a superstructure of Felicity, were it not that the heart is prepossessed. So that to be absolutely happy, we must, if I may presume to say it, enter with sincere intentions into this correspondence and consonancy of affections, we must retain in our selves, so much love as we cause in others, and expect to find our particular satisfaction, in our own tenderness rather than in that of another: For were it not so, one might take an equal pleasure in being loved, by a hundred several people at a time; whereas, I am confident that a woman who hath three or four Lovers, will find no true pleasure but with him whom she particularly loves.

I do not tell you (repli'd *Casoria*) that those whose hearts are designed to love, find no satisfaction in loving; but that which I maintain is, that one who would marry, should find her self in a more firm posture of happiness, by marrying a man who extremely loves her, then if she married one whom she her self were infinitely in love with. But (repli'd I) you mind not what you say, for it frequently happens that these amorous Husbands grow soon cold in their affection; so that if you are satisfied in being loved, though you loved not your self, it must needs follow, that as that love evaporates and consumes, your pleasure also determines. On the contrary, if you love him whom you have married, he is always the same pleasant object he was to you, even though he should give you some slight cause of discontent;

Not to flatter you therefore any longer, I think there never was any woman (Cockneys excepted) besides your self, who thought there was any great pleasure in being loved, without loving her self. Be it as it will be (said she) since I press you not to change your opinion, neither shall I change mine for your sake; but it may come to pass that while I shall be content to be lov'd, though I love not, you shall love, and not be lov'd again. For that matter (replied I) I fear not what may happen to me; for one never loves, but what seems worthy to be loved, and I should not look upon the most virtuous man in the world, as such as should oblige me to love him, if he did not first love me.

These were at that time the apprehensions of *Casoria*; but not to spend time in the relation of many little accidents consequent thereunto, I shall only tell you, that from that day, *Perfander* and *Turnus* took some by occasions to see and know more of *Casoria*, and became more studious Disciples of our Cabal, which certainly was the most ingenious and most gallant of any in the City; and if I may presume to affirm it, that which had the greatest reputation of Vertue. 'Tis true, it stood not with our constitutions to admit indifferently all sorts of people, and that we stood much upon the choice of our friends of either sex, when we were commonly called abroad, *The fair Solitaires*. Our solitude indeed hath nothing that might affright, for we admitted the visits of all virtuous persons, without any regard had to the rest. Not that we would be charged with any incivility; but it happened either by artifice or good fortune, that we were not pleasing to those whom we liked not, So that some stood in fear of us, others not knowing what to say to us, and some for the most part not apprehending what are said to them, we lived without any disturbance; for to tell you truly, we minded not much what they thought of our Consistory; and when we were informed of what foolish things they said of *The fair Solitaires*, we only made sport of it, and then took occasion thence to think our selves happy in that we were dissociated from such people.

But for *Perfander* and *Turnus* we gladly entertained them when they pressed the favour of seeing us more particularly than ordinary; for they were both persons of so much worth, that to do them respect was to receive it. However it was not their design at first to profess any love to *Casoria*; but certain it is, that *Perfander* being still slighted by the person whom he lov'd, took this occasion to divert and imploy his thoughts, so to endeavor his recovery. Nor indeed did he dissemble it, saying, when we sometimes asked him, whence it came he so much honoured us with his company, that his business was to find out some pleasant friend that should make him forget a too cruel Mistress. As for *Turnus*, since he pursued only what most pleased him, and that *Casoria* wanted not any thing he could have wished; he easily dis-engaged himself from those three Beauties, whereof there was not any whose heart he might not have gained, if he could have serv'd but her alone with perseverance. It hapned also that *Perfander's* Mistress went into the Country, and that a new difference fell out betwixt them at parting;

parting; for she put such a fantastick trick upon him, that he was extreanly troubled at it. It came to pass afterwards, that he saw divers of her Letters, which were such as seemed not fit to be written by the Mistress of *Persander*, for he himself writes admirable well; he also came to the sight of several Letters of *Casonia*, where-with he was taken even to admiration. In so much, that absence, vexation, and reason clearing up *Persander's* heart of its former pre-possession, put him into a condition sensible of the Charms of *Casonia*. As for *Turnus* he was so accustomed to the sense of merit and beauty; that it would have been very strange, if he should have had none reserved for one of the most accomplished persons in the World.

These two friends thought not, in the mean time, that they were become Rivals, for they professed themselves equally friends to *Casonia*, who entertained them accordingly. So that not behaving themselves, as Lovers, they soon gained with us that liberty which friendship affords. They writ Letters to us, and we answered them; we had a hundred appointed walkings together; and we carried our selves towards them, rather as if they were friends of our own sex than the other: For being both of them circumspect, respectful, and discreet, we stick'd not to say before them a many things which might be thought somewhat extravagant. But at length, I one day perceived it was not impossible they might have some resentments of love for *Casonia*; for being one afternoon all four together in *Ersilia's* Chamber, we fell a talking of a certain Lover of our City, who as it was reported, had parted very fairly from his Mistress, to go and travel; and that though there happened no difference between them, he was absolutely cured of his Passion, and was returned without any Love. For my part, saies *Turnus*, I do not think it impossible; for I know those, who without the remedy of absence can overcome two or three Passions, much more, one. And for my part (replied *Persander*) I do not think a man can be cur'd by absence onely; and I am absolutely perswaded, that to be eased of ones Passion, a man must necessarily entertain another. There may no doubt (continued he) be a sort of people, who are not so sensible as many others, and into whose souls it might infuse a certain coldness, which signifies rather indifference than Love; but afterwards restored to the sight of the person whom they had loved, they would re-assume their love; for I cannot conceive that absence alone is able to destroy love. I hold therefore, that whoever ceases to love, upon no other account than absence, must be guilty of infidelity, and have taken another Mistress. But if there be a necessity a man enter into a new love, before he can be said to give over loving a former Mistress, in case of absence, replied *Turnus*, the same conclusion holds against a Lover who should at once disengage himself from two or three. By no means, repli'd *Persander*, for it may happen that these Mistresses might do a many things conducing to his cure, which a person that is absent cannot. But if on the contrary replied *Turnus*, these two or three Mistresses were more favourable than ordinary, what would you say? I should say, replied *Casonia* laughing,

you would be thought ungrateful, if you forsook them for another. But Madam, replied *Turnus*, I put not the question to you, but to *Persander*; who will needs maintain that a man cannot cease loving a person that is absent, without entring into a new love; and thinks it not possible a man may quit three fair Mistresses, without finding another; Nay I conceive, added he, he pretends that a woman ought to think her self more oblig'd to him, if he loved her in the absence of his Mistress, then she should to me, though I should in the presence of three suffer my self to be wrought upon by the charms of this fourth. There is no question of it replied *Persander*, and for instance, if making profession of constancy as I do, it should happen that the admirable *Casonia* could make me inconstant, and fasten her love upon me, I should do a greater action for her sake, then you should do by forsaking all your Mistresses to serve her; for change being natural to you, you did no more in loving her, then comply with your own inclination. But if I should persevere to love her for a long time, replied he, shall I not have done much more for her then you, who are naturally fastened to one place, and should not deserve any great reward, though you loved ever so faithfully? It must certainly be a very long time, replied *Persander*, before you can recover your reputation. I beseech you, replied *Casonia*, make not these fruitless suppositions, and if you have any quarrel, let not me be concerned in it.

But if that which they say be real (reply'd I laughing, not thinking it had been so) you were finely catch'd. I had no sooner said so, but I saw *Persander's* colour change, and *Turnus* was not without some disturbance. I assure you replied *Casonia*, I should hardly believe it, though they should endeavour to perswade me to it. You do not then believe Madam such an accident as this impossible, replied coldly *Persander*; for if you remember, you said one day when *Turnus* and I were present, that to give you a remarkable testimony of his affection, a Lover must do something absolutely dissonant to his natural inclination, and among those you expected that an unconstant man should prove constant for your sake, or that a constant Lover quit his perseverance purposely to serve you. And Madam, added *Turnus*, we were so far perswaded to follow your directions, that I advis'd *Persander* to quit his Mistress, to love you, and he afterwards gave me the like counsel to forsake all mine, to apply my self only to you. He was pleas'd it seems to requite your ill advice with as bad, replied *Casonia* blushing. On the contrary, replied *Persander*, I gave him that counsel out of meer friendship, but he was not dispos'd to follow it. 'Twas because at that time, I was so wedded to your judgement, that I would not do what you refus'd. Certainly replied *Casonia* laughing, you are both very admirable persons, to tell me so truly what pass'd between you that day. They are much more, replied I, laughing with her for company, if they dealt so really with you as to acquaint you with their present thoughts; for I am clearly of opinion, though I should not swear it, that in *Persander* you have made an inconstant Lover of a constant; and in *Turnus* you have exchanged inconstancy into a perseverance. You speak so indirectly

creetly replied *Casoria*, that I think not fit to answer you. But if it be so, replied *Persander*, what do you expect *Turnus* and I should do? Must we hate one another, must we cease to love you, must we fear, or must we hope? And that you may complete your obligation upon us, be pleased to declare which of us two may with more confidence presume to have given you the greater testimony of his affection, he who is become constant, or he who has quitted his constancy? I beseech you, Madam, added *Turnus*, be pleased to give *Persander* a punctual answer. Did he speak to me seriously, replied she, I would answer him; but since he proposes nothing but trifles, having not the least relation to truth, I shall not trouble my self to give him any return. But supposing they said not any thing that were real, replied I, why make you such ado to satisfy their curiosity? And if what they say have some ground, tell them sincerely, though by way of jest, what they may think of their several fortunes. In troth *Plotina*, said she to me, you give me very pleasant advice: Truly, replied I, you have my very thoughts; for *Persander* and *Turnus* are as yet Friends; but if they are Rivals, I wish it may be without quarrel, and that you impose on them as an expression of their love to you, to live always in Friendship. If they were my Lovers, replied she, I should be glad they were such without hating one another; but since they are not, and that I should be sorry they should, I have nothing to say to them. For your being sorry, said I, I cannot so easily believe it: For in fine, continued I jestingly, this adventure hath in it something so particular, that you would be much troubled to repent your having been the occasion of it. Besides, that having so much generosity as you have, you should be glad to have put so great an obligation on two the most eminent persons in the world; for all that can be objected to *Persander* is, that he loves a woman that deserves not his love; and all that *Turnus* can be charged with, is the inconstancy of his Love.

For this good Office *Turnus* and *Persander* gave me many thanks, and began again to press *Casoria* to resolve them, but she would not: So that the discourse was concluded in such a manner, as satisfied *Casoria* and me, that there was something of truth in what we suspected; and withal convinced *Turnus* and *Persander*, that they had both followed the advice they had given one another. However they went away together, but burthened with thoughts and melancholy, as being each of them troubled in their minds, that he had a Rival instead of a Friend. But at last *Persander*, as being the more discreet, desirous to lift the resentments of his Friend; Tell me truly, said he to him, are you not at this present more taken with *Casoria* than with all the world besides, and if it were possible you could reform your inconstancy, you would do it only for her sake? Before I tell you my thoughts, replied *Turnus*, do you acknowledge that you are this day more pleased with *Casoria* than ever you were with your former Mistress, and that if you could prove inconstant, you would do it only for the love of *Casoria*? For inconstancy, replied *Persander*, I cannot be reproached with it, though I forsook the person you mean, and should in consequence love *Casoria*, since it is granted there is no obligation

to love where one is not loved. And whereas you are pleased to tell me that I am more taken with this excellent person than my former Mistress I am to tell you, that how far soever you may have thought me prepossessed, I have always known, that the one had imperfections, the other none: But that which hath caused this change in my resolutions is, that the person in whom I then had only a glimpse of certain imperfections, and in whom I imagined there were some excellent good qualities, seems now to me some other creature; for I find not any thing in her I am pleased with, her Company is troublesome, all that I saw in her formerly is vanished, and I am so much ashamed, nay indeed so much amazed, that I have thought her so excellent and loved her so much, that my thoughts of it far exceed my expressions.

Ah *Persander*, cried out *Turnus*, you are in love with *Casoria*: And you, replied the other, who thought it your felicity to divide your self among all the Beauties, never think your self well now, but when near *Casoria*. I acknowledge it, replied *Turnus*, for wherever I am, I ever wish my self with her; and there is certainly something of enchantment, whereby I am so carried away, that her House is in my way, in what quarter soever of *Ardea* my business lies. It seems then, replied *Persander* smiling, if we are not yet Rivals, we soon shall be: I am of your mind, replied *Turnus*, and I am troubled at it beyond expression: For certainly (added he) I must needs be very unhappy, that the most perseverant of all men, hath resolved to cease to be such, purposely to become my Rival. It is rather I who have cause to complain (replied *Persander*) in that the most inconstant Lover in the World, will needs be other than he was, merely to cross my designs. Ah! *Persander* (replied *Turnus*) I am the more unhappy of the two, for certainly *Casoria* had a greater inclination for you than for me. I know not on what you ground that conjecture, (replied *Persander*) but it should rather be infer'd, that a man who could not gain the love of the least amiable person in the World, should not be over confident of gaining that of the most accomplished, and therefore his Rivalship is not to be looked on as very formidable. But *Turnus*, if I am slighted as inconsiderable, you are (on the contrary) much to be feared; for can a man possibly have a more dangerous Rival, than one who, though guilty of no love, or at best but little, could yet in a manner command all the greatest beauties of *Ardea*. Howere that may be (replied *Turnus*) I am confident *Casoria* hath naturally a stronger inclination, and a greater esteem for you than me. I know you are a greater Gallant, more vigilant, and more ingenious than I am, and consequently have reason to fear you may be more fortunate than I. Since you are infinitely more amiable than I can ever possibly be (replied *Persander*) and that I have a very great opinion of *Casoria's* judgment, I am easily persuaded not to expect any love to your prejudice. But to do something more than ordinary in the World, (added he) let us endeavour from this day forward, so to manage our Love, that it destroy not our Friendship; for as yet there is not ought done wherewith we may reproach one the other. You advised me to love *Casoria*, and I gave you the same advice, so that we cannot be

be charged with any defect of Friendship in the original of our Love: And therefore since I might be thought unreasonable, to press you to quit your pretensions for my sake; it were also unjust in you, to oblige me to stifle my Passion for yours. Not but that if I thought I could do it I would, both out of considerations of Friendship and Reason, though you pressed me not to it; but since it is impossible, and that I cannot conceive you can be so suddenly weary of a thing you are so much taken with, we must regulate those apprehensions we have one of another, while we love the accomplished *Casoria*.

To observe the Rules of Generosity (replied *Turnus*) we must promise not to attempt any thing one against another, and have the same love one for another, as if we were not Rivals; but since that cannot be, the contrary course must be taken; And therefore (for my part) you have from me all liberty to say and do any thing, which you think may gain the love of *Casoria*, conditionally you give me the same. I am very well content (replied *Perfander*) but this shall not hinder what means I shall use otherways, as being still your friend. And I shall do the like if I can (replied *Turnus*) but I should be glad one of the Articles of our Treaty were, that in case *Casoria* make choice of either of us, and thereby cut off all the pretensions of her other Lovers, the other shall have nothing to object against him, but shall continue in friendship with him. Be it so (replied *Perfander*) though I can never hope to make any great advantage of this proviso.

In this manner, Madam, did these two Rivals acknowledge to one another the love they had for *Casoria*, so that from that day they omitted nothing, whereby they thought to gain the favour of this excellent person. But this happening near the time that they celebrate the Feast of the *Golden Shower*, to honour the memory of *Danae*, and that it is then the custom, as I have already told you, that all Lovers bestow on their Mistresses something wherein there must be Gold, *Turnus* proved the subject of our abuses for a whole Afternoon together at *Casoria's* house: For all people believing he was in love with three or four of the City at a time; one woman who knew nothing of the change of his humour, said, that day would undo him, he was obliged to make so many magnificent Presents, if so be he presented all his Mistresses. If you are one of them (replied he) you shall see what will be done: For my part (says *Casoria*) I think this custom so ill grounded, that I am almost minded to pretend my self sick on the Feast day, for though there cannot be made so ill a construction of receiving Gold at this as at other times, yet it is against my humour to accept such magnificent Presents. As for those inconsiderable things, whereby they are neither enriched who receive them, nor they impoverished who bestow them: I should permit they passed between friends, especially when they are equally able to return them; but I am a professed Enemy to those women are taken with magnificent Presents. It seems then you are of the opinion (says a person of quality whose name was *Pallas*) of those who believe that since *Jupiter* invented the *Golden Shower*, there hath remained in that Metal, a certain Magical Force, that softens the rigours of all those

Beauties which receive of it, and that the best receipt, and the most advantageous for a lighted Lover, is to oblige his Mistress to take a good quantity of Gold. Since there are no universal Medicines (replied *Casoria*) I do not think that, as Sovereign as you take it, absolutely effectual, unless it be on some interested woman, with whom merit signifies nothing, Gold all things. For my part, replied I, 'tis a thing I cannot easily apprehend, how any women can be so base as to sell their affection, and am as far to seek how there can be men that will buy them: For if I were a Gallant I should imagine something so dishonourable in this kind of Commerce, that I should never prove a Merchant in it. I should no sooner discover in the heart of a woman any thing reflecting on her own interest, but I should condemn, avoid, and hate her; and in my opinion an interested woman is so far abominable, that I take her not to be good for any thing; for I should neither admit her in the quality of a Mistress, nor of a Wife, nor a Friend, nor a Kindwoman, nor yet a Neighbour, so much do I abhor this kind of unworthiness. It seems then (said *Pallas*) you have no great devotion for the Feast of the *Golden Shower*? I observe it out of curiosity (replied I) but if it happen any thing is presented to me, I leave it in the Temple, that people may see I go not thither to come thence ever the richer: And for my part, replied *Casoria*, I think fitter not to go thither at all.

Perfander and *Turnus* who were present at this discourse, did what they could to oblige her to change her opinion, but she could not be prevailed with to make an absolute promise to go to the Temple: For in fine, said she to them, I have lived hitherto, and never received Present wherein there was any Gold; and I will not begin now. Not but that I am of opinion (added she) this superstition of *Ardea* hath some rational ground; but I have such an aversion from that Metal, which makes so many of my Sex commit such horrid enormities, that I will not receive any of it. For my part (added she) I make no comparison between a woman moved by the sense of merit, and haply subject withal to some weakness, and one whose Soul is only open to avarice, and who bestows her heart on him that bids most for it. I agree to what you say (replied *Perfander*) but after all, Madam, (added he) Liberality is a Virtue, and more to be practised by a Lover than any other. Ah *Perfander* (cried I) is it so easie to reconcile these two things? for I take it as granted that the most disinterested woman in the World, is she who expects the greatest liberality from her Lover; but with this provision, that he suspect her not of an imperfection she is not guilty of, and endeavour to express his Liberality, which virtue hath such an easie way to discover it self, that even those who have nothing to give, find means to shew they are not covetous: For a Lady shews sometimes that she is of a liberal nature, as well in not seeking and avoiding the occasions of receiving Presents, as in making such her self. To deal truly with you, replied I, all women are not of that disposition; for I know one who hath such an excellent gift of receiving, that it may be said she never hath any thing, and is desirous of all that others have without any exception: For she takes occasion to commend whatever she sees, if there

there be the least hopes it may be offered her: She asks those who are not of *Ardea*, what is most rare in their Country, that she may afterwards beg it, she permits such things to be sent into her house, as she intends not to pay for; and if she betray her self in some little liberality in her life, it is on some occasions, wherein she is infallibly assured for the little she bestows, to receive much: And for my part, I am so far perswaded she can refuse nothing that's proffered her, that if she had a Lover were so fantastick, as instead of Perfumes, Flowers, Fruits, and such accommodations, which may be received without any imputation of Avarice, to send her Arms; I believe she would take them rather than it should be said she refused any thing.

This Jest having put the Company into a laughter, they fell afresh to persecute *Turnus* with the number of his Mistresses, and the Feast of the *Golden Shower*: But he answered so ambiguously, as might convince them they were deceived who thought he had so many Presents to make. To be short, *Turnus* and *Persander* not speaking any thing to one another, were both resolved to surprise *Casoria* by most magnificent Presents, if she came to the Feast: But they were spared the trouble, for pretending some indisposition she would not go. For my part, I, according to my wonted curiosity, went, and failed not to find there *Persander* and *Turnus*: But that you may know what is done in that place, I am to acquaint you in few words with part of the Ceremonies of this celebrated Feast.

You are then to know, that for the performance of these Ceremonies, there is a Temple design'd, wherein is to be seen represented the History of *Danae*, and where the greatest part of those of quality of either Sex are present: I shall not trouble you with the Sacrifice which is there offered, for it signifies nothing to my purpose; but I shall tell you, that the Ladies that come thither are dressed to the greatest curiosity and expence, that they are all on one side of the Temple and the men on the other; and to shew that Liberality ought to be the inseparable attendant of Love, there is a *Cupid* represented on the Altar, who hath in one hand his Bow and Torch, and in the other a horn of Abundance inverted, out of which may be seen falling down, Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones. In the mean time the Ladies who are on one side of the Temple, have each of them in their hands, Myrtle-Crowns, and are, for a certain time, obliged to stand: For the men who would shew their Gallantry, they are on the other side, holding every one what they have to bestow on their Mistresses, in case they come to the Ceremony. Having proceeded thus far, he who offered the Sacrifice makes a large discourse in the commendation of Liberality: Which done, all the Ladies one after another pass before the Image of Love, which they call *Love Liberal*, and having made a low reverence, they walk gently before those men who have the gallant and precious things, which they intend to bestow on their Mistresses; and when any Lady comes over against him who would make a Present to her, he very submissively stays her, and with one knee on the ground, offers her what it was his design to bestow on her. This civility obliges to accept, but if he

who makes the Present be such a Lover as she would wish were not such, she only receives his Present, and makes him a low reverence. On the contrary, if he be one whose Service she is pleased with, she puts the little Myrtle Crown she had upon his head; and for the Present she hath accepted; it is at her discretion either to carry it away with her, or bestow it on the Temple: If she chuse the latter, she lays what she had received on a spacious Altar near the door. But that whatever proceeds from Love may return to Love, all that is laid on the Altar is employed to promote the fortunes of such as love one another; and have not wealth enough to live happily together without some assistance.

In the mean time, it is an affliction to some Beauties to go to this Feast, and receive nothing, whereas on the contrary there are others, on whom too much is bestowed, for among us, it is in a manner as disgraceful to have too many Lovers, as to have none; it being believed that five or six pretending to a woman, cannot subsist without hope, which it were a shameful thing for any Woman to keep so many in.

But to return to my story, you are to know, that on this Feast-day *Turnus* came thither, with gold Chains in his hand, whereof the workmanship was indeed admirable, and his design was to present them to *Casoria*, and to do it so as if he should entreat her to chain him up. For *Persander*, he held a kind of Crown of Gold, beset with precious stones, which he intended also to present her with, as it were in acknowledgment of the Supreme Power she had over his heart. But they were both much surpris'd not to find *Casoria* there, and indeed the whole Assembly was much amazed to see they bestowed not what they had on any; so that there being no young Lady of quality of all *Ardea* who was not there, *Casoria* excepted, it was easie to judge they designed their Presents to her.

But what was most remarkable was, to see that day *Turnus's* three, and *Persander's* former Mistress; for the former were all in expectation of those Chains of Gold, and the latter was more than confident of the Crown. But, in regard they would not carry away their presents, these two Lovers went and laid them at the feet of that God of love I mentioned before: I had forgot to tell you, that when I pass'd by *Turnus*, he staid me and would have oblig'd me to take his chains, and deliver them to *Casoria*; telling me very freely, that that fair Lady and I were but one and the same thing, and that consequently he might well trust me with what he had to present to her. Ah *Turnus*, said I to him, you are in a great error; for since it cannot be understood by all what you say to me, it would be thought (if I received what you offer me) that I were one of your Mistresses. Having so said I pass'd by him, not giving him time to make any answer: But *Persander* having observed that he had spoke to me, he would also needs stay me, to ask whence it came that *Casoria* was not there? To which I answered, that the reason of her not being there was, that she would not receive any thing wherein there were gold, whereupon I left him.

From the Temple I went to *Casoria's*, to acquaint her with what had pass'd, and particularly that

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Persander and *Turnus* had made such discoveries of their inclinations to her, as she should acknowledge infallible. For, added I laughing, *Persander*, the faithful *Persander*, had that power over himself, as to see his ancient Mistress pass by, not only without offering her the Crown he had in his hands; but without so much as taking any notice of her; and *Turnus*, the inconstant *Turnus*, was pleased to see passing by all his Mistresses one after another, without so much as answering their looks: So that all that now remains to be done, is to consider whether you are more obliged to him who is become inconstant for your sake, or to him who ceases to be so, that he might constantly love you.

Casoria desirous not to take what I said in good earnest, answered me smiling, that haply these two Lovers had done this rather out of Revenge than Love, whereupon she asked me divers other things. Nevertheless I perceived she was not displeased at what I told her, nay indeed it pleased her so well, that she kept me with her all that day: That which was yet more particular in this adventure was, that all those who came to see her, congratulated her for her new conquests, for seeing that *Persander* and *Turnus* bestowed not their presents, and that she was the only young Lady of Quality, as I told you before, wanting in the Assembly, it was generally conceived it was to her they intended to present things of that magnificence; and it may be thence presumed this rising love had not by its lustre raised so much noise if she had been in the Temple as it had by her absence. Besides, it was looked on as a thing so pleasant, that she should gain the hearts of a constant and an inconstant Lover, that the talk of it multiplied extremely.

In the mean time, *Persander*, whom I had told that *Casoria* could never be prevailed with to accept any thing wherein there were Gold, though divers of her Lovers had endeavoured to surprise her, was so far obliged to his imagination, that it prompted him to do a thing which all the rest had attempted in vain, and withal, such as gave him a happy advantage over *Turnus*. Musing therefore how he might surprise *Casoria*, he at last thought (it being then the proper season for Flowers) he had found it out; and employing therein a certain woman in whom he might confide, who was infinitely subtle, he debated the business with her, and used her assistance in the execution of it. She took a small, but strong Gold Wire, which she neatly drew through one of those great Bulrushes which grow near Lakes, so as it might not be perceived: Which done, folding the Wyre and the Rush both together, she bent it into a Circle, on which having fastned a-bundance of excellent Flowers, she made a kind of Crown which seemed very pretty and delightful. But that *Casoria* might not suspect there was any Gold, there were certain distances wherein the Rush was visible all about, so that it was almost impossible to discover this innocent Cheat. The Crown being thus finished, *Persander* bestowed it into a very handfom Basket and sent it into *Casoria*, together with a Letter which she received when there was none present but my self. At the first, as it is natural to people to be afraid of being over-reached, she well viewed this Crown of Flowers; but not perceiving any thing that had any

resemblance to Gold; she accepted it, and reading the Letter aloud, she found it as full of Gallantry as the Present: But that you may the better judge of it, it was very much, if not altogether to this effect.

Persander to the Admirable Casoria.

Expect not from me, Madam, in these days, when the same things proceed from Ambition as from Love, any thing that is rare or precious: That which I take the presumption to send you is so trivial and ordinary, that it dares hardly own the name of a Present: Yet, Madam, be pleased to remember it may be allowed that of an Offering, and that a Goddess might condescend to accept it from a heart so disposed as mine is. For in fine, Madam, to think all the Crowns in the World so far below you as this is, to envy even those Flowers because designed to your service, and to esteem them too too happy though they die to-morrow, if they do but please to day: These (Madam) ought to be the sincere apprehensions which men should have when they do you homage. How glad should I be, Madam, if you should not receive it simply out of Civility, as I do it not simply out of Custom; and if but one favourable glance, or a single agitation of your heart distinguish it from so many others more sumptuous and more magnificent. This favour once obtained, what tradition soever we have received from our Fathers, I should study no other way to deceive you, as Jupiter did Danae; and you would be freed from the perpetual trouble of avoiding it. Grant it me then, Madam, for your own quiet's sake: But assure your self withal, I beseech you, that it is beyond all comparison more necessary for mine.

Casoria and I having both read this Letter and commended it, she asked me whether it were fit I answered it; for in fine (said she to me smiling, and looking on that flowery Crown) I think there is no Snake hid under these Flowers; or to speak without Figure, *Persander* hath put no trick upon me. As for Gold, said I to her, it is not likely there should be any amongst these Flowers, but for Love, I am confident *Persander's* heart is well furnished. If *Persander* be in Love with me, replied she, I am not obliged to answer him: Ah *Casoria*, said I to her, while a Lover discovers himself no otherwise than as a Friend, one is not obliged to guess at what he hath in his heart, if one would not have it so; therefore if you take my advice, you will not guess at what *Persander* thinks,

thinks, but write to him: Whereto *Cæsonia* condescending, answered him in these words.

Cæsonia to Persander.

THe Crown which you have sent me, I am infinitely more taken with then if it were of Gold and Diamonds; and indeed, it comes in a most fortunate conjuncture of time, for I receive it with joy, whereas certainly I should have refused a more precious if you had proffered it me. But believe not however, that I cannot distinguish your favours from your Flowers, for if these please my sight, those put me into disorder. Nevertheless, I shall not put the trouble it is to me that I deserve them not upon your account, since it were not so just I should quarrel with your flatteries, as my own Imperfections.

When this Letter was finished and that I told *Cæsonia* it was well, she called for the Slave who had brought the Crown of Flowers, and gave it him; which done I told her, it was but just she should for the rest of that day wear the Present, had been made her. But *Plotina*, said she to me must I crown my self with Flowers, as if I were to be a Victim? No said I to her, but to disguise the business somewhat of a Crown I will make a Garland. Whereupon I went to break asunder that Circle of Bul-rush on which the Flowers were fastened; But I found it a harder matter to do then I thought. But at last, the place where the gold-wyre met giving way, and the Rush broken in divers places through the force I used, the gold-wyre appeared, so that breaking forth into a loud laughter, that my Friend had been over-reached, ah *Cæsonia*, said I to her you were mistaken when you said there was no Snake under these Flowers, for I have found one, which is very pleasant, and yet withal very terrible,

While I said this, *Turnus* enters the Room, so that *Cæsonia* made a sign to me that I should hide the Crown of Flowers, and say nothing of it. But there being abundance of obligation in these kinds of surprizes, and being my self merrily disposed at that time, I obeyed her not. On the contrary, as soon as I perceived *Turnus*, I began to abuse him, and told him he had a Friend who far out-vyed him, as to wit: For, added I, *Cæsonia* who would not go to the Temple on *Danaes* Feast-day, to avoid the receiving of Presents, and fears the shower of Gold, more then the thunder of *Jupiter*, hath been deceived by *Persander* after the gallantest manner in the world. Whereupon I shewed both *Cæsonia* and *Turnus* that ring of gold-wire which was drawn through the Rush whereon the Flowers were fastened, and presently after I perceived they both blushed. There being only we three in the room, and that I was very familiar with *Cæsonia* and *Turnus*, I asked them why they blushed. For my part, says *Cæsonia*, it may be easily conceived I take it not well that I am surpris-

zed: And for my part added *Turnus*, it may be easily guessed I am not pleased to see my Rival more witty and more fortunate then I. A Rival replied roundly *Cæsonia*! Right Madam, a Rival, replied he, for though I think *Persander* hath not openly professed love to you, I have chosen rather to tell you he is my Rival, that you may thence conclude I am his, then live any longer, and you not understand that I love you. And to the end I may nor retract what I say, added he, I tell it you before *Plotina*, whom I stand much in fear of.

Turnus speaking this smiling, *Cæsonia* seemed to take it as not spoken seriously, and accordingly at the beginning put off the business very handsomely. But *Turnus* having a confidence more then ordinary, would not be satisfied: No, no, Madam, said he to her, since I doubt not but you are acquainted with my love, bestow not your wit to no purpose. Though it were so, replied she laughing, it were no greater matter, for you have loved divers others. I confess it, said he, but I declare to you, I now love none but *Cæsonia*. How said I to him, have you forsaken your three last Mistresses? I have replied he hastily; nay I have renounced all Female acquaintance, and if there be any love left in me for you, it is because *Cæsonia* loves you, so infallible is it that *Cæsonia* hath the absolute disposal of my heart. Your heart, replied *Cæsonia*, is so accustomed to change of affection, that if you love me to day, it is to be expected you should give over to morrow. Ah, Madam, replied he, think me not the same inconstant man of whom you have heard related such stories, as haply you have thought somewhat fantastick; for I am so altered from what I have been, that I hardly know my self.

While *Turnus* spoke thus, I was dressing up the Garland of Flowers, for to put on *Cæsonia*'s head, but she would not have it, whereat *Turnus* was very glad: But his joy lasted not long; for *Cæsonia* desirous he should not take any advantage of it, she said some things to him, whence he might infer, that it was not impossible for her to have some inclinations for *Persander*, though she looked on this surprisal rather as an argument of his invention, then any Design he therein had to express his Affection. In fine, said she to *Turnus*, I look on what *Persander* hath done, with the same consideration as I hear what you say. Ah Madam, replied *Turnus*, though there be an equality in the resentments of *Persander* and mine, yet I beseech you, do not you treat us equally. I shall treat you both as you deserve, replied she, and, to begin with you, Let us hear no more of your pretended Love, for I should be sorry to be one day numbred among your cast Mistresses. Ah I beseech you Madam, replied he, be pleased to be my new Inclinations, and I promise you never to have any other. If you were *Persander*, replied I, you could say no more. *Persander* is now proved faithless, replied he, and I am become constant. But if *Persander* have proved faithless, answered *Cæsonia*, you say it is for my sake: and therefore it will be no advantage to you to reproach him with that in my presence. But Madam, replied he, if it be any advantage to *Persander* to have proved inconstant for your sake, shall I merit nothing to have proved constant upon the same account? That you

you stand so much upon your Reformation, as to Constancy, replied she, granting it true, it signifies no more then that we expect your love for five or six hours longer. Ah Madam, replied he, I shall love you to the last gasp. I should be sorry you were so near your end, replied she, were it only to satisfy a curiosity I have, to see into whose hands you will commend your heart, when it is out of mine, if so it be true it is there, which, to tell you truly, I have no great confidence of. Ah Madam, cries out *Turnus*, you are very unjust so cruelly to persecute a man who offers you the greatest Sacrifice that any Lover could. And I am clearly of opinion, replied I laughing, that if you had kept a fair reckoning of all your Mistresses, you might have summed up as many as there need Victims to make up a Hecatomb.

As we were thus engaged, comes in *Persander*, who thought *Casoria* had not yet found out the cheat he had put upon her. But seeing as he came in the Crown taken asunder, he inferred the plot was discovered. 'Tis true, he was further confirmed in it, by what *Casoria* said to him: for she no sooner had cast her eye on him, but speaking to him. You are very confident, said she to him blushing, to give me a visit after you have thus abused be. Ah Madam I am indeed very unfortunate in it, since you are displeased with it; nor can I believe that secret force, which they say *Jupiter* infused into Gold, when he found out the precious shower whereby he himself was felicitated, to be very effectual, since I find you incensed against me for so small a matter. If I had surprized her as you have, replied *Turnus*, I should not think it strange she took it ill; It is true added I, no body loves to be abused, but when all's done, I am glad *Casoria* hath been, to teach her that she should not boast it could not be done, as she did yesterday. And further, not to dissemble, said *Casoria*, I give so little credit to this imaginary power of Gold, that I do not fear I shall over-love *Persander* for the Present he hath made me. Ah Madam, replied *Turnus*, if he had only bestowed on you this little circle of Gold, I should not much fear him, but I am afraid in this competition of our hearts, you may prefer his before mine. I perceive then, replied *Persander*, you have spoke many things to *Casoria*, too many, by the one half I assure you (replied she) and I am so little satisfied of the truth of any thing he saies, that of all he hath so confidently advanced, I believe nothing. How, Madam (replied *Turnus* somewhat hastily) are you not satisfied that *Persander* and I love you so much, that we begin already to love one another the less? Ah *Turnus* (replied *Persander*) I must confess your Generosity is greater then mine; for I should not have been so free as with my own, to discover the love of my Rival. I am fully satisfied (saies *Casoria*) you are both in some want of your senses.

And truly (replied I) this adventure seems to me so pleasant, that I condemn you to her good sport for the rest of this day. I must indeed needs do so (replied *Casoria*) or be offended in good earnest with two men, for whom of all the World I have the greatest esteem. Alas Madam, I beseech you be not offended, and not to examine things too strictly; be pleased since *Turnus* hath spoke so much to you, to allow me the same liber-

ty. That you may not deceive your self (replied *Turnus*) I have only mentioned your affection to make way for my own. However it be (saies *Casoria*) I shall believe nothing but what I think fit, and shall not think but what I ought; for it were little less then madness for me to imagine, that I should in one day make two Lovers quit, the one his fidelity, the other his inconstancy. But though it were not true (replied I) it may be supposed, were it only to raise some pleasant discourse. Conditionally it last no longer then this evening (replied *Casoria*) and that my two pretended Lovers, will to morrow content themselves to be only my friends, it shall be so. We shall be to morrow what we can be (replied *Persander*) but in the mean time, give me the liberty to tell you, what I thought not to have told you this day. Say what you please (replied she) so I be not obliged to believe you. For my part (replied *Turnus* laughing) I desire your incredulity, as to what I shall say. Be it as it will (replied I) only say what you have a mind, and leave the sequel to the Conduct of Fortune. I say then (replied *Turnus*) that if the fair *Casoria* be not the most unjust woman in the World, she will acknowledge her beauty never ceased any affection could more express its power, then by subduing the heart of an unconstant man. And I say (on the contrary, replied *Persander*) that there is no beauty so mean, which might not pretend to the Conquest of an inconstant man, and that the greatest acknowledgement which *Casoria* ever received for the force of her Charms, is to have forced me to a change of apprehensions. But (replied *Turnus*) you consider not what you say: The truth is, Madam (continued he, directing his speech to *Casoria*) there is no comparison betwixt these two. For before I began to love you, I led a most happy life; all places were equally delightful to me; I either loved, or thought I loved a many excellent Beauties; I was happy in their esteem and I might haply, have without vanity pretended to their affections, could I but have resolved to fix mine on any one of them. The enjoyments of my life knew not the least disturbance; I had no acquaintance with jealousy, or my thoughts with disorder; I only desired those things which were easily obtained; and in a word, such a serenity was there in the Conduct of my life, that I could not be in any impatience to change my condition. But notwithstanding all this indulgence of Fortune and that natural inconstancy, I have quitted all these undisturbed pleasures, and forsaken three or four Mistresses by whom I was esteemed, to confine my love to one, by whom I shall haply be slighted. But for *Persander* (added he) I do not much wonder at his change of life; for being first blinded by love, he must needs be perpetually unfortunate. So that to speak rationally, his change is so much advantageous to himself, that I suppose you are not much obliged to him for it.

To answer what you object against me (replied *Persander*) I must also speak something against you which is not very hard to find. For as I have already said, Madam (added he, speaking to *Casoria*) change of affection is so natural to an inconstant man that it is much more to be wondered that *Turnus* should have known you so long be-

fore he loved you, then that he loves you now. And for those undisturbed pleasures he speaks so much of, since it is certain there never proceed any such from love, and that what he felt may be called only a passionate enjoyment of himself, if I may so express it, he should be ashamed to quote them. It is not therefore very strange, Madam, that a person accustomed to court divers Beauties at the same time, should at length take you in his turn, since you are alone furnished with greater Charms, than all he hath ever loved. But for my part, Madam, I do a thing much more extraordinary. I confess (added he) my love was blinded, and that I have loved that which was not amiable, and what I ought not to have loved, but as I doubt not but you have heard, errors of this nature are more excusable than any other; for the judgement upon the first admission of love, losing its liberty, it were unjust, to expect a Lover should judge as truly of his Mistress as others do. However, I was never so far blinded, but that I was convinced you were a thousand degrees above what I loved, even when I loved you not. But in fine, I confess my love was greater than it ought to have been, nay, I know I was not loved, and yet I suffered all the afflictions of love: Notwithstanding all which, I maintain that a Lover who is unfortunate, yet constant, is the hardest to be lured into a new love of any man in the World: For certainly, it is no easie matter for him to cross his own experience, and to jump out of one love into another, when he found no satisfaction in the former. I conclude therefore that loving you, I do something far more extraordinary than what *Turnus* hath done.

The truth is (replied *Casoria*) I do not conceive either of you hath done any great matter; for *Turnus* loves me, because he hath haply made a vow to love all; and you love me because you are of a passionate and tender nature, and that not being able to fasten love where you desired, you will try your fortune elsewhere, and address your self to some person from whose favour you may derive this advantage to make the World believe, that if you had not been loved, it was rather through want of knowledge in her whom you loved, than merit in your self. I therefore think you both very happy, that I take not what you say spoken seriously: For if it were, you would haply both repent it, and if I were in an humour to satisfy you, I should be much troubled to chuse either, and be obliged to entertain his affection. How, Madam, (replied *Persander*) can you any longer doubt what you have to do? How, Madam, (added *Turnus*) are you not yet fully satisfied in the business? For my part (replied I) methinks I should not be so much troubled: And what, I pray, would you do (replied *Casoria*) I would, replied I, have them both serve me for a long time, not engaging me to any thing so to be assured, that the inconstant Lover were really become constant, and that the constant had absolutely forgotten his former error: But during this space, I would observe them very narrowly, and if I found them both equally constant, I would chuse him for whom I had a greater inclination. I should not haply do what you would (replied *Casoria*) for were I to make the choice, I should chuse the more amorous of the two. Ah Madam, (cries

out *Persander*) how happy shall I be if you take that course! Ah (excellent *Casoria*) how much shall I be satisfied, replied *Turnus*, if you make that word good! It suits very well indeed, added he, with a man who never loved but once in all his life; to be confident he knows better how to love than any other. 'Tis too true, replied *Persander* coldly, it is only a constant Lover who knows how to love well, but an inconstant man is not fit so much as to speak of Constancy. Time shall convince you what I am fit to do, answered *Turnus*, and Time and Love, replied *Persander*, shall convince the fair *Casoria*, that a man who hath loved constantly what was not worthy to be loved, can eternally adore her with as much Respect as Passion. Whatever comes of it (replied *Casoria* rising up) let it suffice that you have spoken contrary to your thoughts, let us continue what we now are I beseech you, and be my constant friends if you expect any friendship from me. It is a great pity (replied I, looking on *Turnus* and *Persander*) you did not fall in love with me rather than *Casoria*, for I think this Adventure so particular, that I should have been infinitely pleased to continue the humour. I assure you amiable *Plotina*, replied *Persander*, that for what concerns me it shall last as long as I live, though the fair *Casoria* contribute nothing thereto.

Turnus could not hear this without saying something to it, whereupon *Casoria* forbade them all further discourse, and dismissed them; telling them very seriously, that the next day they should not be permitted to entertain her with such extravagancies. Accordingly, for some time after, neither *Persander* nor *Turnus* made any progress in their Loves, and he from whom *Casoria* had received Gold, was no more esteemed than the other.

In the mean time, these two Friends omitted nothing of what they thought might please *Casoria*, and assure her of their affection; for *Turnus* could enjoy himself no where but when he was near her, all his old Mistresses were indifferent to him, all the love he had reserved he bestowed among those friends of hers whom he loved. *Persander* also for his part, made it his only business to visit *Casoria*, he would see no more her whom he had loved, and he did all he could to insinuate himself into this charming beauty, but to his unhappiness and haply *Casoria* also, Fortune was pleased to favour *Turnus* with divers occasions to serve his Mistress. For this latter being of a nature very eager and inventive, though otherwise a lover of his ease, he acquitted himself of these services with so much obligation, that it begat in *Casoria* a belief that he loved her beyond *Persander*, for whom she certainly had a greater inclination. Not but that *Persander* did a many things both to divert and entertain her; and consequently gave her ground to think, that he would have rendered her the same good Offices as *Turnus* if he had had the opportunities, but it was not the pleasure of fortune so to favour him with them: And *Turnus* had this advantage over him, that he had obliged *Casoria* in divers things of concernment, and in such manner as might induce her to believe that he had a greater affection for her than any man had had. Besides all which, *Ersilia* having been concerned in some of those good Offices he had done her

her daughter, and that a certain Sympathy of humour led her to favour this man, he had *Cæsonia's* Mother of his side. Not but that she had an infinite esteem for *Perfander*, but imagining to her self a more absolute power over *Turnus* than him, she was the more inclined to bestow her daughter on him, and to speak truly, she would rather have had a Son such a one as *Perfander*, rather than as *Turnus*, but she wished such a Son-in-Law as *Turnus*, rather than *Perfander*. As for *Cæsonia*, she was more inclined to the latter, but believing her self better beloved by the other, her reason or rather her error forced her to do some violence to her inclination, out of that opinion that it is a greater pleasure to be loved than to love. For my part, being both my Friends, I was much troubled between them: But my friendship with *Cæsonia* being more ancient than with them, I considered only her interest, so that after a strict examination of the business, I took part with *Perfander*, whom I was so much for, that I told *Turnus* that if *Cæsonia* asked my advice, I should tell her it were better for her to marry *Perfander* than him. And accordingly some few days after, being pressed by *Erstia* to take some final resolution, she asked me my opinion. I was not ignorant that though she entertained these two Lovers with an equal Civility, she had a greater affection for *Perfander*, and therefore advised her to prefer him before his Rival. Ah *Plotina* (said she to me) *Turnus* certainly loves me better than *Perfander*, though haply I love *Perfander* better than *Turnus*. But, said I to her, how are you so particularly confident that *Turnus* loves you better than *Perfander*? For it happens many times, that one is so far from knowing precisely their own apprehensions, that I know not how you can have the confidence to judge of those of others. That you should put the value on the services *Turnus* hath done, as to prejudice *Perfander*, is that I cannot by any means endure, since that if Fortune had favoured him with the same opportunities, he had done the like. I doubt it not (replied *Cæsonia*) but when all is done, the services of *Turnus* are very considerable. They are so, said I, but since the business is to know whether hath the greater love for you, and that you acknowledge *Perfander* would have done the same things that *Turnus* hath, methinks you should not prefer *Turnus* before *Perfander*, especially considering your inclination leads you to favour the latter rather than the former. But you consider not (replied she) that I am not of your belief, that a woman, to be happy must love, and that I believe quite contrary, that her satisfaction consists in being loved. But whence is it that you imagine (said I to her) that *Perfander* loves you less than *Turnus*? In the first place (said she) I apprehend, that *Turnus* proving constant for my sake, hath made a greater discovery of love than *Perfander*: I find also a greater eagerness in the one than in the other; *Turnus* hath always a hundred things to entertain me withal, but when *Perfander* hath any opportunity to speak to me, he hath much ado to find any thing to say, though certainly he have a great Wit. Ah *Cæsonia* (said I to her) how sorry am I to hear you speak as you do, and to see that you know not, that that which you look on as an imperfection in love, is an infallible effect of an ex-

traordinary passion: For whence proceeds that disturbance of mind in *Perfander* when he speaks to you, but that ore-whelm'd with Passion, he is troubled and is not able to speak? And whence comes it that *Turnus* entertains you with a hundred extravagancies wherewith you are diverted, but that he is not of such a tenderness of nature, as that Love should put his Reason into any disorder? But will you not at least acknowledge (said I to her) that the Letters of *Perfander* are fuller of Passion than those of *Turnus*? For though you look on their Letters only as Letters of Friendship, yet may they well pass for those of Love. For Letters (replied she) they are things of so ambiguous a nature, that nothing can be safely grounded on them: For I know a man, who during the space of a long absence, writ a many Letters to a Kins-woman of mine, which spoke all the tenderness imaginable, nor indeed could there be any thing more seemingly obliging, or more insinuating. Being after all this returned, he carried himself towards her, as if he had never writ any thing to her that signified so much as ordinary Courtship. What you say (replied I) is so fantastick, that I think you have invented it to confirm your own apprehension: For how can a virtuous man bely himself, since that when he does it the disproportion of his reflections injures only himself, and takes nothing away from the merit of those people on whom he so reflects? But in fine, not to spend words vainly on a thing which cannot fall out often, do you acknowledge that *Perfander* writes as passionately as *Turnus*, and give me leave immediately to convince you of this Truth, by comparing these Letters you have of theirs. Since I have by chance two in my Pocket at this very present, (replied she) it will not be hard for me to satisfy you: Whereupon I taking her at her word, she gave me a Letter she had received from *Turnus* some two days before, wherein I found these words.

Turnus to the Fair Cæsonia.

IF you thought not on me the last night, Madam, I am unhappy; for I never had so many thoughts of you, nor indeed did I ever think on you with so much tenderness as then. To acquaint you with them were hard for me to do; but in a word, they always amounted to this, that you were the most adorable Person in the World, and that I should be the happiest of men, if you were so favourable as to give me leave to disburthen my heart to you. Will you ever, Madam, oppose the felicity of a man who adores you, and will not pay his adoration to any thing else? Resolve me, Madam (I beseech you) for after the loss of Hope, I should take the loss of Life but as a Courtship.

Now

Now (says *Cælonia* to me) do you think this Letter so indifferent? When I have seen that of *Persander* (replied I) I shall give you my opinion of *Turnus's*; whereupon opening it I therein read these words.

Persander to the Attractive Cælonia.

TO have infinite Love for you Madam, not to see you, to want the opportunities of both hearing from you and sending to you, make up altogether too great a punishment, and it is impossible I should be able long to endure it. Your own cruel Prohibitions hindered me from Writing to you Yesterday; my cross Fortune, and I know not what ridiculous Prudence kept me from coming where you were, but you were perpetually present to my thoughts, and to speak truly, I was not in any of those places where I was. I contribute so much to my own unhappiness, as to think you did not the like, and that the Unfortunate *Persander* came not once into your mind, unless by some accident or through Civility, you were obliged to speak of him, or that you had not anything to say of him in that excellent good Company wherein you were. Be pleased to let me know so much, Divine *Cælonia*, I beseech you, for though I wish you greater satisfaction and enjoyment in all things than I do my self, I should entertain even death it self kindly, if you cannot have any true pleasure without me, as I cannot nor will without you.

Now, said I to her in my turn, Do you not think this Letter as passionate as the other? But if I should think so, replied she, I should infer nothing thence; for it is not to be doubted but *Turnus* loves me more eagerly than *Persander*. And I on the contrary, replied I, am confident *Persander* loves you as much as man can love: Nay, I question not but that you love *Persander* somewhat better than *Turnus*, and therefore you would commit a great error if you preferred *Turnus* before *Persander*. For is it not true, that there cannot be a greater Wit than his, that he hath a mind excellently endued with all gallantry and perfection; that you esteem him above all those of your acquaintance, and in a word, that there is not a more vertuous person in the world? I confess it, says she, but being of opinion, that if I should marry him, I should love him more than he me; and on the contrary, that *Turnus* will love me more than I shall him, and more than *Persander* doth, I am resolved no longer to disobey the command my Mother hath laid on me, to prefer *Turnus* before *Persander*. But *Ersilia* said I to her, makes this choice out of policy as you do out of

humour; and therefore I now foretel, that you will be both deceived in it. But, replied she blushing, were not *Turnus* worthy to be chosen without any dispute, of all the vertuous persons of *Ardea*, if *Persander* were laid aside? He were, replied I, but with all his wit, all his merit, all his good parts, nay and all his goodness, I would not marry an inconstant man newly become a Proselyte; for not to dissemble, the conquest you have made of him, you are indebted for to his Inconstancy.

This I seconded with an hundred other things, but what ere was said to *Cælonia* was said in vain; for she thought the Inclination she had for *Persander*, would make her unhappy if she married him, and that he loved her not sufficiently; and *Turnus* had so dazzled her with the greatness of his love, by a thousand little flatteries and many real services, which Fortune favoured him with the opportunities to render her, that she was absolutely perswaded she was more loved by him than *Persander*, whom yet she could object nothing against, and who on the contrary had a thousand ways obliged her: So that *Ersilia* who doubtless was more desirous she should marry *Turnus* than *Persander*, having pressed her to resolve on something, and told her she should do well to conform her self to the intention she had to bestow her on *Turnus*; she inconsiderately consents, and perswaded she bestowed her self on the more amorous, she her self delivered this sad news to *Persander*: For he coming one day to see her, and finding her more cold to him than ordinary, he asked her the reason of it, which she told him without much ceremony. I beseech you now (said she to him, after she had acquainted him with the command *Ersilia* had laid on her) trouble not your self to make fruitless complaints to me, and consider you may yet be accounted among my Friends if you please. Ah Madam, replied he, if you cannot entertain my Love, I shall little value your friendship: But Madam, have you quite forgotten that you said, you would look on love above all things, and that you would bestow your self rather on the more amorous, than the more amiable. It is for that reason, replied she, that I do your merit some injustice. No, no, Madam, disguise not the truth, acknowledge that your mind is changed, and that instead of disposing your self to him who loves you most, you bestow your self on him you love best. Yet Madam, added he, to give you an extraordinary expression of love, I declare to you, that if I thought that *Turnus* could but love you all his life as he doth now, I should never charge you with my misfortune; though I am confident that I love you a thousand times more than he does. But Madam, since I am intimately acquainted with him, expect what I now foretel you, that as soon as you shall have made him happy, you will begin to be miserable your self. Not but that there is in *Turnus* a sufficiency of virtue and goodness, but take in also all the Generosity of his Soul, I dare affirm Love will soon be dislodged out of his heart, when he shall once have no more to hope. Nay, I dare tell you Madam, that for *Turnus's* constancy you are partly obliged to me; since it is certain that if I had not been his Rival, he had loved you less, and would have changed his resolution ere this time: For not to flatter you,

you, it is only emulation hath increased his love, and his Ambition hath been as great to out do his friend, as to overcome his Mistress: But when you shall have put him into a condition, wherein he shall not have any thing either to hope or fear, you will find that of a Lover whom you thought constant, you have made an inconstant Husband. I know *Turnus* hath done you those services which I could not: But Madam, have I omitted any thing which I could have done? Or can you reproach me with any want of duty? I cannot, replied she, but I am so fully perswaded that *Turnus* loves me better than you do; that I shall never change my mind unless he force me to it: And therefore trouble not your self, nor say any thing to me to his prejudice. For his merit, Madam, I shall acknowledge whatever you conceive may be thought to his advantage; but for his affection, give me leave to tell you, that you are not well acquainted with it: For in a word, *Turnus* is but an inconstant man somewhat disguised, yet I do not accuse him of having purposely deceived you. On the contrary, I assure you he is deceived himself, and believes he shall always love you as he doth now: But time will shew you if you alter not your resolution, that his mind is still the same; and you shall find on the contrary, that the unfortunate *Persander* will have a constancy for you, which all the World shall reproach him with, and that he shall condemn himself for; for I perceive, that how unjust soever you may be to me, I shall love you eternally.

After this, *Persander* said a thousand other obliging things to *Casoria*, but she had already consented to what her Mother had proposed; and know that *Erilia* had acquainted *Turnus* with it. So that not any ways relenting, she only set her self to entreat *Persander*, not to bear any ill will to his friend for the choice she had made. But, Madam, you shall then promise that if *Turnus*'s love die and mine out-live it, notwithstanding your injustice, you will give me leave to reproach you with it. If that happen, replied she, I should so well deserve it from you, that I make no great difficulty to give you leave.

Hereupon *Persander* made his last assault on *Casoria*'s mind, but was as before repulsed; for she considered what *Persander* said to her, rather as an effect of the greatness of his Wit than of his Love; and *Turnus* by a thousand little flatteries, such as cannot be expressed, had so strangely perswaded her that he infinitely loved her, that she had not the least doubt of it; so that though she had an infinite esteem for *Persander*, yet she continued firm to her design. *Persander* (in the mean time) may be said to be much more miserable, than *Turnus* was happy, though at the beginning he thought his happiness excessive: For my part, I was so angry with *Casoria*, that I could do nothing but chide her for her injustice, and that not so privately but that *Turnus* knew of it. Nay one day, I would needs perswade him to resign *Casoria* to his Friend, but being incensed by my opposition, I saw his Passion increased by what I said to him, insomuch that my business was to keep these two friends falling out; and indeed I managed things so fortunately, that though *Persander* was tempted to break the promise he had made to *Turnus* in the beginning of their love,

yet I prevailed with him to endure a misfortune which could not be remedied, without using any violence.

But that which was most remarkable was, that three days after *Turnus* was married he went to visit *Persander*, who was fallen sick through grief, and spoke to him the most obligingly he could, to wish him to a continuance of Friendship: Adding particularly, that he should think the possession of *Casoria* too dear, if it cost him the loss of his affection. Ah *Turnus* (cries out *Persander*) were I in your place I should not say so: For I assure you, I should easily part with all your friendship for *Casoria*'s affection. To this *Turnus*, in stead of some bitter answer, continued his mildness, and put *Persander* into such a trouble, that he knew not what return to make him; for he intreated him to come and see him as he was wont, he assured him he should not be jealous, that he knew his Wife infinitely esteemed him, and he promised him his friendship. But the more he spoke, the more was *Persander*'s vexation increased: Nevertheless, he answered him very discreetly, neither accepting nor refusing his offers, as not knowing whether he should do, such a disturbance had love caused in him: Which done, he dismissed him without any incivility, or any particular expression of Friendship.

In the mean time, *Casoria*, though she seemed to be satisfied, yet was somewhat troubled in her mind at *Persander*'s indisposition, which proved so dangerous that it was feared he might die of it: But at length he overcame it, though not that Passion which had seized his soul. On the contrary, it became so violent, that not being able to live without the sight of *Casoria*; he resolved withall to endure that of his Rival, and to accept the proffer *Turnus* had made to him to continue friends. He therefore went to visit him, which visit *Turnus* took with much kindness; he brought him into *Casoria*'s Chamber, before she had any notice of his coming, and intreated her to receive him as his friend; which done, having conducted *Persander* into the Garden, he began to tell him he had a design to Travel. *Persander* at first, conceived *Turnus* had some extraordinary occasion that obliged him thereto, not being able to apprehend that one whom *Casoria* had chosen for the most amorous, could be perswaded to leave her, to go and Travel without any necessity, within a month after he had married her. He therefore asked him if he had any business of importance that obliged him to that resolution: None at all (replied *Turnus*) but to tell you the truth, it is long since I have had an inclination to travel, and now there is nothing to engage my stay at *Ardea*; and that I fear not you should take away *Casoria* from me in my absence, I am resolved to satisfy my Curiosity.

Persander hearing *Turnus* speak in this manner, was so astonished that he could not tell what answer to make him, nor indeed had he returned him any, had it not been that he had pressed him to accompany him in his Travels. So that being obliged to speak, he told him, he had business required his stay at *Ardea*; whereupon he took his leave of him.

On the other side, *Turnus* whose head was full of this humour of Travelling, spoke of nothing else

elfe, and that with so much impatience, as to his departure, as if he had had a Mistress in every one of those places whither he pretended to go, and had never loved any thing at *Ardea*. *Persander* said nothing at all to him of it, and onely asked what caused him to take such a sudden resolution. To which *Turnus* answered, that two friends of his, having acquainted him with their intentions to travel, they had stirred up in him those he sometime had, so that he had resolved to go with them.

Not long after, *Persander* came to see me, to see what I should say of *Turnus* his design of Travelling, and if I knew not what *Casonia* thought of it. For me thinks (said he) that having made choice of *Turnus* for the more amorous, she should take his departure somewhat unkindly. *Casonia* (said I to him) hath more wit then to make her complaint to me; but I can read in her eyes, that she takes it most hainously. And for my part, if it were my own case, I should think it very hard measure that *Turnus* should marry me, only to forsake me, being not obliged thereto by any rational ground. But what saies *Ersilia*, repli'd *Persander*? *Ersilia* (repli'd I) repines secretly at it; but for *Casonia*, that which confirms me that she is absolutely intraged at it, is that I have understood by a Maid that waits on her, that unless it was the first day that *Turnus* acquainted her with his design, that she endeavoured to oppose it, she hath not spoke one word since to divert him from it. Ah *Plotina* (cries out *Persander*) the amorous *Turnus* is no longer such, and the unfortunate *Persander*, notwithstanding his misfortunes is more amorous then he. For in fine (continued he, shewing me a Letter he had received from a Kinsman) you may see by what is written to me, that it were for my advantage to leave *Ardea*, and that I am promised a very considerable employment elsewhere. But notwithstanding my being slighted by *Casonia*, I cannot be induced to quit the place where she resides, and deprive my self of all sight of her. I assure you (repli'd I) you are almost as much to be blamed as *Turnus*; for I do not think that *Casonia* deserves you should so much as think of her. Besides (said I to him) all your love to her will be to no purpose, for she is vertuous; and though it should happen she lost all love for *Turnus*, and should repent she had preferred him before you, your happiness will be never the greater. Ah *Plotina* (replied he) you know not how ingenuous Love is in finding out Pleasures; for it is to me a very sensible one, the very thought that *Turnus* is now to leave *Casonia*. Nay, it is no small delight to me to imagine the Tears she sheds the day of his departure, will be rather the tears of indignation then Sorrow; And though I expect not ever to be happy, yet there is a certain kind of Hope which stands Centinel about my heart and keeps in my love, But what (replied I) if you have not lost your discretion, can you hope? I have no hope to be loved of *Casonia* (replied he) but I hope that *Casonia* will love *Turnus* no longer, and will haply regret the unfortunate *Persander*.

We said one to another a many things of this kind, whence I apprehended that *Persander* had still an infinite love for *Casonia*, and that she mistook her self much that she had not made choice

of him. To be short, all were so surprized at *Turnus*'s departure, that a many things were reported of him, which were not true; but at last, notwithstanding all *Ersilia* could say to him, he took his leave. So that she then saw she was deceived, when she imagined to her self the absolute disposal of *Turnus*; for this humour of Travelling having taken him in the head, as soon as the Passion he had for *Casonia* was satisfied, all the Charms of that excellent person were not strong enough to divert him. 'Tis true, his flatteries to her at parting were extraordinary, but they proceeded not from any great regret he had to leave her, though he was to be absent almost a whole year. *Casonia* however at first, bore this departure with constancy enough, and out of a consideration of glory, betrayed not any the least dissatisfaction at this voyage. Nay she had not the confidence to speak to me of it; and so discreetly avoided all discourse thereof, that I could not take it ill that she was so reserved. Besides that, for my part, I sought not the occasions to reproach her that she had not believed me, because I could take no pleasure in afflicting her to no purpose.

In the mean time, the whole City came to visit her, and comfort her for the absence of *Turnus*, and among the rest came *Persander*: for I had forgot to tel you, that *Turnus* at his departure had been to take his leave of his friend; that he had spoke very obligingly to him; that he had intreated him to continue his friendship to his Wife, and had desired *Casonia* to admit the visits of *Persander* as those of any other, lest he should imagine he had forbidden him out of jealousy. Accordingly *Casonia* disposed her self to receive the visits of *Persander*, conditionally they were not too frequent, and that he should say nothing to her, she might be offended at; resolving, in case he presumed to entertain her with the affection he had for her, not to see him any more; for *Turnus* had so far enjoined her to see him, that he could take no other resolution. Upon these terms, *Persander*, who had still an extream affection for her, visited her sometimes, and behaved himself with so much respect to her, and such acknowledgement of her Vertue, that he betrayed not his Passion in his discourse; but if *Casonia* had examined his looks, they would have acquainted her with the most violent love in the World, 'Tis true a certain secret melancholy took up her spirits so much, that she would not seek what she was not desirous to find.

Hence it also proceeded, that *Casonia* during *Turnus*'s absence, avoided as much as might be, coming to great Feasts, and carryed her self as a Woman of great Vertue, and love to her Husband, and tender of his reputation should have done, especially, being young and handsome, having a Husband absent, and divers Lovers in the places where she resides.

But whiles *Casonia* lived after this rate, and was extreamly troubled in her mind at *Turnus*'s absence, when two months were passed ere she had received any tidings of him, he sent a man exprest to *Ardea*, with divers orders. *Casonia* was much amazed to understand that her Husband who she thought had taken shipping long before.

before, was still at *Rhegium*, which place he spoke not of leaving for some time; whereat being much surprized, she thought fit cunningly to lift out what staid *Turnus* there, and put her off with such an unlikely account of it, as much increased her Curiosity. But that which was most mysterious to her, was, that she came to understand that the man had brought a Letter from *Turnus* to *Persander*, that he had spoken with him divers times, and that he could not return to his Master, till he were dispatched by *Persander*. So that being infinitely desirous to know what might be in the Wind, she was in an extraordinary disquiet, for she would not have any private discourse with *Persander*, though she had for him the greatest esteem in the World. Nor could she easily condescend to give me any order to find it out, as conceiving that if she had made that request to me, I should fall a chiding of her. But at last she applyed her self to me, and having made me promise I would not quarrel with her, she told me what she had so much mind to know. But (added she) I would not have *Persander* imagine that you ask him any thing for my satisfaction; for I would not give him any pretence or occasion of discourse concerning *Turnus*. I promised *Casoria* to obey her directions, and kept my word in not charging her with any thing. 'Tis true, I did not forbear it so much in performance of my promise, as out of compassion, observing in her eyes, that she said to her self all that I could have said to her.

As soon as she had left me, I sent to *Persander* to come to me; which when he had done, without any mention of *Casoria*, I asked him what business he had with *Turnus*. He at first was loath to tell me the truth, but being well acquainted with his humour, ah *Persander* (said I to him) if you satisfy not my desire, as to what I would now know, I shall never permit you to speak of *Casoria*. You know that I am the onely person with whom you can rationally discourse of her, and that I am your only comfort in this case. *Persander* not able to deny me any longer, shewed me a Letter he had received from *Turnus*, wherein putting him in mind of their ancient Friendship, he intreated of him an extraordinary courtesy in doing that for him which he should understand by the Bearer of the Letter. Whereupon *Persander* told me, that *Turnus* desirous that his family should not know the vast expences he pretended to be at in this voyage, intreated him to write to a Kinsman of his at *Rhegium*, to furnish him with such things as he stood in need of. That further, he desired to have sent him, divers rarities which are made at *Ardea*, such as are only fit to be presented to Women, pretending a design he had to pass through divers Courts, where he might make his advantage of them. And in a word (added *Persander*) without diving any further into his intentions, I do for *Turnus* all he desires of me, though he hath ruined my Felicity without establishing his own; and within these two daies, I dismiss him he hath sent to me, with all those things he desires.

This done, *Persander* spoke many things very honourable and obligingly of *Casoria*, yet without any desire made to me to tell her of it, as knowing it would have been to no purpose, though

I am confident his love to her was guided by innocence it self.

Having thus understood *Turnus*'s business with *Persander*, I thought not to have acquainted *Casoria* with it, lest it should afflict her. But I must confess, reflecting on her obstinacy in opposing me, I was not very sorry, I could convince her, I was in the right. Besides that, it being fit she knew what expences *Turnus* was at, that in case he should send for wherewithall to continue his extravagancies, she might take some course to remedy it, I resolved to tell her the truth. But when I had acquainted her with all Passages, she suspected something beyond what I had, which was, that *Turnus* had no other reason to send for all those things, then his being fallen in love at *Rhegium*. To be short, she immediately sent for the man who was come from *Turnus* to *Ardea*, and pretending that she knew what she was before desirous he should have told her, she managed the business with so much discretion, that the man who had a great respect to *Casoria*, and thought his Master was much to blame, confessed at last (thinking she might remedy it) that he was indeed fallen in love at *Rhegium*, that his expences there were excessive, and that if she took not some course to get him back to *Ardea*, he would continue there some time. To tell you what effect this new inconstancy of *Turnus* had both on *Casoria* and my self were not easie for me. But for *Casoria*, when she had dismissed the man, she fixes her eyes swelled with tears on me, and remembering what I had sometime said to her. Ah *Plotina* (cried she) you had great reason to tell me that *Turnus* was but an inconstant man disguiz'd, and that I had done better to have preferred *Persander* before *Turnus*, then *Turnus* before *Persander*. But alas (added she) it is now no time to complain, it was the cruelty of my Fortune, when I thought to have chosen him who loved me most to have taken him who loved me least, to his prejudice who loved me more, and haply better. The word *haply* is not well placed where you put it (said I to her) for it is not to be doubted but *Persander* will love you while he lives. Ah *Plotina* (said she to me with a high indignation) if there were any means to repent, I would repent me of the injustice I have done *Persander*: But alas I must not for my own sake admit any thought of repentance, and I must live so with *Turnus*, as if he were constant, and so with *Persander*, as if I were indifferent to him. Divers other things came from *Casoria* wherewith I was extremely moved.

Notwithstanding all this, she wrote to her Husband with all the respect and mildness in the World, and having discovered her affliction to her Mother, it was resolved she should pretend to be sick, that divers of *Turnus*'s friends should be intreated to write to him, to endeavour to bring him home again, and that she her self would also invite him with the greatest insinuation she could use. To be short, some days after, she was so much Mistress of her own thoughts, that she writ to him a Letter infinitely passionate: But he being at that time much taken with his loves at *Rhegium*; and understanding from some friends at *Ardea*, that *Casoria* was not very sick, he returned not to *Ardea*, but remained two months

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onger at *Rhegium* that is to say, as long as his Pallion lasted. He then went to *Syracuse*, whence he was to go into *Greece*, but he was no sooner come to *Syracuse*, but he fell in love with a Princess of that place, which is one of the greatest Beauties in the World.

Besides all this, *Turnus* having with him two friends who were of *Ardea*, and were very complying with his humour, much of what he did came to be known by that means, for one of these two was Brother to one of *Turnus*'s former Mistresses, when he first fell in love with *Casoria*. She being acquainted by her brother's Letters with all the new loves of *Turnus*, was very glad to find that the charms of *Casoria* had been no stronger than hers to confine *Turnus*'s affections, and maliciously divulged what her Brother had written to her concerning the Loves of this unfaithful Husband. By this means the business came to be so generally known, that there was none but might without any breach of civility speak to *Casoria* of it, either as to blame *Turnus*, or pity her. She in the mean time had observed so much reservedness in her carriage, that *Persander* had never met with any occasion to speak to her without witnesses. But one day *Ersilia* having employed him with some business of consequence, and *Persander* being come to give her an account of it he found her not at home, but met with *Casoria*, with whom he was obliged to stay, expecting the return of *Ersilia* but he found her in so melancholy a posture, that she hardly knew how to entertain him. *Persander* on the other side having so favourable an opportunity to speak to her, had not the power to tell her what he was desirous she should know; but at last the love he had in his soul making him more confident: It is long since Madam, said he to her, that I vainly seek what I have this day found; yet I beseech you Madam, added he, imagine not it is my purpose to say any thing to you whereat you may be offended, and therefore forbid me not to speak, for I shall only bemoan you, and but once accuse me in my life; all I have to say is, to conjure you to believe that as *Turnus* hath not been able to quit his inconstancy, *Persander* shall never be otherwise than constant, and shall love you while he lives. Ah *Persander*, said *Casoria* to him, triumph not over my misfortunes, for it is enough to have an inconstant husband, without having a Friend defective as to respect. I beseech you therefore say not any thing to me which I shall not be satisfied to hear. No, no, Madam, said he to her, fear not any thing from the unfortunate *Persander*, he desires nothing of you, he hopes for nothing from you, and the sum of all he would have, amounts to no more than the favour of one single audience from you, that I may have the satisfaction of your own confession, that you were mistaken when you had bestowed your self on the most amorous; for Madam you need no further experience than that of this day, to make the comparison. To be short, added he, this Lover that was so eager, so constant in appearance, forsakes you as soon as he was possessed of you, and falls in Love with divers others as soon as he is out of your sight; But the unfortunate *Persander*, though treated with insupportable injustice, loves you still, without hope of ever being loved by

you, and shall love you while he lives. *Turnus* hath left you without any cause, and I, whom affairs of consequence call hence, remain only to see you, though I am confident you bestow not a thought on me, that you would have me quit all love to you, and that I can pretend to no other advantage than that of pitying you, and doing you those services you can expect from a generous Friend. But I beseech you, deny me not this favour, trust me with the burthen of an affliction you cannot conceal from me. Speak not any thing of favour to me, nothing of obligation, nothing that may discover that you so much as think I love you; but tell me only as a discreet and faithful friend, that you are dissatisfied with *Turnus*, that you are sensible of his Injustice and his Inconstancy, and are at last convinced that you have made an ill choice. I therefore expect no other reward of the respectful passion I have for you, then to see you dissatisfied with my Rival; and to give you an infallible expression of the greatness and purity of my inclinations, I protest to you, that, if I could change his heart, and make him constant to you, I would do it, so to make you happy, though I doubt not but I should be much more miserable than I am, if you were satisfied with *Turnus*.

I beseech you, *Persander*, said she to him, content your self that I tell you in general terms, that I have done you an injustice, and expect not I should trust one with the knowledge of my afflictions, who is Rival to him that causes them. Besides, imagine not that the inconstancy of *Turnus* shall ever make me do any thing against Innocence; for I am virtuous for my own sake, not for his: and therefore flatter not your self with a groundless hope, if you are not disposed to affront me: You might indeed sometime have hoped without doing me any injury; but now the case is altered, and indeed I take it not well, that when you speak to me, you bemoan me. Do that secretly, if you have so much generosity, as to pity my misfortunes, and increase them not by giving me so much cause to quarrel at your constancy, as I have to complain of *Turnus*'s inconstancy.

After this *Persander* said a many other things which nearly concerned *Casoria*, but she continu'd firm in her resolution, not to permit him to entertain her with his passion, how innocent soever it might be. She would also have needs forbidden him to visit her; but he made it so much appear to her that it would find all the Town discourse, that at last she consented he should see her sometimes, conditionally he would never speak to her of his affection. She would further make him promise her, not to speak at all of *Turnus*; and in fine, she said not any thing to him, which though a jealous husband should over-hear, he could be displeased with. But *Persander* being a very discreet person, had a greater esteem for *Casoria* than before, and his Love, instead of diminishing any thing by the loss of Hope, was much augmented; in a word, he was screwed into a higher love to *Casoria*, than any man could have been.

Casoria on the other side, understanding from time to time, that *Turnus* continued not eight days in any place ere he had found out a new Mistress,

stress, was extremely exasperated against him. But that which encreased her misery, was, to see *Perfander*'s constancy to her, though she did nothing for him. For though he said nothing to her concerning his Love, and did none of those heroick actions, which are the ordinary marks of a great passion, he did a many others, which *Casenia* and I took notice of, and which satisfied us, that he was infinitely passionate in his Love, though he said nothing of it. He was even blinded into a compliance to *Ersilia*, by whom he was very much loved; he never came to *Casenia* when there was any company there: If any one commended her in his presence, there was such a visible satisfaction in his eyes, as if he were concerned in her reputation; if any one endeavoured to excuse *Turnus*, he could not but discover his indignation. If *Casenia* chanced to be sick, he could not be at rest any where; he loved what she was taken with, even to things insensible; he conformed all his apprehensions to her; he saw her as often as he could; he loved me for her sake, as much as if I had been her Sister; and when he and I were alone, she was the constant subject of our discourse; he looked not on any women with any delight, but *Casenia*; and in a word, *Casenia* was the sole object of all his pleasures, and all his affection. Notwithstanding all this, he mastered this violent passion, through the awe he stood in of the person who caused it; and indeed, so far did she conceive her self obliged thereby, that insensibly, contrary to *Casenia*'s first intentions, she trusted him with the knowledge of her discontents. But I must needs give her this testimony, that she never either did, or said any thing that *Perfander* could take any advantage of: so that it may be said he was her Lover, and that she was only his Friend: Those good thoughts which she had for him, were so innocent, that it was the reason she made not that provision against a many little inconsiderable circumstances, which how innocent soever they might be, yet proved the occasions of all ill reports: For it was talked abroad, that *Casenia* cheered her self up for the inconstancy of *Turnus*, by the constancy of *Perfander*: and that which raised many strange reports, was, that he whom *Turnus* had sent to *Ardea*, to bring with him what he had sent to *Perfander* for, having told it some body at his departure, who soon after divulged it, it was known that *Perfander* had sent *Turnus* such things, as should detain him some time out of his Country. And as Calumny sucks Poyson out of the best actions, so it was reported about *Ardea*, that what was done, was with the privity of his Wife, and that *Perfander* had not done him that good office, but to keep him at a distance from *Casenia*. Besides, her Beauty and her Vertue raising her to the enmity of her own Sex, the business was so strangely glossed upon, that I thought my self obliged to acquaint her with what was said of her, for I knew her innocence, and that it was easie for her to remedy this evil, and put envie and calumny to silence, by taking away those pretences they make use of. That which gave the greatest colour to these unhappy reports, was, that the Friends of *Perfander* pressing him to marry, he so roughly rejected all Propositi-

ons of that nature, that it was easily perceived there was some secret considerations that obliged him to be so backward. There was also another thing that made a great noise; for you are to know, that *Perfander*, who besides a great Wit, hath other excellent good parts, and particularly Poetry; and it being impossible but that a Lover who is indued with that quality, must write something, though *Perfander* durst not shew any Verses directed to *Casenia*, as purposely made for her, yet could he not avoid the writing of some. But to the end, in case they might be gotten some way from him, she might not receive any injury for whom they were made, he called her by a name which had no resemblance to hers; for instead of *Casenia*, he called her *Dorinica*. He shewed me divers Copies, and (if I am not mistaken) presented her sometimes with them, yet not acknowledging they were made for her, but only to have her judgement of them, for certainly *Casenia* is very good at such things. It unfortunately hapned one day, that *Perfander* having made a Paper of Verses, and left them on the Table in his Closet, thinking he had locked the Door, there came one of his acquaintance to see him, who finding the Doors of his Lodgings open, enters without speaking to any body into *Perfander*'s Chamber, and thence into his Closet, where he had often seen him. But not finding him, spying the Verses on the Table, which he thought very amorous, he read them twice over, and got them by heart, without any other reflection thereon at that time, than that he was taken with them; which done, understanding that *Perfander* was not within, he went his ways, not saying any thing to any body. From thence he went to give a visit to a Lady he was in love with, who had an ill opinion of the Cabal of the Fair Solitaires in general, by reason of a particular disaffection she had to *Casenia*, who was one of them. He repeated to her the Verses he had learned, which she had no sooner heard, but she said, that certainly they were made for *Casenia*. She also got them by heart, and being one that talks much, one that goes fast, and whose Fancy far out-runs her Judgement, without considering what might be the consequences of it, she dispersed divers Copies of them. But that you may the better know what the business came to, I must repeat them to you: They were these,

For *Dorinica*.

I In her Presence fain would dye,
That her Fair hand might close my Eye;
And when my soul in sighs expires,
This is my Martyr she might say,
I would by some sublimer way.
But behold! Be silent my Desires,
We *Dorinica* must obey.

You may easily judge, that these Verses contain nothing that could with reason prejudice *Casopia*, yet made they no small noise abroad; nay, such as whence were drawn very unhappy consequences. It hapned also that the last Verse falling in very pertinently, as simple as it is, in regard there is something amorous in the very cadence, it became a certain frolick to quote it upon divers occasions, so that it was a general humour to say, how pertinently or impertinently, it mattered not.

We Dorinica must obey.

Though there were no other reason for it, than that it was become an expression *a-la-mode*. But at last, the business growing very common, I spoke to *Casopia* of it, with all the sincerity of a faithful Friend. I had no sooner acquainted her with what was said of her, but she blushed, and was extremely troubled. However she was not much to seek what to do. I must need confess (said she to me) that *Persander* hath so carried himself towards me, since I fell into misfortune, and hath so much obliged me, that I cannot but have for him the tenderest friendship in the World; nay, I must acknowledge that unless it be when I am with you, my disturbances admit no remission, but by acquainting him therewith. But it seems I must be deprived of that satisfaction, and I shall do it in such a manner as shall silence all the Calumny that persecutes me. This *Casopia* spoke with so much trouble in her countenance, that I easily perceived she took some strange resolution: So that I thought to have told her it was enough, if she were more circumspect in some little Occurrence, and that it were not discreetly done absolutely to break off with *Persander*. No, no, *Plotina* (said she to me) say nothing to me, for I shall do what I have resolved; but only pity the unhappy destiny I have to struggle with. And that you may the better know how to pity me, I must acquaint you, my dear *Plotina*, with the true state of my Soul, that fully understanding my frailty, you may accordingly commend me for the power I have to conceal it. Know then that I have ever had a violent inclination for *Persander*, and only an ordinary esteem for *Turnus*, and that if I had not believed the latter loved me incomparably beyond the other, and that it was greater pleasure to be loved than to love, I had never married him. But that which makes up my present punishment, is that *Turnus*'s inconstancy hath raised in me a detestation of him, and the constancy of *Persander* hath raised in me a love of him. The Gods know (added she, blushing) whether I have not equally resisted both the hatred I have for *Turnus*, and the affection I have for *Persander*, and notwithstanding these two Passions, made a strong resolution to live contentedly with him whom I hate, and by all means possible to conceal my affections from him whom

I love. But all considered, I cannot but so far resent the injury *Turnus* hath done me in ceasing to love me, as soon as he was assured of me, and am so sensible of the obligation *Persander* hath put upon me, by continuing his affection, when he can hope to receive no visible expression of mine, that I easily foresee that through these two opposite apprehensions, I shall lead the most wretched life in the World, especially since I must wrastle with them as long as I live.

I should never have done, if I should acquaint you with all *Casopia* said to me, and what answers I made her: But as we were thus engaged, *Persander* comes into the house; and one of *Casopia*'s women being come into her Closet (where we were, to give her notice of it) she gave order he should be brought in. He was no sooner entered, but she seeing there was none but we three, and fixing her eyes full of sadness and melancholy upon him, I beseech you *Persander* (said she to him) do me the favour to think never the worse of me, when you shall understand a certain request I have to make to you.

Ah Madam (said he to her) though you desired my death, I should not take it ill at your hands, and therefore you may assure your self you cannot make any request to me that shall oblige me to hate you. But, Madam, (added he) What strange request is it you have to make to me? I am first to intreat you (replied she) to be confident that I have for you the greatest esteem imaginable, and acknowledge my self infinitely obliged to you. But that done, I am to intreat you, to tell me whether it be true or no that you have for the unfortunate *Casopia*, a most tender and a most disinterested Friendship. For Friendship, Madam, (said he to her) I know not whether I have any; but for affection, I dare assure you, never had any man so much as I have for you, and that if I were to lose my life to make good this truth, I should do it cheerfully. No *Persander* (replied she) you shall not need to do any thing of that nature, and without losing your life, it shall suffice only that you hence forward lose all sight of me. Ah, Madam, how cruel is that word *only*, and how little does it oblige me? For I think it more insupportable to be ever deprived of your sight than my life. But, Madam, do you speak to me in good earnest? I do *Persander* (said she to him) and *Plotina* shall tell you the reason of it. Whereupon I told *Persander* what scandalous reports were scattered up and down, whereof he had not heard any thing before; for being of a nature very sensible as to reputation, his friends durst not tell him any thing. I had no sooner acquainted him therewith, but *Persander* casting himself on his knees at *Casopia*'s feet; Alas, Madam, (said he to her) can you lay this misfortune to my charge; to mine, I say, who love you without acquainting you so much, and have that power over my self, as to conceal the most eager, and most violent Passion that ever was? However, divine *Casopia* (continued this afflicted Lover) I shall willingly not be innocent, and to make me guilty, there shall need no more than that my love hath caused you the least disquiet. But, Madam, all criminals are not banished, there are more kinds of punishment than one. No, no *Persander* (replied *Casopia*)

Casnia forcing him to rise up, I wish not your banishment as a punishment, but as a remedy for the evil I suffer; for certainly it is not just, that I believe at the same time unfortunate and innocent should be thought guilty, when I am not. If therefore it be true that you love me, resolve to chuse one of these two things. Ah, Madam, (cries he) how difficult do I think the choice you put me to, though I know not yet what you would say to me: However it be (said *Casnia*) there is no other expedient left. But once more, Madam, (replied he) what choice is it you put me to? That you would either quit *Ardea* (replied she) and never come into it; or at least not of a long time, or that you would marry; and never see me after; but when you cannot possibly avoid it. Ah, Madam, (cries he) into what a strange extremity have you reduced me? Ah *Perfander* (replied she) what an unhappy conjuncture am I in for your sake? Reputation I value above all things, and though I have done nothing whereby mine should be prejudiced, yet am I in a fair likelihood to lose it; if therefore you love me, and own any true Generosity, assist me to preserve that, which once lost you cannot restore. I give you two days to take your choice of these two things I have proposed to you; and if you do it not, I shall be more dissatisfied with you than with *Turnus*.

Hereupon *Perfander* made a thousand fruitless expostulations, and propositions, and proposed a many several expedients; for, he was content not to see *Casnia* any more at her house, conditionally he might see her sometimes at my Chamber; nay, he at last came so low, as that he would not speak to her any where, provided he might write to her; but there being in things of this nature a certain mystery & obligation, *Casnia* would not by any means ingage her self. She told him he must obey, that he loved her not, if he preferred not her Reputation before all things; and that she would absolutely hate him, if he resolved not either to marry, or absent himself for ever.

To tell you all they said one to another, and what I said to both, were to presume too much upon your patience. But I shall tell you, that since there have been Lovers, there were not any that passed two such long and cruel days, as those *Perfander* spent in making this dreadful choice. For when he thought on this perpetual, or at best very long absence, he was no longer Master of his own thoughts, nor indeed of his words: Never to see *Casnia*, seemed to him a thing so cruel, that he thought death it self more supportable. On the other side, when he thought of marrying, he had such a horrid aversion thereto, that he could hardly admit any Treaty of it: he thought he could not in honour marry one he should not love; and love inspired him with apprehensions so opposite to those of Marriage, that he could not take any resolution that way. Not but that it was some ease for him to think that he might at least remain by that means in *Ardea*, that he might see *Casnia* in the Temples whether she would or not, and flattered himself with a hope that she might change her mind. But for this eternal absence, that which troubled him most till it, was, that he believed *Casnia*

would forget him: So that how great soever his aversion to marriage might be, yet he thought it spoke something more amorous, not to leave *Casnia*, than eternally to forsake her: Nevertheless he could not resolve in the time *Casnia* appointed him, but spent eight days in bemoaning himself, and doing nothing but writing Letters to me, to entreat me to get an arrest of that cruel Judgement: *Casnia* avoiding all Interviews in that time. But at last *Casnia* understanding there was divers reports abroad, which gave people occasion to think there was some secret correspondence between her and *Perfander*, sent him word, that it was her absolute Will he should take his choice: So that this unfortunate Lover looking on this Removal as absolutely insupportable, and thinking it would be conceived extravagant, was content to Marry, conditionally *Casnia* made choice of a Wife for him; for there were three or four Ladies whereof his Friends proposed to him the choice. But if *Perfander* was much troubled to chuse, *Casnia* was no less to advise him: yet at last finding that she who had the greatest Fortune, had the least Beauty, she gave me order to name her to *Perfander*, who was very much pleased with an imagination, that *Casnia* pitching on a Wife for him that was not over handsome, might do it out of some considerations of kindness to him. But *Casnia*'s design took not, for the Friends of that Lady having heard the reports of the loves of *Perfander* and *Casnia* changed their minds, and answered him; that they thought not their Daughter handsome enough to cure *Perfander* of so violent a Passion. This unhappy Lover therefore was forced to address himself to another, who certainly was as indifferent to him as the former, but was questionless much the handsomer; and to be short, the Marriage was talked of as a thing absolutely concluded.

No sooner were all parties agreed, but *Casnia* was infinitely troubled at it, and was so much incensed against *Perfander*, that she could not be more exasperated against *Turnus*, than she was against him. Nevertheless she durst not at first discover her apprehensions of it; but I soon observing she was fallen into a new discontent, tormented at last into a confession, that she was extremely vexed that *Perfander* had chosen rather to marry, than to depart. For in fine, said she, if he loved me so much as he would make me believe, he could never have consented to marry, especially with so great a Beauty, as he is now to have: but certainly the reason of that is, that I am destined to the experience of all kinds of Inconstancy: *Turnus* as soon as he became my Husband, ceased to be my Lover, and *Perfander*, who pretends so much obstinacy in love, will certainly become a Lover of his Wife, as soon as he shall have married one. But, said I to her, what concerns it you, whether he loves her, or loves her not, since you will never see him more, and are absolutely resolved never to receive a gallant Letter from *Perfander*? I know I am much to blame, said she to me, and I am so disordered to see my own weakness, and the humourousness of my apprehensions, that I blush at it; for certainly I shall never see *Perfander*, I shall never receive either Verse or Prose from him, that shall mention his Love;

Love; and *Turnus*, how inconstant soever he may be, shall, if ever he return, find me faithful to him. But when all is done, I cannot but be troubled that *Persander* marries, and marries one he can love. But said I to her, you have put the choice upon him: I confess it, replied she, but I expected not he should have made the choice he hath. It is not yet too late, replied I, for I am confident *Persander* hath so much aversion from marrying, that if you but let him know your dislike of it, he will give over all thoughts thereof. No, no *Plotina*, replied she, it is now too late, for I wished *Persander* might not marry, and since he thinks it fit to do so, there is no remedy; and if you acquaint him with the strangeness of my resentments, I should never endure the sight of you. This *Cesonia* spoke with so much earnestness, that I durst not disobey her; so that *Persander* thinking he did a thing at least acceptable to *Cesonia*, married. But the day before his Wedding, I saw him so pensive, and found *Cesonia* so melancholy, that it may be said, never any Marriage caused so much heaviness. In the mean time, *Persander* being a person of much honour, he had for his wife all possible Civility, and somewhat the more, in regard he considered it as a means to stifle the rumours which had been so prejudicial to *Cesonia*. So that gaining hereby the reputation of a good husband in *Ardea*, he soon got that of an ill Lover with *Cesonia*. Thus having two Infidelities to deal with at the same time, she fell into a hatred of all men in general. She would never meet with *Persander* in any place where he might take any occasion to speak to her; and she so carefully avoided him, that though he was very desirous to acquaint her with what he suffered for her sake, he could never have the opportunity. And indeed it is certain, there never was a man more unhappy then he was at that time, for though his wife were excellently handsome, yet was she an insupportable burthen to him, and his imagination was so full of *Cesonia*, that he could not think of any thing else. But at last it chanced that a Chariot of *Cesonia's* hapning to break two miles from *Ardea*, *Persander* passing by casually in another, found her in that perplexity. Being very glad of so favourable an opportunity, he comes out, and entreats her to make use of his; nay, offers not to come in himself, and to take a horse from one of his servants that followed the Chariot. *Cesonia* at first would by no means be entreated, but I being with her, told her it was no time to stand upon punctilio's, that it was better to accept the proffer *Persander* made, then to lie in the fields all night, that the affectation of not receiving such an office, would questionless be ill intrepred, and that it were not fit he got on horse-back, whereupon she took my advice.

Now *Cesonia* and *Persander* having not spoken one to another since that days conversation whereof I told you before, they were both in no small disturbance. But at last *Persander* whispering broke forth first: Well Madam, said he to her, you would needs be obeyed, and might it please the Gods you knew what I suffer in obeying you and how dearly I purchase your reputation. You have made so good a choice replied she blushing, that I think you are rewarded for the services you have done me, by the very doing of them, and

consequently, I am not so much as to give you thanks; for when all's done, it is a greater pleasure to be husband to a handsome wife whom a man loves, then to be banished. *Cesonia* spoke this with a certain accent, which satisfied *Persander* that there was some resentment of displeasure and jealousy in the heart of this excellent Beauty, whereat being both much surprized, and much troubled, he entreated her to express her thoughts more clearly, but she would not hear of it; and all he could get from her was, that she forbade him ever to see her. *Persander* who loved her now better then he had ever, having left *Cesonia* at home brought me also to my chamber; and being very importunate to know the true thoughts of my Friend, I told him something of what I knew; for I thought the condition those two Lovers were in, so strange that I could not but speak of it: I shall not repeat to you all he said to me, but shall only tell you, he seemed to be so afflicted that *Cesonia* should imagine he loved his wife, and that he had not made such a choice as satisfied her of the greatness of his affection, that it much pitied me. But at last taking a resolution to cure *Cesonia* of this jealousy, though he knew he was not to expect any thing from her, he took the pretence his affairs furnished him with, to go to travel. By this means he left *Ardea* soon after his marriage, as *Turnus* had, though for different reasons. But at his departure from *Ardea*, he writ a letter to *Cesonia*, so passionate, and so full of respect and tenderness, that I think Love never dictated such another; and indeed it was received by *Cesonia* with a very sensible sorrow, though chequered with a certain joy to see *Persander* more constant then she had thought him. But presently after she condemned her self for it, and was so far from being satisfied, that she would often say to me, that she thought her self so highly blamable, how vertuous soever she might be, that she durst not examine her true apprehensions.

In the mean time *Turnus* after a years travel, returns who being a man vertuous, though very inconstant, he complemented *Cesonia* with the greatest kindness in the world: but his kindness was without eagerness, without transport, and without Love, and that which was most strange of all, was that as soon as he was returned, he fell in love with *Persander's* wife; and having met with one of those pick-thanks who are always the messengers of ill news, that gave him some particulars of what had been said of *Cesonia*, he became jealous of his own wife at the same time when he fell in love with his Friends. Thus was the unfortunate *Cesonia* orewhelmed with all kinds of disgraces; for she had a husband that was both jealous and in love at the same time; she was her self guilty of both love and jealousy; the presence of her Husband was burdensome to her, the absence of *Persander* she was not able to bear, though she would not have him recalled; and for *Persander*, he only was absolutely miserable, as being void of all hope of ever being otherwise.

In the mean time *Persander's* wife being a vertuous woman, gave *Turnus* but very cold entertainment, but love being commonly exasperated by opposition, his passion grew so violent, that conceiving it might make much for him, he told her that *Persander* was still in love with *Cesonia*. But

But she answered him, that since *Cefonia* was true to him after all his Inconstancies, she would be the like to *Persander*, though he should not have changed his passion when he married her.

On the other side, somebody having written to *Persander* that *Turnus* was fallen in love with his wife (who was called *Danae*) and that not very privately, he thought it the less dangerous if he pretended to be in love with his, nay conceived he should not much offend *Cefonia* thereby; whereupon he returns to *Ardea*. He was no sooner arrived, but *Turnus* came to see him, with all the eagerness of a Lover who would be well thought of by a man whose Wife he is in love with: Not but that he considered the Visits he then gave *Persander* opened *Persander* the way to his House; but being above all things confident of his Wifes Vertue, he chose rather to give *Persander* occasion to see *Cefonia*, then miss his opportunities of seeing *Danae*: So that the beginning of this Society had in it something infinitely pleasant: But at length the apprehensions of these four persons were so disordered, that there never was heard any thing of the like nature: For not only *Persander* and *Turnus* broke all to pieces, but it withal made a division of the whole City; and there are in this adventure an hundred remarkable particles, which were too long to relate. Twice they took up Arms upon the account of these two Factions, whereof the Loves of *Persander* and *Turnus* were the cause or the pretence: Divers Duels were fought, very fatal to some; it was an ordinary question in all companies, whether one were *Persander* or *Turnus*, for these two Lovers had derived their names to all of their party. They had also their different colours, and things came at last to that hight, that people were in a general expectation of an Insurrection in *Ardea*; for there wanted not those who would gladly have fastned on such an occasion to compass their own ends and possess themselves of Authority. On the contrary, all discreet and well affected persons, vainly troubled themselves to find out some expedients to give check to so great a disorder. But at last, when all the world could not imagine any remedy for so great a mischief, I found out a way adventurous 'tis true, but withal necessary; which was to propose to *Persander* and *Turnus* to make a publick and legitimate exchange. For there having hapned among us within some times divers examples of reputation, I found that both Religion and the Laws, authorized by Custome, permitting that *Persander* might forsake *Danae*, and marry *Cefonia*, and *Turnus* quit *Cefonia*, and marry *Danae*; I found I say, that neither of both having any children, and their Fortunes being equal, there needed no more, to reconcile these two Families, and restore and establish Peace in *Ardea*, by taking away all pretences from the factious, who aimed only at the publick disturbance, then that these two women should shift houses.

But though *Persander* and *Turnus* easily saw their own happiness by the expedient I proposed to them, yet a fantastick reflection of hatred hindred them at first to consent to one another's happiness; inso much that *Turnus* to hinder *Persander* from marrying *Cefonia*, would chuse rather not to marry *Danae*, and *Persander* to hinder *Turnus* from the possession of *Danae*, would never med-

dle with *Cefonia*. But at last Love growing predominant, their eyes were opened to see Reason in what I proposed, and jointly entreated my meditation in a business which they thought not very difficult to bring to effect, for it had the verdict of the Laws; what had lately hapned, confirmed the Law by Custome; their Friends should in all likelihood easily consent thereto, and the two women should not probably hinder it. It was not impossible, but that *Danae* being convinced that her husband never had any affection for her, but an infinite love for *Cefonia*, would think it an advantage to lose a Husband that loved her not, to gain another who died for love of her. As for *Cefonia*, it might be thought she should be glad to exchange an inconstant man for one who had ever faithfully loved her, and whom she dearly affected, though she had with much care concealed it.

But these two women made all the difficulty that was; for *Cefonia* held that love expired when marriage was admitted, and for that reason she would sit down with the loss of one Lover by marrying *Turnus*, and would not expose herself to the loss of another by marrying *Persander*; that consequently she chose rather to be miserable all her life in the manner she now was, then to fall into some way of misfortune, more insupportable than the other. But *Danae* was much more hard to be prevailed with: I beseech you, (said she to me, when I pressed her to follow my advice) force me not to acquaint you with all my thoughts, since they are much different from yours. I confess (added she) I have a Husband that hath a violent passion for *Cefonia*, but since he is a discreet and moderate person I am confident he will never slight me the more for it, and that I shall never have any other cause to complain of him: Nor can I charge him with having deceived me, for I have married him before he ever told me that he loved me: But for *Turnus*, as inviting as he is, he would make me absolutely miserable; for when he married *Cefonia*, he infinitely loved her; I am not so great a Beauty as she, and therefore since he hath been inconstant to that divine person, he must needs prove so to me: by which means I should be the Victim of *Persander* and *Cefonia*, and he be much more miserable than I am already. But you consider not (said I to her) that if you further not this design, you will incur the hatred of *Persander*, for it is impossible a Lover should not hate whatever hinders him from possessing his Mistress.

For *Cefonia* I used no other argument to her than the constancy of *Persander*, to bring her to reason: yet these two Women had much ado to be brought to this exchange, particularly out of the considerations of Modesty; and if their Friends had not forced them, and made it appear how far it concerned their Country, the business had never been done. But at last, this private being become a publick Interest, and the chief Pillars of Religion and Civil Magistracy interposing therein, the exchange was made in the Temple of *Concord*, but without much ceremony, because *Cefonia* and *Danae* would have it so. I shall not trouble you with what passed between these four persons at this meeting, nor acquaint you with the joy of *Persander* and *Turnus*, or the satisfacti-

on of *Cefonia* to see her self rid of an inconstant Husband, and in the power of a faithful Lover: But I shall tell you that *Danae*, who certainly was not a little taken with *Turnus*, was not mistaken in her conjectures; and that this lovely, but inconstant person, soon after his marriage, began a-new his Love sallyes, which continued till death put a period to them; for he was killed, expressing a great and high Courage, when *Tarquin* made his approaches to *Ardea*. But that which was most observable, was that it hath been discovered since his death, that he was fallen in love again with *Cefonia*, meerly through his humour of Inconstancy; for he had confessed as much to one of his Friends. As for *Persander*, he hath continued the most constant Lover in the world; and indeed, he was loth *Cefonia* should be exposed to the inconveniences of a long siege, though she was desirous not to forsake him; and it was upon that account, as you know, that we went along with you out of *Ardea*, when we were taken by some of *Tarquin's* Troops, notwithstanding all the Valour of *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Cleres*. I would also particularly tell *Amilcar*, that *Persander*, after the death of *Turnus*, took *Danae* into his care, and sent her out of the City with us. I have further understood this very morning by one of her Guards, that *Persander* is as importunate for the deliverance of *Danae*, as of the other Captives, and that he is not only constantly faithful in his love, but withal constantly Generous and Just.

Plotina had no sooner given over speaking, but *Amilcar* began to thank her that she had killed *Turnus* in her Relation; for in fine, said he, I have a very good friend called *Zenocrates*, who pretends something as well as I, to the pleasure and reputation which infallibly attend those who are ingeniously and fortunately inconstant; and yet he would be forced to confess, that *Turnus* was a thousand times more inconstant than we. Now you know (added he with that seriousness which he sometimes affects when he is minded to act a Vice) when a man would do any thing, he is very proud to be perfect, and the best at it: I am therefore much obliged to you for *Turnus's* death, who had far out-run *Zenocrates* and me in Inconstancy. Not but that he hath received much injustice; for when all is done they should not have summd up amongst his inconstancies, the changes of his Love to *Cefonia* and *Danae* when he had married them; for as you know, it is not much the mode that Husbands should be in love with their Wives. I assure you, replied *Plotina*, *Persander* is still with his, will be as long as he lives, and there is no other difference between what he hath been and what he now is, but that he is not so great a Gallant in publick as he was wont; but for the resentments of his Soul, they are as full of tenderness, passion, and respect, as they were when he was but Rival to *Turnus*. And for my part, I know nothing so unjust as the procedure of those people who spend five or six years in sighing and groaning, and doing whatever lies in their power to gain a woman they love, and having married her, slight her the next day.

As *Plotina* was speaking thus, a great noise was heard in the Court, insomuch that *Clelia* being

frighted with it, as being in a condition of always fearing some new misfortune, *Plotina* went into a little with-drawing Room, which had a little grate that looked into the Court whence the noise was heard. Opening it hastily to see what the matter was, she saw people bring in his body, who had promised to deliver *Clelia*: Whereupon returning into the Chamber, Ah Madam, cryed she, you are not yet come to the period of your misfortunes, for he who should have terminated them is dead. At these words *Clelia* and *Amilcar* were extremely surpris'd, and could not well apprehend what she should say: But having expressed her self more clearly, and *Amilcar* not knowing how to believe her, he went into the place where she had seen what she spoke of, and saw the body of this pretended Deliverer of *Clelia*, which they had newly brought in, and an infinite number of people hearkning to those that brought it, who related to such as knew it not, how the misfortune happened: So that *Amilcar* returning into *Clelia's* Chamber with much sadness in his countenance, she doubted not but what *Plotina* had said was true, and was extremely troubled at it: Yet could she not for the present comprehend all the malice of her fortune, and little suspected as well as *Amilcar*, that *Aronces* had killed this man, whose death happened in so unfortunate a conjuncture.

In the mean time *Amilcar* conceiving it necessary he saw *Tullia*, to perswade her to take this occasion to deliver *Clelia* before *Tarquin* should dispose the Guard into another hand, was extremely troubled that he could not get out, for that he who commanded in the absence of the Captain of the Guard who was dead, was so employed about knowing how it had happened, that there was no possibility of speaking to him. It was therefore to no purpose that *Amilcar* should call to the Guard which was in *Clelia's* opt-chamber to get out, he was forced to stay above four hours ere he could get the door open: But at last he got out, having put *Clelia* and *Plotina* into the best hopes he could, though he conceived not much himself.

As soon as he got out, he went to *Tullia's*, who discovered an extraordinary trouble at this accident. But Madam, said *Amilcar* to her; I humbly conceive, that before the King send any new Orders for the guarding of the Captives, it were fit you set them at liberty. Ah *Amilcar*, said she to him, it is a thing now absolutely impossible; for the Lieutenant to him that is dead, who is now in full power and pretends to his place, is so faithful to *Tarquin*, that there is no likelihood of corrupting him; and I am but too much given to believe by reason of this accident, that good Fortune begins to shake hands with me, for it hath happened very strangely. To be short (added she) I cannot so much as know who hath killed this man, whose life contributed so much to my quiet; and all that I can say of it is, that the fire began at *Brutus's* Aunts, that it is said there were some secret enemies of *Tarquin's* seen in the same street disguised; that they endeavoured to secure them, and that this man was killed by some one whose name cannot be learned: and it hath hapned that the stupid *Brutus* drew his Sword against the King's Officers: But he hath withal so little sense, that he hath been here, as if he had done nothing amiss, and were confident his stupidity should free him from the punish-

punishment he deserves. So that considering by what an adventure my design is crossed, and satisfied there must be some plot which I cannot discover, I must needs (if *Tarquin* change not his mind) take some extraordinary resolution: For if I were to set *Rome* on fire, to avoid being slighted by a daughter of *Clelius's*, I will rather begin with the Palace where she is imprisoned, than suffer my self to be made the slave of a slave, though I should perish my self in the fire I had kindled. The cruel *Tullia* spoke this with so much expression of Fury in her looks, that *Amilcar* was in some doubt that she who had made no conscience to pass through her Fathers body to get into the Throne, might easily be drawn into some extravagant resolution. He therefore told her it were not amiss to stay till the end of the Treaty or of the Siege, before she resolved on any thing, and that in the mean time, he would do her what service he could with *Tarquin*.

Upon this *Spurius Lucretius* (who was then Governour of *Rome*) came to acquaint her, that certainly there must be some secret conspiracy in the City, in regard he had been advertised of some night meetings in divers places, and that it was requisite some end were put to the Siege of *Ardea*, lest the absence of *Tarquin* might occasion some rising. 'Tis true *Lucretius* spoke not this aloud; inasmuch that *Amilcar* seeing he whispered, departed, and came to *Racilius*. But he was much surprized to see the house half burnt, and not to find there neither *Aronces*, *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Racilia*, nor *Hermilia*. Not knowing what to think, he went to *Sivellius*, where he learned the truth, and where *Brutus* came soon after, with whom he conferred about what was most fit to be done, for considering how things stood, it seemed necessary they knew what passed in the Camp, and yet it was withall requisite *Amilcar* remained with *Tullia*. Whereupon *Brutus* offer'd to go to *Tarquin*, for though nothing were communicated to him, yet was he fitter to observe what was done, than any other, as being not mistrusted by any. Besides that having been made Tribune of the *Celeres* (which was a kind of Horse-guard first raised by *Romulus*) he had then some pretence to go to the King about something that related to his employment, which should signify no more then to confirm *Tarquin* in the opinion of his incapacity: and to speak truly, *Tarquin* had not bestowed it on him, had it not been to disappoint another of more ability to discharge it; there being at that time no employment gotten by election, but all being at the sole disposal of the Tyrant.

Brutus therefore took a resolution to go to the Camp, to discover what passed there, that so he might acquaint those who were employed about the deliverance of *Rome*, the liberty of *Clelia*, and safety of *Aronces*. But in his way thither he took that house of *Valerius's* where *Aronces* was, to whom he delivered *Clelia's* letter, which he had received from *Amilcar*, and withal acquainted him, that he was not charged with any thing had pass'd, as also neither *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*. He told them however, it was not fit they returned to *Rome* before this Tumult were appeased, and that it were known what *Tarquin* said of it.

Herminius in the mean time whose purpose it was to get into *Ardea*, was detained by *Aronces* till the very last day of the Cessation. But *Tarquin* having some suspicion of *Valerius*, *Brutus* told them he thought it not safe for them to stay in that place, so that he advised them to go along with him as soon as it were night, assuring them he would bring them to a certain house of *Collatia* where they should be more secure. But (replied *Herminius*) you consider not that *Collatine* is Lord of *Collatia*: Pardon me (replied he) but I know *Collatine* is in the Camp, and that he sees *Lucretia* but very seldom; besides the house to which I would bring you to, stands alone far from any other; the Master of it is one that hath neither Wife nor Children, one that hath a dependance on me, and may be trusted. This said, *Brutus* was no further opposed; and *Valerius* who was present, being of the same mind, they went away that evening together, and *Brutus* conducted his friends to that mans house where he himself had lodged, when he saw *Lucretia* in the Garden, which was the last time that ever he spoke to her. For from that time he had not so much as the sight of her, so carefully had she avoided all interviewes with him, and indeavoured to live a retired and solitary life. The Moon shining very bright; as this illustrious Troop came near *Collatia*, *Brutus* discovered the house where *Lucretia* lived; whereupon not being able to keep from sighing, *Aronces* who was next him, overheard it, and asked him the reason of it. Alas (said he to him) can I possibly see the house where the attractive *Lucretia* lives, and not sigh. Ah my dear *Brutus* (said *Aronces* to him) though your grief be just, yet is it not so well grounded as mine; for as to *Lucretia*, you fear neither her death nor the exorbitance of a Tyrant. 'Tis true, the punishment of my love consists not in fear (replied he) but I feel something worse then the most horrid fear, since I am certain never to have any society with the Divine *Lucretia*, and having at the same time a love for her, and a hatred for *Tarquin*, my soul struggles with two violent Passions, without any hope to satisfy them; for though I am continually plotting against this cruel Tyrant, yet my reason tells me, I shall never destroy him; so that I rather contrive my own destruction, and am busied to deceive my self, then to do any advantageous service to my Country: *Aronces* answered *Brutus* as might be expected from an unfortunate Lover, that is, as a man who thought himself the most miserable of all Lovers; for as we think not the misfortunes past, less then those we suffer; but in as much as the sence of them is past; so does not any man believe the misfortunes of another less then his own, but because he is not sensible of them.

But at length *Brutus* having disposed his friends into the mans house who was so faithful to him, took his way to the Camp, where he arrived just upon the departure of *Sexius*, who was gone no body knew whither. As soon he came, he went to see *Tarquin*, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who having already heard of the burning of *Racilius* house, the death of the Captain of the Guard, and the tumult which followed in *Rome*, asked him what news he brought; but he much wondred that they knew not what he had done in the ad-

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venture

Venture, and it seems *Tullia*, and those who had sent *Tarquin* the account of it, gave so little heed to what *Brutus* had done, that they had quite forgot to acquaint this Prince that he was any way concerned in the disorder. He was also very glad to see that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, were not at all accused.

But the Prince of *Pometia*, who had an infinite affection for *Hermilia*, was more inquisitive into the accident of the fire, so to be satisfied what was become of her. 'Tis true, *Brutus* answered so impertinently to what was asked him, that this Prince was not much more satisfied than before; nor indeed had *Brutus* any other business there, than to hear what was said. He therefore understood that the Treaty of *Ardea* was still in the same Posture, and that there was no great hope of any alteration; *Tarquin* being willing to deliver up all the Captives but *Clelia*, but would by no means hear of dismissing her. But *Horatius* who was grown very powerful in *Ardea*, obliged the people of that City to demand the liberty of *Clelia*, as well as *Cassonia*, *Plotina*, *Danae*, and their friends. The Envoy of the King of *Clusium* made a great stir that there was no news of *Aronces*, and employed all the interest he could to hinder *Clelia* from coming into the hands of those of *Ardea*. But he might have spared both his fear and his pains, for *Tarquin's* passion was obstacle enough.

Things being in this posture, *Tullia* and *Lucretius* sent severally to *Tarquin*, and those who were sent by them, came into his Tent while *Brutus* was there, which the Tyrant took no notice of. *Brutus* by this means hearing what was said to *Tarquin*, as being not bidden by any one to withdraw, he understood that the Messenger from *Tullia* told him, that she had at last discovered that *Herminius* lay concealed in *Rome*; that it was he whom the Captain of the Guard would have secured; that *Aronces* with three other friends had relieved *Herminius*, that they had left *Rome*; and therefore it lay upon him to find them out. On the other side, *Lucretius* particularly acquainted *Tarquin*, that he had discovered that *Tullia* endeavoured to get the Captives into her own power, though he knew not the reason of it; and that he had understood that some persons had lain concealed at *Valerius's* Country house, who were gone thence towards *Collatia*. But within two hours after *Lucretius* himself arrives, to acquaint *Tarquin* that since he had sent to him, he had been credibly informed that those who had lain hid at *Valeria's*, were for certain at *Collatia*, or at least had been there: So that *Tarquin* being exasperated at so many unlucky reports, gave out divers unjust and violent orders. And *Clelia* being that which at that time found his mind most employment, he resolved to have her brought to the Camp, that so she might not be at the disposal of *Tullia*, saying aloud to one of those Creatures who promoted his Passions, that she should absolutely either satisfy his Love or his Revenge. For *Herminius*, his purpose was to promise extraordinary rewards to those that should bring him either dead or alive: He resolved to make the same promises to those that should bring *Aronces* to him; and for *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, he was extremely incensed at what they had done.

Brutus understanding so many things of so great consequence together, none having the least fear or suspicion of him, thought fit his Friends at *Collatia* had notice thereof: But not knowing well how to trust any other with what he knew, he resolved to go himself to the place where he had left them, to bid them depart thence: Yet could he not go till the next morning, lest his departure might be suspected. But as he was ready to depart, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who were going to *Rome* to see *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, asked him whether he would follow them, supposing he was also bound for *Rome*: Besides that they were much taken with *Brutus's* affected simplicity, especially ever since he had accompanied them in their journey to *Delphi*, when *Tarquin* frightened by a prodigie, had sent these two Princes to the Oracle at *Delphi* to know the meaning of it, though till that time they always sent upon such occasions into *Tuscany*. Now *Brutus* had behaved himself so ingeniously in this voyage, that without discovering his understanding, he had diverted them very much: But he had carried himself more cunningly than they thought, for he had brought an offering to *Delphi*, though they perceived it not, which was in some measure a representation of his understanding; for he had caused a kind of Golden Scepter to be inclosed in one of those staves which men carry rather out of grave Custom or as a badge of Authority, than for necessity; to intimate to Posterity at least, that his understanding lay concealed under a gross stupidity, as that precious offering was inclosed within a piece of Wood of little value. Nay *Brutus* had better understood, than those Princes, the answer of the Oracle which they consulted: For they having demanded who should Reign after *Tarquin*, the Oracle answered, *He who should first kiss his Mother*. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* (as witty as they were) had understood it according to the literal sense, and had put it to the chance between themselves, whether of them should first salute the cruel *Tullia*, hoping thereby to exclude Prince *Sextus* their Brother, though the first born of the Family. But *Brutus* not acquainting them with their error, found out another meaning of the words of the Oracle; for imagining, that the Earth is the common Mother of all men, he pretended to fall down, and kissing the ground, he thanked the Gods that had put him in some hopes he should one day put a period to the Reign of so cruel a Tyrant. This hope yet was but very weak when the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, asked him to go along with them to *Rome*, as being in no small fear of *Tarquin's* cruelty, towards those persons for whom of all the world he had the greatest esteem.

But that he might omit nothing that lay in his power for their preservation, he excused himself to those who would have carried him to *Rome*, not but that it was his intention to go thither, as soon as he had been at *Collatia*, for he thought it necessary that *Amilcar* should employ his interest with *Tullia* for the welfare of that admirable person, without whom *Aronces* could not be happy. To make therefore the best advantage of his time, he departed, purposing to go attended only by one slave: But Fortune was pleased to dispose otherwise of him, for *Tarquin* who was impatient

to have in his power those who he was informed lay hid at *Valerius's*, and who were or had been at *Collatia*, intreated *Collatine* and his Father-in-Law *Lucretius*, to go thither immediately, and if they were there to cause them to be secured, if not, to be pursued. Now it happened so fortunately that they overtook *Brutus* in a cross Road, where one way led to *Rome* the other to *Collatia*. *Brutus* no question was not a little troubled at their arrival; for he easily imagined that *Collatine* and *Lucretius* went not without some reason to *Collatia*.

But though he could give them no good account of his taking that way with them, yet he bore them company, they never asking why he did it; for taking no great heed to him, they fell a discoursing as freely as if he had not been there, and permitted him to follow them without so much as speaking to him. He in the mean time desirous to dive into their design, hearkned very attentively to what they said. *Lucretius* was engaged to *Tarquin* out of considerations of Ambition, and *Collatine* of Kindred, for they were both vertuous, and detested the cruelty of that Prince: So that falling into discourse about their present employment, I know not, says *Lucretius* to *Collatine*, whether we should be glad to find what we are going to look for; for though I was heretofore the cause of *Herminius's* banishment, I would not have him now fall into the hands of *Tarquin*. But was it not you (replied *Collatine*) that informed the King that some people lay concealed at *Valerius's*? 'Tis true (replied *Lucretius*) but if I had not done it, I must have concealed myself; for the cruel *Tullia* knowing that I had understood so much, I was no longer Master of it: I am now satisfied, but too late, that *Lucretius's* Mother had much reason when she would have dissuaded me from engaging my self too far into the Interests of *Tarquin*; for to measure things according to his nature, there is nothing so certain, as that he is a professed enemy to all that are any way ambitious, or have any love of Glory; and indeed it was the constant saying of my wife, that *Tarquin* would be the only ambitious man in the State, that those who lived under him must not be his Subjects but his Slaves; that he would ever be an enemy to all persons of honour, and that I should one day be overwhelmed with the ruins of his house, if I dis-intangled not my self out of his concernments. I assure you (replied *Collatine*) that *Lucretia* continues in the resentments of her Mother, for though she leads a very retired life, and seems to be nothing concerned in those things that are done in the World, she hath *Tarquin* in the greatest detestation that may be. She never meets with any occasion to say something which might disengage me from the interests of *Tarquin*, but she doth it with such earnestness, as I find her not subject to in any thing else. She remembers all the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, and all the cruelties of *Tullia*: She hath not forgotten even those little expressions of Generosity, in words which fell from all those whom they have either banished or put to death, and from the constancy of so many illustrious but unfortunate persons; she draws those infallible consequences, which convince her that *Tarquin* will be ruin'd; so that she is perpetually telling me it were better to live quietly at *Collatia*, than to be so much about the King. It is long since

(replied coldly *Lucretius*, reflecting on the Letter he had some time found) my daughter hath had a horrid aversion for *Tarquin*, though she could not well tell the reason of it, for people of her age are not ordinarily much concerned in State affairs.

Brutus hearing what *Lucretius* said, was much troubled at it, and felt in his heart a certain reintegration of Love which filled it with joy; out of an imagination he had, that he was somewhat concern'd in the hatred which *Lucretia* had for *Tarquin*, and that when she would oblige *Collatine* to disengage himself from his interest, and endeavoured to persuade him that the Tyrant would be destroyed, she called to mind the design which he told her he should have as long as he lived to ruine him. So that entertaining himself with this reflection; Alas, infinitely amiable *Lucretia*; said he, is it possible that I am not banished out of your memory, and that the love of the unfortunate *Brutus*, contributes somewhat to the hatred you have for *Tarquin*? Can I yet be happy enough to deserve the reflection of your thoughts in the midst of your solitude? But why should I doubt it, resumed he, doth not the innocency of our affection assure me, that *Lucretia* remembers it without any disturbance of mind, and that it is the object of her most pleasant imaginations?

As *Brutus* entertained himself in this manner, he heard *Collatine* say to *Lucretius*, but is not that *Sextus* who crosses the Road, and who followed only by one Slave, seems to avoid meeting with us? 'Tis he without doubt (answered *Lucretius*) but since he will not be seen, let us not see him; for he is young, insolent, and fantastick; and certainly it were not civility to pretend to see him since he endeavours so much to avoid it. But whence should he come now, added *Lucretius*? Princes of his humour (replied *Collatine*) do things so obscurely, that it must never be asked whence they come.

While *Lucretius* and *Collatine* were thus engaged in discourse, and kept on their way not pretending to see *Sextus*, who crossed the fields purposely to avoid them; *Brutus* felt somewhat in his heart which cannot admit expression; for looking on *Sextus* as a Lover of *Lucretia*, he was tempted to put his feigned stupidity in practice, and to follow and lay hold on him as a Rival, whom he abominably hated, and indeed he might easily have quitted *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who would not have hindered him, and have pursued *Sextus* who had but one slave about him no more than he. But thinking withal, that when he should have killed *Sextus*, *Rome* were not delivered, and that he must quit the design of delivering it, the love of his Country stifled in him that violent eruption of jealousy which had stirred him, when he saw Prince *Sextus*, who riding very fast, soon got out of their sight, whose meeting he so much avoided.

But they had scarce rid on half an hour, ere *Collatine* spies one of the Slaves that belonged to his wife coming towards them, running as fast as he could possible, thereby discovering there was something extraordinary that obliged him to make such haste: So that *Collatine* coming up to him, What's the reason, (said he to him) that thou makest such haste? Hath *Lucretia* sent thee about

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some business that requires it? Right my Lord, (replied the Slave) and I am commanded from her, to tell you and *Spurius Lucretius*, that it concerns her very much to see you both as soon as may be possible. She further desires you if it may be, to bring some of her intimate friends with you: But knowest thou not (replied *Collatine*) what hath obliged *Lucretia* to send thee? No my Lord (replied he) and I have no more to say to you than what you have heard.

Lucretius and *Collatine* not able to imagine what should oblige *Lucretia* to send for them, began to put on somewhat faster than before, not saying any thing to *Brutus*, who having a greater Curiosity to know what the matter was than they, followed them, they not offering to forbid him: For besides that, he was never mistrusted by any; he had also endeavoured as much as his stupidity permitted him, to hold a fair correspondence with *Collatine*, out of a hope that it might one day procure him the happiness to see *Lucretia*. They therefore rid all three faster than they had done before, and that without speaking to one another, every one imagining to himself what might be the occasion of this message. But for *Brutus*, his mind was in a greater disturbance than either of the two; for it coming into his thoughts that he was to see his dear *Lucretia*, whom he had not seen since he had had with her the most passionate, and most ravishing discourse that ever was, he had a certain trouble in his mind, which yet had something in it that was pleasant.

But at length they came to *Collatia*, where they were no sooner arrived, but they met *Valerius*, who having had notice that he was suspected, was going to a certain friend's house; so that *Lucretia* having desired her Father and Husband to bring some of their friends with them, they staid him; for though *Valerius* was not engaged in the concerns of *Tarquin*, yet was he no enemy either to *Lucretius* or *Collatine*. Taking him therefore along with them, they passed by the house where *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus* and *Celerus* were. But *Brutus* did not so much as look that way; and for *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, they almost forgot they were sent to *Collatia* from *Tarquin*, so much were their minds taken up with the message they had received. Having therefore alighted, they were going into the house, and were hardly gotten to the stone walk which you come into, when you have passed through the Court, but they spied *Lucretia*, who was on the other side in an Entry at the bottom of the Stairs, but they perceived her to be ruffled, pale and melancholy, and they saw in her looks, grief, indignation, and disorder. 'Tis true, she blushed extremely, when intending to lift up her eyes, and to speak, she met those of *Brutus*. That sight put her into such disturbance, that she step'd back, turned her head aside, and was not able to bring forth that she was about to say. But at length having lifted up her eyes to Heaven, she turned her self towards her Father and her Husband, who seeing in what trouble his Wife was, was very earnest with her to know the cause. Ah *Collatine* (said she to him) lifting up her eyes a second time to Heaven (as it were to beg its protection) if the misfortune which hath happened to me could be expressed,

it were not so great as it is; but all that modesty permits me to tell you, is, that the infamous *Sextus* came into my Chamber, that he is both, the most criminal, and the most insolent of men; and I am the most unfortunate person of my Sex, though the most innocent. This known (continued she, with tears in her eyes) ask me no more, but be so generous, as to promise I shall be revenged, that you will exterminate even the whole Family of the *Tarquins*, that you will die rather than suffer them to live; and in a word, that none hereafter may know the violence I have received, but shall withal, know the revenge that followed it. As she delivered these words, *Lucretia* certainly not out of any design, met again the looks of *Brutus*; 'tis true, she presently turned aside, but not till he could have received certain motions which seemed to demand his particular revenge on Prince *Sextus*. Whereupon her Husband coming near her, began to cheer up, and promised to revenge her, while a faithful woman-slave, that belonged to this afflicted Beauty, gave *Lucretius* a short account of *Sextus's* Crime, and this terrible accident, which all the World hath been acquainted with; upon which, *Lucretius*, as well as *Collatine* and *Valerius*, promised *Lucretia* to revenge her. For *Brutus* he promised no otherwise than by his looks, and certain threatening gestures, which he could not abstain from; for though he was desirous to speak, yet could he not possibly do it on this first apprehension, such a storm had grief, rage, indignation, love, and jealousy raised in him.

But these four illustrious Romans having promised *Lucretia* to revenge her, *Valerius*, who loved her extremely for her virtue, besides the relation of an ancient friend of his illustrious daughters, desired her not to afflict her self so much, and that she should live for the pleasure sake of seeing her self revenged. No, no *Valerius* (replied this generous person) it shall never be said that *Lucretia* hath taught the Romans by her Example, that a Woman can out-live her Reputation. With these words, the virtuous *Lucretia* appearing more fair and resolute than before, drew a Ponyard, which she had hid about her, and lifting up her hand and arm, and looking up towards Heaven, as it were, to offer her self a sacrifice to those Gods whom she invoked, she thrust it into her breast, and fell down with her bosom all bloody, at the feet of the unfortunate *Brutus*, who had the fatal advantage to have the last of her looks, and to hear the last of her sighs. For while *Lucretia*, *Collatine* and *Valerius* were making horrid out-cries to express their astonishment and their sorrow, this unhappy Lover cast himself on the ground, snatches the Ponyard out of *Lucretia's* breast, and seeing her resigning up her last breath, in a manner as if she yet knew him, and begging his revenge, his mind was seized by a certain heroic fury, which when he saw that this admirable Woman was dead, raised him up, with the Ponyard all bloody in his hand, and enabled him to speak with such Eloquence as the Gods seemed to have inspired into him. Inasmuch, that all those who in an instant were come from all parts of the Town, to see so sad a spectacle, were strangely surpris'd to hear *Brutus*, who still held up the bloody Ponyard

nyard: For he spoke the noblest things in the World, to ingage *Lucretia*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, and all that heard him, to revenge the injury done to *Lucretia*, and expel out of *Rome* the Family of the *Tarquins*. So that prevailing with all those who heard him, both by reason of the admiration they had of him, and by the sight of so fair and so sad an object, as also those great things he said unto them, he derived the fury of his own spirit into those who heard him.

This done, he delivered the Ponyard into the hands of *Collatine*, and thence into those of *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, and afterwards into those of all that were present, and made them all swear by the chaste blood of *Lucretia*, to revenge her death, to follow and be guided by him: Whereupon, not to spend time in fruitless tears, he sent for *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, and having given them the same Oath with the same Ceremony, he commanded *Lucretia's* Chariot to be made ready, and assisted by *Aronces*, his dear friend *Herminius*, and divers others, he puts into it the fair Corps of that virtuous person, laid on rich Cushions, and causing the Chariot to be covered with a Mourning Cloth, he himself gets on Horse-back, commands all the people to follow him, and riding up and down the City of *Collatia* with this Ponyard in his hand, he presently took his way towards *Rome*. But he was followed thither by all the the people of *Collatia*, that were able to follow him; for as the virtue of *Lucretia*, while she lived, raised her into the adoration of all; so being dead, did it ingage them to revenge her death; and for more security, *Valerius* set Guards at the Gates of *Collatia*, to hinder any thing to be carried to *Tarquin*. *Brutus* therefore comes to the Gates of *Rome* with a considerable number of armed people about him, every one having what he could get, before any notice of his coming was brought. For his part, he rid behind the Chariot of *Lucretia*, so that having that sad object still in his sight, and the Ponyard wherewith *Lucretia* had killed her self in his hand, he thought what cannot well be imagined, and what it was impossible he could have expressed himself, love, grief, jealousy and rage, had put his reason into so much disorder. He hath indeed since said, to express the greatness of his disturbance, that in this emergency he minded not the Liberty of *Rome*, but in order to revenge the death of the innocent *Lucretia*, and made use of the Interest of his Country, which was so dear to him, only to satisfy his Passion. Nor did he then think of revenging the death of his Father and Brother, and so much was his mind taken up with this sad accident, that *Lucretia* was the only cause of this great and dangerous attempt. Nor was this design so inconsiderate as it seemed to be: For *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* knew that there was in *Rome* so great an inclination to a Revolt, and were so well informed of the great number of those who were secret Enemies to *Tarquin*, that they entertained some hopes the people might be drawn into an insurrection. *Aronces* hoping the deliverance of *Rome* might procure *Clelia's* liberty, was as zealous to break its chains, as if he had been

a Roman, and was as earnest in the revenge of *Lucretia*, as if he had been her Brother. *Herminius* for his part, had been always so exasperated against the violences of *Tarquin*, was so sensible of this adventure of his friend, and so moved at the affliction of *Brutus*, that he was as forward to revenge *Lucretia*, as if *Valeria* had received the same injury. For *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, they being all virtuous and gallant souls, were easily drawn in to ingage in this noble attempt; and for *Valerius* it was so long since he wished the destruction of *Tarquin*, and the Liberty of *Rome*, that he was easily concerned in the revenge of *Lucretia*. But that which was most strange, was that *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who were sent from the Camp to exercise the Orders of the Tyrant at *Collatia*, and who had permitted *Brutus* to follow them without saying any thing to him, acknowledged him for their Leader, and came along with those, whom had not this sad accident happened, they should have secured, and conducted into the Prisons of *Tarquin*; such a change of resolutions did this strange adventure work in them, and so much respect had the great worth of *Brutus*, discovering it self so unexpectedly inspired into them.

On the other side, *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and his friends, who had quitted *Rome* disguised, were now resolved to appear there openly. 'Tis true, they were attended by a strange multitude of people from *Collatia*, who by reason of their discontent were fit instruments to raise a Commotion in *Rome*. Besides, *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Valerius* having conferred together, had thought fit their friends had notice to be ready, for their force could not march very fast, by reason of the Chariot which carried the Corps of *Lucretia*. They therefore sent *Celeres* before, who receiving instructions from these three excellent persons, made haste to give *Amilcar* notice to get together all their friends in the most spacious place of *Rome*, and that they should come thither armed. He was also to advertise the *Salii* and the *Vestals*, with whom they held intelligence, that there might be nothing wanting, which might contribute to the enterprise. *Lucretius* for his part, being then Governour of *Rome*, sent Orders to those who were under him, to be ready for some expedition, bidding him whom he sent not to mention, what had happened to *Lucretia*. To be short, the Chariot that brought the Corps of that admirable person came to *Rome*, before any thing was suspected.

Being come to the Gates, *Brutus* who doubted not but the sight of so sad a spectacle would move to pity, and exasperate the hearts of the people, and consequently ingage them to a rising, went himself and took off the great mourning Cloath that covered that excellent body; but as he drew it off, he turned his head aside to hide his trouble from *Collatine*. Whereupon, the Chariot entred uncovered into the City followed by *Brutus*, who held the bloody Ponyard in his hand, and by the Father and Husband of *Lucretia* with their eyes full of tears, and by the multitude of the people that came from *Collatia*, bewailing the death of *Lucretia*. Curiosity and amazement

mazement soon seized the minds of all those who were spectators of so strange a spectacle, and the same beauty of *Lucretia* which made her subject to receive the violence, contributed also to her revenge: For being but newly dead, she appeared so admirably handsome, that the people of *Rome* who had heard so much of her Beauty, and hardly ever seen her by reason of the solitary life she led, was extremely moved at the sight of so many Charms; but seeing her dead, was desirous to know the cause of her death and the rather from that multitude of people who followed the Chariot, and wept as they went.

This obliged almost all those who saw *Lucretia's* body, to follow it, and so augmented the number of those that accompanied it, insomuch that he who conducted the Chariot, being hindered by the crowd of people, was forced to go more softly. *Brutus*, thought fit the people had time to come together, to soften and be moved of it self before the design absolutely broke forth, and that it were not amiss to expect till they were come to that place where they were to find their friends met together. He therefore said not a word, and riding close to *Lucretia's* Chariot, he only shewed the people by some gesture of his hand and eyes that object. But being come to that spacious place, which is between the Capitol and the *Palatine Hill*, where they were resolved to rest, *Brutus* caused the Chariot to be staid before the Gate of the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, which *Romulus* had built in accomplishment of a vow, which he had made in the time of the war with the *Sabins*.

This done, *Brutus* alighted, and got up on a place two steps high, whence, as being at that time Tribune of the *Celeres*, he had the privilege to speak in publick on divers occasions. At first sight, in regard he was accustomed to make known the Orders of *Tarquin*, with much simplicity to those that were under his charge, there was no body troubled himself much to hearken to what he said, all thronging to get near *Lucretia's* Chariot, and to understand the circumstances of her death. But *Amilcar* coming in, followed by a great number of *Valerius*, *Herminius* and *Collatine's* friends, and those who had before heard *Brutus* speak at *Collatia*, making it their business to impose silence on the rest of the multitude; at length, the illustrious, and too too unfortunate Lover, with a fierceness in his countenance that challenged respect, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and shewing to the people the Ponyard he had in his hand.

BEhold Generous Romans (said he to them with a certain accent of Authority) this is the very Ponyard which the fair *Lucretia* thrust into her own heart, though as far from any crime as innocence it self. I shew it you, O ye Romans, to obtain your permission to use it against the most cruel enemy you have. 'Tis for that, that the illustrious Father of the vertuous *Lucretia*, and her unfortunate Husband are come with tears in

their eyes to demand justice of you: But that you see so many gallant men with their arms in their hands, is not so much to revenge the death of this generous Roman Lady, as to deliver you out of Slavery. This is the day, generous Romans, that you must shake off the Yoke of the outrageous *Tarquin*, and the cruel *Tullia*. The blood of *Lucretia* hath made Heaven propitious to you, and the injury she hath received from the eldest Son of your Tyrant, ingageth all the Gods so far to revenge her death, that though you should not concern your selves in it, I am confident the same Gods who have inspired into me the attempt of turning him out of the Throne which he hath usurped, will take vengeance of his presumption, and will also punish you for your baseness, if you joyn not with so many gallant men, who are resolved to die this day, and be sacrificed near the body of the chaste *Lucretia*, rather than continue their subjection to the most abominable Tyrant in the World.

Brutus pronounced these words with such a noble confidence, that the people of *Rome* astonished to hear him speak after this manner, was really perswaded the Gods had done a miracle on him, that the great understanding he then expressed was inspired into him; that they ought to look on him as a Messenger from Heaven; that they should hearken to him with respect, and follow his directions; so easie a matter it is, to dispose of the minds of the people, when one knows how to make use of those things whereby they are surpris'd. So that after a great noise of acclamations, every one crying silence, the whole multitude became so strangely quiet, that *Brutus* drawing a happy Prefage from the attention they gave him, continued in these words.

I Have already told you, generous Romans, continued he, that this was the day designed for your Liberty, and I tell it you once more. This certainly is the day that you shall recover your own just Authority, since that it is of you that *Lucretius* and *Collatine* demand justice for the violence the chaste *Lucretia* hath received from the insolent *Sextus*. But alas, who can say he ever saw a crime equal to this of his? For suppose this injury of *Sextus* had been done to one of your Slaves, it were capital according to our Laws. But, generous Romans, you are not to learn that *Lucretia* was of a very noble blood, descended of a Family very considerable in *Rome*, even before the first of the *Tarquins* had so much as thought of leaving Greece to come into Italy. You know further, that she was admired for vertue; that she was Daughter to the Governour of

of Rome, and wife to a near Kinsman of Tarquin. But it seems neither the consideration of blood, nor that of Hospitality, nor the obligations of humane or divine Laws, nor any respect of the Penatial Gods, witnesses of the presumptuous fury of Sextus, had the power to divert him from committing a crime so abominable, that it can hardly be expressed, and such as the vertuous Lucretia, though she contributed nothing thereto, could indure to out-live, and hath chosen rather to die than to be in a condition to be guilty, though but of the memory of it. But if the innocent Lucretia hath perished through the crime of Sextus, it is but just that Sextus be destroyed to satisfy the death of the innocent Lucretia. It is therefore of you, generous Romans, that Lucretius demands justice for the death of his only daughter: And it is of you that Collatine demands the same justice for the outrage he hath received from a Prince that should have been his Protector. For to whom can these illustrious, but unfortunate persons address themselves to be revenged of their Enemy? To the cruel Tullia, Mother to this unjust Prince? To her, I say, who made no conscience to poison her former Husband, though the most vertuous Prince in the World, who contrived her Sisters death, a woman infinitely vertuous; who saw her Father massacred, though the greatest and wisest of all our Kings, and caused her Chariot to pass over the body of that unfortunate Prince, to get into the Throne she is now possessed of with so much injustice: You know, Romans, that I tell you nothing but what is true, and that I add nothing thereto. How then can we hope for any protection from the wickedest woman in the world, to revenge the most vertuous? Nor is there any probability of obtaining any justice of the Husband of such a Wife, a worthy Father of the Executioner of the innocent Lucretia. For besides that, he hath contributed to all the crimes of Tullia, that he poisoned his former Wife, put to death a Brother and a Father-in-law, what hath he not done to your selves? and what hath he not done to all Romans in general, and to every one in particular? He hath thrust Slaves into the Senate, he hath impoverished the rich, oppressed the poor, banished or put to death all of quality, who have not dissembled their virtue to save their lives; he hath undertaken a War only to keep you under, he hath imputed false crimes to hook in the fortunes of those he did accuse; and hath even built Temples, though a despiser of the Gods, as much as of men, only to amuse and imploy the common people, that so he might the more Tyrannically exercise the Authority he hath ac-

quired through thousands of crimes. By this means is it come pass, that the same Romans, (who according to sacred Presages, were looked on as Conquerours of the World) are turned wretched Mechanics, and are fitter to handle a Rule and Chisel, than a Sword or a Buckler. Nevertheless, as wicked and abominable as he is, if he were but your lawful King, Lucretius and Collatine would submit to his injustice, without troubling you with their revenge, and would content themselves to seek it only of the Gods. For my own part, I should also apply myself to them for that of my Father and Brothers death, who, as you know, increased the number of his innocent Victims. But generous Romans, you know that Tarquin is not your lawful King, nor ever can be. This unjust Prince is crept into the Throne, contrary to the Fundamental Laws of our State; he was chosen neither by the Senate, nor by the people; he laughed at the Augures, and their Presages, which are observed upon these occasions, and slighted all Ceremonies of Religion, which he hath always made a stalking-horse to the Interests of his Ambition. You should therefore be so far from acknowledging him to be your King, that you should think your selves obliged by the fidelity you owe your last lawful King to revenge his death. Revenge it then, Romans, by revenging that of Lucretia, and to give you another motive to induce you thereto, know that the Daughter of the vertuous Clelius, your fellow-Citizen, whose life the Tyrant, after he had banished him, hath so often endeavoured to take away, is one of his Captives, and that haply she will be exposed to all the misfortunes of Lucretia, if we do not suddenly deliver her. But what do I say? Your business is not only to revenge your late King, your Fellow-Citizens dead or banished, nor to deliver the Daughter of vertuous Clelius, and Niece of the Grand Vestal, but it lies upon you to revenge your selves, and to keep your Wives, your Daughters and Sisters from falling into the same inconveniences. Consider, O ye Romans, what kind of Successor Tarquin will leave you, if you take not a generous resolution to root out the whole Family; consider what presumption Sextus will arise to, if this crime escape unpunished; how great the insolence will be of a new Tyrant, born and brought up in Tyranny; and whom we shall encourage to be more cruel through our own shameful cowardize. Let us then take this generous resolution, which the whole World shall one day celebrate with infinite praises; all we have to do, to be free, is to will it, we need no more than shut our Gates against a Tyrant, to become Masters of Rome, and

and to drive away a mischievous Woman, to banish hence all Vices. When we have once put in execution so noble a design, I am confident Tarquin's own Soldiers will prove his most implacable Enemies. They are all your Brethren, your Children, or your Friends, they are subject to the same tyranny as you are; you are all engaged in the same interests, they acknowledge the same Laws, they adore the same Gods; and certainly, we shall no sooner have shown them so great an Example of Virtue, but they will cheerfully imitate us. The most difficult part of the attempt is past, in that we have taken the boldness to speak so freely, and break that infamous silence, which made us the Complices of Tarquin by conniving at so many outrages, so many villanies, so many crimes. But since we have this day begun to bemoan our selves, I doubt not but our lamentations will stir up the virtue of all Romans, and that what was privately resolved, will be publicly put in execution. Tell me, I beseech you, Generous Romans, is there any one among you, who hath not secretly repined at the injustice of Tarquin, and hath not made vows and imprecations against him? And have I not reason to believe that all Romans will be of our side? Nay, I dare presume to tell you, that you are no longer in a condition to deliberate what you have to do; for since you have heard my Remonstrances, it concerns your well-fare, that you carry the business on to the utmost extremity: Tarquin, as you well know, being so little accustomed to make any difference between the innocent and the guilty, that he would rather sacrifice all the Romans to his vengeance, than suffer one particular Roman to escape his revenge. Be therefore no longer in suspense, since you are already Traytors to him; and that you may desist his injustice, resign your selves to the conduct of the Gods. I therefore conjure you in the name of Romulus, our illustrious Founder, not to suffer Sextus to come into the number of his Successors; I conjure you further in the name of Numa, the most religious of all our Kings; and I conjure you once more, in the name of Servius Tullus, the wisest and most virtuous Prince that ever was. But I particularly demand your revenge for the admirable Lucretia, and the liberty of Clelia, in the name of the virtuous Tanaquil, whose memory will never be lost among us. Consider therefore once more, that since we have no lawful King, you have the disposal of the Supreme Power. Consider, I say, that you will be guilty of all the crimes your Tyrants shall hereafter commit, if you lay not hold of this opportunity, that Fortune forces upon you. The day I now speak to you on, is a fortunate day, it is nei-

ther that of the Calends, nor that of the Nones, nor yet that of the Ides, all which are fatal to great Enterprises; all Presages favour us; and in a word, as I have told you already, we have no more to do to be free, than to desire it. Let us therefore courageously take up arms for the Liberty of our Country; but let it be with that Heroick Confidence, which is always precedent to all great and fortunate emergencies. I have already told you, that this attempt is easie, and I tell it you once more; but supposing it were not, and that we must struggle with a Civil War within our Walls, such as might arm Citizens against Citizens; that we must see the same Forces that now besiege Ardea before Rome, and that the Temple of Janus were to be eternally open, should this oblige us to quit the design of destroying so unjust a Tyrant? Were it not more noble to see our Country engaged in a perpetual War, than forced to a perpetual Slavery? Romulus, who is now in the number of the Immortal, waged a War against the Sabines as soon as he had laid the Foundations of Rome, but upon much slighter grounds than we have to war against Tarquin, since that he continued it to justify the carrying away the Sabine Virgins; and we have to deal with the Ravisher of Lucretia. Numa the Second of our Kings, but the first for Piety, allowed by his Laws, that there might be just Wars, though he met not with any occasion to raise any during all his Reign. Tullus Hostilius did not only carry on that so famous War of Alba; but was also engaged against the Fidenates and the Veientes. Ancus Martius had to do with the Inhabitants of Latium, with the Sabines, the Veientes, and the Volsci. The former of the Tarquins of whose virtues the latter have not any, had he not War with divers Nations, especially the Thuscans? And Servius Tullus, a person of much Virtue and Moderation, did he make any difficulty to War against the Thuscans, though out of no other considerations than those of Glory? Fudge then, Romans, from hence what these great Princes would have done, if the publick Liberty had been in any danger, or that it had been to revenge so horrid a crime as that of Sextus's. Have not we been engaged in a War for Tarquin? And are we not still engaged in one against our Neighbours to make him the more powerful? Why then may we not as well be engaged against him? It cannot be said we want any thing to raise it; for if we are for our selves, there is nothing against us, Rome having within its own Walls, Soldiers, Captains, Armies, and wherewithal to subsist, without the assistance of any thing but its own strength, and its own
virtue

virtue. Let us then resolve to undergo the miseries of an eternal War, rather than sign a Peace with our Tyrants; for even the certainty of death should not fright us from doing our duty, since a glorious death is to be preferred before an ignominious life. Besides, imagine not there is any among us, that expects or pretends to be your King; for we absolutely declare to you, that our design aims only at the destruction of the Tyrant, and that we act upon no other Principles than those of the Publick Good, Justice and Glory. Let us then courageously take up arms; for, as I have already told you, it were henceforth more dangerous to continue in Peace, than to begin a War. Let us revenge the innocent Lucretia: Let us maintain the privileges of the Vestals, which Tarquin hath violated by detaining the Captives of Ardea: Let us recal Virtue into Rome, and to execute the first act of Authority: Let us expel Tullia out of our City: Let us shut the Gates of Rome against our Tyrants: Let us make good our Walls, if they assault us: And in a word, let us rather die like true Romans, than live any longer like infamous Slaves. And now, O ye just Gods (added Brutus, looking up to Heaven) who are the disposers of this World, and the Protectors of Rome, infuse a true desire of glory into the hearts of the people that hears me, and suffer not your Altars to be any longer profaned by the unworthy Offerings of our Tyrants. And you, illustrious Founder of our City, whom Virtue hath ranked amongst the Immortal, suffer not your work to be destroyed; and let not Rome, which must one day be Mistress of the World, be any longer subject to the humours of the most cruel of Mankind, and suffer not virtue to be at such a distance from the Throne, as not to be secured against Vice, even in the houses of private persons. Divine Egeria, who inspired wise Numa with such holy Laws, infuse into all those that hear me, an ardent desire to destroy him, who hath so slightly observed them. Diana, Goddess of Chastity, to whom our late King hath built a sumptuous Temple, suffer not the chaste Lucretia to be unrevenged. Ye sacred Guardians of our Houses, for whom we pretend to have a particular adoration, forsake us not, but resign up our enemies to our just vengeance. And finally, thou great Jupiter, Master of all the Gods, to whom the abominable Tarquin hath built a Temple, out of sacrilegious motives, curb this insupportable Tyrant, whose Pride is such as only Thunder can pull down. Revenge so many unfortunate men unjustly oppressed; hinder Rome from being destroyed, inflict the severest pu-

nishment on me that may be, if the love of my Country be not the only resentment of my heart; and as far as it is possible, infuse into all Romans the same resentments of treated for their Tyrants, as the heart of Brutus is at this time seized with, that Rome may be delivered, and all Romans put into a condition of happiness. Let us proceed (generous Romans) this is the last day of your Slavery; if you follow me, Victory expects us, and I see her already stretching out her Arms to us. Speak, that I may know whether your apprehensions are the same with mine, or at least satisfy me by certain signs, what you would, or would not have. For if it be true, that I and my friends are the only true Romans, and such as only deserve so glorious a name; and that nevertheless we must quit all hope of delivering our Country: This Ponyard (added he, lifting up his arm) that hath pierced the heart of Lucretia, and which I preserve to pierce that of the Tyrant, if opportunity befriended me, shall presently run through my own, and ease me of life, which I cannot any longer preserve with pleasure or reputation.

At these words the friends of Brutus, Aronces, Valerius, Herminius, Lucretius and Collatine, beginning to cry out all together, Liberty, Liberty, all that infinite multitude made the same cry, and expressed it self by a thousand tumultuous voices, that it was absolutely resolved to shake off the yoke of Tyranny. But Brutus, whom the love of Lucretia made then more active than that of his Country, caused the Body of this admirable Woman to be laid at the entrance into the Temple, placing some of the Inhabitants of Collatine to guard it; which done, conferring with Aronces, Lucretius, Collatine, Valerius, Herminius, Artemidorus, Zenocrates, Amilcar, Celeres, Mutius, and divers others, who offered their services to him, it was resolved, that the first thing was to be done, was to secure the Gates. But the Liberty of Clelia being the main business of Aronces in this deliverance of Rome, he was of opinion, that while Brutus went to seize himself of the Gates of the City, it were fit another party of such as took up Arms for them, should be sent to take in Tarquin's Palace, so to secure Tullia, and to hinder the illustrious daughter of Clelia from being exposed (during this Tumult) either to the insolencies of his Guards, or the cruelty of the abominable Tullia. This Proposal of Aronces seeming not unnecessary, a Party was assigned him for that purpose; nay, they permitted Artemidorus, Zenocrates, and Celeres to follow him: and Brutus getting into the head of all those who had already taken up Arms, went to possess himself of the Gates.

The first Gate he came to, was that which they called the Carmental gate, which was between the Tarpeion Rock of the Tiber: Next he went

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to that which is near *Janus's* Temple, and the *Viminal* Hill: then to *Romulus's* gate, towards the *Palatine* Hill: and lastly, to that which is called *Pendana*, or otherwife *Romulida*: But as he went he made a strange alteration in this great City. In a short hours time all the Temples were opened, all Shops shut up, the whole People were in Arms, all the Women went to their Devotions, and there was nothing to be heard through all the streets of *Rome*, but Imprecations against *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, Complaints for the deplorable death of *Lucretia*, and the Praises of *Brutus*. The *Salii* began to sing in their Temples, to demand the liberty of *Rome*, and doubled their care for the preservation of that miraculous Buckler, which was confounded amongst eleven others like it, lest it should be stolen. The *Vestals* came all about their sacred Fire to beg the same thing of the Goddess *Vesta*; the great High Priest sacrificed for the same purpose: So that these examples of Piety authorizing the Insurrection, had no small influence over the minds of the People.

In the mean time, the creatures of *Tarquin*, those whom like so many slaves to him he had thrust into the Senate, or the executioners of his Cruelties, were at a strange loss; for the rising proved so sudden and so general, that they had only time to flee to *Tullia*, who was now in such a condition as she was never in before. Now as it happens that in all popular insurrections there is ever a third party that minds only Plunder; and endeavours to enrich it self by anothers loss: *Herminius* who much feared the disorder, desired *Valerius's* leave to place a Guard at his house, lest the excellent *Valeria* should be exposed to any affronts; as also to dispose another at *Sivellias*, where *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Collatina* then were, with the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus*, who yet knew not any thing of the Tumult, in regard this House was in a street somewhat distant from the place where it began. But it happened that *Mutius*, *Herminius's* Rival (who had been one of the first that joyned with *Brutus*) was come, out of the same apprehension, to *Valerius's* door, with the same design as *Herminius*: So that these two Rivals asking one the other what brought them thither, they very roundly satisfied one another. But *Herminius* being at the same time both generous and discreet, though naturally of a fiery nature, broke not forth into any violence upon this accident; but speaking to *Mutius*, I beseech you, said he to him, let our difference remain undecided, till we have delivered *Rome*; and if you will take my advice, let us endeavour to deserve *Valeria* by the destruction of *Tarquin*, for our valour this day is only due to our Country. I am content (replied *Mutius*) but I think not fit to depart hence, if you allow me not to leave here as many of my people, as you do of yours; which being accordingly done, *Mutius* returned to *Brutus*, and *Herminius* went to his virtuous Mothers to place also a Guard there. But before he came, the noise of what had hapned to *Lucretia*, and the rising of the City was gotten thither, so that the Prince of *Pometia*, who was then entertaining his dear *Hermilia*, and *Titus* who was talking with *Collatina*, were extremely disordered; for being both very vertu-

ous, *Sextus's* crime caused in them a certain horror. The Tumult in the mean time still increased, and they were not ignorant that *Racilia* and *Sivellia* loved not *Tarquin*, and that they could not in honour forsake their Mother, how wicked soever she might be; wherefore there was a necessity they should part with *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, but after the most cruel manner in the World, since they had not the liberty to speak any thing to them in particular: 'Tis true, their eyes bid them a sad and sensible adieu. But the Prince of *Pometia* was somewhat happier than *Titus*, for he had the time to tell his dear *Hermilia* in few words, that he was extremely afflicted to leave her. Alas, Madam, said he to her with a low voice, if what is reported of *Sextus* be true, I fear the Gods will henceforth forsake all the *Tarquins*, and that I must take my last leave of you; for I look on his crimes as so horrid, that I think it but just to be punished for it, for no other reason, than that I am, his Brother. If this unhappiness befall me, added he, pity my sad destiny: But though my Father lose his Kingdom for it, I shall have some comfort, if I lose not your affection.

Having said this, he was forced to accompany the Prince his Brother, and they were hardly come to the stair-foot, but *Herminius*, who had a great esteem for them, meets them, followed by those whom he intended to place as a Guard at *Sivellias*, till the Tumult were over. This meeting surprised them very much; for the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* seeing *Herminius* followed by people in Arms, easily apprehended from his being in *Rome* in that posture, that the danger was greater than they had thought it. *Herminius* on the other side, who infinitely esteemed them, and was indeed much obliged to them, in that divers times they had opposed the King their Father in his behalf, who knew that it was for his sake they affected not *Mutius*, and met them thus in his Mothers house, was extremely troubled what to do; for it was unquestionably fit they should be secured, had he only considered the design he was upon: but thinking with himself, that Honour, Generosity, and the very consideration of Hospitality permitted him not to do it, he chose the more noble side, and speaking to them: How sorry am I for your sake, my Lords (saith he) that you are Brothers to *Sextus*, and are obliged to be entangled in his ruine; and how sorrow am I for my own, that I am forced to be of a party contrary to yours: Yet to assure you that I have a respect for Vertue where-ever I find it, and will do you all the favour lies in my power, and haply somewhat more than I ought; I offer you a Guard to the Gate of the City which is now nearest; nor indeed can you take any other resolution. You are without Arms, you have none with you but slaves, the whole City is risen, there is nothing can oppose us, and deliberate a minute longer, I shall not haply be in a capacity to protect you. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* hearing *Herminius* speak in this manner, were much surprised at it, for they knew his reality, and doubted not the certainty of what he said: Notwithstanding they stuck a little

tle at the resolution they were to take: but hearing a great noise in the street opposite to that through which they were to pass, and seeing there was no choice to be stood upon, they accepted *Herminius's* proffer, but with intention to go out of the City, and to get into the Palace, where *Tullia* was, by a secret door that *Herminius* knew not of, in regard it was built in his absence from *Rome*. To be short, having acknowledged *Herminius's* generosity, and regretted their own misfortune, they were brought to a Gate of the City which *Brutus* had not as yet possessed himself of, conducted thither by *Herminius* himself, who having upon his return placed a Guard at *Sivellias*, drew up to *Brutus*, who presently came to that Gate, at which the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* went out.

It hapned in the mean time, that this generous action of *Herminius* was so far from being prejudicial to the common cause, that it advantaged it; for these two Princes being gallant and withal vertuous persons, their presence might haply have cooled the zeal of those who took up Arms against *Tarquin*. He did not therefore conceal from *Brutus* what he had done, as soon as he was come up to him. But as it is impossible to preserve any Order amongst a multitude of people that takes up Arms on a sudden, *Rome* was in a most deplorable condition; for though the whole City were up, yet every quarter not satisfied it was so, busied it self in making Barricadoes against the others. Those of the *Capitol* fortified themselves apart, lest some one of the *Tarquins* should possess himself of the *Asyle* that was on that Hill. Those of the *Palatine* hill did the like; and those of the *Aventine* cut down almost all the old Lawrels, where-with their Hill was in a manner covered, to block up the ways. They also guarded both ends of the *Sublician* Bridge by which *Ancus Martius* had joyned the Hill of *Janiculum* to *Rome*. Those also of the *Quirinal* Hill fortified themselves, as did also all the quarters of that famous City. There was also a Guard at the *Circus*, lest it might have been made a certain Fort: Those of the *Sacred* street barricado'd themselves: Those of the great street of *Apollo* did the like: that called *Eros* did the like: the street of the *three Ways* which was very populous divided it self, and was the only part of *Rome* where the Inhabitants disagreed. But for those that lived in the *Cyprian* street, never was there such fury heard of as they expressed against their Tyrants, for it having hapned that it was in that street the cruel *Tullia* caused her Chariot to pass over the corps of her Father, they conceived themselves obliged above all the rest, to signalize their animosity against her: And indeed these were they who contrary to *Brutus's* intention, plundered certain Houses that belonged to some Creatures of *Tarquin*, and kill'd some that fled from them, though they made no opposition.

Brutus having thus possessed himself of the Gates, and desirous to know what success *Aronces* had in his enterprize, he was for some time in no small disquiet, for he was informed that all

those places I have named were barricado'd: So that not being able at first to infer any thing thence but that the City was divided, he had some reason to fear, that his Design would not prove effectual, that *Lucretia* should not be revenged, and *Rome* not delivered from her Tyrants; yet did not his great Heart fail him, but without any further debate he went from quarter to quarter, from Hill to Hill, from one place to another, and was extremely satisfied to find that all the Romans were of the same party. So that having acquainted them all that they were guided by the same *Genius*, such an infinite number of people followed him, that the multitude proved a hindrance to him:

Having therefore given Orders every where, he went to see what posture *Aronces* was in, who had it seems met with a greater resistance then he had expected. For all *Tarquin's* creatures being tumultuously gotten about *Tullia* she had a many hands with her, such as being by their own Interests obliged to defend themselves, did it very obstinately. 'Tis true *Aronces* behaved himself extraordinarily in this adventure. As for the cruel *Tullia*, when they told her of the first beginning of the Commotion, she laughed at it, and thought it would come to nothing; and when they acquainted her with her Son's crime, and *Lucretia's* death, this detestable woman said, that if *Sextus* had caused *Collatine* to be poisoned out of the way, before he had made any love to his wife, she had never killed her self. But when she understood for earnest that the whole City was risen; and that they were coming to seize her in her Palace, she was hurried into the greatest fury and rage possible. She would needs go up into a Fort which looked into the spacious place before the Palace, but the people who were already gotten together there in Arms had no sooner seen her, but they gave her all the abusive language she deserved; So that not seeing any safety in exposing her self to the violence of an incensed multitude, she thought it her best course to make good the Palace, and to send to *Tarquin*, hoping he might come time enough to hinder this Tumult from proving his destruction. But at the same time as she was sending to *Tarquin* she commanded a ponyard to be brought, poison to be prepared, and that the Palace might be set on fire, if she were forced to fly at the Sally-port which was in the Moat; which done, being desirous to have the sole disposal of *Clelia*, she sent for her Keeper, to entreat him to translate her into that part of the Palace where she was, that so (said she to him) she may be more secure during the Tumult. But this man being sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of *Tullia*, answered her, that he durst not remove that Captive out of the palace where she was; that he had sent to *Tarquin* as soon as the rising broke forth, and expected his Orders concerning her; whereupon he withdrew, and putting himself in the head of his Companions, would not return any more to *Tullia*, though she sent for him divers times.

On the other side, the Prince of *Pometia* and
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Titus, compassing the Walls of the City to reach the Sally-port, whereat they hoped to get into the Palace, walked with an incredible disturbance; for being discreet and vertuous, they detested their Brother's crime, and easily fore-saw how dangerous the consequences of that Insurrection might be. But when they reflected on the concernment they had in this unjust action, they were almost perswaded to return into *Rome*, and put themselves at the head of those who endeavoured to revenge *Lucretia*; for *Titus* was in love with the Sister in Law of the Illustrious deceased, and the Prince of *Pometia* with *Hermilia*, who was an intimate friend of *Lucretias*. 'Tis true, he would have been much more afflicted if he had known her to be *Brutus's* sister; and that *Brutus* was the the Leader of that exasperated multitude which had taken up Arms.

Things being in this posture, *Aronces*, followed by *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, and those whom *Brutus* had commanded to obey him, was gone to set upon the Palace where *Tullia* was, hoping either to take it, or force her from *Rome*, but principally to deliver *Clelia*. And indeed this Illustrious (but unhappy Prince) did prodigious things in this business; and having broke open the outer-gate, he was the first with his Sword in his hand to assault those who made it good, and indeed did it with extraordinary resolution; for the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus* (who were at last got into the Palace at the afore said Port) were in person in this outer Court, both giving Orders, and fighting themselves. What was most observable in this engagement, was, that the cruel *Tullia*, who saw all from her chamber window, and the admirable *Clelia*, who with *Plotina* was gotten to that little grate, whence she had seen the Body of him who should have delivered her, when *Amilcar* was with her, were both Spectators of it: So that when the valiant *Aronces*, seconded by his Illustrious Friends, had at length caused those to retreat who made good the gate he had broke open, he spies the cruel *Tullia* at the Window before him, and the admirable *Clelia* at another on his left hand, so that having before him at the same time, the only object of his love, and one of the greatest objects of his hatred, it much augmented his Valour; especially finding the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* at the head of theirs, it seemed to him a matter of great Reputation. The fight that happened in this outer Court, was long and resolute on both sides; for it being fortified with a certain Rayl two steps from the ground, and that there was an ascent of certain stairs to come into it, it was a great advantage to *Aronces's* enemies. However *Aronces* forced them so far twenty times, and was himself as often forced back to the Gate.

But while this Combate lasted, *Clelia* suffered something beyond all imagination, for she saw every minute her dear *Aronces* in a possibility to be dispatch'd; She had divers reasons why she should fear she might prove the cause of his death: For observing that *Aronces* in the very heat of that tumultuous Engagement, turned his head divers times towards the window where she was, she was

so much afraid it might prejudice him, that she would have been glad to have been thence. But all considered, her curiosity to see what should happen to her dear Protector being the stronger, she staid to behold that furious Combat, which certainly had something of more violence then is ordinarily observed in any engagements of War. For the Romans who followed *Aronces* were so enraged and so impatient to become Masters of the Tyrants Palace, where there was excellent good Plunder, that of what humour soever they were, none wanted motives to fight. The Covetous considered the riches of the Booty; the Generous the destruction of *Tarquin*; *Aronces's* friends, the liberty of *Clelia*, the Vertuous generally on the chastisement of *Tullia*, and revenge of *Lucretia*.

There wanted not also on the other side divers causes of an extraordinary Valour: For as to the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, though they had a horror for the Crimes of their Father, Mother, and Brother, yet a Throne lying at stake, all they could pretend to was in hazard; and for those who accompanied them, they were so far perswaded that if they were taken, the people would tear them to peices, that they made an incredible opposition; insomuch that there was not any thing of this nature heard of before, there being so many people kill'd in this Encounter, that the place where they fought was covered over with dead Bodies.

But that which had in likelihood proved the ruine of *Aronces*, was, that while he fought and forced the Valiant Princes, he had before him, up to a certain Lodge, *Tullia* sent out others by a gate that was on the right hand, who shut *Aronces* in, and immediately thereupon Barricadoed the Gate which he had broke open, by which means he was shut into the outer Court of the Palace, and could not be relieved from without. There was indeed some opposition made against those who executed the Orders of *Tullia*, but at last they were effected, *Aronces* being at that same time particularly engaged with the Prince of *Pometia*. For *Zenocrates*, he dealt with Prince *Titus*; and for *Amilcar* and *Celeres*, they endeavoured to get within the Rayl, to make way for some of their men, and declined forcing the Lodge, which was so obstinately maintained.

But when *Aronces* understood by the cries of those that fought behind him, that the Orders he had given for the guarding of the Gate which he had forced, had not been observed, he gave himself in a manner for lost, for he could not fight in two places, having not so great a Force as that he could any way divide it. Upon this the greater part of his men were more troubled how to force a passage out of the Court, then desirous to take in the Lodge. But this being not the design of *Aronces*, who would have chosen rather to die then to retreat, and quit his resolution of delivering *Clelia*; No, no (said he to those who minded only the forcing of the Gate) it is not there that we must fight; for Persons truly Valiant, never go out at the same places by which they came in

in: Follow me therefore *Romans*, for that way that you would go, there is nothing to be expected but slavery, and the way I bring you into, leads you into Liberty.

Aronces pronounced these words as if he had been really assured of Victory; so that all drawing up to him, he made a fresh attempt; but did it with so much courage, and was so well seconded by all his friends, and particularly *Zenocrates*, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus* were found to give ground. *Aronces* forced them to quit the Lodge, and all they could do, was to sacrifice part of their people for a safe Retreat into the Palace, with much ado to keep out their enemies from coming along with them.

Those in the mean time who sallied out by the Orders of *Tullia*, to possess themselves of the outer gate, no sooner perceived that the Princes their Masters had quitted the Lodge which they maintained, but they also forsook the gate they were to keep, and entered into the Palace the same way they came out; by which means *Aronces* and his Friends became absolute Masters of the Court. But being further desirous to force the Palace-gate, the cruel *Tullia* commanded to be cast on them a certain artificial Fire which *Tarquin* had made use of some time on the *Tiber*, in the time of the *Sabine* war: For there being some of that composition still left, *Tullia* caused it be employed to the great discommodity of the Combatants, in regard the fire fastned so on any thing it touched, that it could not be gotten off, nor put out, but with much difficulty. Besides, she caused to be thrown out at the windows whatever was proper to crush down her enemies; nay she pulled down a certain row of Pillars, which stood on a Model on the top of her Palace, to overwhelm those who should endeavour to become Masters of it. Thus though *Aronces* had no more enemies with swords in their hands, yet was he in greater danger then before; for from all the windows in the Palace they shot arrows, cast this artificial fire, or threw something to press down those that it light upon.

In the mean time the valiant *Aronces*, not moved at the greatness of the danger, and thinking himself over-happy that his dear *Clelia* saw what danger he was in for her Liberty, notwithstanding that tempest with Darts, Stones, and Fires, made use of the same Engine, which he had before employed to break open the outer gate: for *Lucretius* being Governor of *Rome*, had furnished him with it, when he first set upon the Palace.

Things being in this Posture, *Brutus* who was become Master of *Rome* without any resistance, comes to the place, having given order for all things else-where. But he comes thither followed by *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Mutius*, and an infinite multitude of armed people: So that *Tullia* and the Princes her Sons seeing that the Inner-gate of the Palace would be

forced, and that it was impossible for them to hold out till the arrival of *Tarquin*, took a very strange resolution; for the Gate being broken open, and falling, *Aronces* spies in a great Entry a many combustible things heap'd together, which *Tullia* had caused to be brought thither on a sudden, and which she had set on fire when she went away: so that instead of finding armed People to make good that Gate, *Aronces* and his Friends saw only a great eruption of flames which denied them entrance after a very strange manner. This illustrious Prince therefore being forced to retreat, turned his eyes towards the window whence he had observed *Clelia*, and where he then saw her; but he now sees her in such a posture as pierced his heart; for he perceived her clinging to the Grate, to avoid going with certain men who would have forced her thence, and looking towards him to demand his assistance: Soon after he lost sight both of her and *Plotina*, nor could he any more see the cruel *Tullia*; so that imagining in all likelyhood that this unjust Princess had translated *Clelia* somewhere else, and that she was in her power, he felt something it is impossible to express. Coming therefore up to *Brutus* and *Herminius*, he told them what a confusion he was in. He had no sooner acquainted them with it, but *Brutus* having told them there was a secret door to the Palace, he doubted not but that *Tullia* and her people had resolved on an escape. In a word, though there were divers things thrown out at the Windows, it was not with such violence as before; so that it might easily be perceived the Palace was in a manner forsaken. Had there been no other concerns then those of *Rome* and *Brutus*, it had been but necessary to let those escape who endeavoured it, and render their Gods thanks that they were gone, not taking the trouble to pursue them. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being at the stake, though *Brutus's* soul was fully taken up with the grief and revenge he took, and was to take of the death of *Lucretia*, and the Liberty of his Country, yet he told *Aronces* he should have what force he pleased for to overtake *Tullia*, before she should joyn with *Tarquin*, who in all appearance would soon leave the Camp to come to *Rome*. But that nothing might be done but upon sure grounds, whilst they endeavoured by the help of Ladders to get in at the Windows, which were now forsaken: *Herminius* sent immediately to the Walls to discover what people were flying in the fields, while, that no time should be lost, they sent orders to those who kept the Horses whereon they came from *Collatina* to *Rome*, to bring them where they were.

In the mean time those whom *Herminius* had sent upon the Walls, returning said the Fields were full of people running away, some with Arms, others without; some loaden with luggage, others not quite cloathed: some on horseback, others afoot; and that amongst the rest, there were a many women. But that *Aronces* might no longer doubt whether *Clelia* were within the Palace, it hapned that those whom *Tullia* had left to hold the Assailants in some play for

awhile, fearing they might be surprized if they stayed too long, soon followed her: so that it being now easie to get in at some Windows, whence they had taken away the grates, they found the Palace absolutely dis-inhabited, there being left only the Prince of *Numidia*, who was still very sick, and some few other wretches, who having been hurt in the first Combate in the Court, were got in with the Princes, when the Lodge had been forced, and had staid (though much against their Wills) in that forsaken Palace. Whilst therefore *Lucretius* did what he could to quench the fire, *Aronces* having gotten into the Palace, went to *Clelia's* Chamber, where he found her not. But what was most horrid of all, was, that he understood by some of the wounded, that *Tullia* had caused that Illustrious Roman to be taken away, against his Will, in whose custody she was, who yet would needs follow her. He understood further, that this cruel woman went thence, having *Clelia* in one hand, and a ponyard in the other: and that she said as she went out, that if she were pursued, and likely to be overtaken, she would first kill *Clelia* with it, and afterward her self. No sooner had she heard these cruel expressions, but he is filled with fury, and he was no less disturbed at the fear of *Clelia's* death, then *Brutus* was at that of *Lucretia*. In the mean time he was at a loss what to do in such an unhappy conjuncture, in as much as he was forced to stay for Horses ere he could pursue *Tullia*, though he was much in doubt whether he should do it or not; for if he followed her too weak, it would come to nothing: if he went with great force, he feared the cruel *Tulla* might really do what she had threatned. Yet was he infinitely desirous to follow her, and was in an extraordinary discomposure, that he could not do it alsoon as he wished.

On the other side *Amilcar* fought all the Palace over for the other Captives, but he could not learn any thing either of *Cassia* or *Danae*, or any of the rest of their friends, only *Plotina* he understood had voluntarily followed *Clelia*.

But at last the fire being quenched, and those who were gone for the Horses having brought them, *Brutus* and *Aronces* consulted with all their Friends, and having well considered the state of affairs, and understood from the wounded Soldiers that remained in the Palace, that *Tullia* had sent for *Tarquin*, and that when she went thence, she thought him far on his way to *Rome*, it was resolved, that *Lucretius* and *Valerius* should remain at *Rome*, to take all necessary orders there, and to shut the Gates against the Tyrant, if he should offer to enter in; for it might be easily imagined, that in an occasion of such importance as this was, *Tarquin* would not bring with him too great Force, in regard it would take up too much time; besides, that it was likely enough he might think it no hard matter to appease this Tumult. It was also conceived that *Sextus* would

be retired into some place, that so he might not incense the people by his presence: So that *Brutus* resigning himself to the justice of heaven, to his own great heart and conduct, undertook to put the Camp into the same disorder as he had done *Rome*. To that end, he told them, he would take such a way, as that in all likelihood he should not meet *Tarquin*, and, that *Clelia* might not be neglected, a Force should be assigned *Aronces*, where-with to follow *Tullia*, and do what he thought conducing to the safety of that admirable person. The Design of *Brutus* seemed at first somewhat too high, but he so far satisfied his friends, that it were vain to make a rising in *Rome*, if *Tarquin* continued Master of the Army; and in fine, he spoke to them with so much authority, that, they could not but comply with him. However it was not thought fit he should go without any Guard; wherefore having found that they could presently send out two hundred Horse, *Brutus* took fifty of them, and assigned the rest to *Aronces*. But the difficulty was to get out of *Rome*; for the Romans who then looked on *Brutus* as their Tutelary Deity, opposed it with so much earnestness, that it was like to cause a general disorder throughout the City; and there were above two hours spent ere they could be perswaded, that it was for their Interest that *Brutus* went out of *Rome*.

Aronces on the other side, had as much ado to get out as he, and they were both encompassed by such a multitude of people, that though they were the deliverers of *Rome*, they were not Masters of themselves: So that it was almost night ere *Brutus* and *Aronces* could get out of the City, which was no small affliction to this disconsolate Lover, whose business was to seek out his Mistress

But when these two unfortunate Lovers were gotten out of *Rome*, their friends were divided, *Herminius* and *Mutius* stood for *Brutus*, conceiving themselves more obliged to him, as being Romans, and *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, were of *Aronces* side. But though they were divided as to Interests, yet did they joyntly wish the prosperity of their several designs. For *Aronces*, he took the way that he was told *Tullia* had taken, who he understood had taken up two Chariots at a house she had within two miles of *Rome*, for she went from the Palace on horseback. But for *Brutus*, he wheeled about another way into the Camp without meeting *Tarquin*, and he was so fortunate, as to reach it just at the break of day. Nay, it happened so critically, that by the same time that *Tarquin* had got to *Rome*, *Brutus* came to the Camp, where he no sooner arrived, but he understood that *Sextus* was gone out of the way, as soon as the report of the insurrection at *Rome* was brought thither.

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In the mean time, how sensible soever *Brutus* might be of the death of *Lucretia*, the design he had to revenge it, was the reason that he spoke of nothing but joy, triumph, and liberty. In a word, this illustrious Roman going from Tent to Tent assembled all the Officers; but while he gets them together, he speaks to all the Soldiers he meets, he tells them all that *Rome* is free, that *Tullia* had left it, that all the adherents of Tyranny were sent out of the City; he assures them that *Tarquin* should find the Gates shut against him, and entertains them with peace, reward, glory, and rest. He represents to them the fruitless inconveniences they had suffered during the time of the Siege of *Ardea*, he calls them the true deliverers of their Country, if they have but the courage to declare themselves, he intreats them, he importunes them, nay sometimes he threatens them; he takes *Herminius* to witness of all he says, whose integrity he knew was well known; to their interests he adds those of the Gods, and he speaks to them after so confident and heroick a manner, that the prodigious change which they found in him, produced the same effect in the Camp as it had done in *Rome* and *Collatia*, and raised in them admiration and respect for him: So that the name of *Brutus*, and the word *Liberty* passing from mouth to mouth, the whole Camp fell into disorder, and both Officers and Soldiers unanimously submitting to *Brutus*, acknowledge him for their chief, and the deliverer of their Country. Whereupon sending hastily to acquaint those of *Ardea*, that he restored them to that peace which *Tarquin* would take away from them, provided they would joyn with *Rome* against *Tarquin*, he raises the Siege and begins his march towards *Rome*, bestowing the pillage of the Tyrants Tents upon the Soldiers, so to engage them by that act of hostility to persist in their revolt.

But while *Brutus* seconded by his friends manages the affairs of the Camp with so much success for the Liberty of his Country, and the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Tarquin* arrives at *Rome*, confident that his presence would establish his Authority there: But he was much mistaken, when he saw the gates shut against him, and that some told him from the Walls, that the people of *Rome* banished him for ever with all his Family, and declared him unworthy the name of a King, which he had with so much injustice usurped. *Tarquin* having not with him at this time above four hundred horse, was forced to retreat; but could not do it without horrid threats to those who had denied him entrance; for he knew nothing of what was happened in the Camp, and thought he had no more to do to chastise *Rome*, than to raise the Siege of *Ardea*. But when in his return he understood by the King of *Clusium's* Envoy whom he met, as also by some of his own creatures, that his Army was coming against him under the command of *Brutus*, whom all obeyed and acknowledged for one

of the greatest men in the World, and by this means found himself without any assistances, between a City risen against him and a revolted Army; he had certainly need to summon up all his Courage, to support so great and so sudden a Revolution. Upon the first relation of this strange accident, he made a halt; then he asked whether they knew where *Tullia* was, and what was become of the Captives; for those who came from the Camp told him they were gone from *Rome*. But being told that the Captives were in *Tullia's* disposal, and that she had taken the way to *Tarquinius*, he also took the same and that with much diligence, commanding secretly two of his creatures whom he had employed in thousands of Crimes, that if his enemies should pursue him, and set on him with a party stronger than his own, they should keep close to his person, and if they saw him in any likelihood to be taken, kill him: For though I have a heart great enough to hinder me from falling into the hands of my enemies, said he to them with his eyes full of fury, yet I fear my arm will prove too weak to dispatch my self, or shall miss the first attempt I shall make on my self, if I am forced to it. Hereupon he began to march, and this unjust Prince who saw himself overwhelm'd with all kinds of misfortunes in an instant, and that through the crimes of his Son, or Wives, or his own, was so abominable, as not to have the least remorse; but employed his Wits to be revenged of those whom Heaven used as instruments to punish him for usurping a Kingdom, and ruling with so much cruelty and injustice.

Brutus in the mean time, though crowned with the glory of freeing two Cities at the same time, and being the deliverer of his Country, and the revenger of his dear *Lucretia*, was the most unfortunate man in the world, when it came into his mind that *Lucretia* was dead and *Sextus* alive. And indeed, though *Brutus* was of a nature gallant, mild, and the most obliging in the world, yet after the death of *Lucretia* he seemed to have changed his humour and temperament, and all his life after affected a certain austere virtue, wherein there seemed to be something of roughness; nay, sometimes something of cruelty, to those who were not informed of the secret of his heart, and could not guess at the true cause of his melancholy; and that insatiable Ambition which though *Rome* were delivered, he had to root out the race of the *Tarquins*. Yet had he withal an admirable command of himself in this great occurrence, wherein it concerned him to confirm his Victory by his Presence. For when he had disposed his Troops about the Gates of *Rome*, he made his entrance, which was with extraordinary acclamations, and without any further delay, having returned the Gods thanks in *Janus's* Temple, which he caused to be shut the more to assure the people, he called a Council of all the persons of Quality in *Hostilius's* Court,

as being the most convenient place of any for great Assembly. They were no sooner got together, but the people by an unanimous consent, having no lawful King, conferred all Authority on *Brutus* with this Title of *Consul*, only for one year. Which done, this new Consul ordained the Senate to consist of three hundred, which he chose with so little contestation that all the Citizens were satisfied.

But while *Brutus*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, *Lucretius*, *Herminius* and *Mutius* were busied about the regulation of their City, so to perpetuate the liberty they had acquired, *Aronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces* met with a contrary destiny: For having parted from *Brutus* and been informed which way *Tullia* took, when she left the house where she had taken up the two Chariots; he followed it till he came to a place, where he understood that the multitude of people that followed *Tullia* was divided. In this place was he at a great loss, not knowing what resolution to take: He imagined indeed that his business being only to find out *Clelia*, it was more likely she was rather in that party where there were Chariots, than where there were only Horses, and he was not much mistaken; for he conceived that *Tullia* seeing her self far enough from *Rome*, had sent the Princes her Sons to the Camp, and kept on her way. And indeed it happened so, that this cruel Princess seeing her self in that extremity, would not take *Clelia* with her to the Camp, but thought better to carry her to *Tarquinius*: But she being in one Chariot, and having disposed the Captives into another, he who had the conduct of the latter being faithful to *Tarquin*, whose misfortune he had not yet understood, and making it his business to deliver *Clelia* out of the power of that cruel Princess; carried his business so handsomely, that he caused him who conducted the Chariot of the Captives to go somewhat slowly, so to be at a distance from that of *Tullia*, who having her mind persecuted with the memory of her Crimes, and the representation of the miseries would fall upon her, thought not on *Clelia*, as not suspecting any could be guilty of so great a presumption as to offer to take her away from her. She thought indeed at first to have taken her into her own Chariot, but the very sight of her being troublesome to her, she disposed her into the other, which going more slowly staid somewhat behind. This man therefore in order to his secret design, having caused the Axle-tree of the Chariot of the Captives to be broken, when it was taken up at the house by which *Tullia* had passed, told him who conducted it that he must overtake *Tullia*, and therefore must put on a little faster. But he had scarce gone a hundred paces ere the Axle-tree flew asunder, so that there was no going any further. Upon this accident he said they must needs leave the Chariot there, and that every one of his Companions should take one of the Captives behind him: So that

these unfortunate Beauties not knowing what to do, and seeing that it was to no purpose to make any resistance, submitted, thinking they were all to follow *Tullia*. He who was the Author of the design, took *Clelia* into his charge; one of his Companions took *Plotina* behind him, another *Cassonia*, another *Danae*; and so some or other the rest of the Captives.

Now while these Captives were together, they had resolved to endeavour each to persuade him who carried her to bring them to *Rome* or *Ardea*, and the more to engage them to promise great rewards. Accordingly, *Clelia* was no sooner on horseback, but she began to intreat him who carried her to do an act of virtue, and carry her to *Rome*; promising him extraordinary rewards if he did it. She prevailed so far, that the fellow, who as I told you had his secret design in it, seemed to condescend; and making a little halt, he took the first way he came to on the right hand. But *Clelia* not desirous to be alone with him, intreated him to persuade his Companions, who had the charge of her friends to follow them; or at least that *Plotina* might accompany them: He answered, that if the business were communicated to so many, she would be discovered; but at length calling to him who carried *Plotina*, pretending he had broken something about his Bridle, he made him stay a little behind the rest: So that turning out of the way, and taking advantage of a little hill, they put on a good pace. But coming to a certain passage which *Plotina* knew, as being of the Country, she perceived the fellow instead of carrying them to *Rome*, drove towards *Ardea*: So that acquainting *Clelia* with it, that afflicted Beauty told him that he was out of his way, and that his design was to ruine them. By no means (replied he) for I deliver you out of the hands of a Princess who hates you, to put you into the power of a Prince who loves you.

At these words was *Clelia* extremely disquieted, for she chose much rather to be exposed to the cruelty of *Tullia* than the passion of *Tarquin*. And not knowing that that Prince was gone from before *Ardea*, and that he had neither Kingdom nor Army, *Clelia* was in an incredible disturbance: Insomuch that without any further deliberation she casts her self off the horse, the fellow not being able to hinder her, and calls *Plotina* to her assistance, who could not do as much, as being held fast by him who carried her. Not that *Clelia* had any hopes to save her self, but hoped only by making a little stay there, that the Gods whom she invoked would send her some relief.

In the mean time, *Tullia* having observed that the Chariot of the Captives followed not, caused her own to be staid, to know whence the disorder happen'd: But at last understanding that it was broke, she commanded *Clelia*

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to be brought into hers, not out of any motive of goodness, but out of a consideration of the most cruel jealousy in the World: So that some that were about her putting themselves in order to satisfy her, they called him who was charged with the conduct of that Beauty. But not finding him and acquainting *Tullia* with as much, she commanded twelve of her people to pursue them, and to bring *Clelia* back or never to see her again. These proving successful in their search, were come almost to the place where *Clelia* cast her self to the ground, and where she yet was obstinately refusing to get up again: So that he who was to have brought her to *Tarquinius*, seeing these twelve Horse approaching whom he presently knew, he saw it was not his best course to return any more to *Tullia*, but to seek protection from *Tarquin*. He therefore attempted once more to persuade *Clelia*, really thinking he did her a good Office: But Madam (said he to her) you consider not that *Tullia* would not have you in her power, but to put you to death. It matters not (answered the generous *Clelia*) I would rather suffer death, than the love of your unjust Prince.

She had no sooner said this, but she perceives a great body of Horse towards *Ardea*, and imagining they were some of *Tarquin's* Troops, she began to run cross a Meadow, before those whom *Tullia* had sent to take her, though she doubted not much but that she sought her own death. She had not gone twenty paces, but turning about to see whether she was followed, she perceives twenty horse drawn off from the Body she had seen, making towards her as fast as they could ride: So that conceiving they would easily overtake her, she stood still, seeing indeed she could do no otherwise; for those twelve horse discovering that they whom they saw, were not of *Tarquin's* Forces ran away; and he who would have carried *Clelia* to the Tyrant perceiving it also, got up on Horseback, and provided for himself, and his companion to disburthen himself of *Plotina*, set her down and followed him.

Hereupon these two Beauties being met again, and resolving to die together, were much surprised to see *Horatius* riding before those twenty Horse, which were drawn off from their Body: But though *Clelia* loved him not, nay might indeed charge him with all the misfortunes of her life, as having hindered her to marry *Aronces* near *Capua*, and knew that he did hate that illustrious Prince; and was by him reciprocally hated; yet in regard he was a virtuous man, and had a respect for her, besides an infinite love, it was some joy to her to see that she was not any longer subject to the violences of *Tarquin*. *Horatius* on the other side, being come in the head of these twenty Horse, out of no other consideration than that of Humanity, to relieve women whose condition he saw was such as needed relief, was no less amazed to find the admirable *Clelia*. He presently alights, and coming towards her with infinite respect; Well,

Madam, (said he to her) shall I obtain pardon for having carried you away from *Capua*, by bringing you to *Rome*; now that it is delivered from that cruel Tyrant, who hath so often fought the life of the Generous *Clelia*.

I know not (replied she) whether the crime you speak of is of such a nature as may be absolutely pardoned; but I am certain you will put an extraordinary obligation on me if you bring me to *Rome*, since *Tarquin* hath no more to do there. But *Horatius* (added she) may I trust you? You may Madam (replied he) and if I bring you not immediately to *Rome*, account me the most infamous of Mankind: For in a word, (I profess to you) considering the obligations which it hath pleased my destiny my Rivals should cast on me, I will never prejudice him by any other ways than those of my addresses, my services, and my own Vertue. But Madam, (added he) we must lose no time, for there have happened so great changes in one day, that methinks all should change again in one day: Therefore give me leave to set you on a Horse which you shall guide your self, that so you may not suspect I have any design to force you any where, and may the more willingly permit me to be your Conductor.

Notwithstanding all this, *Clelia* would needs be allured by a new Engagement, that *Horatius* would bring her to *Rome*; which done, this illustrious Roman chusing out a Horse among those that followed him, caused one of his people to attend and conduct *Clelia*, and another to take *Plotina* behind him; and so without any further stay he took his way to *Rome*, followed by the whole Body which had overtaken him.

But *Clelia* being extremely desirous to know the State of affairs, whereof she had not heard any thing, since she had seen her dear *Aronces* exposed to so great danger (for her sake) in the Palace Court, intreated *Horatius* to acquaint her with what he knew. He therefore told her, that *Brutus* had wrought a revolt in the Camp; that he had sent word to *Ardea* that *Rome* would have peace with her, adding that for his own particular, to come as soon as he could to her, he had got together two hundred Horse, with intention to cast himself into *Rome*, having not been certainly informed that *Tullia* had carried her with her. *Horatius* had scarce told her thus much, but he understood from some of his men who went before, that there was seen in the Plain into which they were entering, a very desperate Fight between two parties very unequal in number, for there might very well be on one side, three or four hundred Horse, and there seemed not to be on the other much above an hundred. This intelligence put *Horatius* into some disorder, for he must needs think it could be no other than *Tarquin*, who he knew had taken with him from the Camp three or four hundred Horse, and conceived he must have met with some of those who had revolted from him: So that his heart being divided between Love and

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Honour, he knew not whether he should go and relieve those who stood in need of his assistance, or make it his business to conduct *Clelia* safely to *Rome*. But to make a mean between both, and to know at least more certainly what the matter was, he sent some of his men to make discovery, and lay close behind a little hill.

Clelia, who little imagined that the illustrious *Aronces* was engaged in a dangerous fight against *Tarquin*, and thought he had been in *Rome*, or with *Brutus*, was very importunate with *Horatius*, not to trouble himself about any thing, but to bring her into some place of safety. And indeed, her insinuations were so prevalent, that he seeing those whom he had sent out, returned not so soon as he expected, he could no longer endure that *Clelia* should be in any fear of falling into the hands of *Tarquin*. So that he turned out of the way he would have gone, leaving only two of his men, to bid those whom he had sent, when they were returned, to follow him the way he should lead them, which was the nearest to go to *Rome*. But these two waited to no purpose, for those who had been sent out to discover the Parties that were engaged, had been forced to fight themselves, *Tarquin*, who had soon perceived them, having ordered thirty of his men to engage them, out of a fear of being surpris'd by some fresh supplies; and accordingly, they had been either taken Prisoners, or cut to pieces: Besides, that *Tarquin* having been informed by those who had been taken, that *Horatius* was not far from him with two hundred Horse, and easily inferring that if he joyned with *Aronces*, he were utterly lost, since that valiant Prince found him so much work with so small a handful of men, he commanded his people to make one final attempt to overcome him; for till then, in regard he was Son to a King, who was his Ally, from whom he expected Protection, he had given Order that he should not be killed. But considering the importunity of his present condition, he was obliged not to debate the business any longer: So that *Aronces* was in an extreme danger; for he had about an hundred Horse left, and had almost four hundred to deal with.

Besides all this, the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Tirus* had joyned their Father, and being obliged to fight for their Father how wicked soever he might be, they engaged *Aronces* with an incredible Courage, though they had an infinite esteem for him. 'Tis true, the Valour this Prince expressed that day was so prodigious, that there never was seen any thing like it; for he was several times surrounded by his enemies, yet could they neither take him Prisoner, nor hurt him. He killed (in a manner at *Tarquin's* Elbow) that valiant *Hellius*, with whom he had some time fought near *Ardea*: and if *Tarquin* had not used a subtle shift, he might have been overcome by him, so signal was his Valour, and so worthily was it seconded by that of *Artemidarus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*.

To this may be added, that the Romans whom he had with him, were in so much fear of falling into the power of *Tarquin*, that they behaved themselves so much the more gallantly. But at last *Tarquin* having caused some of his people to make out-cries, as if *Rome* were returned to its Duty to him, and that his Army had changed their resolutions; those who were with *Aronces* taking Alarm at this false report, though he did all that lay in his power to hinder them from believing it, ran away; so that he was left alone with his four Friends, amidst so great a number of Enemies; yet would he not yield, till that there was no other remedy, after he had received a wound in his right Arm; but at last he was forced to submit to the multitude by which he was surrounded, and become the Prisoner of a King, who had lost both his Kingdom and his Army.

But that this adventure might prove yet more insupportable to him, it hapned that *Tarquin*, whom it concerned to treat him, had indeed an extraordinary care of him, out of some considerations of Policy only, though he hated him most horridly, both as a Lover of *Clelia*, and that he found him in Arms against him; so that after he had put a Guard upon him, and those Friends of his who met with the same Fortune, except *Amilcar*, who made a shift to escape after he had been taken, it hapned that *Tarquin* causing *Aronces* to be dressed at the first House he met in his way, one of *Horatius's* men, who had been taken by some of *Tarquin's*, standing near him when he was dressed, knew him, and made acquaintance with him. *Aronces* who could not want a curiosity for such a Rival, asked him by what adventure he came thither, and where his Master was? To which this man, being of the humour of those, who when they relate things, love to circumstantiate, answered, That *Horatius* recovering at length of his wounds, found himself in a condition to cast himself into *Rome*; then told him how he had found *Clelia*, highly expressing the satisfaction that Beauty had in meeting him so seasonably, assuring him that he was to carry her to *Rome*, and that they would be there very suddenly. The first apprehensions of *Aronces*, were extremely confused and entangled; for after a long fear that *Clelia* might perish through the cruelty of the implacable *Tullia*, he arrived to a slender comfort, when he understood that she was not in her power. He was not also dissatisfied that she went to *Rome*, as also that she was quite out of the reach of *Tarquin's* violence, and *Sextus's*; but when after all he considered, that she was fallen into the hands of a Rival, a person of so great worth as *Horatius*, one who had such an advantage over him, as to render him so considerable a service; and withal saw himself wounded, and Prisoner to a Prince, who he knew loved *Clelia*, and who would not fail to return him to the King his Father, and to engage him into his Interests, he thought himself the most unfortunate man in the world, for he fore-saw what in reason should be the consequence of so cross an accident. Accordingly when

when he was on Horse-back, and forced to follow a Prince, whom Fortune had forsaken, and who went for refuge to *Ceres*, intending to send thence to Treat with *Porsemmas*, he entertained himself after the saddest manner that could be. For when he called to mind with what eagerness he wished *Romes* Liberty, and *Tarquin's* Ruine, and considered that the Misfortune of that Prince was the only cause that he was his Prisoner, he acknowledged in himself, that men were guilty of great rashness, when they presumed to desire any thing precisely of the Gods; since that many

times what they desire, proves more prejudicial to them than what they fear: So that not daring in a manner to wish any thing, for fear of making any wishes against himself, he was extremely afflicted, especially when he considered that *Clelia* was in a place where he had two very considerable Rivals; that himself in all likelihood should be turned over a Prisoner to the King his Father, and saw not any thing from whence he might derive the least comfort; but the hopes he had in the Friendships of the Illustrious *Brutus*, and the generous *Herminius*.

The End of the Second Part of CLELIA.

1944-1945

CLELIA,

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EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADemoisELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The THIRD PART.

Written in French by the Exquisite Pen of *Monfieur de Scudery*,
Gouvernour of *Nostredame de la Gard*.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Dorman Newman* and *Thomas Cockerel*. 1678.

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TO THE ACCOMPLISH'D LADY, THE LADY Constance Enyon.

MADAM,



THE Opinion I have of your Goodness must needs be very great, when I think the presumption I am guilty of, in this address so innocent and justifiable, that I do not much doubt your pardon. It is certainly no small one in me, to make use of your name, to do that, which of all things, I take the greatest pride and pleasure in; that is, confidence to let the World know, I cannot receive a favour with half as much freedom and satisfaction, as I can acknowledge it. To those I have received from Yourself, I cannot but add the many extraordinary Obligations, I am indebted to your noble Relations, and particularly those at Cumberland; and among those, to that accomplished Person, whom the World justly admires, to find, at so few years, soaring in a Flame so high, as that of the Author of the History of Philosophy. These Madam, are so great, and consequently, press so much upon my memory and resentments, that, since the greatest acknowledgements I can make of them, are in my apprehension, much below the advantages I have made thereby, it is no miraculous effect of Gratitude, if I grasp at any occasion to do it.

For, what I now present you with, Madam, I need say no more by way of recommendation of it, than that it is a third Volume of that excellent Romance, whereof you were pleased with so much kindness to receive the two former; with the same fate too, that is, that it hath gone through more hands than one. The advantages you are to make of it, I am not to press, since it is, among your other perfections, not the most inconsiderable, that you can discern the excellencies, and discover the defaults of things of greater consequence, than those of this nature. But when I reflect on your Sex, I cannot but do my Author this right, that as no man hath put greater ob-
ligations

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ligations on It, than he, by the noble and generous characters he hath honoured it withal ; so is it but just, you have the esteem and affection for him, which you have not for any other.

Thus, Madam, having given you an account of this address to your self, and presumed your pardon for it, I have a far greater confidence to obtain it for another I make to Heaven ; which is, that you may meet with that indulgency of fortune and happiness, which so much good nature, so noble an education, such a vertuous inclination, and excellent endowments; as yours are, may justly expect. And this, Madam, shall be the perpetual wish of,

M A D A M,

Your most humble

and most obliged Servant

J. Davies.

CLELIA.

CLELIA:

The Third Part.

BOOK I.



Aronces was doubtless a very miserable man, in being a Prisoner unto a Prince whom fortune had forsaken, and one that was his Rival too; but the thought of *Horatius's* carrying *Clelia* unto *Rome*, made him more miserable than either; not but

that he was very glad of her being out of the tyranny of *Tarquin*, and power of terrible *Tullia*; yet nothing did so much sting his soul, as to think that *Horatius* should be him that restores liberty unto *Clelia*: Indeed, could he have seen into the soul of that fair one, his own soul had been better satisfied; for though she had good reason to be glad of going to *Rome*, yet it went much against the hair, to see that *Horatius* should be her Conductor thither; she apprehended both *Aronces* and her self to be in a very bad condition, though *Horatius* was infinitely obliged unto *Aronces*: And when she bethought her self how she was going to see, at the same time both *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and the Prince of *Numidia*, she apprehended a million of miseries: for after she had seen her dear *Aronces* fight so valiantly in the Court of *Tullia's* Palace, she could not imagine he could be out of *Rome*: sometimes her fear was that he was wounded, and sometimes that he was dead, so as these thorns in her thoughts would not suffer her to enjoy those sweets which her own liberty, and the liberty of her Country, might have procured unto her.

As for *Horatius*, his joys to see *Tarquin* ruin'd, *Rome* deliver'd, and his Mistress in his own possession, did so much take up his whole heart, as for a while he never bethought himself, how his Rival was the party loved, and not he. At last, turning his eyes upon *Clelia's* fair face, who at that time was in a deep study, and such a study as spoke much sadness, he imagined that *Aronces* was the subject of her study; so as calling to memory all those testimonies of tenderness which that fair one had expressed towards his Rival upon several occasions, and all those bitter expressions towards himself, the tide turned, and what was joy but a minute before, was now sadness: Indeed, when he came to bethink himself, that in carrying *Clelia* to *Rome*, he carried her unto a place where he expected to find *Aronces*, unto whom he owed his life, his heart was most sensibly afflicted; he was then within a little of altering his design, and fall-

ing into the same thoughts which he harboured when he carried away *Clelia* in the great Earthquake, and defended her against the Prince of *Numidia*, upon the Lake of *Thrasimenes*: But when he remembered how that violence got him the aversion of *Clelia*; how since then, he was more miserable than before; and how *Aronces* won the heart of this fair one, only by the grandeur of his virtue, he kept himself firm to the resolution which he had taken, of overcoming *Aronces*, by no other way, but by endeavouring to excel him (if it were possible) in virtue. Thus did both *Clelia* and *Horatius* think upon *Aronces*, though by motives very different: and *Aronces* entertained thoughts of *Horatius* and *Clelia*, which were as unresemblant as the two passions from whence they sprung; though certain it is, they sprung from one and the same cause: for if *Aronces* had not been in love with *Clelia*, he had never hated *Horatius*: *Horatius* on his side, had most tenderly loved *Aronces*, if *Aronces* had not loved *Clelia*; and *Clelia* had been good friends with *Horatius*, had she not been so sensible of *Aronces* his love. But, which was most admirable, the Prince of *Numidia* was less hated by his Rivals, than they were by one another, because they thought he had the least share in the affection of *Clelia*.

As for *Tarquin*, his heart was swelled with as much Cruelty and Revenge, as ambition could infuse, and with all that a slighted love and pale jealousy could prompt him unto: but in the midst of all, he retained the arrogance and grandeur of his courage; and it may be said, that in falling from a Throne, he yet kept footing upon it; for in the midst of all disasters, he still thought upon such remedies as might conduce to the cure of them; and he found it some sweetness, to have in his power the only beloved Lover of *Clelia*: He hoped also, that this would help him to remount the Throne; so as this unfortunate Prince, whose crimes might well make him fear his future condition would be worse than the present, did not for all that despair, but went to *Tarquinius* with such an undaunted resolution and boldness, as *Aronces* could not chuse but admire at. But whilst this proud Tyrant, and this illustrious Prisoner went to *Tarquinius*, *Horatius* with his men conducted *Clelia* and *Plotina* to *Rome*, as I told you before.

In their way thither, they espied a very handsome woman by the side of a little wood, who perceiving so many horsemen, desired to conceal herself, having none with her but an old shepherd for her guide, whose condition they knew by the Sheephook which he had in his hand. This object begetting a curiosity in *Clelia*, and her own misfortunes teaching her to pity the condition of others, she looked very attentively upon this woman, who desired to sink away out of sight, at the seeing such a number of men: but when she had well viewed this woman, and shewed her unto *Plotina*, they both thought her to be *Cesonia*. *Clelia* then crying out, and calling upon *Horatius*: Oh good sir, (said she to him,) I beseech you let yonder woman be carried with me to *Rome*; certainly she cannot discern me amongst so many. But to oblige you unto the satisfaction of my desire, know that she is one of the Prisoners of *Ardes*, her name is *Cesonia*; and my love unto her is such, as you would do a most high favour if you could bring her to me. *Clelia* had no sooner said so, but *Horatius* commanding some of his chief men to eye her, he set spurs to his horse, and being followed by four men of quality, who heard not what *Clelia* said, they went towards the place where this woman and this old shepherd were. The Wood not being very thick, they were quickly found out, for both being on foot, they were quickly overtaken: *Horatius* was no sooner come within hearing of this woman, but he said, I beseech you fair *Cesonia*, do not fly from *Clelia* who hath sent me to you, nor shun a man who knows your merit, though not you, and who is ambitious to serve you.

Upon these words, *Cesonia* turning about, she stoppt, and knew her dear *Persander*, who was one of those which accompanied *Horatius*. As she was beyond expression joyed, so *Persander* on his side, who came out of *Ardes* only to hear what was become of her, he was so surprized at the sight of her in that place, as he had much ado to speak: for *Horace* had so many things in his mind, as he never told it was *Cesonia*: and *Plotina* had not time enough to tell him; so hasty he was in following *Horatius*, so as *Persander* had much ado to recover himself out of his astonishment. Whilst *Horatius* was advancing towards *Cesonia*, and she not knowing whether or no she should believe a man whom she knew not, the old man who was her guide, turning about, and knowing *Horatius*, he stept nearer that valiant Roman, and looking fiercely upon him, shaked his sheephook at him: Oh villain (said he) is not *Clelia* this second time in thy power, and does not that suffice thee?

This language causing *Horatius* to look attentively upon him, that spoke thus angerly unto him, he knew him to be *Clelius* the Father of *Clelia*; He no sooner knew him, but he alighted from his horse, and advanced to him in a very humble manner: Oh generous *Clelius*, (said he unto him) I think my self most happy in that I am in a condition to repair my crime, and in being able to restore unto you that most excellent woman, whom I ravished from you in the heat of a most violent passion: For now know, that though I still have, and ever shall have the same affection unto your most admirable Daughter, yet I do not entertain all the same thoughts; the truth is, in lieu of carrying her away, my only thoughts are of carrying her to

Rome; and my only aims are to get her out of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*'s power, as you may understand from her own mouth, she being within two hundred paces of this place. Moreover, you cannot question the good intention of my heart; for I am in the head of two hundred horse, and consequently able to dispose of *Clelia*'s liberty: but so far am I from any thoughts of carrying her away, as I do offer to put her in your power, and guard you both unto *Rome*, without asking any other recompence, but only to forget what's past, and not to deny me the seeing of her whom I adore.

Clelius hearing *Horatius* speak so submissively, and looking then upon him, as upon the Son of that woman whom once he dearly loved, his anger was a little appeased, so as *Cesonia* taking heart, and being much joyed to see her dear Husband, also to find that her guide was Father to her friend, though she could not well conceive, why he should be in that equipage wherein she found him; yet she spoke unto them all, and advised them to go presently unto *Clelia*, since she was so near. After this, *Horatius* used many generous and kind expressions; *Persander*, he took *Cesonia* behind him; and one of *Horatius* his men lent *Clelius* his horse: This done, they all went to the place where *Clelia* stayed in expectation of her dear *Cesonia*, whom she no sooner saw with *Persander*, but she galloped to meet them with *Plotina*; but all this while *Clelia* never thought to meet with more consolation than she could hope for; yet *Horatius*, desiring to make use of such a favorable occasion, he advanced towards her, and shewing *Clelius* unto her; The Gods having some pity upon me (said he unto her) and doubtless being desirous I should obtain some rank in your esteem, though not in your affection, have given me the happy opportunity, Madam, of restoring unto you the generous *Clelius*.

Upon these words, *Clelia* looking upon him whom *Horatius* shewed unto her, she cryed out for joy, and would have cast her self upon the ground at her Fathers feet; but *Clelius* would not permit her, saying, That they could not make too much haste to *Rome*, since *Tarquin* was not in it; For my part (said *Plotina* with a pleasant air) I am perfectly of your opinion, for I am so full of fears, as you would do me the greatest pleasure in the world; if you would speedily carry me unto any place where I might be in safety; for though I cannot tell from whence *Clelius* came, nor why he is disguised in the habit of a shepherd, nor how *Cesonia* escaped; yet I had rather be going speedily thither, than stay a minute to know all these things: But yet (added this pleasant Lady) we may do two things at once, for we may be going and talk too as we go; for it is but singling such as should hear, from those which should not. The counsel of *Plotina* seeming good, after *Clelius* had expressed unto his Daughter his joys of finding her again, and that *Clelia*, *Plotina*, and *Cesonia* had caressed each other as much as they could in that place, *Clelius* placed himself betwixt the two first of them; as for *Horatius*, he got himself on the other hand of *Clelia*, and *Persander* on the other hand of *Cesonia*; the way being large, they might easily walk a front, and might unheard talk to each other, for all the rest kept at a handsome distance; so as disposing of themselves in this order, *Clelia* asked her Father from whence he came; for truly

truly (said she) I never knew any thing of you since I was a Prisoner unto the Tyrant, unless that the Prince of *Numidia* told me that you were in a place which he could not name: for being very dangerously wounded in endeavouring to deliver me, he grew so much distracted, that *Amilcar*, whose name doubtless you know, and to whom I am infinitely obliged, could not understand where you were, though he imagin'd you could not be far from *Rome*. Truth is, reply'd *Clelia*, I being at the end of my exile, and not being able to endure that you should be the slave of him that was the Tyrant of my Country, and my mortal enemy, I resolv'd for *Rome*, where I understood by some intimate friends, there was a disposition to revolt. But do what I could, it was impossible to hinder *Sulpitia* from following me; so as we came from *Capua* together, mean while, fortune brought us to meet with the Prince of *Numidia*; by coming to *Ameriola*, who knowing us, treated us most generously; but that not being the place of finding you, let it suffice you to know that he is worthy of your esteem, and of my friendship; that it was I who sent him to *Rome* with Letters for a friend of mine, who was to facilitate the enterprise which failed; for not knowing then where *Aronces* was, and knowing that *Horatius* was in *Ardes*, I thought they took care for your liberty. Mean time, I understanding from *Ameriola*, that the Prince of *Numidia*'s enterprise had failed; that the report was, *Aronces* was at *Rome*, and that there was great Tumult; I disguised my self as now you see me, to get into *Rome*, not then knowing the truth of things. So as having sent back my horses, I began to foot it; when I espied this fair one (said he unto *Clelia*, and pointed at *Cesonia*) who not knowing which way she went, came unto me, and asked where she was, and desired me to direct her either unto *Rome* or *Ardes*: The memory of your misfortunes making me compassionate of hers, I asked her by what adventure she came to be alone, and so out of her way; unto which she answering very handsomely, she acquainted me in few words with the flight of *Tarquinius*, and all passages in *Rome* since his departure. I not yet telling her that I was your Father, because that could not advantage her, but might prejudice me, she is still ignorant of it.

All my care was of conducting her speedily unto *Rome*, when we espied the Cavalry which is your guard: For my part, said *Cesonia* unto *Clelia*, I have no great matters to relate unto you, for all I have to tell you, is, That he who conducted me, understanding from a friend of his, how angry *Tullia* was at your flight, and having no mind to see her again, though he was no cause of it, he resolv'd to quit the incensed Queen, and carrying me under a Tree, he left me there: I, not knowing what to do, and utterly disliking to be under the power of the most wicked woman in the whole world; I took a way opposite to that from whence I came, and walking I knew not whither, I came at last unto this little wood, where I was most glad to find the generous *Clelius*, whose age and Physiognomy invited me to ask his protection, and that he would conduct me either unto *Rome* or *Ardes*; for in that dismay I knew not well where I would be. After this, *Clelius* enquired of *Clelia*, concerning *Aronces*; who told him in short

all she knew; but though he spoke very low unto her, yet *Horatius* heard, and knew by *Clelia*'s countenance that she spoke with a feeling tenderness of his Rival, so as, it stamp'd him with unexpressable sadness: Yet, hope did a little underprop his heart, and the state of things made him think, that happily some adventure might fall which might be advantageous unto him; for when he remembered the lamentable condition wherein he was, when his Rival found him wounded in a Wood, and how he was beholding unto him for his life, he thought himself much less miserable, than at that time, so as his mind was very free to entertain *Clelia* all the way with discourse of all that was memorable at the siege of *Ardes*, nor omitting how *Persander* had there signalized himself upon several occasions. But in conclusion, *Clelius* being the first of the Company that discovered *Rome*, he was possessed with a most extream joy at the sight of it, after so long an exile from it: he never thought how he was in a habit unfit to appear therein: *Clelia* indeed did put him in mind of it, but he made answer, That as long as he had a heart becoming a true Senator of *Rome*, he cared not for the habit: yet they met with an expedient for this; for as they came into *Rome*, stood a house which belonged unto one that was an ancient acquaintance or friend unto *Clelius*, where they stayed, and where he was furnished with a habit suitable to his quality: after which, they went unto the Gates of the Town; but a very strict Guard being kept, they were stopped until such time as *Brutus*, who then was sole Master of *Rome*, was informed who they were that asked entrance: he no sooner heard of them, but he sent *Herminius* to receive *Clelius*, *Horatius*, and *Persander*, not knowing that *Clelia* was with them, giving order afterwards, to quarter the Cavalry which *Horatius* brought. So as when *Herminius* went to receive them, and conduct them unto *Brutus*, he was most pleasingly surpris'd to see *Clelia*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina*; for he thought that *Clelia* was with the cruel *Tullia*, and could not imagine what was become of the other Captives: for he knew very well, That when *Tullia* forsook her Palace, *Clelia* was only mentioned unto *Aronces*, and where the rest were, was not known. Thus *Herminius* now wanting nothing but to see the return of *Aronces*, he received all these illustrious persons with abundance of joy, and did all manner of imaginable honours unto *Clelius* in particular; he beseeched him to take a lodging in the house of the virtuous *Sivelia* his Mother, who would take all possible care of *Clelia*, until *Sulpitia* came, and until his own house was made ready. The way in going to *Brutus*, being to pass by this house, *Clelius* presently espied the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was his ancient friend, and leaving *Clelia*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina* with her, who received them with that generous civility whereof she ever made profession, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Persander*, and some principal men of *Ardes*, were conducted unto *Brutus* by *Herminius*: This interview pass'd tumultuously enough, for *Lucretius*, *Valerius*, *Colatin*, *Mutius*, and many others, were then with *Brutus*, advising upon several necessary affairs concerning the establishment of *Rome*'s liberty; *Brutus* yet did highly applaud the valor of *Horatius* at the siege of *Ardes*; and the sight of *Clelius* gave

much satisfaction unto so many illustrious Romans, for he was known to be always a most irreconcilable enemy of Tyranny and the Tyrant; *Brutus* also, did him all imaginable honours: *Clelius* again returned a million of applauses. But as he styled him the Liberator of his Countrey: No, no, generous *Clelius* (said he unto him) never bestow any such glorious titles upon me: for a right Roman ought not to assume any above the rest of the Romans; let us therefore only render thanks unto the Gods for our deliverance from servitude in which we were, and to take away all likelihood of ever being under the power of one single person, I do declare that I will not be Consul alone, but will put into the hands of the Senate and People, all that Authority which they gave me, unless they will appoint one to be my Partner: For indeed (said he most generously) I dare not trust my own virtue in such a business. *Brutus* had no sooner done speaking, but all that heard him were opposite to his design: yet he standing firm to his principle, told them plainly, that he would propound it the next morning in the publick Assembly: however, he being ever a man most regular in all points of civility, he went towards the evening unto *Sivelia*, to see *Clelia* there, unto whom he seemed much troubled for *Aronces*, and told her in short, how he went out of *Rome* with a design of delivering her. Alas (said she with a sad sigh, and looked upon *Plotina*) certainly it was that unfortunate Prince which was in Combate with those Troops which we saw when *Horatius* brought us away. She had no sooner said so, but *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, came to *Sivelia's* house, who confirm'd *Clelia* in her thought, and told all the Company that *Aronces* was *Tarquins* Prisoner; also how they all made a retreat after they had seen their illustrious but unfortunate friend taken. Yet they did not fear that he would be ill used, because as the case stood with *Tarquins*, it was no policy for him to shew any odium against the Son of such a great King, who only was able to relieve him in his misfortune; but still they conceived that he would not set him at liberty, so as all the company apprehended this adventure with abundance of sorrow. *Brutus* resented it as the friend of *Aronces*; and foreseeing the sad consequences as a true Roman; and especially out of compassion upon an unfortunate Lover, who is more sensible than any other of any thing that disturbs the Love of his friends. As for *Clelius*, he having almost always loved *Aronces* as his own son, ever since he saved his life in his Cradle, and keeping him from perishing after his shipwreck, he was exceedingly troubled: *Sivelia* out of tenderness and generosity, did pity him: *Herminius* was ready to run desperate: *Horatius*, out of grandeur of soul, and to merit the esteem of *Clelia*, he commended him, and said, That a Prince so virtuous as he was, deserved a far better destiny, than to be the Prisoner of the most vicious man upon earth: *Cesonia* and *Plotina* could not keep their eyes from gushing out into tears: as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, they pitied *Aronces*, pitied *Clelia*, pitied *Brutus*, pitied *Herminius*, they pitied *Rome*, they pitied themselves: As for *Clelia*, she was sensible more than thought can reach unto; yet she durst not shew

all her sorrow, though the example of her friends might well have authorized hers; nor would she too much smother her sadness, lest she should infuse some false hopes into *Horatius*: but she kept such an even and just temper in her affliction, that she could not be accused, either of excessive prudence, or of too much carelessness. That which made her the more mistress of her spirit, was, because she believ'd the life of *Aronces* was in no danger; for she knew not that he was wounded, but she conceived the cruel consequences of his imprisonment; the least of which was, that she should be separated from *Aronces* for a long time, and be exposed unto the passion of *Horatius*, who having made his peace with *Clelius*, would become more confident; so as this sage Lady, in restraining the violence of her sorrow, did deserve much commendations. Mean while, as one subject of compassion doth easily renew the remembrance of another, so *Clelius* asked *Brutus* concerning the Prince of *Numidia*, and understood that in visiting the Palace of *Tarquins* after *Tullia* was gone out, they found him upon his bed, who never caring for the disorder and noise which he heard, looked calmly upon those that run from Chamber to Chamber with naked swords, not knowing whether there were any men so desperate as to defend him. *Clelius* understood further, how since that, the care which was taken of that Prince, had something restored him unto the freedom of his spirit, Alas, alas, (added *Brutus*, and sighed) I cannot tell whether or no it be a good office to restore a miserable man unto his wits, since certainly it makes all men in the world the more miserable. *Brutus* expressed this in such a sad manner, as made all those pity him who knew the distemper of his soul, and were not ignorant that the death of *Lucretia* did more grieve him, than the liberty of *Rome* rejoiced him; for notwithstanding all his zeal to his Country, could he but revive *Lucretia*, he would do it with abundance of joy, though at the rate of erecting that Throne which he had pulled down. Doubtless he would have dyed a hundred deaths, rather than live in the servitude wherein he did: but he would have lived a slave all the days of his life, rather than never to see *Lucretia* but in her Tomb. This sad adventure had so much changed him, that he was scarcely knowable; such of his friends as were not admitted unto the secrets of his soul, did believe that this alteration proceeded from the weight of his cares which hung heavy upon him; but those of his Cabinet counsel, who knew the grandeur of his soul, they thought it to be love only which loadned him; his conversation was only upon such things as were necessary for the publick good, unless he spoke of his sorrows and passion unto such as knew of them. He was not only always more serious, but also more haughty; and he could not flatter any but the people of whom he stood in need to revenge *Lucretia*, and to maintain the liberty of *Rome*: So as after so much good language as he thought fit to comfort *Clelia*, he retired himself to think upon other matters, but especially to give that great example of moderation, of which he had made such profession unto his Friends: Mean while, *Clelius* went to see the Grand Vestal his Sister, and received visits from all his Friends: *Clelia* was visited by all the

the Ladies of quality in *Rome*; amongst the rest, by *Racilia*, by *Hermilia*, by *Colatina*, by a Lady of quality called *Flavia*, and another named *Salonina*. *Hermilia*, and the sister of *Colatine*, being compounded of such a secret Melancholy, as would not suffer them to rejoice in the Liberty of their Country, so much as others; they kept always together. *Valeria* also went to visit *Clelia*, who gave such a reception unto all these Ladies, with so much obliging Civility, though with a little tincture of melancholy, as she won their Loves, the very first day.

Mean while, *Brutus* according to his design, harangued the Senate and people, as he said he would; And with so much Eloquence, and Authority, as it may well be said, that their suffrages were not free, because he left none at liberty to be of any opinion contrary to his: He did so urgently aggravate the danger of making but one Consul, as the Image of *Tyranny* working upon the spirits of those to whom he spoke, they all obeyed his will, and consented that the Sovereign power which he had, should be divided. But when it came to the vote, who should be his Copartner; the dispute was greater than was imagined: For, as all new establishments meet with many difficulties; So such a murmur did arise, as made it evident, there would be Contrariety of opinions in this Choice: The multitude did not aim at chusing one that was the most able, the most wise, and the most valiant; but only such a one as was the most irreconcilable enemy of *Tarquin*. For, had they aimed at the most able, they would have looked upon *Valerius*, whose Prudence was admirable, whose honesty was known to all the world, and who had generously seconded *Brutus* in delivering *Rome*: They would then have thought upon *Clelius*, whose experience was great, and virtue high: They would have chosen *Lucretius*, they would have thought upon the wife *Herminius*, though he was a little too young to be Consul, though his high soul and heart rendred him worthy of any thing: they might have pitcht upon many other illustrious Romans. But, as I said before, thinking only upon such a one, whom they thought most obliged to hate *Tarquin*; they all concurred in their Votes, and no name could be heard but *Collatines*, whom the multitude thought more engaged to ruin *Tarquin* than any other, by reason of *Lucretia's* death, and wrongs received from him: such popular deliberations are commonly tumultuous, inconsiderate, and derogatory to right reason, so as they never considered that *Collatine* himself was of the Race of *Tarquins*. *Brutus*, who heartily wished *Valerius* to be chosen, and hoped he would; he was much surpris'd to see *Collatine* the man: for he could not endure him, but hated him as much, as if he were his Rival; also he looked upon him as a party cause of *Lucretia's* death, by infusing Love into the heart of *Sextus*, when he inconsiderately carried him to see that fair and unfortunate Lady: He looked upon him as a person whom she ever hated, though out of Nuptial conscience, lived well with him: and he looked upon him as a man, who bore the name of Tyrant; but to speak ingenuously, he did not look upon him through all these Considerations, but because he ever looked upon him as his Rival; so as it grieved his Soul to have him for his partner in Authority: Yet since

it concerned the safety of *Rome*, that no division should appear betwixt them; in that new establishment; and since also it concerned the glory of *Lucretia*, that he should give no ground of guessing why he hated *Collatine*; therefore he constrained himself in this Rencontre: he thought again, that if he should oppose what the multitude propounded, it would breed a great Combustion; For, now there was not one single Roman, who hoped not for some little share of the Royal Authority: So as *Brutus*, whose piercing eye saw things as they were, and foresaw the consequences of this affair; he disssembled his thoughts, and told *Valerius* in secret, how angry he was that he was not Consul. But in conclusion, the mind of the multitude must be satisfied, and *Brutus* seemed not to take it ill; complying therefore with the Times, he himself was the first that saluted *Collatine* as Consul, unto whom from that time, the people began to render all honours which that dignity required: *Brutus* offered him the first place, but he would not accept it, nor indeed the people consent unto it: so as it was resolved, that there should be but one Consul before whom the twelve Licitors should walk, and before whom the Hatchet and bundle of Rods should be carried, lest it should incense the people, who do not love those emblems of Authority should be doubled, which may punish them when they deserve: Not that the Authority of the prime Consul was greater than the other's; for *Brutus* would not permit it, for fear of such consequences as might ensue: But as for these bare emblems of honour, they belonged unto *Brutus* only.

Howsoever; after that *Collatine* was chosen; *Brutus* would have his Colleague confirm all those who the day before were tumultuously made Senators, Censors, Pretors, *Ædiles*, Questors, or Tribunes: after which, *Brutus* caused a publick Oration to be made, never to suffer any to raige in *Rome*, nor that any should ever be brought to consent unto it, either by menaces or promises. They did establish as a Law, that the Consulship, should last but one year; that for the future, none should be Consuls under forty three years of age; none Prætors under forty; none *Ædiles* under thirty seven, none Tribune under thirty, and no Questor under twenty seven. *Brutus* would also have it, That the Consuls should be of the most illustrious Races; and that the three hundred Senators should be Noble-men.

After which, the Senate being regularly assembled, they voted to regulate the Power and authority of those who had the conduct of things sacred; for it being the custom, that the Kings should offer some sacrifices in person, to shew that they had an absolute authority in these Dominions, and that they had no dependency of any but the Gods, *Brutus* would not have the Consuls do as the Kings used to do: But he made a Royal Sacrifice for that Ceremony only, and that they should submit unto him that was the chief in matters of Religion. After which, the means of making war against *Tarquin*, was taken into consideration: They provided for the Guard of the Town; they consulted how to keep their Neighbours from joyning with the Tyrant; they swore a solemn league betwixt *Ardes* and *Rome*; they resolved to keep the Cavalry which *Horatius* had brought, and

to send Deputies unto *Ardes*, to thank that Town for the resistance which they made against the Tyrant. And *Brutus* omitted nothing that might conduce to the publick good; to the ruine of *Tarquin*, and to the revenge of *Lucretia*, after which every one returned to his house. Mean time, *Clelius* with *Amilcar*, went to see the Prince of *Namidia*, who knew him at first, and asked for *Clelia*. This Prince being much joyed to hear that *Clelia* was escaped, he beseeched *Clelius* to give him no occasion of hatred, protesting unto him, that he should die with some contentment, if he could be but assured of his indifferency. *Clelius*, who was generous, and saw him in that pitiful condition, by endeavouring to deliver his daughter; he assured him, that she should be full of acknowledgment to him, provided he would be reasonable. Ah generous *Clelius* (cried he out) I will be any thing that will keep me from being hated by *Clelia*, and from being unjust unto *Aronces*; but yet I would adore your divine daughter for ever. Yet sir, my demand that she would not hate me, is because I would die more contentedly, for I know that I cannot live long. Oh Sir, (replied *Amilcar*, after his usual way of freedom) If you do not dye of your wounds, as I hope you will not, and wish you may not, you will die either of love or grief: time will undoubtedly cure those two kinds of maladies; Death will not triumph over Lovers, and unfortunate persons, without the help of a Fever, or some disastrous accident: But to advance your cure (added he) I will answer, for the esteem of your Mistress, and for your Rival; I will also answer for their friendship, if you could but surmount your love. Oh *Amilcar* (cried he out) were my heart like unto yours, I should quickly surmount it, but to my misery we do not resemble. Afterwards, this Prince, who was naturally of a violent temper, began to fret and grieve inwardly, so as *Clelius* seeing him in a condition not to be long conversed withal, he left him, and went to take order for the repair of his house, which *Brutus* caused to be restored unto him, to the end he might receive *Sulpitia*, who was to arrive the next day. As for *Amilcar*, unto whom *Clelius* was much obliged, he went unto *Sivelia's* to see *Clelia*; for having had no discourse in particular with her, he accounted it as if he had not yet seen her; yet he could not have any private discourse with her at that time, because *Plotina*, *Valeria* and *Herminius* were there: But being all persons of strong reason, discourse was almost as free, as if they had all been intimate and particular friends: *Herminius* having spoken much of *Clelia* unto *Valeria*, she did not so much constrain her self, but both discoursed of their sorrows as freely as if they had been ancient friends. After a while of discourse, *Valeria* might easily be found a person of no common rank: her Physiognomy was so full of spirit, she spoke so well, and to the purpose; her tone was so charming, and her discourse so genuine and free, that of all those illustrious Romans which came to see *Clelia*, there was none pleased her more than *Valeria*; so as having a strong inclination to love her, she received all the civilities which the charming mistress of *Herminius* did her, with extraordinary kindness.

I beseech you (said *Clelia*, in answer to some applauses which *Valeria* gave her) do not judge of me by what you see now, but trust unto what *Her-*

minius and *Amilcar* shall tell you of me, for they are my ancient friends and know me. I am not to day in my right humor, and my face is so much altered, that did I care for it I should grieve extremely, not but that I have a thousand subjects of joy: For I see my Father again, I see him in *Rome*, I see the power of *Tarquin* demolished, and I see my Country delivered: But for all that, the clouds of displeasure will not dissipate, and the miserable condition of the most virtuous Prince upon earth, makes me that I cannot gust any joys without ingratitude: You see with what freedom I talk unto you, and you easily perceive that I reckon our acquaintance from the first day I was acquainted with *Herminius*. You honour me abundantly, (replied *Valeria* and blushed) but believe it, Madam, I will not dye ungrateful, but in my humour do requite you in a most extraordinary manner: For to discover my heart unto you, I confess that I have ever believed, a person of any solidity ought not to contract amity so lightly, as to close with them at the first sight, for appearances are very fallacious: there are many who do please the first hour, yet when they are better known, will displease for ever after: And I assure you, that since the fair and unfortunate *Lucretia* betook her self to a course of solitude, I never entertained any friend whom I could name particular; not but that *Herminia*, whom every one knows to be the sister of illustrious *Brutus*, is a person whom I love and esteem; and that another named *Flavia*, has a great share in my heart. But Madam, it is not after such a manner as I loved that most excellent Lady, whose death would certainly have caused mine, if her solitude had not accustomed me to living without seeing her: yet Madam, I must tell you, that I do find such inclination in my heart toward you, as I never found for any, but for virtuous *Lucretia*. Madam, reply'd *Clelia*, I am infinitely obliged to you, for ranking me with her who cannot be parallel'd by any without injustice; but to retaliate confidence for confidence, I must acquaint you that I do more for you, than you for me; For I must confess unto you, that except *Plotina* and *Cesonia*, unto whom averse fortune has devoted me; I have no friends whom I love so well, as to trust them with any of my secrets: True indeed, friends I have; *Herminius* and *Amilcar* are so, and will be as long as I live; but as for feminine friends, I have found so few a number of such as are capable of solid friendship, as I content my self only with their society. But towards you, added *Clelia*, I do find a strong disposition to love you, and it shall stick of you, if I be not at this very day perfectly your friend. Whilst these two fair ones were talking thus, *Cesonia*, *Plotina*, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, were talking of the late *Revolutions*: But *Amilcar* not affecting over-lucious discourse, and hearing *Clelia* name him, he interrupted those two illustrious Romans, and asked them, what they talked of; We talk of a business so important (replied *Valeria*) as will mar all my felicity, and of a thing which neither *Clelia* nor I ever did before: for, though we have not known one another yet half a day; yet we intend to begin a league of friendship which must last as long as we live. Both of you, replied *Herminius*, are able to move love eternally, and the more

more you know, the more you'll esteem and love each other. For my particular, said *Plotina*, I see nothing extraordinary that you have done: what wonder is it, that two so fair as you, both flowing in wit, and knowing each other long by reports of friends whom you dare trust, should contract friendship so soon? For, this I am sure of, that if you contract amitie with one whom afterwards you find not answerable to your fancy, it is an easie matter to break off: Though perhaps I am one (said *Amilcar*) who makes and breaks these kind of affections which they call friendships, though they deserve not that title; yet I am clearly of *Valeria's* opinion, and maintain that it is very frivolous to make these imaginary friendships so much talked of in the World.

For my part, said *Herminius*, I must confess, that I do not well understand what friendships you mean. I have heard of a great Friendship, and tender friendship, and a solid, ardent, and inviolable friendship: but as for an imaginary friendship, it is new to me; and I believe it is forged in your imagination: I cannot tell, replied he, whether or no I did forge it in my fancy; but I think that I did not erre in calling it so; But, I believe (added he and smiled) you are not well acquainted with all kinds of friendships, because you do not apply your self to know that by which *Clelia* taught you all secrets at *Capua*, by giving you that ingenious paper, which hath made such a noise in the world: Also, I believe you are ignorant, how there are friendships by occasion, friendships by fashion, friendships by humour, friendships by judgment, friendships by wit, friendships by Interest, friendships of Complement, friendships of Love; and of many other kinds, not reckoning that friendship of imagination so unknown to you, and which so many use: For my particular, (replied *Cesonia*) you would do me a favour, if you would tell me how it ariseth in the hearts of those that have it; It ariseth (replied he) between persons whose spirits are near alike, as *Plotina* and I should, if we had no judgment. Five or six foolish Proverbs uttered with a good grace, and taken into an imagination, is sufficient to beget one of these whimsy friendships; all the pleasure whereof, that can be hoped for, is the age of an afternoon: I speak this by experience, for I remember how I got my self eight or ten friends in a quarter of an hour, by making a handsome description of a woman that had a mind to be very fine, and yet knew not how to dress her self; but indeed, they were all nothing beholding to me if they had considered it. For, I vented this Raillery before two of their near kindred: Truth is, it was rather an error of memory than discretion; but I am sure, if I had not been in a very merry mood that day, or had spoke nothing but good sense and judgment, these eight or ten fond women had never been my friends. Thus Fancy and Imagination is a thing that begets these fading friendships, which are like mushrooms, grow up in an instant, and die as soon. You have paraphras'd so learnedly upon this kind of friendship (said *Herminius*) as I believe it would be very acceptable to all the Company, if you would explain all those kinds which you have named. For my part, (said *Plotina*) I profess he shall lose mine, of

what nature soever it be, if he do describe them all, one after another. I beseech you all (said *Amilcar*, then seeing *Clelia* and *Plotina* about to make the same request) command me nothing; for I would have the fair *Plotina* know, that her menace does affright me, and forces me to satisfy her Fancy.

Begin then presently, replied she; yet (added she) I will dispense with you, for omitting those friendships by occasion; for I have made many of that kind in my life. Some friends only at the Temple; others, friends only of my friends, and others at Balls. For, there we agreed very well to laugh and jeer at those that danced ill: there we took out one another to dance, and talked very obligingly together; and yet we never saw one another, unless at some Feast, or by accident: But, I hapned to be so well informed, of any thing that related to them, that I knew them as well as themselves: but I have said enough of this kind, and I had better let *Amilcar* speak concerning friendship in fashion. As to that (said *Herminius*) I can speak as well as *Amilcar*: For, in my travels, I knew a woman, who indeed had many excellent qualities; who yet cloister'd up her self as it were, and would not permit the world to croud her with Courtships, but would be known only unto those whom she esteemed; but upon a suddain, having taken a fancy to three or four persons of the highest rank where she lived, and to come and see her, and extoll her; presently it became the mode to love her, to talk of her in all places, to applaud her, and write unto her. Some would say, they knew her, though they never saw her in their lives; because they thought it a disgrace to say, they never saw her: so as she might well say, that their friendship unto her, was a friendship of fashion. I beseech you (said *Amilcar* then) give me leave to tell you, what friendship of humor is: I know a man (said *Cesonia*) who does love so fantastically, as I believe, I may well interrupt you from speaking: He is a man of wit, and understanding enough, and yet one, who never loves any but Fools, and ignorant persons: Because, as I think, he had rather be admired by brutes, and adored by dolts, than to have friends as able as himself: Yet some days, the same whimsy which makes him love these kind of men, makes him abhor them, and ingenuously confess, that he knows not why he loved them. You may be sure (said *Amilcar*) that I dare not add any thing unto what the fair *Cesonia* hath said: but I hope, I may speak of the friendships by judgment: I beseech you, (said *Clelia* then) be not too hasty, but give me leave to speak of that friendship, of which only, I am able to discourse with delight and experience, if I may without vanity say it. For, I call it Friendship by Judgment, when one takes time to know the person whom one would love: when one is chosen that is virtuous, good, and wise: when one enquires who are his friends, when one observes of what temper and humor he is, and when one is assured that Love will be reciprocal: for without all these qualifications, it is not any Friendship of Judgment: when I see a woman that pleaseth me; when I hear her name many persons as her particular friends; that afterwards she has received many kind offices from them; if after all this I hear her rail and backbite them, would it be an argument

ment of judgment to love such a person, how amiable soever she may be otherwise? But, if on the contrary, I find a woman of an ingenious spirit, who zealously defends her absent, or unfortunate, or dead friends: It were an argument of a sound judgment, to Court the affection of such a generous person. Now, (said *Amilcar*) I hope for a room to speak, since the discourse is to be, friendship that comes by wit and ingenuity: For, having a good wit my self, it belongs to me to talk of that which I have so often caused. Not, but that *Herminius* (added he, and smiled) has as good a wit as I, and better: but that he thinks it a kind of crime to shew it: Therefore, since I am a wit by open profession, I know better than any how little we are obliged unto those, who care not for seeing us, but only to hear some pieces of wit flash from us, or to tell us some impertinences themselves. These are a sort of men, who are ready to break their buttons with laughing, or are ravished with admiration as often as they see you: they have always about them some Copies of Letters, or verses *à la mode*; new songs, biting Satyrs against their best friends, and many other conceits which often themselves understand not a line of: They will shew you wit in one hand, and folly in another. They will ordinarily mistake wit for nonsense, and repeat some good lines, as things of no conceit: And again, will out with some pitiful stuffe in such a passionate tone, as if they were repeating some sapphick Verses. I remember a woman, who to shew the bravery of her wit, had always in her Pocket or memory, all the good and the bad Verses that were made in the Neighbour-hood where she lived: she told me one day, she would shew me some lines which were much cryed up for good, but for her part, she found no great matter in them. But (said she) I have some others that are most admirable: But I not trusting much to the judgment of this Lady, had a mind to see those Verses which she discommended, rather than those she reported to be so rare: so as after a few entreaties, she was perswaded to repeat both: But truly those which she said she was ashamed to remember, were a most admirable compofure, the measure and numbers were so natural and genuine, as spoke both passion and wit, and such as touched the heart, and moved to tenderness, more than to please and divert. When she had done these good lines; you see, said she, that these are not worth so much pains as to remember; but there are others of an excellent strain, the expressions are admirable, and the conceit delicate.

Oh Madam (said I) you are a most incomparable wit, I beseech you make good your promise: I will, answered she, upon condition that in recompence you will shew me some Verses of your own. Then she began to spit out a number of big fustian words which made a mighty sound, but signified nothing. A Gallimafray of Gibbrish, which wrought highly upon the fancy of this Lady that repeated them. Well (said she, with an Air futable to her capacity) are not these strong lines? Do you think I do not know what is wit? Come, Let me hear some of your lines: Ah, Madam, (answered I) mine will sound very ill after such as you have repeated; but being much pressed by her importunity, I made two or three Verses of

a Song upon a sudden, stuff with nothing but nonsense in it, which passed her approbation better than if they had been witty; but in conclusion, I waited upon her to her house, with a resolution never to come at it again: But the truth is, this humour of hers is rife every where; but my greatest wonder is, that people should be so inquisitive and desirous of things which they understand not, nor are pleased with, but only to shew unto others of as mean capacities as themselves; yet they will often venture at Verse themselves, and vent lame crippled Copies which have neither reason nor rime in them; a whole sheet sometimes of nonsense, one Verse a foot too short, another two feet too long, and all but so much labour and Paper spent: These kind of people will out of a fond vanity, be contracting friendship with wits, and hang upon them as their dear friends, and lovers: yet the world is full of such simpicians, and many women will be extremely ambitious in obliging a good wit to come and see them, as if they had some real business of high concernment with them; and if he do come, but prove not of an humour to flatter the Lady, she will study revenge, she will scandal him, she will hate all he loves. I could say much more upon this subject, but there are other friendships which must be discoursed upon. As I remember (said *Plotina*,) there was a friendship of interest mentioned: As for that (said *Amilcar*) all the world knows it; for there is an interest (of pleasure at the least) in all the friendships that are. For eight days together, I visited one of my friends every day, but did not receive the least sign of any friendship: the ninth day understanding accidentally, That a man who had power to do her much harm, did love me very well: Then her cheek was smiles, and nothing but love and favour flowed from her; she endeavoured all she could to captivate my heart if possible: so as what all my wit and endeavour was not able to do, this interest did it in a moment; for ever since I found her so sweet, so kind and affable, as I believe, if I had put her to the tryal, I should have found her but too kind.

Thus matter of interest, can make friends, I beseech you, (said *Plotina*) give me leave to speak of walking friendship; for I know many women in the world, who are good for nothing but to walk with their friends in Gardens, and gadding abroad only to shew their drefs, or their fine Coach: their discourse is only of Clothes, Weddings, and Burials; and talk of any thing else, they are most impertinently tedious. I know one, whom I have never seen all winter long, but as soon as summer appeared, she would come and carry me to walk; and but for that, she would never have seen me; but I will speak no more of them, because I would hear *Amilcar* discourse upon friendship of Love: As to that (replied *Herminius*) there is not any well accomplished man in the world, but is able to speak something of it: And I suppose *Amilcar* intends to speak of those, who having a passion in their souls, do endeavour to make friendship with all those women of their Mistresses acquaintance, whether they like them or no. You have hit so right upon my meaning, said *Amilcar*, that I desire to stand silent, and you to speak: *Amilcar*, replied *Herminius*, the company will be losers by that; and besides, you are more experienced

rienc'd in such kinds of friendships than I am. Indeed (said *Amilcar*) should I reckon up all the simple friendships which Love has mov'd me to make, you would then say, I were a man of large experience in such matters: for should I number up the million of Mothers, Aunts, Cousins, Friends, Neighbours, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and such like, to whom I have been complaisant, only because I was in love, I should never come to an end: Truth is, the knowledge I have gotten by these kind of friendships, has been much stierly diversion unto me; for I have by them made many an odd discovery: whensoever I saw a man of ingenuity give a visit unto any simple woman, I presently enquired whether she had not some fine kinswoman, some fair Neighbour, or some gallant friend: And when I saw any witty woman frequent the society of any foolish fellow, I never questioned but she courted him for some other kind of conversation; so as in a short time I grew so cunning, as I knew all secrets without ever being told them: for I concluded this as a necessary consequence, that when any woman seems to love such a one whom it is impossible she should ever love, either in justice, or for any profitable interest; this seeming Love serves her only as an umbrage, under which she may see one whom she really loves, though she do not shew it. Appearances are so deceitful, (replied *Clelia*) as it is often very unjust to make conclusions by circumstances so doubtful: For who, that sees the apparent stupidity of illustrious *Brutus*, would think him a man of the highest soul, and that he should be *Rome's* deliverer? It is most certain (said *Herminius*) that it is very dangerous to judge of things by conjectures, be they never so seeming: As for example (said he, and whispered with *Amilcar*) who would ever imagine that *Brutus*, who is all glory, and who has done the highest action that ever was, should not esteem himself very happy? and yet I am perswaded he is more miserable than ever he was. After this, two Ladies came unto *Clelia's* house, and *Valeria* going away, *Herminius* went also within a quarter of an hour after, and went unto *Brutus* whom he found alone, and as melancholy as he thought to find him. But though *Herminius* knew *Brutus* had good cause for his sadness, yet he resolv'd to divert him from it as much as he could, and to oppose the love of his Country against the effects of that love which still he retained to the unfortunate *Lucretia*. For Sir, said he unto him, your sorrows are no other than such as a thousand Lovers have as well as you: but then, Sir, you have such a consolation, as no other Lover ever had besides your self, since never another Lover found the liberty of his Country by the death of his Mistress. Oh *Herminius*, (cried he) That which you propound as a consolation, makes me infinitely more sad: For is it not the height of cruelty, that the same which hath saved *Rome*, and which I have so much wished, should make me eternally miserable? Yes, yes, *Herminius*, added he, should I live a thousand ages, I should take delight in nothing but Revenge, and should daily renew my grief for the death of incomparable *Lucretia*. But, Sir, answered *Herminius*, you know, that revenge is counted the highest of all delights, and therefore having carved out your revenge upon *Tarquin*, in the

most noble way that ever was, you have great reason and just cause to comfort your self. Revenge is sweet, I confess, replied *Brutus*, but it gives me no calm delight, nor ever will. Common injuries indeed, which may be repayed by revenge, may find a satisfaction and quietness of mind to the wronged party: But alas, mine is none of those, for all my revenge can never restore me *Lucretia*. I have driven *Tarquin* out of *Rome*, I forced proud *Tullia* to fly away: Infamous *Sextus* dares not shew his head, the virtue of his Brothers cannot secure him from the fury of the people: All Romans do enjoy their liberty, and reverence me as receiving it from my hand; but for all that, *Lucretia* is dead, and I am more grieved at her being in her Tomb, than I am joyed at the Tyrants being out of his Throne: And as an addition to my misery, *Collatine* shares in the sovereign Authority with me: yes, my dear *Herminius*, he is so insupportable to me, that without extrem violence upon my self, I cannot endure him: for first, he is of *Tarquines* name, which is a horror to me; He was my Rival, he married *Lucretia*, his shallow merits made her miserable; he, and his indiscretion, was the cause of that horrid accident which happened, and consequently the cause of her death. I hate him, because he does not lament her death enough; for the Consulship which the silly people has conferred upon him, has almost made him forget the loss of that rare woman. You are so ingenious to torment your self, replied *Herminius*, that the more one strives to comfort you, the more one afflicts you, and therefore 'tis better never to talk of your grief, but of your revenge. No, no, replied *Brutus*, all's in vain; for where so ere I am, what so ere I say, or do, I have still *Lucretia* in my mind, and to my great torment do always see her striking a poniard into her breast, and look upon me as if she bad me revenge her death. No, *Herminius*, her Ghost never leaves me, nor never will; and therefore, never fear renewing my griefs, since I myself renew it every minute; she is infinitely dear and precious unto me, and I were a most perfidious villain, if I could be any wayes comforted.

After this, *Herminius*, to turn the discourse handsomely, began to speak of *Aronces* and his misfortunes, and the advantage which *Tarquin* might have by keeping that Prince in his custody: For, said he, he will thereby oblige *Porfenna* to arm in his behalf: Common policy also invites that King to assist *Tarquin*; and when that league is made, honour will not suffer *Aronces* to be against his Father; so as if that happen, as most probably it will, I shall look upon him as one of the most miserable Princes upon earth: For he will be constrained to fight for his Rivals, in fighting for *Tarquin* and *Sextus*: He will be forced to take the unjust side, he will strike at his dearest friends, and which is hardest of all, against the Father of his Mistress. 'Tis true replied *Brutus*, but this will be his consolation, that he will be against *Horatius*, and the Prince of *Numidia*. However it be, said *Herminius*, that great Prince will be exposed to abundance of misery; and therefore for the interest of *Rome*, for the interest of *Clelia*, for the interest of *Aronces*, for the revenge of *Lucretia*; it is good to hinder *Porfenna* from arming.

on *Tarquins* side, since there is none but he whom we need to fear. Indeed (said *Brutus*) all the neighbouring Estates have not power enough to protect him: not is it so easie a matter to persuade little Republicks to assist a King tumbled down from his Throne, as it is to inspire that design into a great and Potent King, who by the consequence of the thing, has indirectly interest in the re-establishment of *Tarquin*. Nor that he can ever have any Right to Protect a Tyrant: but, you know, Policy does change the names of things according to the several interests of those that act in them: so, it may be, that *Tarquin* who is disclaimed at *Rome* as a Tyrant, will be looked upon at *Clusum*, as a legitimate and unfortunate King, driven out of his Kingdom by his Rebellious subjects. So as to prevent that, I conceive it expedient to negotiate with *Porfenna*; but the difficulty will be to know, how: Sir, replied *Herminius*, I conceive it good to consult with the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* about it: you know that the Princess of the *Leontines*, is sister unto the first of them; that she is with the Queen *Galerita*, the Mother of *Aronces*; and that she has a great reputation and interest in that Court, so as it were a good expedient, if you could oblige *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* to go unknown unto *Clusum*, and acquaint that Princess with the true interest and condition of *Aronces*, to the end she may do him such service as he desires. But, replied *Brutus*, *Aronces* is in the hands of *Tarquin*, who certainly will never part with him, unless *Porfenna* promise to assist him. But, replied *Herminius*, if *Porfenna* will not assist him, he will be so far from being able to keep *Aronces*, that he will not know how to keep himself. There is some reason in what you say, answered *Brutus*, but you never consider that *Porfenna*, who would not have *Aronces* to marry *Clelia*, will not treat with *Rome*, now *Clelius* is returned, but upon condition, that match shall never be; yet you know that *Aronces* will not consent unto that treaty. I know it very well (replied *Herminius*) but I know withal that however it be, it is very requisite to have one in the King of *Clusum's* Court, though only to know how things pass there. I grant it (answered *Brutus*) and accordingly *Herminius* took upon him to propound the business unto *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*.

Mean time, *Salpisia* arrived the next morning, who was so highly joyed to see *Clelia* there, that it pleased her more than to see her self in *Rome* and *Tarquin* out on't; or to see *Sivelia*, *Racilia*, *Herminia*, *Collatina*, *Valeria*, *Cesonia*, *Plorina*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and all the rest of the illustrious Romans, who came in Troops to visit her. On the other side, *Clelia*, whom *Sivelia* then restored unto *Salpisia*, had a double joy in being again so near her virtuous Mother. For, besides her affectionate tenderness towards her, she looked upon her as one who loved *Aronces*, and did not love *Horatius*. She had also the satisfaction to see, that though *Clelius* had enjoined her to forget what was past, and to receive that illustrious Roman very well; yet she gave him but a very faint entertainment: but she enquired very affectionately of the Numidian Prince, and of *Aronces* as a man

whom she most esteemed. *Clelia* received also that day a most sensible joy; For, *Aronces* having suborned his Guard, procured one to go unto *Rome* with one letter unto *Herminius*, and another unto *Clelia*.

The messenger addressing himself unto *Herminius*, according to his directions, he presented the two Letters unto him: And *Herminius* after he had read his own, went immediately to carry both unto *Clelia*, who, without making any secret of the matter, shewed them unto *Salpisia*: The letter unto *Herminius* was thus writ.

Aronces unto Herminius.

For Gods sake, dear *Herminius*, pity my misfortune, and bid all our illustrious friends pity me also. But above all, oblige my Divine *Clelia* not to change her thoughts of a miserable man, who, whether in Fetters or on a Throne, will still be the same to her: For, as it is not in the power of virtue it self to make me happy, unless fortune consent, so it is not in the power of Fortune to make me forsake Virtue, in forsaking *Clelia*. Negotiate therefore for me, as I would for you, if you were in my stead; And speak unto that most admirable person whom I adore, as you would have me speak unto *Valeria*, if your misfortune were equal unto mine. Tell *Brutus* that *Tarquin* hopes to be able for a war, and that I will do all I can to hinder the King my Father from embracing his interests.

After *Clelia* had read this letter, she opened her own, and found these words.

The unfortunate Aronces to the most Divine Clelia.

Though, Madam, my Rival had the advantage of carrying you back unto *Rome*; yet I am *Tarquins* Prisoner for endeavouring to set you at liberty: when you consider of the good office which *Horace* has done you, consider also that the unfortunate *Aronces* would gladly die to do you service: But above all, never forget your promise, unless you would have me die desperate.

The reading of this Letter did exceedingly move *Salpisia*, and her admirable daughter; who concluded with *Herminius*, that *Clelius* should see it. Mean time, they informed themselves from the messenger of *Aronces* and his wounds, who told them, that in all likelihood, they were not dangerous: They also understood by him, that *Aronces* was guarded very strictly: They learned further, that the interview of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* was with much bitterness, and yet their bad fortunes had united them: He told them also that they had sent unto *Ceres*, which was close by them, to engage that Prince unto their side: And

And that the report went, *Tarquin* intended to go unto *Veies* that great and potent City, whose neighbourhood might much incumber *Rome*; if it should declare for him. After they had satisfied their curiosities, as far as the messenger was able to inform them; *Herminius* carried him unto *Brutus*, that he also might know the state of things; and, to the end, he should not repent quitting the Tyrant, he gave him a round sum of money, and promised employment, if any wars were.

After which, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres* coming in, *Herminius*, who according to his resolution, had spoken unto the two first, told *Brutus*, that they both of them offered to go unto *Clusium*, with a design not to be known unto any, but the Princes of the *Leontines*. So, as it was resolved, that they should depart within few daies. As for *Celeres*, his affection unto *Arcones*, moved him unto a design of going unto *Tarquinius*, to hear news, and also the more easily to receive such orders as he would give, either for the Court of the King his Father, or for *Clelia*.

As for *Amilcar*, he resolved to see out the destinie of *Rome*, since it might be advantagious unto his Master, to *Arcones*, to *Clelia*, to *Brutus*, and to *Herminius*: and since it was pleasing unto *Plotina*, unto whom he was as officious as unto any whom he called Mistress. Mean time, *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, who suffered both under the same kind of affliction; they grew to love each other most tenderly through this equality of misfortune: For, if one grieved for the absence of the Prince of *Pometia*, the other did the like for the absence of *Titus*. So as often mixing their Tears and Complaints together; they therefore confined themselves to their Chambers, it not being permitted at that time, to appear sad in *Rome*: For indeed, if any was seen without joy and mirth in his eyes, he was presently censured for one of *Tarquinius* friends; And according to the natural injustice and insolence of a people newly set at liberty, they would have a Law which should inflict most terrible tortures upon such as looked melancholy at such a time when *Rome* was enfranchiz'd: So as now, it was not permitted any to grieve for the death of any kindred or friend, unless they would run the danger, of being taken for some of *Tarquinius* Creatures, and be thrown down headlong from the Tarpeian Rock. *Brutus* did as much as he could to restrain the fury of the people: But, lest they should cool in their hatred of the Tyrant, out of policie he suffered their murmur. As for *Collatine*, though he had more cause to hate *Sextus*, than any other; yet in his heart, he did not wish the establishment of a Common-wealth. For, being of a Family whence two Kings issued, perhaps he had some squint hopes of being chosen.

Upon divers occasions, he was observed to act very faintly, especially in regulating matters of Religion: *Brutus* would have a King of the sacrificers created, being unwilling the Consuls should attribute this honour unto themselves, lest it should too much smell of Royalty, and rub up the memories of such as were well affected to that kind of Government. This business being a matter of great importance, and which *Brutus* thought fit to communicate unto the people as well as the Senate, it was taken into consideration: And (as

a thing very observable) the same people who so universally had cryed up *Collatine* for a Consul, having observed him opposite to the opinion of *Brutus*, they were bitterly incensed against him, and cryed him down as loud as they had cryed him up.

The multitude made a mighty murmur against him, some said they were much to blame in thinking upon any for a Consul, that bore the name of *Tarquin*, since that only was cause sufficient to banish him *Rome*: others added, That he appeared more a *Tarquin* in heart than name; since he was contrary to the opinion of *Brutus*, who was the true deliverer of *Rome*: some said, he held intelligence with *Tarquin*: others, that his aim was to make himself King, and all generally concluded, that there was a necessity not only of a dismissal from his authority, but of his packing out of *Rome*. At the first, he behaved himself as Consul; and commanded silence: but thinking to appease the multitude, he incensed them: Afterwards, seeing his power not obeyed, he begun to Cajole the people; but the more submits he was, the more insolent were they: some argued him culpable, because he would keep the Authority against the intentions of those who conferred it upon him. *Brutus* seeing so great a Tumult, and being unwilling to oppose *Collatin* directly, though the publick good required that *Valerius* should be in his place, and though his secret hatred against him wished it, yet he went another way to compass his end. For after he had excused *Collatin* in those accusations wherein he was charged, he said it was a thing impossible his heart should adhere to the interest of *Tarquin*, who had so much wronged him.

But for all that (said he most subtilly) were I so unfortunate as ever to be suspected by the people, I profess I would not keep the authority one quarter of an hour after, and I do now at this instant offer it up, if it be thought that the publick good requires it. *Brutus* had no sooner said so, but the people applauded him to the Skies, after which he seemed more animated against *Collatin*: so as *Lucretius* who had more resolution than his Son in law, who also knew that he was not fit for that place; who hated *Tarquin* more than *Collatin* did; who had the heart of a true Roman; who knew that *Lucretia* left no children, and who dearly loved *Brutus*, he turned towards his Son in Law, and spake thus unto him; Why, *Collatin*, will you not lay hold of a noble occasion, of doing a great action, in voluntary surrendering the Consulship, since it is not pleasing unto the people? Make it appear *Collatin*, by this free dismissal, that you quit an authority which you have no mind to keep, since you do so easily part from it: if you would be rul'd by me, I would advise you to put your self in a capacity of being recalled unto *Rome*, by banishing your self freely to day. For my part, I protest unto you, that though you married my Daughter, yet I think my self more obliged to take *Romes* part than yours; so as seeing the people incensed against you, and ill perswaded of your good intentions concerning the liberty of your Country, I think my self obliged both in honour and reason to advise you as I do: Then (added he in a low voyce)

It is in vain to keep that Authority which will be taken from you. *Collatin* now found himself at a pitiful non-plus: but, in conclusion, seeing all the people against him, knowing *Brutus* no friend, and finding *Lucretius* also his opposite, he surrendered that power which was given him into the hands of *Valerius*, who by the contrivance of *Brutus* and *Herminius*, was chosen with one voice; *Lucretius*, who pretended to it, not being offended at it, so cunningly was the business carried. Mean time, to shew *Collatin* how pleasing the generous counsel he had given *Collatin*, was unto the people; they permitted *Collatin* to transport all his estate out of *Rome*, with *Collatina*, whom he would not carry with him, because he knew more than the people did, to wit, the league 'twixt *Titus* and her. So as thinking that if he carryed her where he was, that Prince perhaps would come and see her, and this would render him suspected at *Rome*, to which he hoped ere long to be recalled: he left her with *Racilia*, for *Collatina's* Mother was dead long before. Thus this fair Lady, who hoped that the misfortune of her Brother would be advantageous to her, she found her self more miserable, though being with *Hermilia*, was a great consolation to her. Mean time, according to the course of all the world, which will have some sigh whilst others sing, whilst *Collatina* mourned with *Hermilia*, all true Romans rejoiced to see the illustrious *Brutus*, and sage *Valerius*, masters of the sovereign Authority, for both of them were able, both courageous, both professed enemies of the Tyrant, both revered by all Romans, and both friends. So as it was the general hopes of all to see the liberty of *Rome* solidly established, since two men of such noted virtue sat at the helm of affairs: Indeed this great City, reposing themselves upon the prudence of these two great Men, as men in a ship upon a skilful Pilot, all was calm, every one was quiet, and for a few days, not a word of any false news flew about, no politick disputes troubled the tranquillity of the Town; not but that it was well known there was a Cabal of young men, and of high quality, who wished well to the dominion of *Tarquin*, because they shared in the debaucheries of Prince *Sextus*: but yet they durst not speak out their thoughts: And *Rome* was all peace, when the guards at the Gates came to tell the Consuls in open Senate, that there were some Envoyes from *Tarquin*, who demanded entrance. At first, the opinions of *Brutus*, of *Valerius*, of the illustrious father of *Clelia*, *Lucretius*, and of many others, was, not to hearken unto them, or permit them entrance; but their opinions altered, when they heard that they whom *Tarquin* sent, were two of those Priests called *Fecialians*, of which there was twenty in *Rome*, whose office was to declare War and Peace, to be spectators of Combates, and executed the Function of Heralds, and sometimes of Envoyes, or Mediators. These men were held in such great veneration at *Rome* as the superstition had perswaded the people, that if they did not give respect unto the propositions they brought, they should pull down vengeance upon themselves: so although *Brutus* and *Valerius* did believe that such men as had quitted *Rome* to follow the Tyrant, and came from him, would never find protection from the Gods; yet

knowing how the multitude stood affected, they thought it prudence to give them their satisfaction in observing their old customs. *Brutus* also added, that it was expedient to manifest unto all their Neighbour States, that they had all right reason to maintain that liberty which they had recovered by force, and that they should hearken unto these Envoyes from *Tarquin*, whose propositions would be so apparently unjust, that they would incense the people more when they heard them.

The opinions of *Brutus* and *Valerius* being followed, they sent a man of Authority to receive these Envoyes, and bring them to the Senate, and not suffer them to speak unto any as they passed through the Town: mean time, these Envoyes, or Heralds fearing the violence of the people, they attired themselves in such a Garb as might best set out their qualities, and beget respect. So as according to the custom on such occasions, they wore Crowns of Laurel upon their heads, two darts in their hands; the one, half burned, to use them as their propositions were answered; for they used divers ceremonies when they declared War. Mean time they perceived by this encounter, how powerful Religion is in the minds of the people: for notwithstanding the inveterate hatred which the Romans had against *Tarquin*, these Envoyes passed through *Rome* without the least violence offered unto them; yet many were heard to murmur, which made it apparent, they were not welcome; but having several designs in hand, they were not out of hopes of well serving him that sent them. They were men of able parts, they were instructed by *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, they were Romans; they had many kindred in the Town, and they had divers Letters from *Tarquin*, to many young men of Quality: they had also some from *Sextus*, for his old friends, so as the main matter of their negotiation, was only to speak unto the Senate, as an umbrage to plot something in *Rome*, which might advantage the Tyrant. Yet they kept their design very close and were conducted to the Senate, unto whom, in few words, they delivered the cause of their coming. At first, the Consuls, and Senators expected that the Heralds would ask no less than the Sovereign Power for *Tarquin*, and that they would recal him: But in lieu of that, they only said, that *Tarquin* to shew, he had more moderation than those who drove him from *Rome*, demanded only a restitution of all that was his own proper estate, and that it might be transported unto the place where he was. This feigned moderation surpris'd the Senate, and puzzled them more than if the Envoyes had demanded the Crown for the Tyrant, who sent them. However this being a business which could not be determined in their presence, they withdrew; and to further their close design, they desired leave, to go amongst those that were of their own Function, who stayed in *Rome*: which was granted, and they conducted thither. Yet *Brutus* and *Valerius*, commanded to observe them narrowly, and not to stir from them.

But after they were retired, and the matter put to the vote, the opinions of the Senators were strangely divided, and which way soever they considered the thing, they found it a peevish business:

Should

Should they deny *Tarquin*, what was his own, though he had never reigned in *Rome*, were such a piece of Injustice, as would give him a just pretence for a War: should they consent to his demand, they should enable him to make it. So as the thing being very Controversial, and the Senate so newly established, as those of which it was composed were hardly acquainted with each other; it was impossible for *Brutus* and *Valerius* as able as they were, to determine the business that day, nor the next; no, nor the next following that: Mean time, they durst not take upon themselves the absolute Authority, lest the people should say, they expelled the Tyrant, only to become Tyrants themselves. So as they were forced to submit the matter unto Time, and stay till those that were of a contrary opinion, did yield unto theirs; or else so united all those that were of their judgment, as they might be able to oppose them that contradicted them: But whilst the Senate was debating the business, without coming to any result, *Tarquin's* Envoys did unperceivedly and cunningly transact their business: For, seeing they had no answer the first day, they desired leave to send unto those that employed them, which in Common Justice could not be denied.

True it is, they were always accompanied by one that observed them, but yet they made a shift to blind his eyes; for they being two, whilst the one of them was talking unto any one whom they thought fit to employ, the other entertained their spie with discourse: Now, such as were well affected either unto *Sextus*, or the Princes his Brothers, they fought out for such occasions as might bring them to the speech with those men that were of their interests: of which number were the two young *Aquilians*, and two others of the illustrious Family of the *Vitellians*, who got to speech with one of these Envoys, and received Letters of him from *Tarquin*: The Envoy also gave him a sealed Pacquet for the two Sons of *Brutus*, not telling them from whom they came: After which, it being agreed amongst themselves, that they should meet when it was dark in a Garden which belonged to the house, they parted. These four young Romans failed not to meet accordingly, and one of *Tarquin's* Envoys began to persuade them unto a Restitution of *Tarquin* to the Throne, and to make a Confederacy in the Town, to let him in by night with such Troops as still remained with him; promising unto them Mountains of Recompences, if they could do him so great a service: Alas, (said the Envoy) what good can you expect from this Alteration of Government? You see, even now, that though the two Consuls be as able men as are in the whole world; yet they cannot get a result upon a business, which would be resolved in an hour, if the Authority were in one single person: Tell therefore, all the young Gallantry, your friends, that all their Glory and advantage consists in the re-establishment of *Tarquin*, though he should be a Tyrant: For, the Court of a Prince has Grandeur and magnificence in it: Tell them that all pleasures and delights are for ever banished from *Rome*, if *Tarquin* be: Make them understand that Kings, be they as rigorous as they are, yet sometimes they pardon and recompence: But the Laws are inexorable, and punish severely without mercy: they are always more favourable to the poor, than

to the rich; to the common people, than to men of Rank. Represent unto them, what a heart-burning it will be, when they shall see themselves subjected to a multitude, to Cringe and Court those whom naturally they ought to command.

Tell them, that Kings being elective at *Rome*, it were a gross baseness in the Nobility to sit still, and lose their hopes to a Crown: In short, tell them, whatsoever you shall think best to prompt them on unto so great a design. These young Romans unto whom this discourse was addressed, and who of themselves were apt to embrace what was desired of them, they promised *Tarquin's* Envoy as much as could be required: and this discourse being in the night only by Moonshine, and in a Garden, they had as good an opportunity as could be, to argue upon the enterprize: For, the Envoy had gained the slave, who had the charge of shutting the doors of the house: He that was appointed to keep an eye over their Actions, fell asleep: And all *Rome* was in a profound calm, whilst a business was consulting which might captivate them all.

Mean while, *Tarquin's* Envoy asking the young Romans, what they had done with the Pacquet, which he gave them for the two Sons of *Brutus*, they told him that as yet they had not met with them; but in the morning they would go unto them, and in the evening at the same place, they would give them an account of all things; After which they went away. In their way home, he who had the Pacquet directed to the two Sons of *Brutus*, asked the rest what they thought of that Pacquet: For my part, (said one of the three, whose name was *Aquilinus*) I am much mistaken, if it be not letters from two fair Ladies, who were brought up under *Tullia*: the one of which is a Slave of a Noble extraction called *Teraminta*: And I am sure, that *Titus* and *Tiberius* (so were the two Sons of *Brutus* called) are deeply in love with them. This induceth me to think, that *Tullia* has a design, by this means to draw *Titus* and *Tiberius* unto their Party. But (replied one of those who had not yet spoken) I wonder these Loves should make no greater a noise in the World, and that I should never hear a word of it. The reason is (answered he) because the War of *Ardes* employed every one so much, that they had no leisure to talk of amorous discourses as in idle times of peace. But (said the other) though *Titus* and *Tiberius* should be in love with *Ocrisia*, and the young *Teraminta*, do you think they would ever desert the interest of *Brutus*? Yes, yes, answer'd he, for Love is stronger than Nature: And I know, there is no great tenderness in the hearts of these young men towards their Father: For, *Brutus* affecting a strange kind of lumpish stupidity, the young men have been extremely ashamed of being his Sons: 'Tis true, they were so (said one of them.) But now, since *Brutus* is known to be one of the most glorious persons in the world, and performed such high Actions, doubtless *Titus* and *Tiberius* are changed in their opinions of a Father. I grant (answered *Aquilinus*) that now they esteem him whom within a few days before they sleighted: But for all that, if they be really in Love, they cannot love a Father, who in expelling a Prince which loved them, exiled also their Mistresses: besides, they

they being brought up in great Liberty and Freedom, they will much insist upon obedience to the commands of a Father: Well, well, (said *Aquilinus*) to morrow will tell us more: And indeed, as soon as it was day, *Aquilinus*, who had the Packet, went unto *Titus* and *Tiberius*: And the other three went every one severally to their particular friends, whom they thought most apt to adhere unto their opinions: Mean time, *Aquilinus* was no sooner alone with *Titus* and *Tiberius*, but he gave them the Packet which was directed unto them: They had no sooner opened it, but they found two letters, the Characters of which they knew: For, that directed unto *Titus*, was from the fair *Ocrisia* whom he loved: and the other to *Tiberius*, was from the young slave *Teraminta*, whom he affected with a most violent passion. So as these two Lovers being infinitely impatient to see these Letters, they opened them, and read them in private, though they knew the secrets of each other, and though their friend was also acquainted with their Loves. But after they had read them to themselves, they read them aloud to *Aquilinus*, who found that from *Ocrisia* to be thus indited,

Ocrisia unto Titus.

YOUR destiny, Generous Titus, is in your own dispose, and it is only long of your self if you be not happy: you have told me ten thousand times, that you would do any thing in the world, to win my love: which if you will make good, and if you will reign in my heart, do what you can to make *Tarquin* reign in Rome: For, if you do not, you shall be for ever banished from any heart of mine.

After the young *Aquilinus* had heard this Letter, *Tiberius* read his, which was in these terms,

Teraminta unto Tiberius.

IF the unfortunate *Teraminta* be not out of your memory, as she is out of Rome, you will still remember how heavy the chains are which she wears. It is in your power to set me at Liberty: For, it is promised unto me, if you will take the Kings side. You know that in the condition wherein I am, I have nothing to dispose of but my affection. And that I do most faithfully promise unto you; if you will but do as I desire, and as you ought: Brutus was not so much obliged to deliver Rome, as you are to deliver me, since I do give you the means: Either unslave me, or resolve never to be mine.

Well (said *Aquilinus* unto these two Lovers) what answer you to these two Letters, and what do you resolve upon? For my part, (said *Titus*) I cannot tell what to do: For I do love *Ocrisia* as well as is possible for any to love, but withal, I love my honour also: and indeed, what can I do for *Tarquin*, against my Father, and all Rome? If you will but employ your Courage, (replied *Aquilinus*) you will shortly find it no such difficulty as you think, to put Rome again under the Power of a Prince, who is so near a-kin to you, as it is but just to put that Crown again upon his head, which *Brutus* pulled off.

Oh ye good Gods (cried out *Tiberius*) into what a confused Labyrinth am I brought? For truly, I must ingenuously confess, that I am an enemy unto all Republicques: I had much rather obey a Tyrant, than be a Slave unto the rude people, and to see my Fortune depend upon the humour of the giddy multitude. I know my Father has done a most high Action, and it were against Nature and Reason so much as to question, whether I being his Son, ought, or ought not to take his part. But then, ought I not to deliver a Mistress when it is in my power? and must I deny her any thing unto whom I have promised all things? But, *Aquilinus* (said he) suppose I should overcome my repugnancy unto the Law of Nature, and follow such motions as Love inspires me withal, all would be in vain: For, my Father is Master of Rome: *Tarquin* is hated, and the same cruelty which made him reign so long, will doubtless debar him from ever reigning again in Rome: because all Romans knowing how revengeful he is, will never trust him: Therefore though the interest of a Father should not restrain me, the impossibility of the enterprise ought: For, it is a most gross folly to attempt a thing against all reason, when there is no manner of possibility to effect it. For my part, (said *Titus* then) I shall hardly think any thing impossible. For the people are so giddy and mutable, as one may expect, or one may fear any thing from them: How strangely violent they were in chusing *Collatine* a Consul, and with the same violence and breath, expell'd him Rome? Therefore if a confederacy were on foot, I should not despair of its success, and would be one amongst them, provided they would save the life of my Father; for I must confess, I cannot lose *Ocrisia* and live. Perhaps (replied *Tiberius*) I love *Teraminta* more than you *Ocrisia*; but being not so great a hater of this new Government as you are, and seeing no possibility to alter it, I am not so hasty as you. However (said *Aquilinus*) I promised the Envoys of *Tarquin* to bring you unto them: and indeed, they had earnestly entreated *Aquilinus* to contrive it so, that they might speak with them, if it might be with safety. *Aquilinus* did not fear his friends would reveal a thing which would ruine him if it were known; and therefore he told them, that for his part, he was resolved to do all he could for *Tarquin*, although he did not love him; and that he would break off all friendship with them, if they would not go to morrow in the evening, into the Garden where they had already spoken with the Envoyes of that Prince. Thus the Sons of *Brutus* not well knowing what they would, or would not do, and not knowing whether Love should yield unto Nature and Honour, or whether Nature and Honour should surmount Love, they promised *Aquilinus* to go whither he would.

But whilst *Brutus* and *Valerius* were striving to unite the opinions of the Senate; whilst the Envoys of *Tarquin* were sowing seeds of confederacy; whilst the young *Aquilinus* and their friends were plotting a confederacy against the deliverers of Rome; and whilst all the people of Rome expected with much impatience the resolution of the Senate; *Horatius* casting all his cares of the publick good, upon the wisdom of those who then had the Authority, he thought upon nothing but how to make
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advantage of the absence and misfortune of his Rival : *Herminius* and *Mutius*, upon nothing but to please the charming *Valeria*; *Artamidorus* and *Zenocrates*, upon nothing but their own and their friends business : The Prince of *Numidia*, nothing but complain he could not dye, since he was not beloved : *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, in discoursing of their common misfortunes ; *Clelia*, in grieving for the miseries of *Aronces* : and *Amilcar*, in diverting himself in all things, and in diverting *Plotina* in all manner of things that might afford her any delight. Mean while, *Sulpitia* being of the prime Quality, and a little disaccustomed at *Carthage*, and *Capua*, from the extream severity of *Rome*, converse and discourse at her house was very free : Also at every alteration of Government, the people are for a while excused from the exact deportments of their Country. So as almost all Men and Women of any excellency of parts and ingenuity, did Rendezvous every day at the house of *Sulpitia*. *Clelia*, doubtless did wish her self free to lament her misfortunes : but since she could not have her will, and being as wise as fair, she dissembled part of her grief, except when *Horatius* looked upon her, for then out of an obliging tenderness to *Aronces*, she found some sweetness in afflicting *Horatius* by shewing her melancholy, which she knew he would interpret as she desired he should ; but though she was very serious and sad, yet was she both civil and sociable.

The same day that the Sons of *Brutus* received the two Letters, *Clelia* having observed in seeing *Mutius* and *Herminius* together, that they look'd very coldly upon each other ; she asked *Valeria* what the matter was betwixt those two brave men : *Valeria*, she blusht at the question, so as *Clelia* never staying for an answer, told her in a low voice, that she would never ask her any thing again, for I am much mistaken, if I do not see the cause of their Quarrel in your eyes : Truly, replied *Valeria*, you need not seek for any other cause, than the injustice of *Mutius*, who thinks it a shame to change a resolution which he had fixed upon. I am so apt to judge favourably of *Herminius* (replied *Clelia*) that I doubt not but *Mutius* is in the wrong, and his Rival in the right : but for all that, it is not impossible that two Rivals should hate one another, yet not be unjust. Whilst these two Ladies were talking thus, *Herminius* and *Mutius*, who were no good friends since *Tarquinius* was expelled *Rome*, they looked very roughly upon each other, and conversed not together unless when some other broke the Ice ; for though they had agreed to defer their difference until the liberty of their Country was established, yet they could not constrain themselves, and one might easily perceive they sought for an occasion of being contrary in opinions. Yet *Mutius* was much perplexed ; for *Amilcar* and *Plotina*, talking with them and *Cesonia*, began unawares to speak of *Aronces* and *Hermius*, and to say afterwards in general, that it was the most unjust thing in the world, for two Rivals to hate each other upon no other ground, but loving the same person : For truly (said *Plotina* very pleasantly) He who hates his Rival because he loves his Mistress, must also expect to be hated himself by the same reason. What you do say, replied *Herminius* then, is very witty : but yet I am perswaded, that there are not so many

Rivals unjust as you imagine. For my part (said *Cesonia*) I never knew any that loved. Doubtless, replied *Mutius*, there are some who esteem, but there can be none who do not hate : I never knew any; no more *Cesonia*, (said *Amilcar*) that loved their Rivals.

The reason why all Rivals jar so (replied *Herminius*) is because it is a thing impossible that two men should pretend unto one and the same thing, but they must look upon each other as men that would make each other miserable, so as commonly one of the two is always unjust. For my part, said *Plotina*, I must maintain that it is rather envie than love, that causeth hatred in the hearts of two Rivals : Oh, I beseech you (said *Herminius*) do not attribute so vile a quality unto all Lovers ; Well, well, said she, and laughed ; I am not so much in the wrong as you think : For the same thought that so often makes two ambitious men hate each other ; that two fair ones should not esteem ; that two brave men should so easily quarrel ; that two good wits should lash each other, does make two Rivals not to endure one another. For my part, said *Herminius*, I cannot consent unto that, because I cannot believe that Love can beget envie : But most true it is, that two Rivals can hardly be without the one, giving some cause of complaint against the other : so as it being not natural to endure a Rival, one does easily look upon the other as an enemy. That (said *Amilcar*) may very well be, but it is very odd, that though the love which causeth this hatred do cease, yet it often happens that the hatred does not cease : and though two Rivals do agree to cease loving their mistress, yet they will be always enemies : And yet (replied *Cesonia*) I have seen two Rivals very well reconciled : That never happens, replied *Mutius* coldly, unless they come to scorn the person whom they loved. Indeed, said *Herminius* then, scorn sometimes reunites what love divided : But when the person loved is such a one as must be for ever so, then doubtless it is hard for hatred to cease betwixt Rivals. *Mutius* would have answered, and answered sharply, when *Clelia* returned from the Senate, and put a period to this discourse. Mean time, *Amilcar* fearing lest *Mutius* and *Herminius* should quarrel at their going out, he went with *Mutius* as most apt for it, because most unfortunate : And being witty, stout, and pleasing withal ; he began to speak freely unto him of his love to *Valeria*, and to tell him, that he was much to blame for agreeing no better with *Herminius*, were it for nothing but for his own interest. For, (said he) any woman of wisdom and virtue, cannot endure any quarrels should arise about her : but on the contrary, she loves a Lover that out of his respect to her, will put up petty injuries in her presence. You, *Amilcar*, replied *Mutius*, have a reputation of loving so slightly, as you are able to be a confident sometimes unto your Rival : But I who love unto such a height, that love often turns fury, I cannot do so ; yet I must confess you speak reason, and I am resolved to endure the sight of *Herminius* for a while : After this, *Amilcar* sometimes humouring, and sometimes crossing his opinions, he became almost his confident, although he was the most particular friend of *Herminius*. On the other side, *Clelia* and *Valeria*, who were talking

ing together whilst the discourse was general, they entertained themselves with a thousand obliging expressions; and Confidence being a most infallible sign of solid amity, they desired each other to relate their Adventures. Yours are so illustrious and extraordinary (said *Valeria* unto *Clelia*) as it is but a reasonable curiosity to desire the knowledge of them: But mine are so poor, as there is nothing in them that will divert you: for I cannot think it will be any pleasure unto you, to know that I was so unjust, as to hate you before I knew you: How? replied *Clelia*, did you ever hate me? Yes, Madam, replied she, I did; And though upon no other reason, but because I should too much blaze my injustice, I would not relate my adventures unto you. This Circumstance, replied *Clelia*, is enough to swell my curiosity, and invites me to conjure you unto it: but, by the way, added she, who obliged you to cease hating me? *Aronces*, replied *Valeria*. You speak such Riddles, replied *Clelia*, as I beseech you to unfold them, I beseech you, Madam (said *Valeria*) do not enjoin me to tell my own story, but let *Herminius* do it, for he knows my life as well as his own; and so it was resolved, but not executed accordingly: for so it happened, that *Amilcar* after he parted from *Mutius*, he went unto *Herminius*, whom he obliged to tell all his adventures. So as when *Clelia* told *Herminius* the next morning, what was resolved betwixt *Valeria* and her, he put it off himself, and beseeched that *Amilcar* might relate her life: With all my heart, said he, I am most obedient (said this pleasant *African*) but upon condition that *Plotina* and *Cesonia* be present at the Relation, for I would not deprive those two excellent Ladies of a delight so great: *Amilcar* said this in such a frolicque air, as *Herminius* consented unto it, upon condition *Valeria* would consent also: so as *Amilcar* taking it upon him, and the hour being appointed when *Cesonia* and *Plotina* should meet at *Clelia's* Chamber; they all met accordingly, and *Amilcar* addressing himself unto *Clelia*, he began thus:

The History of *Herminius*, and of *Valeria*.

WERE I to speak of *Herminius* only unto you, Madam, I should tell you his Adventures, without mentioning the advantages of spirit: But since *Cesonia* and *Plotina* have but lately known him; and since *Herminius* is none of those who shew all their Riches at the first sight; give me leave to tell them in few words, that this illustrious man, who sometimes speaks very little, yet can speak most elegantly when he will; and that he can speak with as much power and authority when any occasion requires it, as he can pleasantly and amorously at other times; His soul is Noble, Great, Tender and Generous; he is full of sincerity and goodness, he is naturally liberal and just, and to lap up all in this, *Herminius* has all the virtues without one vice. Some will sometimes upbraid him with wilfulness, and a little Choler; but for my particular, I never saw any obstinacy proceed from him, which might not in reason be termed Constancy and Resolution. So as it may be said, his obstinacy is a virtue, because he never is so, but when he is in the right: As for his Choler, the truth is, did he not a little bridle himself, it would

appear sometimes a little too much. But as for his wit, it is unlimited; there is nothing which *Herminius* cannot do most admirably well: he writes both in Verse and Prose, both equally, incomparably: he is for works of Learning and height: he is also for Railery and Gallantry: in all which he observes a smooth, genuine, and facetious decorum: He is also for matters of Love, and expresses himself in such passionate Characters, as one may plainly perceive, he is sensible of that passion whereof he treats: and which is most admirable, he never treads the steps of another, but on the contrary, has a way by himself, and wanders not a jot from the matter, as most do, who are given to filch from others: and having both wit and judgment of his own, all his Fancies and inventions are equally gallant and judicious. He is capable of any thing: I have heard him in one day make speeches, Letters of business, of Love and Gallantry, Songs, Heroick Verses, and Verses of Love; and all with such ease, that when the Fancy takes him, he does them *extempore*; he will write them in the tumult of a great company: He does them as if he never thought upon them: And if I may commend myself in commending him, I will tell you, without a lie, how one day he and I answered one another, so long in Verse amongst a company of Ladies at *Capua*, as all that heard us were amazed, and thought it impossible to be done without enchantment. One shall meet with men sometimes of a high elevation of wit, Learning and Fancy; but they cannot hold it out: For after some facetious piece, they will fall off unto pitiful low and common conceits: their style is rough, and disgusts such palates as are any thing critical, or delicate. But *Herminius* is a man singular in Learning, Wit, Judgment, and Politeness: He is none of those who have knowledge and wit at will, yet want a smooth and pleasing humour: For, as wise, knowing, and serious as he seems, when occasion serves, he will be all mirth and diversion: Yet he is not much affected with all sorts of pleasures; for he delights not in hunting, Musick, Painting, Feasts, and such like: but in Complacency he will be one at them all; and will do all he can to make men think he loves them as well as any. He will sometimes be so much taken up with a trifle, as if he were ignorant in any high things, sometimes he will apply himself to men of mean capacities, as if he were able to reach no higher; he could comply with all sorts; and never left any merry company: yet this man, who is able to inspire mirth into any company when he pleaseth, can live in solitude with as much content as any man living upon Earth.

'Tis true, indeed, he loves his study so well, as if he affected the company of dead men better than living: And if the generous *Sivelia* did not sometimes divert him, he would bury himself in his study: I am confident, that should he lose *Valeria* and *Sivelia*, he would absolutely renounce all commerce with the World: And yet this earnest inclination he has to his studie, cannot make him neglect any matter of business: As insensible as he seems, he has a heart most sensible of Glory, of Amity, and of Love: but he has these two last qualities in a very particular manner: For, where he is only a Friend, he will seem as if he were a Lover: and where he is a Lover, one would think

think he were only a friend: Yet this proceeds not from the weakness of his affection but from the generosity of his Soul, which makes him too little interested in his passion; As for example, had he a Mistress whom a King would marry, he would sacrifice his love, his joy, and his life, to see her upon the Throne: For loving the virtue more than the Mistress, and thinking an interest of pleasure in Love no better than a mercenary interest in Friendship, he thinks only of doing what generosity requires: But whether he act the part of a Lover, or a Friend, he is always equally Liberal and Generous: and certainly, there is nothing but impossibilities which he would not do for such as he loves: he takes a part in all their misfortunes: he is an enemy to their enemies: he will maintain their glories, before his own: more sensible of any affronts to them than to himself: And generosity is so natural unto him, that it shines in all his actions: he will help his poor friends when he can, and when they would: he is in general, the most officious man living: he will often neglect his own business, to do anothers: and does shew his liberality in a thousand trifles, which many Gallants more able than he would never think upon. I have known some of his friends that are extremely afraid, and careful to commend any thing he has, lest he should give it unto them; He knows how to give a thing handsomely, as well as any man living: and if Fortune had done for him as she has for many others, there should not be any well qualified man of his acquaintance, miserable: Moreover, *Herminius* is a general Scholar, and a most Rare Poet: *Hesiod*, *Homer*, and *Sappho* are all his own, all the sages of *Greece* are his familiars: 'Tis true, he never affected those nice speculations which *Thales* the Milesian had upon the Stars, so much as he did that part of Philosophy which regulated Manners: *Herminius* is a man that is able to do any thing that he takes in hand; and he never did any thing ill favouredly: He would sometimes undertake to speak upon a matter in publick, without any preparation for it: He has a most strange and vast memory: after once reading of a large Copy of verses, he would repeat them, and not miss a syllable: also he would do the like in Prose.

Those who think that memory, wit and judgment cannot lodge together, are mistaken: for he had both: Though he was owner of all the virtues, yet he cared not for shewing them; and will often strive to conceal them from such men with whom he is not familiar. And yet he affects glory: but he finds so few in the world, that are able to judge aright, that he cares not for the applauses of the multitude. Moreover, *Herminius* is so thankful and acknowledging, even for the least good offices that he repays them all with usury: and which is most rare; this man who is able for all things, who can make a History of the World as easily as a song, and who knows no limits unto his parts; yet is he modest beyond all thought.

This excellent quality also he has, that he can keep a secret the best of any man alive: and which I highly esteem him for, he is absolutely incapable of any envy and slander: and is not severe unto any but himself. He sutes with my humor principally in this, that he can use good fortune better than he can endure bad, because he is much more sensible

of sorrows than of joys: As to the Ladies, he holds them in a high degree of respect: I could say much more of this illustrious Roman; but I had better make him known unto you by his story, than by a description which will come short of his worth. As for *Valeria*, though *Cesonia* and *Plotina* do not know her so well as *Herminius*, yet I will not make any long description of her: As for you Madam, I observe you love her so well already, that I doubt not, but you do perfectly know her. But for my part, I must confess ingeniously unto you, that I never in all my life saw a more amiable person than *Valeria*: She is indeed but of a middle stature, yet so well made, as she need not envie any that are taller than her self: Her eyes are not such as seem for bigness, as if they would look three or four ways at once: but hers are full of life and love, and able to conquer the hearts of such as they shine upon; Her complexion is a little pale: yet such a paleness as being mixt with a languishing and modest air does exceedingly well become her; And this *Valeria*, who has a million of charms more than I need mention, since you know them, has also a Soul so noble; a heart so tender, a wit so accurate, a spirit so gallant, and every way so rarely qualify'd, that she is worthy to be the Mistress of *Herminius*.

Moreover Madam, never wonder, that this story which I am to relate, should be as full of Gallantry, as if she had been at *Capua* or *Carthage*: For, those amongst whom she has passed her time, are naturally so full of wit, as had they been born in deserts they would have invented Gallantry.

Also *Publius Valerius*, the Father of *Valeria*, allowed such honest freedom in his house unto all men of merit, as it must not be thought strange if the Roman severity be not exactly found in the things which I am to relate unto you.

I never need to tell you, that *Herminius* is of a Race illustrious; That his Father died an Exile: That the vertuous and generous *Sivelia* his mother is a most admirable woman: But let me tell you, that at her return to *Rome*, her principal care was, that *Herminius* should be acquainted with men of best quality there: So as the house of *Valerius* being the common Rendezvous of all the wits and men of Rank; she entreated *Valerius* to admit *Herminius* amongst them. *Valerius* was the friend of *Herminius* his Father, and did highly esteem the virtue of his generous Mother; and therefore, he was very glad to see him oft at his house, and commanded *Domitia* his wife, and *Valeria*, to bid him kindly welcome: *Herminius* made such use of this liberty, as he got the esteem of all these illustrious Persons; he being of a sweet, civil, complaisant, liberal, and ingenious temper; he made the greatest divertisement of this gallant Cabal, of which was *Collatina*, a Lady call'd *Flavia*, who had wit and beauty in perfection; and another Lady call'd *Salonina*, who was very fair, and had many amiable qualities, though she harboured some unjust opinions. Howsoever, *Herminius* was officious, and always ready to do any thing they would have him, and was extremely civil and liberal to all the Ladies; he did not find in himself any other thoughts of *Valeria*, than such as esteem and admiration use to beget in the hearts of such men who value merit. *Valeria* on her

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side, she held *Herminius* in a rank of esteem and amity; not thinking he would ever be in love with her, since he was not at that time: so as there was betwixt them all the familiarity that vertue could permit. Things being upon these terms, and the great feast of the *Salians* approaching, which is highly celebrated at *Rome*, and whose Ceremonies are so magnificent, that all the world desires to see them, either out of curiosity or custome *Valeria*, *Collatina*, *Flavia*, and *Salonina*, would go see this feast: *Herminius* promis'd to provide them windows in the sacred street, through which the *Salians* were wont to pass, the first day of *Mars*, which is the day of that Ceremony, which though I am no Roman, I do know as well as you, though I cannot relate, because I never saw it.

Then said *Plotina*, and smiled, I am more knowing than you in matters belonging to the *Salian* Ceremony, for I was once at *Rome* upon that day. I beseech you Madam, reply'd *Amilcar*, let me hear the relation of it, and instruct an ignorant *African*, who had need have some leisure to think upon what he is to say. But if whilst I speak, you think upon what you are to say, reply'd *Plotina*, you will not mind what I say. Let not that hinder you from satisfying the curiosity of *Amilcar* (said *Clelia*) for he can sometimes think one thing and speak another: However, answer'd he, I require a relation of the *Salian* Ceremony from *Plotina*, otherwise, I will tell no more of *Herminius*. Your denial will cost us very dear (said *Cesonia* then unto her friend) and therefore I beseech you satisfy the curiosity of *Amilcar* quickly, that he may satisfy ours. Since it must be so, said *Plotina*, I must tell you that the *Salians* are twelve in number; that they must be of the Patrician Race; and that upon the first day of *Mars*, they Celebrate a feast unto all the Gods that govern Arms; so as all that is to be seen in this Ceremony, has some emblem of War in it: The *Salians* wear that day Coats of Arms embroidered with divers colours, with great Belts of gilded Leather studded, Murrians of polished Gold; they have also Swords hanging by their sides, Javelins in their right hand, and Bucklers on their left arms, like unto those which fell from heaven miraculously in the time of *Numa*.

The *Salians* being thus habited, they dance and skip through the Town to the sound of Instruments, and sing songs to the honour of *Mars*, whose feast they celebrate. But that in dancing they may emblem War; in some places they draw their Swords, and strike upon the Bucklers according to the cadency of tune, and keep time without any confused noise or clashing: Those that dance and strike thus, do make an Idea of a Combate in their dance: sometimes they are all in order and figure; otherwhile they seem to fight with one another: some assault, others retreat, and all in figure and time, according to the tune: But the rarest thing amongst these twelve *Salians* was, There were also twelve fair *Salian* Women, dress'd after the *Salian* mode, except without Swords and Bucklers: Before them marched soft Musick, suitable to the sweetness of their Sex. These also danced through the streets as the *Salians* did, seeming by their actions to incite the men to dance well, sing well, and fight well: Those who would give a reason why they bring women into this Ceremony,

can find no other but this, That all Heroick Actions whatsoever, are principally inspired into men, only by a desire of pleasing women. I shall not mention all the streets through which the *Salians* passed, nor their sacrifices, because I will let *Herminius* bring his friends into the sacred street to see them. After this, *Amilcar* thanked *Plotina* for her relation, and returned to his own in this manner.

Herminius having promised to provide windows for all the Company, he failed not of his word: the young *Hermilia* joyn'd with this good Company. As for the men, besides *Collatin* and *Mutius*, there was one called *Volesus*, who certainly was a man of merit; and one *Spirius Larginus*, who shined in wit: the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were there also.

Herminius, delighting handsomely to surprise those whom he desired to please, he carried all the Company to the sacred street, but told them not of any other entertainment, but seeing the *Salians* pass: yet he had so ordered things, that these Ladies entered into a Chamber most richly furnished, and the floor strewed with all delicate variety of flowers the spring could afford, the smell of which far surpassed that of Roses or Violets. The Ladies having never seen the like before, thought themselves in a Garden, and stooped to gather flowers for Nosegays: but *Herminius* saved them the labour, for he presented unto them baskets full of Posies, of all sorts of flowers, tied up with Ribbons of various colours, so as the Ladies not thinking themselves able to commend *Herminius* enough for his Gallantry, they thanked him a thousand times; after which, they found very rich Carpets laid in the windows for them to lean upon; *Herminius* thought it not enough, for all things to be handsome in the Chamber, but he had provided most rare Musick in a Closet adjoining: and to complete the entertainment, he gave them a most sumptuous banquet.

Now, that you may the better understand the sequel of this story, be pleased to know, that *Volesus*, who, as I told you already, was a man of merit, was in love with *Salonina*, who indeed was rarely handsome and fair, though she had some unjust opinions, and who was then one of the best friends of *Valeria*, who was not then in any great amity with *Lucretia*. So as *Volesus* being a Lover, and Lovers naturally are jealous, he imagined that *Herminius* was also in love, for making such treatments of Gallantry, but yet he was deceived, for *Herminius* did such things very oft, because they were Gallantries in themselves, not because he loved the persons whom he treated; yet *Volesus* measuring the minds of others by his own, he began to dispute with *Herminius*, hoping thereby to discover who the Lady was, to whom this Gallantry was intended, and wished with all his heart he might not have him for his Rival; so as seeing every one thank *Herminius*, for my part (said he and smiled) I will not thank him; for I am sure that I am beholding unto some Lady in the company for this feast, and that nothing but Love could inspire *Herminius* with a design of so much Gallantry. Truly (said the Prince of *Pometia*) if one should judge by appearances, there is some reason to be of *Volesus* his opinion. For my particular (said *Titus*) I have long thought *Herminius* to

to be in Love with some Lady in this company, for he visits them every day, he cannot endure to be any where else, and grumbles if any desire him to go and see some others: on the contrary, he is pleasant and merry when he is in the company of the Ladies that are here: he can invent a hundred diversions, write elegant Letters, make songs, and as now you see, very gallant Feasts. Very good, said *Herminius*, and smiled, you will persuade me that I am in love with every one in the company: for indeed I have the same inclination to all the company in general, which they say a Lover has to a Mistress in particular. But perhaps (replied *Spurius*) you do not love all the company in general, but only because you do love some one in particular.

Since *Herminius* is my very good friend, said *Valeria*, I hope to make him in love with me. Since he is but indifferent to me (said *Salonina*) I am out of that hope: for my part (said *Hermilia*) I know *Herminius* does not love me: And I am sure (said *Flavia*) that I shall never win his heart; no, nor *Collatina*. Well, well, said *Herminius*, I love you all in general, and never yet asked my self, whom in all the company I loved best. Since so, replied *Valeria*, and innocently smiled, I beseech you observe your self a while, and if you find that any one of these Ladies has captivated you, to tell me in secret as one of your best friends. But suppose (said *Volesus*) he should love you, must he tell you of it? I beseech you (said *Herminius*) do not question her upon that Article: for what know I, but I may love her more than I think? No, no, *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, you answer I know, that you do not love me: but in case you be deceived, (answered *Collatina*) must *Herminius* tell me whom he loves? Ah *Collatina*, replied *Valeria*, should I be so unhappy as that *Herminius* should love me more than I would have him, I would not have him tell you; but since I can keep a secret better than any of my friends, I had rather *Herminius* should tell me, than you, or any else: So had I, replied *Herminius*, and I do solemnly promise, that as soon as ever I am in love, I will tell you, and discover the bottom of my heart unto you. But before I engage my self to hear you, answered *Valeria*, I will make my conditions with you. You need but name them, replied *Herminius*, and you shall be obeyed. I would then (answered she) that in case I be your Confident, not be a meer hearer, that must sit idle and do nothing to serve you, not so much as to give you counsel: but on the other side, I think nothing more horrible, than to be such a confident as will busie her self in a thousand things wherein she has no interest. But in case you be my Mistress, replied he, what should I do then? I would have you promise me, answered she, that you will never tell me any thing that shall anger me, and that if you do, never to see me again: I will engage my self, replied he, never to tell you any thing which ought to displease you, but not precisely that it shall not displease you, for all Ladies have their Capricious minutes, wherein they will be angry without any cause.

As *Valeria* was going to answer, they heard a farr off, the musick which went before the *Salians*: And there being one place better for sight than any other, *Herminius* carried *Valeria* thither;

which favour she received only as a simple testimony of his friendship: Afterwards every one beheld the *Salians* pass with great attention and delight, except *Herminius*, who fell into such a deep study, that all the Company observed him; and *Collatina* asked him what he thought upon: Truly (answered he) I am striving to know whom I love, for now I begin to think that I am in love with some body: Oh *Herminius*, (said the Prince of *Pometia*) if you be once in love, you will quickly know with whom it is: If so, replied *Herminius*, my Mistress should know it as soon as my self, for I was resolved to tell her as soon as I knew, nor is it reasonable to put a Mistress to so much pains, as to guess at that love which she her self caused. For my part, (said *Salonina*, and smiled) I should be gladder to guess at a thing of that nature, than to know it any other way: for when one guesses at it, one is not obliged to answer. Why do you busie your self, said *Valeria*, in such impertinent discourse, in lieu of looking at the Ceremony, since we all came hither to see it? For my part, said *Salonina*, and laughed, I have seen the Ceremony two or three times before, and I care not for seeing it again; and the truth is, these kind of shews are good for nothing but a pretence for the meeting of such good company as here is; but the worst is, one shall not every year find an *Herminius*, and an *Herminius* in love. As for love, replied *Valeria*, the thing is yet doubtful: No, no, said *Spurius*, I will engage my self to be in love, if he be not; and if before a moneth be at an end, he be not much more miserable than he is now. For my part (said *Herminius*) I know not well what you say: but if it be so, one cannot be in love unless they be miserable, then I am not in Love; for I do find in my self a secret joy and satisfaction, without knowing any cause for it. Ah *Herminius*, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, most certainly you begin to be in love; for almost all beginnings of Love are pleasing: And most assuredly, when any man of soul is either merry or sad without a cause, he is in Love.

After this, the ceremony being ended, all the company did stay a while in the Chamber, and then parted. But in parting, *Herminius* promised *Valeria* to tell her very shortly, whether or no he was in love, and with whom it was: And indeed, ever since this time, he became his own spie, and observed all the secret motions of his heart: So as in a short time he found that he loved *Valeria* much more than he did all the Ladies in the company: For, when he went to *Domitia's* house, and found not *Valeria* with her, he was vexed, though all the rest of the Ladies were there: And on the contrary, when he found her alone, he never missed any of the rest. So he found that he preferred *Valeria* before all the rest, but yet knew not whether this which he found in himself was Love: but on the contrary, would for a few days have persuaded himself that it was only Amity: For, because he had heard from all Lovers, that Love was a terrible Torment, and because he himself in his verses of Gallantry, expressed so many Fires and Fetters and Torments, and Sighs, and Tears, he could not believe he was in Love, because he was so far from being miserable, that he thought himself happy.

He thought also, that he desired nothing : and that tenderness which he found in himself towards *Valeria*, was only tenderness of Friendship, which being proportionable to her merit, must needs be greater than an ordinary Amity. So as though he did not believe himself in Love, yet he loved *Valeria* : And which was strange, he shunned putting the company in memory of the conditions which he had made with that charming person : because he thought himself not Gallant enough to tell her that he was only upon terms of Friendship with her : Indeed the opportunity did not offer it self very soon ; For, *Valeria* being very sick for fifteen days, all the company were very sad, and *Herminius* more than any, for he could not find any rest any where : he went many times in a day to ask how she did : he visited those that looked unto her to be the better informed, and he met none but he told them how ill *Valeria* was ; But at last, this fair one mending upon it, her intimate friends had the liberty to go and see her : so as their company diverting her, she recovered her health, her beauty, and her good humour very fast. *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Hermilia*, *Spurius* and *Volesus* going one day to her house with *Herminius*, they fell into talk of the *Salian* Feast, and to remember him of his engagement to tell *Valeria* whom he loved. And talking merrily, they told *Valeria* that it was her part to press *Herminius* unto the performance of his promise. But the most strange passage in this encounter was, that *Herminius*, as I told you before, would not tell *Valeria* what he thought, because he thought it not handsome to tell a fair Lady that he did not love her : And *Valeria* on the other side, who observed how much he was troubled at her sickness, and received every day a thousand Testimonies of esteem and tenderness from him, she did not desire him to keep his word, lest he should say, that he was in love with her : For, esteeming him very much, she was loth to change her way of behaviour unto so good a friend. So as the one not offering to speak, and the other not willing to hear, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Hermilia*, *Spurius* and *Volesus*, began to chide them, and to say, that certainly they knew each others minds without speaking : and they were so pressing upon them, that *Valeria* to justify her self, commanded *Herminius* to keep his word : He not daring to disobey, rose up, and carried *Valeria* to the other end of the Chamber, towards a Balcony which looked into a Garden.

But when he was there, and that fair one asking him whom he loved, he found himself at a strange perplex. For he felt such a Qualm rise upon his heart, that he could not answer ; and he was the worse, because at that very instant, he began to think himself in love : The fair eyes of *Valeria* meeting his at that instant, he was so charmed, that he changed colour : *Valeria* fearing the truth she durst not press *Herminius* any further ; who seeing she asked him no more, he ask'd her, how it came to pass, that her curiosity ceased ? It comes to pass (said she) from a Maxim of equity : For, as I have no mind to tell that which I would not have known : so, I would not have you press me to tell me that which I see you have no mind to tell : And therefore to testify unto you that I am discreet, I say no more : Yet offer, if it please you, to tell all

the company, that you have told me, you are not in Love. Oh Madam (said he) I would not have you say so : Then I will say, that you are in Love, (replied *Valeria* and laughed) and after I have assured them that it is not with me, I will leave them to guess, whether it be *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Collatina*, or *Hermilia* that you love.

No, no, Madam, replied he, Never say that I am, or I am not, until you know certainly what I am. But how should I know that, (replied she) unless you tell me ? You may know it Madam, (answered he) if you will but know the thoughts of my heart. Do you think, replied *Valeria*, that I am so much in love, as to discern whether you be or be not in Love ? For, that is a thing which I know not how to give or to take. Though all you say, Madam, be true, answered *Herminius*, yet you may know whether or no I be in love : for if you know that the thoughts of my heart be of any other nature than Friendship, you may easily conclude that I am in love : know therefore (added he, and would not give her time to answer) that upon a strict examination of my heart, I have discovered that there is one in this company, whom I do esteem and love above all the world, and who is so necessary unto my joy, as I have none if I be not with her. Well, well, (replied *Valeria*, and smiled) I will not keep you any longer with me, lest I weary you : And therefore without putting you to any further trouble in telling me your thoughts, I assure you that you are only my Friend.

Oh Madam, replied he, I beseech you, do not judge so hastily of my affection, and never fear I can be weary of being with you : And therefore give me leave to tell you, That my tenderness to the person of whom I speak, is so great, that all her miseries are mine. I look upon her with delight ; I admire her with abundance of joy ; all she says pleases me ; her beauty charms me ; her goodness ravisheth me : and her wit strikes me with such a respective astonishment, as is above common admiration. But after all this, I am not jealous, I desire nothing ; and all my thoughts are so pure and free from any interest, as I cannot think any ones affection like unto mine. I have already told you, replied *Valeria* cunningly, That all your thoughts of me proceed only from Friendship, and I am very glad of it : for as they talk of Love, one is never very happy by it.

Since Madam you say, replied *Herminius*, that my thoughts of you are only Friendship, I hope there is no hurt if I tell you, that you are the rare person whom I prefer before all the world, and whose company I love so well, that I cannot endure to be any where else : Also, I beseech you give me leave to hope, I shall find affection for affection from you : For the same vertue, which they say allows Ladies to be ungrateful unto their Lovers, requires they should be reciprocally kind to their friends. But Madam, (added he, and would not give her leisure to speak) I had almost forgot to tell you, That you are not only the person whom I love best of all the World, but also to speak sincerely, you are the only person whom I love. For, when I examine my self well, the affection which I bear unto others, is nothing in comparison of that I bear unto you. And when I said that I would desire nothing, truly I know

know not what may happen hereafter : For, at this very Instant, there comes upon my heart such a violent desire of being loved by you, that if you leave me hopeless, I perceive I shall be the most miserable man in the whole World. You deceive your self, in speaking as you do, replied *Valeria*, for Friendship never makes any miserable. But Madam, replied he, perhaps you do not know what thoughts my Soul has of you. What ere they be (said she, and would have gone away) I will go and tell the company that you are only upon terms of Friendship. With all my heart, answered he : For, if perchance I should be in love with you, as there is great likelihood I shall, it is best that none but you in all the World do know it. Nay, replied *Valeria*, if that misfortune ever happen, I wish I may never know it : After this, *Valeria* left *Herminius*, and blushed, not well knowing what she should say unto the company : Come *Valeria*, (said *Salonina*, as soon as she came) is *Herminius* a friend or a Lover ? Is it you, or *Flavia*, or I, that is adored ? does he love all the company in general, or any one person in particular ? I must ingenuously confess (answered *Valeria*) that *Herminius* is not in love, and therefore we are all of us equally obliged unto him for his assiduous visits unto us ; Oh, Madam, replied *Herminius*, I did not think you would have said so : If I be mistaken, answered she, I cry you mercy, my memory is so bad that I may be excused ; and if I did not say aright, yet I am sure I said as things ought to be.

After this, all the company fell upon *Herminius* and *Valeria*, and contested amongst themselves ; some affirmed that he was in love, and others, that he was not ; and all in general did divert themselves very pleasantly upon this matter all the rest of the day.

Mean while, great alterations grew in the minds of *Valeria* and *Herminius* : for *Valeria* made more doubt of *Herminius* his affection, than she did before he spake unto her : And *Herminius* on the contrary, did not doubt at all that he was in love, since the time *Valeria* told him his thoughts were only effects of friendship. When he came at home, he accused himself for speaking too faintly and coldly of his affection ; he repented himself of his too much prudence ; and he upbraided himself a thousand times with blockishness, in being so long before he knew that the thoughts of his soul were effects of love.

As for *Valeria*, though she was as vertuous a person as ever lived, and though at that time she could not imagine she could ere endure any should love her, yet she could not chuse but chide her self for harbouring some little belief that *Herminius* did love her, and could not chuse but think upon *Herminius* whether she would or no.

Things then being upon these terms, you must know that *Volesus* who loved *Salonina* unknown to any, and that *Salonina* did not hate him, they were full of joy : for *Spurius* falling deep in love with *Salonina*, *Volesus* had the satisfaction to see his Rival, most horribly ill treated by that fair one his Mistress : that *Spurius* was a man of many admirable qualities, and none ill, except that he was the most revengeful of any man living. *Valeria* and *Salonina* were then most particular friends ; for *Lucretia* was not of their society : So as *Valeria*

saw all the bitter affronts which *Salonina* put upon *Spurius* ; yet it is not to be imagined, there was the same confidence between *Valeria* and *Salonina*, as there was since between *Valeria* and *Lucretia* : for they communicated such secrets only, as may be said, they made great mysteries of small trifles. But for all that, they loved, or at least thought so ; and in their familiarity, *Valeria* would sometimes tell *Salonina*, that she treated *Spurius* too sharply : for truly (said that wise Lady) I conceive it fit to be severe with judgment : and when a man of good parts is in love with a well qualified woman, she ought to carry it so, as to let him know that his passion is displeasing unto her, without scorning or sleighting the man : for it is very dangerous to procure the hatred of those who love you, and certainly it is much better to be hated by one, who never loved you, than by a slighted and contemned lover. For my part (replied *Salonina*) I think nothing more glorious for a woman, than that she can sleight a very brave man, only because he is in love with her. *Valeria* replied upon *Salonina*, and *Salonina* answered her, but they did not alter one anothers opinions : So as *Spurius* was treated by *Salonina*, worse than ever any poor lover was ; and yet she made many advantages unto her self by it : for thereby the love of *Volesus* augmented, and she got such a Reputation of severity in the world, as gave her precedency before all other Ladies of her age.

But whilst *Salonina* was favourable unto *Volesus* in despising *Spurius*, *Valeria* received from *Herminius* a thousand ingenious and innocent testimonies of his love : for not a day passed, but he gave some fresh delight by some pleasing surprize or other. He was assiduous, exact, officious, and full of respects towards her, and so very reserved in giving his testimonies of Love, that *Valeria* did often doubt of what nature his affection to her was. And yet she came insensibly to be out of all doubt, nay to fear that the same man whom she thought did not love her enough, would come to love her too much. Yet *Valeria* carried her self with that prudence, as she kept off *Herminius* a long time from telling her openly that he was in love with her. But I have often heard from *Flavia*, who was a particular friend unto *Herminius*, that she easily perceived he loved *Valeria*, and that *Valeria* was not sorry for it ; for though she did not any thing to augment the love of *Herminius*, yet she did not all she might to extinguish his flames.

Mean while *Spurius* who had a great heart, and was naturally proud, he grew so sensible of *Salonina*'s scorn, as he resolved to drive her out of his heart ; and accordingly he ceased from coming to see her, and went seldomer to *Valeria* and his other friends, lest he should meet her. But *Salonina* being gone into the Countrey, he visited all the company which she frequented ; and to his misfortune, finding an inevitable charm in the sweet eyes of *Valeria*, he fell in love with her. And in lieu of opposing this growing passion, he himself blew the bellows that made it burn. For being of a proud temper, he fancied it a great pleasure to himself, if he could win the favour of a Lady whose merit was far above hers who had slighted him : so as he flattered his passion with hope,

hope, and the more because *Valeria* who in her heart would not be sharp to *Herminius*, and yet would not let it appear she had any extraordinary tenderness towards him; she was willing to entertain the courtship of *Spurius*, to the end that her kindness to *Herminius* might be attributed to sweetness of humour to all in general, and not any particular thoughts of any one. *Spurius* then seeing that his addresses were not repulsed, he became down-right in love with *Valeria*; to whom yet he durst not speak openly of it. So as when *Salonina* returned from the Countrey, she found that this Lover whom she had so badly used, and whom she thought still fettered in her chains, that he had broken them, and assumed those of *Valeria*, who as I told you, was the chief of her friends. Though she never loved *Spurius*, though she loved another, though she loved *Valeria* as much as she could love; yet she was vexed to the soul that she lost this Lover; and her heart burned with anger against *Valeria*, for captivating a heart which she would not accept. Yet *Salonina* concealed her thoughts: But as there is a jealousy of Pride, as well as a jealousy of Love, hers of *Valeria* was so great, that hide it as well as she could, it was quickly perceived, that as often as she came unto her, there was a certain Air of constraint in her face, and that sweet and affable smile which she used to have in her cheeks did not at all appear: Yet she saw her often; but she hardly knew what to say unto *Valeria* when they were alone together. She was always disposed to find some fault or other; for whereas all young and fair Ladies that love one another, use a hundred pretty questions about their beauties, or about their dresses, yet *Salonina* almost never saw *Valeria*, especially if *Spurius* was present, but still something was amiss about her: And yet she spit her malice as if it had been a simple effect of friendship: For she would still be asking her whether or no she was sick, and whether she slept the last night, meaning thereby, that she looked very ill. She would pick a thousand quarrels with her Dress, and nothing about her but was out of order. When she talked with any envious persons, of which there are a number in the world, and with whom one may speak freely in disparagement of all fair ones: she suffered them very gladly to speak all the ill against *Valeria*, that the malignity of their envy could invent: and she herself would come out with many petty faults, which made it evident she would have been glad if they had been greater. For she said, though untruly, That *Valeria* had not the lustre and charms of a great beauty; and that her beauty had been very mean, if her wit had not helped it to a Reputation. Fortune (said she) is all in all; and it is as requisite to get a reputation of wit or beauty, as it is to get riches: For, (said she unto her envious Cabal) *Valeria* speaks no better, nor no more, than others can: and yet she has the reputation of a superlative wit, above all others: she is so fortunate, that her virtue costs her less than many of her friends: For, she passes for virtue it self, and yet she is not so holy; but *Spurius* and *Herminius* do pay her a thousand services which others perhaps would scruple to receive.

Salonina would yet commend her, and say, that *Valeria* was her very good friend: and when she spoke any ill of her, it was with a zealous wish that

she had all those faults which her jealousy made her believe she had. Mean time, *Valeria* could not imagine she should take it ill, that she should allow of the visits of *Spurius* as she did: for seeing her treat that Lover so harshly, she could not suspect she had any interest in him. Yet it was not long before she perceived the coldness of *Salonina*: So as *Valeria* being all sweetness, she asked her from whence this alteration in her humour proceeded. What have I done, what have I said, what have I thought (said this sweet Lady unto her, when they were alone together) that you do not smile upon me as you were wont to do? Believe (answered she very faintly) the alteration is in you, not in me: and you not seeing things as you were wont to see them, you accuse me of that change which is in your own mind.

No, no, *Salonina* (replied *Valeria*). I am the very same that I was, and if my company do not please you, it is because there is something in your own mind which makes me so wearisome unto you: But *Salonina* take heed (added she and smiled) for I assure you, I do not weary people long, without extremely wearying my self: And, therefore to preserve the amity that is betwixt us, if you have any thing to accuse me of, do it sincerely, that if I do clear myself, you may repent of your coldness, and if I do not justify myself, that I may beg your pardon. *Salonina* seeing her self thus pressed by *Valeria*, she was vexed to the heart: and expounded all the goodness of this sweet Lady, unto a hidden interest which related unto *Spurius*. So as dissembling her real thoughts which she was ashamed to discover, she answered that she had nothing to accuse her of: but expressed feigned Caresses and protestations of Friendship; yet she did it in such a manner, as did not persuade *Valeria* that they were real: But it troubled this Charming Lady very much, that all the World should ask her what the matter was betwixt *Salonina* and her. *Salonina* on her side was put to it to pump for an answer unto those that asked her the same question: especially *Volefius*, whom she wished very well: for she was so free as to tell him, that she stomached *Valeria* because she entertained *Spurius*, and was angry that *Spurius* did not now love her, because he now loved *Valeria*: So, as she told *Volefius* such opposed causes of complaints against *Valeria*, as she thought good, enjoying him, not to speak of it. But though she might easily deceive *Volefius*, who loved her very well, yet it was impossible for her to deceive *Flavia*, who as I told you, was the friend of *Herminius*, and upon good terms with *Salonina*: For this Lady had a most particular faculty in discovering the most close interests of all the female Cabal.

And indeed, she reason'd the matter upon just grounds: For (said she) when I see any young and fair ones quarrel and jar without any apparent cause, I certainly conclude, that it is either out of envy, or interest of Love, or jealousy. So without farther scrutiny into the profundity of right reasons, I look after such fantastical motives as Love, Jealousie, and envy, may inspire, according to the quality of their fortune: and it happens very seldom, but I hit right upon such things as I am inquisitive of, when once I am a little acquainted with the Intrigues of a Cabal. *Flavia* being so cunning in such things, she had a light suspicion of the Truth.

So

So as walking one day with all the company in the Gardens of *Nema*, which were very fine and pleasant, she saw *Salonina* look very attentively upon *Valeria*, who then stood betwixt *Herminius* and *Spurius*, and she looked upon her with a kind of sourness and disdain, which she did not perceive in her self. So as *Flavia*, who had a subtle and penetrating wit, and would not be denied any thing; she took her aside, and carrying her from the rest of the company: I do not ask you as others do, said she unto her, what the matter is betwixt *Valeria* and you, for I know that she has cured *Spurius* of that Love which he bore unto you, and that you are not pleased with it. I think, replied *Salonina* and blushed, that after I have treated *Spurius* so sharply as I have done, I shall not much care who shews him any favour: I confess it, answered *Flavia*, and that's it which makes me wonder: for, I am not such a novice in things of the world, but that I know you with *Volesus* well: that you never loved *Spurius*; That you loved *Valeria* before *Spurius* loved her; and that you never loved her since you thought he did. Moreover, Never tell me as you do others, that you ever loved *Valeria*; for you never see her but for formality and fashion sake: And did you but see your self, when any one commends her, or when out of policy, you commend her your self, you would plainly see that your eyes betray your heart, and that it is an easie matter to know, you have a secret hatred and grudge against *Valeria*, which you would not discover. You are very plain, replied *Salonina*; and shall be plainer yet, replied she, especially, when it is to reunite my friends, and make peace and quietness in the Society wherein I am. Therefore, if you do not confess the truth unto me, and tell me the thoughts of your Soul, I will take the part of *Valeria* against you: I will condemn you every where: and may be I shall tell *Volesus* what I think. Perhaps, replied she, you will condemn me more when you know my true thoughts: not that they are such (added *Salonina* craftily) as you imagine. For indeed, since I must discover the bottom of my heart unto you, and that it is in vain to dissemble, and say, that I hate *Volesus*, I will confess unto you, I am very well pleased, and allow him to love me; and you may well think, I have no interest in *Spurius*, whom I have so sharply treated, as *Valeria* thinks I have been too severe: Nor, is it any interest I have in *Spurius*, which makes me take it ill from *Valeria* that she looks favourably upon him. But to tell you truly, she knowing what aversion I have to him, methinks she should not endure him, nor in honour receive him so kindly whom I have so much scorned, nor so oft admit him into the Cabal, that I can hardly ever see her but see him also. Truly, replied *Flavia* and smiled, I did not think you so good a friend as you are: but that I may the better know your mind; Pray answer me directly to every Question I shall ask you. I will replied she. Then tell me (said *Flavia*) why have you such extreme aversion to *Spurius*, who is a man of a most rare wit? I cannot tell, answered *Salonina*, the right etymology of the word aversion: but I am sure that my exceptions against *Spurius* proceed not from any particular cause, nor can I tell why I cannot endure him. Since so, said *Flavia*, why should *Spurius* be more offensive to you now he addresses himself unto *Valeria*, than when he made

his addresses unto you? Because, replied she, if *Valeria* did not favour him, I should not see him so oft, and should not be vexed to see that he does not displease her, as he did me. But further, said *Flavia*, whether had you rather that *Spurius* should be always troubling you with testimonies of his affection; or that you should be rid of him; and see him love *Valeria*? Truly, replied she, and blusht, I had much rather he should love me than *Valeria*: for then I should have the satisfaction of treating him ill: I should not have the vexation to see him so happy as he is; and I should have the advantage to see *Volesus* more diligent, more exact, and more amorous: For, certainly nothing more sharpens a Lover, than to have a gallant Rival; and it is the greatest favour that comforts the heart of a Lover, to treat his Rivals ill. Doubtless, replied *Flavia*, there is much wit in what you say; but without any more questions; which if you do not answer sincerely, I must tell you, that all this perplexity in your heart, is nothing else but a vain jealousy which makes you not endure *Valeria* should rob you of a Lover; and that you think your beauty receives an injury, because *Spurius* looks now upon you with eyes of indifferency. Well, well, said *Salonina* then, I do confess it: *Valeria* does vex me in receiving *Spurius* so kindly; and if the fancy take me, I will recall him by some sweetness towards him; since it was that way she gained him.

Valeria, replied *Flavia*, is not more sweet towards *Spurius* than towards *Herminius*, and all men of Rank that see her: But suppose she were a little complaisant towards him, what does that import you, that he displeaseth you; since you will not love him, and since you love *Volesus*? Since all my reasons cannot give any satisfaction (replied she in a fume) believe if you think good that I am unjust and fantastical: but since there are some fantastical humours which sometimes are delightful, I will give my self the diversion of taking *Spurius* from *Valeria*, as she has from me; for if I be not much mistaken, it will not cost me above half a dozen kind looks. *Salonina* spake this with such a forced smile, as made *Flavia* judge, she might do as she said. So as since *Flavia* was much the Friend of *Herminius*, she thought after some consideration, that it was a good office to take a Rival from him; for she plainly perceived that he loved *Valeria*: So as falling into Rallery with *Salonina*, she told her, that she liked her humor very well, of reducing *Spurius*, though it were only to treat him ill; and that it would be a great glory unto her beauty, and the more innocent, because she did no harm unto her friend: Also the more extraordinary, because she would be fickle without being unfaithful. I see crafty *Flavia* (said *Salonina*) that you mock me for my fantastical humour: but if you keep secret, I will make you more sport than you imagine. *Flavia*, whose end was only to divert her self, did promise her all she desired, but did not perform all she promised: On the contrary, *Herminius* coming to see her the next morning, she made him her confidant in all she had said unto *Salonina*, and was very merry with him at it, who thinking it fit *Valeria* should be acquainted with it, he went with *Flavia* to visit her, and to tell her what had passed betwixt *Flavia* and *Salonina*, to the

the end she might advise what was best to be done in the matter.

But upon good consideration, this wise Lady thought it not expedient to alter any thing in her behaviour; for since she permitted the addresses of *Spurius*, only to receive the services of *Herminius*, without being thought she esteemed him above another, she conceived she might well continue as she did before, and all the alteration that was, was that she did not esteem *Salonina* so much, nor would ever love her; yet she would not quite break off with her: However, since that time, there was a greater league of amity betwixt *Flavia* and *Valeria* than before; and *Herminius* grew a little more bold with *Valeria*, than he used; yet he durst not tell her down-right, that he was in love with her: he knew very well that she knew he was; and he saw it did not displease her: but she carried the matter so handsomely, that *Herminius* hating the word Amity, and not daring to use the word Love, he made use of the word tenderness to express his thoughts of her.

But at last, finding a fit opportunity which fortune unexpectedly presented unto him, whilst *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Hermilia*, and some other Ladies were in one walk; and he with *Valeria* in another, he engaged to speak freely: And *Valeria* having heard *Herminius* say, That he had so many disguits against life, as made him almost desire to be rid of it, or at least, not to look upon death as any great evil; and seeing him in a deep study, she smilingly ask'd him, if his desire of death was upon him. No, Madam, said he unto her, nor I assure you ever was, since I was in love with you. In love? replied *Valeria* and blusht. Yes, Madam, in Love, answered he.

But *Herminius*, replied she, you mean Amity: and you are in such a deep study, that you take one word for another: so as were I not disposed to interpret all that you say favourably, I should quarrel with you. Do then, Madam, replied he: for I assure you, I meant the word, Love; and there is no other in all our language, that can express those thoughts I have towards you. And since, Madam, (added he, and would not give her time to speak) I am fully perswaded that I tell you nothing that is new, but that all my actions have long told you, that I am most desperately in love with you; I cannot well tell whether you knew it before me; for I must confess, that the purity of my affection made me take it for amity: But to tell you truly, its fervency and ardour, makes me know what it is: Moreover, Madam, (continued he in a most humble posture) I have one favour to beg, which I beseech you not to deny me. If it be to forget your boldness, replied she, I will do it, provided you repent, and promise never to commit the like. No, Madam, replied he, But my humble suit is, That you will not too much follow the custome of the time: for I have not a heart like other Lovers: I know it is the fashion for all Ladies to be angry the first time they are told that they are loved: and that though they are resolved to entertain those that speak to them of love, yet they must fret and fume, and forbid any loving them, and put their Lovers to the necessity of blazing their passion; so as when they would entertain and hide it, they cannot. I beseech you therefore, Madam, to think seriously with your

self, whether you would have me to love you; or have me to die, for there is no medium betwixt these two extremes: And I do declare unto you, Madam, That if you do forbid me to love you, you do command me to die. Also let me tell you in all possible sincerity, that the boldness which I assume in loving you, has no ingredient in it which can displease you: for though I have a most tender passion towards you, yet I protest unto you, I do not desire any thing from you in my advantage, but only that you will give me leave to adore you. Moreover, you are not ignorant, that those who have the dispose of you, have much esteem of me: And should I attempt it, perhaps I might oblige the generous *Valerius* unto a consent of rendring me happy. But Madam, I will not derive my happiness from the Authority of a Father: And I do declare, that I shall never be content, unless you give me your heart freely and spontaneously: Think therefore, Madam, what answer you will return me, and consider I conjure you, that you cannot forbid me loving you, but you must command me to die. To prevent me from forbidding you to love me replied she, you must never tell me that you do love me: but now, since you have already told me, I can do nothing for you without doing something against my self. Do not murmur if I take my own part rather than yours, and so I most seriously entreat you to regulate your thoughts and your words; had I not a very great esteem for you I should speak in a worse dialect to you; but valuing you at a very high rate of esteem, I would have you continue, if it be possible, within the limits of friendship, and that you will not force me to lose you; I promise you to do all I can for you; and to attribute all your services unto your tenderness of friendship, so long as your tongue does not oppose the advantageous opinion which I would have of you. Oh Madam (cried out *Herminius*) I beseech you do not forbid me to use the sweetest and most pleasing word in the world, to those that have that passion in their hearts that it expresseth. For the word Love hath such a secret charm in it, as joyeth the heart of that lover that pronounceth it, and moves the heart of that person who heareth it, if she have any tenderness of soul; The word Affection, is a word ambiguous, and suits with Amity as well as Love: The word Tenderness, as obliging as it is, may be applied to them both: But the word Love needs no interpretation; it alone expresseth all that can be imagined sweet, most obliging, and most agreeable. Deprive me not therefore of a consolation which will not cost you any thing: And to put my self in possession of this sweet word, be pleased to know, That I have towards you the most tender, and most respectful love, that ever any had: and what treatment soever I have from you, I shall retain this pure and holy Love, till death. To shew you my sincerity (replied *Valeria*) I will ingenuously confess, that if I could handsomely entertain any affection of this Nature, you are the only man I know upon earth, whom I would most desire should love me: For, you are transcendent in virtue, and of such a spirit, as most I love. But *Herminius*, it is not permitted unto any woman of virtue, either to love, or permit being loved: Upon this, all the rest of the company

company met them; so as they parted without resolving upon any thing.

However, *Herminius* thought himself very happy, in daring to tell *Valeria* positively that he was in love: For, though she had not permitted him to love her, yet he flattered himself with some hope, her mind would bend: And yet he found more difficulty than he expected: For *Valeria*, who certainly was as virtuous a Lady as ever lived, did more strictly forbid him, than he thought she would, though she did it with much sweetness. But at last, *Herminius* was so full of obliging Courtship, that the heart of *Valeria* melted: For he prevented all her desires when he could guess at them: He contributed a thousand ways to her delights: he rendered good offices to all that she loved: he had no pleasure in any place where she was not: he was the most respectful man upon Earth: he writ to her a thousand pleasing letters which could not any way offend her: and he behaved himself so, that none spoke of him before *Valeria*, but they spoke highly in his commendations, so generally was he esteemed.

Thus *Valeria*, melting by little and little, she allow'd *Herminius* to love her: but in allowing him, she expressly charged him to give no publick testimonies of his passion, and would not of a long time permit him to use the word Love in his Letters: but *Herminius* found out an expedient for that: For, he Covenanted with *Valeria*, that the Word Amity, should betwixt them signify Love; both in speaking and writing to her. And accordingly, the thing being thus agreed upon, *Herminius* writ letters unto *Valeria*, which passed only for letters of friendship, though yet they were letters of Love. *Herminius* therefore, obeyed *Valeria* so well, that *Spurius* seemed to be much more in love with her than he: but hoping to hide his own Gallantry under the umbrage of *Spurius*, he went along with him in all he did; thus these two Rivals appeared to be very good friends: *Spurius* for his particular, was so perswaded, that *Herminius* was naturally Gallant, as he did not think him to have the least hidden design upon *Valeria*: So as he was well satisfied on that side, and thought upon nothing but how to please that fair one. *Herminius* went on with the more confidence, because *Valeria*, who was very glad of that universal civility to cloak the particular esteem she had of him, she did not treat him ill, though she did not allow him to speak openly of his passion: Also *Spurius* seeing how vexed *Salonina* was at his loving *Valeria*, he loved her both out of inclination, and out of revenge. Mean while, *Salonina* to execute her design of drawing *Spurius* from *Valeria*, who without intention drew him from her, she told *Volefusus* that the world talked very loud of their affection, and to stop their mouths, she would seem as if she had a will to recal *Spurius*. But Madam (said *Volefusus* unto her) had you rather the world should say, you permit *Spurius* to love you, than me? Yes, answered she, for in such things, truths only displease: and indeed, she was in the Right. For, because *Valeria* and she did not love *Spurius*, they shewed him many favours, which they did not *Herminius* and *Volefusus*.

So as this became one of the most pleasant Passages that ere was heard of: For, *Salonina* did all she

could to recal *Spurius*; *Valeria*, who quickly found out the design of *Salonina*, and took delight in returning one trick for another, she did all she could to retain him: So as *Spurius*, though loved by neither, yet was he most highly courted by two of the fairest Ladies in all Rome. He being in this condition, joying to be revenged of *Salonina* whom he loved not, and hoping to be loved by *Valeria* whom he did love, his spirit was swelled with such extraordinary jollitie, as he thought of nothing but diverting all the company, as well as *Herminius*, and to vex *Salonina*. Not but that he always spoke unto her with much civility: but he affected to come out with a hundred trivial expressions which might drive her into despair. It hapned one day that *Herminius* had made a Song which the *Salians* used in that ceremony which I mentioned before: *Spurius*, not thinking that this Song was made upon *Valeria*, he told it unto all the Cabal, that it was the rarest song he ever heard: *Salonina* did ask it of him, but he answered, that it belonged unto him who made it, to give it. *Herminius* hearing what *Spurius* said, told her that the verses were not worth the giving, nor did deserve the glory to be sung by so sweet a mouth as *Salonina*'s. For my part, (said *Valeria* then) without enquiring whose they are, I ask them of *Herminius* as of one most ready, when he is pleas'd, to oblige me. Should I lay that command upon one whom I know (said *Salonina*, and blush'd for anger) I am sure I should find him lazy enough. I have heard you heretofore, so much commend Laziness, (replied *Spurius* coldly, seeing it was address'd unto him) as I think, that those who would please you, may do well to be Lazie in obeying you: But as for *Valeria*, added he, she is not of that humour, since she likes those best that obey her soonest. *Salonina* being stung to the heart to see the difference which *Spurius* put betwixt *Valeria* and her; she entreated *Herminius* to repeat three or four lines of that song: *Herminius* being all civility, did so; and repeated those lines which afterwards you shall hear: But to the end you may understand them better, you must know, that *Herminius* did sometimes call his Mistress, *Clarice*, when he mentioned her in verses. And complaining one day, that she would shew him no favour, but barely to let him love her; he had said in an angry Love-fit (which seldom lasts above a quarter of an hour, and does but more augment the passion which caused it) That if she did not grow a little kinder unto him, he would leave her. The lines were these, which *Amilcar* sung,

*Clarice, I will leave thee now,
Though none so fair as thee I know:
A little Love is charming sweet,
But too much Love is torment great:
What's this I say? I cannot find
An alteration in my mind.*

Well (said *Amilcar* unto *Plotina*, after he had sung) have I revived the attention of the company by this Air, which suits so well to the witty words of *Herminius*? Yes, replied *Plotina*; but the interruption should be too long, and we lose the sequel of the story; we will not commend your verses, nor your song, though they deserve it: So *Amilcar* obeying *Plotina*, he assumed his discourse in these Terms.

Herminius having repeated these lines which I sung, *Valeria* told him, that she should see ere long, whether he had any design to please her : after which, she went away : As for *Salonina*, her mind was miserably incensed : For she found it not so easie a matter as she believed, to bring into her Fetters the Revengeful *Spurius*, who went out with *Herminius* presently after *Valeria* was gone. In going together, *Spurius* obliged *Herminius* to pass that evening away with him at his house : whither they were no sooner come, but I desired *Herminius* to promise him a thing which he would ask, adding that it should be of such a nature as it would not any way be prejudicial unto him. If so, said *Herminius*, why do you not freely tell me, what your desire is ? You know (answered *Spurius*) that sometimes one shall have odd scruples and Fancies, of which no reason can be given : I will not therefore tell you what I desire, until you promise me satisfaction : *Herminius* at last consenting, *Spurius* earnestly desired, to let him send those Verses unto *Valeria* which she asked of him : and (said he) since you have the honour of making them, let me have the honour of sending them before you. Did I think you in love with *Valeria* (added he) I would not make this request unto you : but since you are not, and I am, methinks you should not deny me. *Herminius* at the first, looked shie upon the matter, and was in half a mind to break promise ; but after he had studied a-while upon it, he told *Spurius* that he was willing he should send the verses that same night, and promised that he himself would not send to *Valeria* until the next morning : So as *Spurius* after a thousand thanks unto *Herminius*, he writ to *Valeria* in his presence, asking him pardon, if in writing unto that fair one, he mentioned something against him : after this, he shewed the Letter to *Herminius*, who found in it these words.

Spurius unto Valeria:

Madam,
I Humbly send you the verses you desired, and I send them unknown unto *Herminius* ; I beseech you, in comparing my diligence with his laziness, make such conclusions as may be advantageous to me : and it's to be presumed, that he who satisfies your curiosity with most celerity, loves you with most ardor. Therefore if you be just, you are as much beholding to me for sending you these verses, though you did not honour me with your commands, as unto him who made them, since he did not send them unto you the first. And yet I consent you should esteem him more than me, upon condition only you will believe I love you better than he.

After *Herminius* had read this Letter, he had much ado to let *Spurius* send it ; but at last he consented, and stayed until the slave who carried it, returned, purposely to see what answer *Valeria* sent, which upon the slaves return, he found to be this,

Valeria to Spurius:

Y On are, Sir, without doubt, most officious and diligent, and in recompence of your care to please me, I promise you to quarrel with your lazie friend, and to chide him as much as I thank you.

Spurius upon reading of this Letter was extremely joyed : but as for *Herminius*, he seemed as if he were angry : After which he went home, still promising *Spurius* that he would not send his Verses until the next morning. And indeed, he kept his word, and to be perfectly punctual, he sent not to *Valeria*, till noon, and then he sent them with this Letter,

Herminius unto Valeria:

I Doubt not, Madam, but you who are the most punctual, the most regular, and the most perfect person that ere I knew in points of friendship, will not think you have any great cause of complaint or accusation of laziness against me. For I can safely swear and truly, fairest *Valeria*, that since there were any persons in the world which knew you, as much to say as, which honour you, admire you, and love you, there was never any over whom you had more sovereign power, than over me : but by a cross and cruel adventure so it chanced, that I have not sent you these Verses so soon as I desired. When next I have the honour to see you, I hope to make my innocence better appear, and then certainly I shall make you confess, that appearances are fallacious, and that if one will be exactly just, one must never judge any thing upon uncertain conjectures, especially when *Herminius* is accused of negligence in obeying you.

Herminius having writ this Letter, and inclosed the Verses, as if he knew not that *Spurius* had sent them to *Valeria*, and then dispatched them to that charming Lady, who was yet a little vexed at his supposed laziness ; so as after she had read his Letter, which she looked upon as a bare excuse, she resolved to punish her lazy Lover by a dry answer, and writ not above two lines to him.

It was this.

Valeria unto Herminius:

I Received those Verses yesterday, which you sent me not till to day, so as to return you laziness for laziness, I will not thank you till tomorrow : Adieu.

Herminius having received this short Letter, he smiled at the anger of *Valeria* in lieu of troubling himself, and hoped to appease her very shortly : and indeed, as soon as the hour of visits came, he went unto *Demitia's* house, the Mother of *Valeria*, but he found that *Spurius* was as diligent as he, and his hopes of receiving thanks from *Valeria*, had infused high joyes into his spirit. *Herminius* to augment it, shewed him the short Letter which he had received from *Valeria*, before they came to the house, for they met in the street : after which they went together unto that charming Lady,

Lady, with whom *Flavia* and *Salonina* already were. These two Rivals no sooner appeared, but *Valeria* gave *Spurius* a thousand obliging thanks for the care he had to please her : after which she taunted *Herminius* with a thousand ingenious reproaches for his laziness. But Madam, (said the last of these) I writ a long Letter, beseeching you not to condemn me before you heard me. I confess it, (said she) but it was one of those voluminous Letters that contain much and signifie nothing : for when one hath a good excuse, they need not write abundance of ambiguous stuff as you did.

But the truth is, after you had slept very soundly all night, without any memory of my request which I made unto you, and after you had spent all the morning, never so much as thinking I was in the world ; at last it came into your memory, that I desired those Verses which you sent me, who never imagined that *Spurius* would have been more diligent than you. Whilst *Valeria* spake thus, *Herminius* seemed as if he were in the wrong, and that he had nothing to say in his Justification : so as *Valeria* continued on her chiding : But *Salonina* seeing all this advantageous unto *Spurius*, she took the part of *Herminius*, affirming boldly, though she knew not why, that certainly he was employed in some business of extraordinary concernment. *Flavia*, who knew nothing of this adventure, she wondered that *Herminius*, who was the most punctual and careful man in the world, should let *Spurius* be before him. Well, well, said *Valeria*, were *Herminius* of a lazie nature, I should not wonder at this : but he is of a quick and compliant disposition, so as no woman in the world can ask any thing of him, but he is ready to obey her, though he have no esteem or amity for that woman. *Spurius* then seeing that *Valeria* was so angry with *Herminius*, he thought himself much obliged unto him, for suffering him to send those Verses first : so as out of gratitude, he offered to excuse him. *Valeria* seeing *Spurius* more careful to justify *Herminius* than he himself, she blushed for anger, and told him with a discontented smile, that till now she had thought her self worth the pains of an excuse, where one cannot justify himself to her. Madam, said *Herminius* mildly unto her, if you will not please to justify me, it is none of my fault ; for if you please to read my Letter aright, you will find I am not very culpable ; or if I be a little, it is not against you. For my part, said *Valeria*, the more you talk, the less I understand you. But I beseech you (said *Flavia* then) shew us the Letter which *Herminius* writ unto you, that we may see if we can find any thing in it more than you, to justify him. The better to justify me, replied *Herminius*, you must read the Letter which *Spurius* writ unto *Valeria*, before you read mine. Very well, (replied *Valeria*) I think you are out of your wits ; for what use can you make of the Letter I received from *Spurius*, to argue your justification ? For *Spurius* saies, he sent me those Verses which you did not know he sent : It is by the very same words you speak, answered *Herminius* in a low voice, that I can justify my self : For take but the pains to joyn the first Letters of every line in my Letter together, and you shall see I know that *Spurius* sent you the Verses which you required of me ; and though I did permit him to send them,

it was only with an intention innocently to deceive you. *Valeria* hearing this, she took his Letter, and called out the first Letter of every line ; afterwards putting them together, she found these Words, *I know it charming Valeria*. Oh *Herminius* (cried she out) I must confess you are not so much to blame as I imagined : yet you are not altogether innocent, for I do not love to be deluded, and I am resolved upon revenge.

Salonina, who had a liquorish curiositie to see what *Valeria* had found in the Letter, which justified *Herminius*, she desired it of *Valeria*, who gave it unto her, but she understood it not ; *Spurius* took it after her, and found not the mystery ; *Flavia* the like, and none could discover this subtilty of *Herminius* : For they could not imagine that he made use of the same invention which the Sybil did, who sold her Books so dear unto *Tarquinius*, which were all in Acrostick Verse. So as at first, none but *Valeria* knew of *Herminius* his justification and artifice ; but every one was strangely surprized to see he had made his peace in their presence, and not know how : *Spurius*, *Salonina*, and *Flavia*, entreated *Valeria* to tell them by what enchantment she saw that which they could not see. *Valeria* fearing lest *Salonina* and *Spurius* should unite and imagine the truth of the kindness that was betwixt her and *Herminius*, she explained the Riddle to them : at first *Spurius* began to complain : but *Herminius* told him he had no reason, since he had kept the promise which he had made him, in letting him send those Verses to *Valeria* first, adding withal, that it were too much injustice unto himself, to be out of *Valeria*'s favour for his sake : after this, *Spurius* was contented. But as for *Valeria*, though her anger was now only a gloss, yet she protested unto *Herminius*, that she would be revenged upon him for this trick which he had put upon her : for as ingenious and as innocent as it is (said she) it is a deceit, and one does not love to be deceived ; prepare your self therefore to pay dear for the pleasure you have taken in juggling thus with me : I will prepare my self (replied *Herminius*) for any thing you shall please.

Mean time, *Spurius* not dreaming that *Herminius* was his Rival, but thought as all the company did, that all his Courtship was Amity, and proceeded from his Humour, not Love, he made no reckoning of *Valeria*'s anger against him, but commended the invention of *Herminius*. However, *Valeria* still resolved to be revenged upon *Herminius*, and the better to deceive him, she would take a little longer time for it : during which, *Salonina* and she stood upon the same terms, which was, That they did not love one another, though visits were frequent betwixt them ; and both of them behaved themselves towards *Spurius*, as before ; the one striving to recal him, and the other to keep him, though neither of them loved him ; and though neither *Volesus* or *Herminius* were jealous : for *Salonina* and *Valeria* told them such things as kept them from it. As for *Spurius*, it was hard to say, whether he had more pleasure in his hopes of being loved by *Valeria*, or in seeing himself revenged of *Salonina* : But at length, she having some light suspicion that *Herminius* was a little far in *Valeria*'s favour, she had an itching desire to see some of those Letters which he writ unto her ; so as to be better satisfied whether they were any Love-Letters

Or no: she desired her one day to shew one of them, and asked her before all the company, and in presence of *Herminius* and *Spurius*, hoping that *Valeria* would not shew any, so as thereby she might make *Spurius* jealous. I beseech you, said she unto *Valeria*, let me obtain one favour from you: If I can, or may grant it (answered *Valeria* coldly) I will not deny you. I will not desire any thing unjust, or impossible, replied she: Be pleased to know, that ever since I saw the Acrostick letter, I have had a great desire to see some more of *Herminius* his letters unto you; for I am extreemly in love with letters of wit, especially his. Madam (said *Herminius*) your curiosity is mistaken: For, my letters unto *Valeria*, are not letters of wit. Such as they are, replied *Salonina*, I should be much obliged if she would please to shew me one of them: *Valeria*, who knew her fetch, and knew withal, that by reason of the Artifice which *Herminius* used in writing, she could never discover their intelligence, she gave him one of the letters from that illustrious Roman; which she read aloud, none apprehending it to be a letter of Love though it was, and that most tender. But since they knew not that the word Amity stood for the word Love betwixt them, they were all deceived: for *Salonina* knew very well, that when a man writes unto a woman, whom he dares not tell plainly that he loves her, and yet would have her understand his meaning, he useth to write certain words, which are applicative either unto Love or Amity: As affection, tenderness and such others. So as finding the word Amity so frequent in this Letter, *Salonina* repented of her Curiosity, and *Spurius* was confirmed in his opinion, that *Herminius* was not in love with *Valeria*: This letter being in my opinion very ingenious, I will repeat it unto you two ways: and methinks it to be the best metamorphosed, that ever I heard: The letter of Amity runs thus,

Herminius unto Valeria.

DId you know madam, how unexpressably I am joy'd, to find that my thoughts of you are effects of a most sincere Amity, you would say that I have such thoughts in my heart, as are transcendently extraordinary. For upon a strict examination of my self, I find my self so highly happy in loving you as I do, as I would not for a World, love you after any other manner. Indeed Madam, when I consider of all those thoughts which my Amity does inspire me withal, I am so charmed, to know that they are worthy of you, as I infinitely rejoice in my self, that I can love you as you deserve to be loved: But that my happiness may be compleat, Give me leave to hope, that when I have let you know how my apprehensions of you, are apprehensions of Amity, and of Amity the most pure and tender, that then you will retaliate unto me Amity for Amity; for if you do not, I shall be more miserable than you can imagine.

Is not this letter, a perfect letter of Amity, and Amity only, in which there is nothing that in reason can cause any suspicion of a Love letter? And yet change but one word, and you will find it to be a most perfect letter of Love: And thus it is turned.

Herminius unto Valeria.

DId you know, Madam, how unexpressably I am joyed to find that my thoughts of you, are effects of a most sincere Love, you would say that I have such thoughts in my heart, as are transcendently extraordinary. Upon a strict examination of my self, I find my self so highly happy in loving you as I do, as I would not for a world love you after any other manner. Indeed Madam, when I consider of all those thoughts which my Love does inspire me withal, I am so charmed to know, that they are worthy of you, as I do infinitely rejoice in my self, that I am able to love you, as you deserve to be loved. But that my happiness may be compleat; Give me leave to hope, that when I have let you know, how my apprehensions of you are apprehensions of Love, that then you will retaliate unto me Love for Love: for if you do not so, I shall be more miserable than you can imagine.

After this, it is easie to imagine what pleasure it was unto *Herminius* and *Valeria*, to see so many persons deluded, especially *Valeria*, who always charged *Herminius* to keep his Passion secret: And he so observant to content her, that he lived in a constant constraint.

Mean while *Valeria*, still resolving upon revenge, she pretended to be very ill, and kept her Chamber two days, suffering none to see her: The third day she sent a letter unto *Herminius*, with orders to him that carried it, that he should deliver it unto one of his servants, and come immediately away without staying for any answer.

This was the style of the letter,

Valeria unto Herminius.

IF I break off with you for ever, then accuse None but your self of that cruel violence which only I do unto my self, justly to punish your Perfidie. Is it possible, that you should use any deceit Unto a person, who was ever ready to do any good office for You? I strictly forbid you ever seeing me after this Unworthy proceeding: For, I know that you cannot be innocent; And will not trouble my self with any further Quest of your Artifice.

As bitter as this letter was, it did not trouble *Herminius* at first: for upon the first reading, his conceit was, that *Valeria* had returned him trick for trick, and that he should certainly find it out. Therefore he began to observe the Letter very exactly: for he thought *Valeria* to have more wit, than barely to write such reproaches, only to perplex him. He looked therefore upon the first Letters of every line; he examined also the last Letters: he turned them every way: and after he had tried all ways. he found nothing but bitterness against himself, and could not find any Artifice in the thing. Then he began to conceit, that either *Salonina* or *Spurius*, had done him some ill office: So as being pitifully perplexed, he went unto *Flavia*, to communicate his fears unto her: For, if *Valeria* was in good earnest, he concluded himself most miserable:

ferable: and if she only juggled with him, it vexed him to be deceived, and that he, who was reputed so ingenious, should not find it out. But *Valeria*, who had a good mind her design should take, and who thought that *Herminius* would shew the letter unto *Flavia*, she trusted her with the secret, and made her promise to be close and faithful, imagining much delight in deceiving him, who had deceived her. So as *Flavia* straining courtesie upon such an occasion to be a little false unto *Herminius*, she set such a face upon the matter, as she seemed as much surpris'd as he was. Consider well with your self, (said she unto him) whether you have not acquainted some or other, with your passion to *Valeria*: For, if you have, you know how nice she is upon that. No, no, no, replied he, you only are the confident of my Passion. Then, (replied she) is it not some spark of jealousy? For, truly *Herminius*, you flow so with an universal Gallantry, as would make me desperate were I your Mistress: when ere you write to a woman, be she what she will, you always use more charming, and tender expressions than come from your heart: when you Compose any verses *ex tempore*, they are as amorous, as if they were dedicated unto *Valeria*. And you use a hundred Courtships unto all women whom you love not, which you should use only unto such as you love: believe it, you ought to be more circumspect and wary in such trifles; especially when you love one of a nice and delicate spirit, and a heart sensible. Ha, no, no, replied *Herminius*, if *Valeria* be angry, it is at something else; for I have told her a hundred times, that I never writ any thing but of her, and that she has as many names in my Verses, as are attributed to *Diana*, only to delude such as read them. Upon this he was strangely perplexed, and desired *Flavia* to go unto his angry Mistress, and ask her from him, what her pleasure was: Then, checking himself; but if it be only a fallacy, (said he) she will laugh at me the more. But no matter, said he again, I had rather she should laugh at me, than to live in this incertainty. Then he looked upon *Valeria's* Letter again, but finding no manner of mysterious matter in it, he resolved to imploy *Flavia* to discover what this charming Ladie meant. She feigned therefore to go and ask her what the matter was, though she went only to laugh with her at the inquietude of *Herminius*. So as *Flavia* thinking to delude her friend, she did him a very good office; for *Valeria* was more glad that *Herminius* was so much afflicted at her anger, than that her fallacy had so well taken.

But to be short, *Herminius* was three days in this cruel perplexity, and never saw *Valeria*; yet at last, this fair one, resolving to discover the truth unto him, she let him come into her Chamber, where none but *Flavia* and she was. When he entered, the picture of sorrow was in his eyes; he approached her with more reverence than ordinary, and beginning to speak; Oh Madam, (said he) what has unhappy *Herminius* done? He has deceived me (replied she, and smiled) and therefore he deserves all the inquietude I have caused in him, and something more: for having so sharp a wit as he has, and a wit able to deceive the most ingenious, he may be ashamed, not to find that in my Letter, which would undeceive him. Ah cruel woman (said he) your Letter contains nothing but injuries, and yet you mock me, and would make me believe there is some hidden mystery in your words:

To shame you the more (said she unto him) give me my Letter, and if I do not make you blush, deceive me again if you can. Upon which he gave her the Letter, and she shewing him the last word of every line, putting them together, he found them to signifie;

Accuse only your deceit for this innocent Artifice:

Oh Madam (cried he out) you know how to deceive better than I do, and you can deceive the deceiver: after which, he commended her invention, blaming her inhumanity in letting him continue so long in such tormenting inquietude: but at last, *Flavia* made peace betwixt them; who were so inclined thereunto, that there needed no Articles of Agreement to be drawn between them: but naturally promised never to deceive each other again: And to love eternally.

Their affections being very innocent, *Valeria* was the more free: and she who was most assured that she was never criminal, did more obligingly testify her tenderness unto *Herminius*, as if she had not been so well assured as she was of her own virtue. Meanwhile *Salonina*, who was most horribly vexed both at *Valeria* and *Spurius*; she knew not what resolution to take; for she began to be ashamed of the way which she took with *Spurius* to reclaim him: and she could hardly endure *Valeria*. Her pride inspired her with a most fantastical opinion: for she who told *Volesus*, that she complied with *Spurius* only to hide her affection unto him, began now on the contrary to comply less with *Spurius* and more with *Volesus* in publick, in a thought that jealousy would draw *Spurius* unto her. And she did it with so much Art, that *Volesus* was pleased with it: for then he believed that the affection of this Ladie to him, was stronger than her reason; so he left *Salonina* at liberty; to follow her own Capricious humour, without thinking any more upon it. But *Spurius* being more subtil than *Volesus*, he knew, that whatsoever *Salonina* did, she had a desire to re-engage him; so as he enjoy'd, as I told you before, all the pleasures that hope and revenge could inspire him withal; and all the Cabal wherein he was, were all so gallant, so pleasant, and so full of spirit and wit, as it was impossible to live more pleasant lives, than all these illustrious persons lived. Not but that for all this, *Herminius* and *Valeria* had sometimes some petty quarrels; but since they sprung only from excess of tenderness, they quickly vanished, and their reconcilements were so sweet, as their quarrels might be called augmentations of Love and delight. Yet once there was a day whereon they had such a jarring, as put them both to much perplexity, the cause whereof was very particular.

You may remember I told you, that *Valeria* charged *Herminius* above all things to keep the passion which he had to her very close and secret; so as being very exact and prudent, and careful to content her, he constrained himself very admirably well in all encounters. It hapned one day, that he being with her, the Prince of *Pometia* came in, who having found *Herminius* the day before in a walk far distant from all company; he began to chide him, and to ask what was the cause

of

of his solitary humour. Truly Sir, (said he unto him) I should pump very hard, if I should endeavour to tell you: For first, I am not in Love; and as for such things as I sometimes do in my foolery, I assure you, that I do them without invoking *Apolló*, or any of the Muses: I do them either out of ravishment of spirit, fancy, or humour, or out of a necessity to obey my friends: and yet it's none of all these that brought me yesterday into that melancholy walk: but I walked alone only because I had no other company. A man (said the Prince and smiled) who tells he is not in Love, when he is not necessitated to tell it, does argue that he is: Truly Sir, replied *Herminius*, It does so ill become a man of my age, not to be in Love, that since I said I was not, I dishonoured my self: but what I said was true; and it is not the custom to lie to ones own disadvantage. Whilst *Herminius* talked thus to the Prince of *Pometia*, *Valeria* seemed as if she took no notice of what they said, nor to think upon any thing but her Dress, though she listened very attentively. She heard therefore, that the Prince of *Pometia* continuing discourse, asked *Herminius*, who said he was not in Love, how it was possible he could hit upon such passionate expressions in his writing, if his heart were not amorously touched. Truly Sir, (said *Herminius*) Love verses are things very fallacious; for sometimes one may come out with very melting verses, yet never be in Love; for to do such things, it sufficeth if one be of a passionate temper, though he have no passion: I know a man of great merit, who composed a most rare Copy of verses upon Absence, even in the very presence of his Mistress; and complained most pitifully of her rigour, when he was highly in her favour. He whom you instance, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, was in Love, and, as I may say, did only transpose his Conceptions: but you, who say you are not in love, I cannot apprehend you. And yet it is so, (replied *Herminius*, still thinking he had done well) after which, the Mother of *Valeria* coming in, the discourse changed. Yet *Valeria* talked but a little all the day; and when any asked the cause, she answered, her head ached, which caused none to suspect that she had any thing in her mind which vexed her. The hour of retiring being come, the Prince of *Pometia* went away, and carried *Herminius* with him. The next morning betimes, this Lover failed not to send, and know how *Valeria* did, who sent him word back, that she was no better than she was the night before: After dinner, *Valeria*, who naturally did not affect any gadding abroad, and went to *Tullia* as seldom as possible she could, yet she went thither with one of her Cousins; but though she saw *Herminius* there, yet she never spoke unto him, but shunned him, and looked with an air of much anger in it, which so much disquieted *Herminius*, that he could not chuse but go and make his complaints unto *Flavia*, whom he saw with the Queen, and who promised him to go out with *Valeria*, to ask her what the matter was. *Valeria* going out betimes, *Flavia* followed her, after she had whispered *Herminius* in the ear, and bad him come an hour after unto *Valeria's* where she would be, promising to tell him what crime he had committed. As soon as *Valeria* came home, she went unto her Chamber, *Flavia*

via followed her; but desiring to see whether *Valeria* would of her self say any thing unto her, it was a quarter of an hour before she seemed to take any notice of any perplexity in her mind, but talked of such things as they saw at Court. But as *Flavia* spoke pleasantly, *Valeria* answered her so solemnly, as it was easie to perceive her mind was troubled; so as *Flavia* not being able any longer to endure her perplexity without knowing the cause, she asked her what the matter was; you are so melancholy to day (said she unto her) as I cannot chuse but ask you the cause. In the humour I am, replied *Valeria*, you would do me a pleasure if you would not ask it; for I can hardly tell you, and yet I do not love to refuse you any thing. Yet you must either refuse me, replied *Flavia*, or else satisfy my curiosity: for you were not wont to be humorous: and yet I saw you to day look so coldly upon poor *Herminius* as you came from the Queen, that I think you have done him great injustice: at least I can assure you, that he thinks himself very innocent, and cannot imagine what crime you impute unto him. If the sense of his affection were tender and delicate, answered she sharply, he might easily imagine what it is that vexeth me: for to tell you sincerely, all his tenderness and delicacy is in his wit and tongue, and not at all in his heart. But I beseech you, (said *Flavia*) of what do you accuse him? Does he not love you well? is he unfaithful? is he not obsequious enough? is he indiscreet? or does he disobey you? On the contrary (replied she, and blushed for anger) he is the most discreet and obedient Lover that ever was. You speak this in such a tone, replied *Flavia*, and smiled, as if obedience and discretion were crimes; and as if in way to justify himself, he ought to disobey you in something, and brag of some favour you have shewed him. Ah, answered she, he was never culpable of that crime; for he is so much afraid of it, as one cannot suspect him in love with me: and is so extremely careful to hide his affection, as one would think he hid it from himself. Good Madam, replied *Flavia*, did you not command him not to speak of his Love unto any but me, and to hide it from all the world beside? I confess it, replied *Valeria*: but did he love me as well as I would have him, it were impossible he should hide it so well as he does.

I am sure he has friends who see him every day, and such as know all his inclinations, yet none of them has the least suspicion of his being in Love; and he has Rivals also which cannot perceive it: so as upon serious thoughts, I must needs conclude, that such an affection as one can so easily hide, cannot be great. But good *Valeria* (replied *Flavia*, and looked earnestly upon her) do you speak this in good and serious earnest, or is it only some light whimsy? No, *Flavia*, replied she, this thought which you may think to be some whimsy, is in my heart, and not without good Ground. But I beseech you, replied *Flavia*, if *Herminius* by any of his speeches or actions, had given any cause to discover the affection that is betwixt you and him, would you not have grumbled at him, and have punished him for it? I confess I should, answered *Valeria*, but it should have been only as an act of imprudence which

I could have excused, because I should have attributed it unto an excess of Love: but this excessive discretion whereby *Herminius* deceives all his friends, his enemies and his Rivals, I cannot impute it unto any thing but faintness, and coldness in his affection. Then you would have the love betwixt you known, replied *Flavia*, and all your commands of discretion upon *Herminius*, to stand for Ciphers. No, replied *Valeria*, and when I forbid *Herminius* to confess he loved me, I expected obedience from him: but to tell you truly, I did not believe he could do it so easily as he does; nor that any one of his Loves should betray him. Yet he is such a perfect Master of himself; that he never so much as looks upon me if any be present: he makes nothing of talking with his Rivals; and no longer since than yesterday, he had the power to say insolently before my face, that he was not in Love: which certainly is the hardest thing in the world for one that has a sensible spirit, and tender heart.

As *Valeria* said so, *Herminius* entered, so as *Flavia*, who had a desire to give him an occasion of making his peace, she told him that he was very opportunely come to justify himself: Oh *Flavia* (said this incensed Lady) if you love me, do not tell *Herminius* any thing I said unto you. Since you have intimated, that it is dangerous to obey you too much, replied *Flavia*, and smiled, I do not fear disobeying you in this: And indeed, *Flavia* asked *Herminius* (mauger all that *Valeria* said) why he told the Prince of *Pometia* before his Mistress, that he was not in Love. Alas, replied he, and sighed, I said it in obedience to unjust *Valeria*, who commanded me a thousand times to hide my passion; and I said it with such extream repugnancy, as she ought to be infinitely obliged unto me for it. No, no, *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, and blushed, never deceive your self: that which you said in my presence, can never be pleasing unto me. I beseech you (said *Flavia*) how came this to pass? Imagine, replied *Valeria*, that the Prince of *Pometia* should come hither, and ask *Herminius* what he did the day before in a walk towards the wood, where the Nymph *Egeria* inspired the wise *Numa*; and that *Herminius* when he had no need, should answer him, that he knew not what he did, but that he was very sure he was not in love, and repeated this unnecessarily at least four times. Judge I pray, whether a man, who makes these terrible words to ring in the ears of her he loves, without ever being forced unto it, does not deserve to be suspected of a shallowness in Love: For indeed it was stretching his prudence too far: and I should sooner pardon *Herminius*, if out of a rapture of affection, and unawares, he had said before any one, that he loved *Valeria*, than I should, if he had said before me with so much tranquillity and aggravation, that he did not love me. Then Madam (said *Herminius* unto her) give me leave to tell all the world that I do adore you; and then you shall see whether or no I be too prudent a Lover, and whether I shall not make it my greatest glory to wear your Chains. Take heed of that (said she to him) for it is not my intention you should publicly blaze your love. Oh Madam, replied he, what

then would you have me do? I would (answered she) that you should bridle your self so far, as not to say grossly before my face, that you do not love me. I assure you, Madam, replied *Herminius*, that if you had not been within hearing, I had not said so; but my hopes of doing a thing which I supposed would please you, did prompt me unto it.

But charming *Valeria*, I am so far from retorting any of these reproaches which you have given me, that I thank you for them, and most humbly beseech you to tell me, how a perfect and respectful Lover ought to behave himself, when his Mistress forbids him to say any thing of his affection. I would not have a Lover (said she) give any occasion to make it thought he is loved: if it be suspected that he is in love, I would not have him say at any time, or to any person, that he loves his Mistress: and yet I would not have it such a horrible torment unto him, to hide the passion that is in his heart, as that he should think it the most terrible of all punishments. But above all, I would never have him able positively to say before his Mistress, that he is not in love: especially when he is not forced unto it by any necessity; for if he have a tender and passionate heart, it is a thing which he cannot imagine, much less brook: But then, Madam, replied *Herminius*, what will become of all those absolute commands which you laid upon me; not to discover my affection? would you have me still use the word Amity in my Letters, to express my passion? I would, replied she; but I would not have you say before my face, that you do not love me; for if you did love me fervently, you would not be able to pronounce those cruel words. Yet he (added she, and looked upon *Flavia*) did never so much startle at the sound of them, or give the least sign that he was loth to utter them, but spoke resolutely, and loud, and in such a tone, as seemed to speak his heart: Ah cruel *Valeria* (said he unto her) I can no longer endure your injustice: I beseech you (said *Flavia* then unto her) what should *Herminius* do to appease you? Would you have him go presently unto the Prince of *Pometia*, and tell him that he is ready to die for the love of you? For my part; I know not how *Herminius* can give you satisfaction any other way, to repair the great injury he has done you. I see, replied *Valeria*, that you mock me: but I will maintain that one, who knows how to love aright, will not condemn me, but confess with me, that what I now say will seem a little too nice, and perhaps fantastical to those that are not in love, but such as are will allow of it: Well Madam, said *Herminius*, I will confess my self to blame: But I beseech you, are no errors in Love pardonable? Yes, said *Valeria*, very many: but let me tell you, that coolness in affection is seldom pardoned.

Oh I beseech you, replied he, do not give my supposed crime, a title so incongruent and unsuitable: for the truth is, I am not culpable but of too punctual obedience, and of prudence too excessive: and my crime (if it be one) is an excess, no defect in Love: for had I lov'd you less, I had not been so careful to obey you, and conceal my Passion.

After this, *Flavia* having pressed *Valeria* to pardon *Herminius*, she was pleased to grant it. Yet

it was two hours before the same sweetness, and joy, and the same tranquillity which used to shine in the eyes of *Valeria*, returned unto them: but at last, all Clouds being dissipated, *Valeria* appeared in her accustomed Lustre, and humour: As for *Herminius*, he was still a little troubled: For, he was afraid of shewing either too much, or too little Love: knowing very well, that *Valeria*, what ere she said, would find as much fault, if he discovered his passion, as if he concealed it over-much.

Mean time, *Salonina* seeing none of her designs to prosper, she was in a strange perplexitie: and the more, when she found the humour of *Volefus*, who being of such a Nature as could not love, but where he found some difficulties, and seeing *Salonina* did more overtly shew her affection to him than ordinary, he grew glutted, and less respective and amorous than he used. So as after all her endeavours to recal *Spurius*, both by sweetness and jealousy, she found her self like to lose the only Lover which she had remaining, though she was fair, and witty. As for *Spurius*, he still thought himself very happy, although he had no reason.

As for *Herminius* and *Valeria*, they were both well satisfied, and had good cause for it: But, as it is impossible to love long without some rub, a chance hapned that vexed them both, and which might very well do so. For you must know, that the jealousy of *Volefus* being augmented, and *Salonina* fearing to lose him, she resolved to renounce her design of recalling *Spurius*. But in seeking to justify her self towards *Volefus*, she was not sorry to do any mischief unto *Spurius*, or unto *Valeria* also, whom she loved not: So as endeavouring all she could, to piece *Spurius* and *Volefus* together, the occasion presently offered it self. She met with't in *Domitia's* Chamber: it chanced that *Salonina* was sitting between *Volefus* and *Spurius*: And it chanced also that the company was very great that day: And that the Ladies which fate by *Spurius* and *Volefus* being gone, *Salonina* and they were separated a good space from the rest of the company.

As for *Herminius*, though he did not often apply himself unto *Valeria* before company; yet since the approach of hiding his Love over-much was laid to his charge, he courted her this day more than ordinary. So as *Spurius* seeing his Rival with his Mistress, and could not leave *Salonina* without two apparent incivility, he kept his place, *Salonina* making use of this unexpected occasion, both to cure *Volefus*, to vex *Spurius*, and spite *Valeria*; she turned toward *Spurius*, and addressing her speech to him with a disdainful smile, Since I am naturally very pitiful, (said she unto him) I think it an act of charity to comfort you for the ill success you have in all your enterprises of Gallantry. For truly, as full of merit as *Herminius* is, I think *Valeria* ought to prefer you before him, though upon no other reason, but because you love her more than he. All Ladies in general, (replied *Spurius* faintly) are so apt to be unjust, that if this misfortune do befall me, yet it is not the first time, *Salonina* understanding his meaning, was afraid lest *Volefus* should hear, and understand; So as beginning to speak again hastily, without answering to

what he had said, she told him, that he was more beholding to her than he was aware of; For *Volefus* knows, that I being full of acknowledgement for all the services which heretofore you have done me, I was very sorry to see you engaged in the service of a Lady, whose heart is not in her own power: and perhaps I have endeavoured, to disengage you, without any other intention, but to break those chains which unless you do undeceive your self, will grow more heavy upon you every day. For truly, (continued this crafty Lady) *Volefus* knows very well, that I had never endeavoured your Re-engagement, to me, but only to disengage you from *Valeria*, as much my Friend, as she is: For, I being better able to penetrate into her heart, than you, I was sorry to see how she made use of you, only as a Cloak to hide the inclination she had unto *Herminius*. But since I perceive, you do ill interpret my meaning, I leave you to your own bad destinie, and declare, that I will never again endeavour to Re-engage you to my service, nor dis-engage you from the service of *Valeria*.

Whilst *Salonina* was speaking this, *Spurius* unluckily looked at *Valeria*, as she was talking to *Herminius*, and had then in her eyes such a passionate and sweet obligingness, that he blusht: So as it might be said, that the looks of *Valeria* did more perswade *Spurius* to believe what *Salonina* said, than all the Language of that crafty Lady could. So as then, not rejecting what this envious friend said, as he had upon other occasions, and *Volefus* making one in this Conversation, it grew at last a Conversation of real confidence on *Spurius* his side, and false confidence of the side of *Volefus* and *Salonina*, whose aims yet were not alike: For *Volefus* talked with *Spurius* only to make him understand, that *Salonina* had no design of Love upon him: And *Salonina* had no other intention, but to keep him from being in love with *Valeria*: For, as envie doth prepossess the mind as well as Love, *Salonina* did not think, that in making *Spurius* jealous, she should augment his Love to *Valeria*: And indeed, *Spurius* at that instant growing jealous, he did become much more in Love than before: And chance also would have it, that the conversation of the day did augment this growing jealousy: For, be pleased to know, that *Valeria* after she had done talking with *Herminius*, when *Spurius* had observed the sweetness of her looks; she began to chide *Salonina*, for separating her self from the company with two such Gallants as *Spurius* and *Volefus*. So as being all joyned together, and Prince *Titus* with *Collarina* being come, they fell insensibly to talk of Amity, and Love: Some said, that Amity ought to be preferred before Love, because the pleasures of it are more tranquil: And others, that Love ought to be preferred before Amity, because the sweets of it are infinitely more sensible. I conceive (said *Herminius*) it is not impossible to joyn these two kinds of Pleasures together: and I affirm that to make a Love durable, it is requisite, that a woman be both the Friend and the Mistress of her Lover: I say further, that if Amity do precede Love in the heart of a Lover, his Passion will be stronger, more durable,

durable, more respectful, and also more ardent. *Spurius* hearing *Herminius* say so, he made an application of what he said, as unto himself: So as out of those sparks of jealousy which began to grow in him; He began to contradict him, and to maintain, that Love and Amity cannot be both, in the heart of one and the same person. For said he, these two are so little resemblant, as it cannot be conceived they should at one instant, be together, without so confounding each other as they cannot both be discerned. They do confound themselves indeed (replied *Herminius*) but it is so, as two Rivers which meet and mingle: yet in mixing, (said *Titus*) these two Rivers make but one.

I do confess it, (replied *Herminius*) yet the Waters of both the Rivers are there, though they cannot be separated; and that River which is the most famous, and alters the name of the other which it hath received, is the better, and more fit to bear great boats. If *Tiber*, which hath received forty and two Rivers into its Channel, had only the original water of its source, it would be but a petty brook. It is almost the very same in love: for to speak sincerely, to cause love barely, there needs no high spirit, great merit, great beauty, great generosity, nor any taking charms in conversation: there needs no more than youth and occasions of seeing: The order that Nature hath established, is sufficient to beget this simple bare Love, as well as in Birds that sing in their seasons: But then as for great and high passions, it is requisite to have all the ingredients that are necessary unto great and perfect amities. I do very well understand what you say, replied *Spurius*; but yet I understand it with this difference, That a constant love ought to be grounded upon esteem, whereas you conceive it ought to be upon Amity.

Esteem and Amity are so oft together (replied *Herminius*) as it is easie to take the one for the other: For one can hardly have a very great esteem of any without loving them also: not but that I know one may sometimes esteem enemies, but that is such an esteem as has limits; and it may be said, they esteem their good qualities, but not them: for as I conceive, it is high injustice to hate any whom they highly esteem. I think then, I was not much amiss, when I said, that amongst persons who see each other every day, great esteem and amity meet often together: and therefore since you agree, that a constant Love ought to be grounded upon esteem, you will easily confess, that it may also be grounded upon Amity.

When one begins to have affection unto a person, with his reason free, and disengaged from all prejudice; he shall know all his good qualities: he will see them without illusion; and he will be assured that he can never see them otherwise: but on the contrary, when Love springs by the eyes in an instant, he does not see things as they are; so as upon the least disgust that happens, his prejudicate fancy diminishing, he sees his Mistress far otherwise than he saw her before: and seeing what he saw not before, his thoughts also change, and he thinks not what he thought before. But a Love that has amity mixed with it, there is almost nothing but death that can extinguish it. I do conceive indeed (said *Spurius*) that when a Mistress has all the necessary qualities requisite in a true and generous friend, Love is more strong; but I do

not conceive how Amity can become Love: and though I should conceive it, yet I cannot agree that Love and Amity can subsist together, but think, that this affection does change into another Nature. I conceive (said *Herminius*) that a great esteem which begets a great and tender amity, may also easily become Love: But, replied *Spurius*, why should it not become love at the first? For a thousand different reasons, answered *Herminius*: and for a thousand reasons, which we our selves do not know, though they be hid in us: for the same natural reason and instinct which teacheth all Children to hold up their hands when they fall, lest they should hurt their heads, though they were never taught it; the same instinct, I say, makes a man who begins to look upon a woman of virtue, modesty, and wisdom, not to love her at the very first, because hope which often precedes this passion, or at least begins with it, does not stir any such motions in him as are apt to beget an ardent affection.

It may be also, that this man who begins to be a friend unto any amiable woman, has then some wandering thoughts another way, which binders his heart from being so pregnant of Love. But when esteem begets Amity, when familiarity augments it, and when the heart of a generous man is free and capable of passion; if an amiable woman become kind and tender towards such a friend, he easily becomes a lover. For certainly, it is easier for a heart already warmed with an ardent amity, to fall into ardent love, than a heart that is indifferent: and I affirm further, that the amity which a woman bears unto a man may make him more in love with her, than he would have been, had she not been at all tender towards him. For my part (said *Valeria* then,) had I a Lover, and should discover such a temper in him, I should dislike it: I would indeed have him in amity before he be in Love: but I would have it to be the knowledge of merits that should change the nature of his affection, and not the signs and symptoms of my amity. Madam, replied *Herminius*, in consenting that his love should arise from the knowledge of your merits, you consent also that the symptoms of your amity do contribute something unto it: for Amity, as I conceive, is part of the merit of a generous person: and for my particular, I should be sooner melted by the tenderness of a generous heart, than by her beauty only. But for all that, this does not detract any thing from the glory of a Lady who is loved upon that ground; for all her tenderness would not move, if she had not many excellent qualities besides, which render her so precious. So as when Amity becomes love in the heart of a lover, or to say better, this love mixeth it self with Amity without extinguishing it, there is nothing so sweet as this kind of love; for as violent as it is, yet it is always more regulated than ordinary love, it is more durable, more tender, more respectful, and more ardent, yet not subject to so many tumultuous whimsies as that love is, which is without amity. But still you must confess with me (said *Spurius*) that this Amity becomes Love, and does absolutely change its nature.

I have already told you upon this subject, (replied *Herminius*) That Love and Amity do mix together like two Rivers, the Nobler whereof carries away the name of the other. But for all that, the water of the lesser is as well there as that of

the greater ; so as though a friend which is become a Lover, does say always that he is in love, and not say that he is in Amity ; yet certainly both of them are in his heart, though he can hardly discern them ; And it is most constantly true, that a Love of this temper, is more perfect than the other : To shew that Amity and Love are all one, (said *Spirius*) in the heart of a friend that is become a Lover, I need only to instance, that commonly when a man in love, ceases to be in love, there remains nothing in his heart but hatred, or indifferency : so as it must consequently follow, that amity is quite turned into love, or at least goes along with it. This happens sometimes (replied *Herminius*) but it happens very often, that Love cools, and Amity still remains. For my particular (said *Valeria*) I had rather one should be indifferent towards me, may hate me, than to be no more than in amity, after he once loved me : For if one should hate me, I might believe, that perhaps he loved me though unknown, and that his hatred was a disguised Love.

But as for Amity which remains after Love, I look upon it as a dead Love that has no heat in it, and good for nothing : I know very well (added she) that almost all the love of the best husbands becomes amity : But I know withal, that there are few good wives, but will confess that it were better to be the Mistress of those they have married, than to be no more than the friends of their husbands : I mean, such friends to whom their husbands impart no more of their secrets, than domestick affairs, and with whom they never hold any sweet conversation. Yet there are some (said *Collatina*) who are both Lovers and Husbands all their lives, and live so kindly with their wives, that they do enjoy all the sweets both of love and friendship. I assure you, (said *Valeria*) it is a harder matter than you imagine, to be both at once a good husband, a respectful Lover, and a very well accomplished man ; For to be a Lover is to be a slave ; to be a Husband, is to be a Master ; and to be a well accomplished man, is to be neither a Tyrant nor a slave to his wife.

I affirm also, That it is the honour of such wives as have good Husbands to let them have such an authority as may appear to the world, though out of excess in love, or some other cause, they would not have it : And a good wife will never desire it should be said, that she is the Governor of her Husband ; but only, that she has a good credit in his opinion, that he esteems her, believes her, and loves her ; not that he obeys her, as if he were not able to govern himself. Nor do I allow, that a Husband should be continually shewing himself a husband ; An imperious husband, who looks upon his wife only as the first servant in the House, who trusts her with nothing, who never considers her, and who treats her as if she had not the use of Reason, as if he were not obliged to love her, and as if it were his Prerogative to love a hundred others, and she not to say Mum. *Collatina* hearing *Valeria* speak thus, began to twit her, and to say, that doubtless she would make the best wife, and the best husband in the world, since she was able to discourse so well upon the Laws of Marriage. After which, it being very late, the company parted.

As for *Spirius*, he went home with a heart full of jealousy : As for *Salonina*, though she was glad to observe, that she was the cause of it ; yet sometimes this jealousy which she saw increased, did vex her, because she saw plainly that *Spirius* had no affection at all unto her : But for all that, her hopes to take him off *Valeria*, did flatter her.

As for *Herminius*, he went away well satisfied : But as for *Valeria*, she being of a most delicate and nice spirit, she took it much to heart that *Herminius* should so hotly affirm, that Amity and Love together was requisite. For from thence she argued, that the first thoughts which he had of her were no thoughts of Love : So as the first time she wrote unto him, she debated it with him : and for four or five days the subject of their Letters was upon nothing else.

Mean time, *Spirius* was very unhappy : For, as jealousy increased every moment in his mind, so hope lessened, and Fears grew more strong. In a few days therefore, he was grown all melancholy, sullen, mistrustful, pettish, and easily angered : He employed himself in nothing but observing all the actions of *Herminius* and *Valeria* : And the more he observed them, the more jealous he grew : Not that they lived any otherwise than they used together : But it is the Nature and Quality of jealousy, to prepossess, to change the objects, to seduce reason, and to force an interpretation of all things to the disadvantage of the Interpreter : It troubles the senses ; and whereas the eyes do sometimes deceive the imagination, it happens very oft, that the Imagination of a jealous man deceives his eyes, and makes him believe he sees, what he sees not : So as *Spirius*, being possessed with a most violent jealousy, he imagined a thousand things that never were. And as a jealous man always finds more than he seeks for ; and since *Spirius* sought continually how to afflict himself, in seeking for some comfort, he caused unto himself a fresh subject of inquietude by the way which I shall tell you. Imagine then, that to clear all his doubts, he thought no better way would do it, than to gain one of *Valeria's* Slaves, who was witty, subtle, and naturally a lover of her self : For he had heard that *Valeria* accused her of that fault : So as *Spirius* neglected no way to win her unto himself : when he met her, he saluted her very kindly ; he commended her handsomeness, and always offered to give her money : At first she refused, and said, that her Lady had charged her to take nothing of any person ; and seeing he offered to give her, only to try if she would take, and then tell her Lady, she would not accept of any thing.

Spirius, hearing this woman speak thus, and knowing that she tickled to be taking what he offered ; he told her she was mistaken, and that he would not have *Valeria* know of any thing he gave her : So as this young wench, after some slight refusal, she began to accept of several things from *Spirius*, who after he had thus engaged her, he got her wholly unto him.

However, though she was very trusty, yet she would not tell him any thing. But that *Valeria* received letters very often from *Herminius*. But as the mode of letters was in this Gallant Cabal, this gave him no satisfaction. This slave also told him, that *Valeria* was not very careful of those letters which she

she received from *Herminius* : and that till she put a great number of them together into her Cabinet, she always either carried them in her pocket, or left them upon the Table, not caring who saw them. So as *Spurius* pressing her to get one of them, she promised to do it upon the first opportunity : and accordingly, about two days after, she took from her Lady one of *Herminius* his letters, and gave it unto *Spurius*, who to have the better opportunity of speech with this slave, he went unto *Valeria's*, when he knew she was not at home, which hapned then very often : For since *Salonina* and *Valeria* were out of League, there grew much Amity betwixt *Valeria* and *Lucretia*, who seldom stirring abroad, except to the Temple, was more visited by her new friend, than she returned visits. *Spurius* then going to *Valeria's* one day, when she was with *Lucretia*, he asked to speak with the slave, with whom he held intelligence under a pretence of delivering a message for her Lady. So as this wench gave him the letter which she had taken : but in giving it, she began to laugh, and told him, that she had given him as good as nothing. At first, *Spurius* thought, that though the wench was witty, yet perhaps she could not understand the letter, for he knew that *Herminius* could write but too well. When the wench saw that he made no reckoning of what she said, she laughed again, and said unto him, I perceive you think, I know not what I say, and that you think a poor slave cannot read ; but for all that, I deserve a recompence from you : For, first I assure you, that it is no letter of Love : That never letter was fuller of Amity ; and that if I can understand any thing there is no sence in the letter ; *Spurius* being tickled with an itching curiosity, and knowing that *Valeria* would quickly return, he opened the letter and found these words,

Herminius unto Valeria.

I Confess Madam, that my Amity preceded my Amity : And Amity and amity do sometimes resemble : but believe it Madam, when that happens, either the Amity must be very tender, or the amity not very great : And if you would have me speak without disguise, your Amity is as far from resembling amity, as my amity is from resembling Amity.

After *Spurius* had read this letter, he was much surpris'd : for he knew that *Herminius* used not to write Nonsense or Tautologies, or to put the word Amity so often in one letter without any sence.

So as not knowing well what to think upon't he carried away the letter, not knowing well what to make of it : The wench would have had it again, but he was resolved to examine it better before he restored it : He carried it therefore home ; and when he was in his chamber, he read it over a hundred times : but understood it no better at the last than the first time, for he could not imagine what to make of the word Amity. The worst for him was, he knew well that there was some hidden secret under it : For, had it been one of those Acrostick ingenuities which *Herminius* used, he should have understood it.

On the other side, the little care that *Valeria* took in hiding these letters from *Herminius*, did give him some consolation : but for all that, this

Gallimaufry of Amity puzzled him so much, that not being able to untie this knotty Riddle himself, he resolved out of an excess of jealousy to shew it unto *Salonina*, hoping that her acute wit would help him to discover what he desired to know. He went therefore unto her, but did not acquaint her with his intelligence he had with *Valeria's* slave, but told her, that a friend of his found the letter, and intreated him to decypher it. *Salonina* took the letter, and was as much puzzled at the word Amity as *Spurius* was. She thought at the first that she had found out the trick, so as looking upon *Spurius*, she said unto him : you shall see that *Herminius* and *Valeria* are agreed to use the word Amity, in lieu of the word Love : if they had, replied *Spurius*, the Letter would be as much nonsense, for I will read it so, and you shall see it : and he read it thus.

I confess Madam, that my love preceded my love, and love and love does sometimes resemble : but believe it Madam, when that happens, either the love must be very tender, or the love not very great : And if you will have me speak without disguise, your love is as far from resembling love, as my love is from resembling love.

Well, (replied *Spurius*, after he had read the Letter) Do you understand the word Love, better than you do the word Amity ? No, replied she, but I am resolved I will. And indeed this Lady, whose heart was full of curiosity, of envy, of anger, of jealousy, of vanity, and who moreover wished heartily that *Spurius* might be jealous, she began to look very seriously upon this Letter of *Herminius*, so as having a sharp and penetrating wit, she observed that the word Amity was written several ways in the Letter, for it sometimes begun with a great letter, and sometimes with a little. So that as soon as she had observed this, she hoped to discover the trick on't : she judg'd also, that *Herminius* being so exact in his writing as he was, would not use sometimes great and sometimes little letters to no end : so as she thought that this different manner of writing the same word, might change the sence, and indeed she was not mistaken ; for when they agreed that the word amity should signifie Love, *Valeria* asked *Herminius* how they should do when they used the word Amity to signifie barely Amity : *Herminius*, who was full of invention, he told her, that when the word amity was to signifie Love, it was to begin with a little a, and when it was to signifie amity only, it was to begin with a great A. So as *Salonina* having observed this difference in writing the same word, and imagining that it might change the sence, she began to try it after this rule, and then found that good sence followed : of which *Spurius* was as glad as she : *Salonina* also told *Spurius*, that certainly this Letter was a consequence of that discourse, wherein *Herminius* affirmed, that Amity ought to be mingled with Love. So as after *Spurius* had observed this rule which she directed him to follow he found these words.

I confess, Madam, that my Amity preceded my love, and love and Amity do sometimes resemble : But believe it, Madam, when that happens, either the Amity must be very tender, or the love

not very great : and if you will have me speak without disguise, your Amity is as far from resembling love, as my love is from resembling Amity.

Oh Madam, (cried out *Spurius*) you have but too much wit for my tranquillity : and the nonsense which I found in the Letter of *Herminius*, had been better for me, than the fence which you have found out. For truly, since *Valeria* holds any intelligence of this nature with him, he does her wrong to say, that her Amity does not resemble Love, for such artifice is needless for an affection of another nature : However, Madam, (added he in a transport of sorrow) I beseech you dispense with me, for not returning thanks unto you for the pains you have taken in unriddling this Letter : for truly I have not power to do it. And to tell you truly, I see you so glad at your discovery, and at a thing which infinitely afflicts me, that I was not more grieved when you were the most rigorous unto me. If you would have me speak sincerely (replied *Salonina*) I think it something strange you should not bear me any good will for the pains I have taken in undeceiving you : for had you rather not know that *Valeria* loves *Herminius* ? Doubtless I had, replied he, so I were never to know it. For my part, replied she, I am not so of your mind, but am very glad you find that I am not the only reasonable person who does not render justice unto your merit, and who cannot afford you any more than my esteem : for since the first time you loved me (added this crafty Lady) you thought me the only person in the world whom you loved, that would not love you again : but now you find by experience that it is not so. Ah cruel *Salonina* (cried he out) Do not torment me with the rigour of another, after you have so much tormented me with your own : but if you speak thus, because you repent of your former cruelty, I shall think you excusable. No, replied she with a subtle smile : but on the contrary I speak as I do, to justify my cruelty. As *Salonina* said so, *Collatina* and *Flavia* came into the Chamber, so as she having the Letter of *Herminius* in her hands, it was not possible for *Spurius* to get it from her. Yet he asked it in a low voice, but she would not restore it, but said to him in Railery, that she had more right to it than he, after all the pains she had taken in expounding it : so as *Spurius* not being able to endure any longer in that place, he went out, and being extremely vexed both at *Herminius* and at *Valeria* he was not very sorry that this Letter remained in the hands of *Salonina*, imagining that she would do some mischief unto *Valeria* by it, against whom he was most horribly incensed. And not being able to contain his grief, he went unto one of his friends, to whom he related the state of his fortune. Did ever any find (said he unto him) a more cross and peevish fate than mine ? for within this few days, I found my self the happiest man in the world, and now the most miserable : when *Salonina* endeavoured to re-engage me, I had all the delights of a sweet revenge, and when *Valeria* treated me kindly, I enjoyed all the pleasures which hope can give in love. But now, I know that *Salonina* cares not for me, further than to take me off from *Valeria* whom she loves not. *Valeria* cannot endure me, but only as a cloak to hide her affection unto *Herminius* : and whilst both *Volesus* and *Herminius* are happy,

I am most miserable. I must confess (said his friend unto him) that your adventure is cruel ; but you ought to take good heart ; and were I in your case, I should be glad to lose a Mistress that should love any of my Rivals better than me : On the contrary, replied *Spurius*, I ought to be glad of the rigour of an insensible woman : For I look upon her as one incapable of affording any felicity unto any one no more than me : I look upon her, (I say) as an imperfect person, to whom the Gods have not given any sensibility or tenderness of heart, and one who is unworthy to be grieved for : But alas ! when I think upon all the Charms of *Valeria*, when I consider she is fair, witty, virtuous, pleasing in her humour, modest, and as I think, capable of tenderness, I am so afflicted at the happiness of *Herminius*, that I do most horribly hate him : And in this angry mood, I know no other consolation I can have, but to make him miserable, and to trouble all the delights of *Valeria*, of *Herminius*, of *Volesus*, and of *Salonina*. And indeed *Spurius* did nothing all that day, but plot how he might ruine these four persons whom he most horribly hated. Yet he dissembled with them, the more easily to harm them : But that he might the better prepare himself with a garb of constraint, he feigned himself sick for a while : after which he appeared in the company as ordinary, though a little more melancholy, and a little less troubled for *Valeria*. Mean time, *Salonina*, who kept not the Letter of *Herminius* for nothing, she made a visit unto *Valeria*, and drawing her aside, told her, that to testify how much she was her friend, she came to acquaint her how she had lost some of *Herminius* his Letters, because she heard one of her acquaintance say, that he had one of them in his hands.

Valeria not thinking that any of *Herminius* his Letters could be ill interpreted, and did not think she had lost that wherein the word Amity was so often used, which was the only one that could raise any suspicion ; she told *Salonina* that she was much obliged unto her for her good intention ; but truly, (said she) If I have lost any of them, I am not much troubled at it, neither in relation to my self or *Herminius* : For all his Letters are so well penned, and so far from any suspicion of love, as I do not remember the word Love is so much as once mentioned in all that ere he wrote unto me : Then, replied *Salonina*, those who tell me they have one, are false Impostors : for here's the Copy of that which they say they have in keeping. Upon this, *Salonina* shewed unto *Valeria* the Copy of *Herminius* his letter, with the words of Love and Amity in their right places.

This fair and innocent Lady knowing the first line, she could not chuse but blush : yet presently recollecting her self, and seeming to call up her memory, she told *Salonina* that this which may perhaps be thought some mystery, was nothing but some such trick as his Acrostick was, or some such fallacy, by which he had so often diverted the Cabal : And upon better memory, he did once write some such invention in my chamber, but I apprehended so little danger in shewing it, that I left it loose upon my table : so as certainly some or other has found it, and put an interpretation upon it. Since it is so, (replied *Salonina*, and seemed to believe her) I will never trouble my self to get the

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Original out of their hands who have it : but I think it better to tell them the truth, and to let them shew it as the invention of *Herminius*. If all people were rational (replied *Valeria*) it were not amiss to do as you advise : but since there is an ill disposition in most people to interpret the best things in the worst sense, you would do me a pleasure in procuring me this letter, and undeceiving those that have made any ill construction of it. Madam, replied *Salonina*, since it was never my faculty to flatter my friends, I must needs tell you, that I think the course you would take, is not good, but better to acknowledge it as a real letter, and let it pass as a common and indifferent trifle which you value not. Were there a middle course between these two (replied prudent *Valeria*) it were the best ; and therefore it will be enough if you only tell those that have this letter, how that I do not value it at all : And if ere I meet with an occasion wherein I may do you any service of the like nature, I shall entertain it with joy : Alas Madam (replied *Salonina*) since I have no friend so ingenious as *Herminius*, you are are never like to do me the like office. But, replied *Valeria*, since *Volefus* useth to write unto you sometimes, and since he loves you in another manner than *Herminius* loves me, It is not impossible but I may do more for you, than you shall do for me. However (said *Salonina*) I am glad that I can shew the letter which *Herminius* wrote unto you ; assuring you, what ere you think of me, that I will act for you with the same thoughts that now I have. After this, *Salonina* went away : And this malicious woman so negotiated the matter, that within three days there were dispersed above a hundred Copies of the letter of *Herminius* : Yet *Salonina* had not all the pleasure which she expected from this malice : For *Herminius* was so often known to vent such pieces of wit as these, without any particular design ; And *Valeria* had so great a Reputation of Prudence, that few or none believ'd it to be more than only a passage of wit, and no particular or applicative aim of any Gallantry in it. *Herminius* found this advantage by it, which now I am going to relate unto you.

The perplexity that he saw in the spirit of *Valeria*, made him fear lest she should take resolution of seeing him no more, only to prevent scandal. For, though *Valeria's* heart was all innocency ; yet she knew, that scandal seeks only a pretence to calumniate the most virtuous persons. So as *Herminius*, who knew that *Valerius* and *Domitia* loved him, resolved upon two things ; The First, to acquaint *Sivelia* with his Love, and oblige her to consent unto his design, and help him. The second : To ask *Valeria's* leave to apply himself unto those who had the disposition of her, for their approbation of his affection. *Herminius* therefore, told his generous Mother of it, who commended his design, and assured him, that she would assist him in all that possibly she could : For she found in this alliance, all that she could wish for, especially Vertue, and Nobleness of blood. But when *Herminius* pressed *Valeria* to let him speak unto her Father, he found greater resistance than he imagined : For after he had wooed her unto it, with a thousand tender and passionate expressions and prayers, he saw she

chang'd colour ; and beginning to speak, she would not give him any precise answer : So as troubled in mind, Oh most Divine *Valeria* (said he unto her) do not put my passion unto any further tryal : you may know it ; and to say more, do know it : And yet you speak unto me as faintly, as if you did not know I love you, and as if you had not permitted me to hope I should not be hated. Indeed, answered she, I do know that you love me sometimes : but how shall I be assured you will love me always ? How Madam ? (said *Herminius* and interrupted her) can you be so unjust as to say that I love you sometimes ? I who have not a minutes rest in my passion : I, who love you more than ever any can ; I (I say) who think upon none ; nothing but you, who would not live but for you, who cannot live a minute without you. Though I should agree, that you do love me, replied she, yet I cannot, that you love me as I would be loved. But *Herminius*, do not deceive your self : but know, that if you did love me always equally, you could not do as I have seen you : There are some minutes, some hours, and some days wherein you can so well hide your affection, even when you are not constrained unto it, as I have cause to fear how I do inseparably conjoin my Fortune with yours ; Though you are the only man in the world, for whom I would without aversion obey my Father, if he should command me to marry. For, I do declare unto you, I had rather be the Wife of a man that hates me, and always has hated me, than of such a man as once zealously loved me, and afterwards does not. For, since the first of these ever hated me, I never loved him, and by consequence, his hatred never troubled me, as the indifference of him whom once I loved, would. But I beseech you Madam, replied *Herminius*, why should you presuppose, that I should change my mind ? Did you ever see me inconstant unto any of my friends ? Oh *Herminius* replied she, some men may be constant in Amity, that are not so in Love : And there are some men, who never have but one friend, who yet have many Mistresses. Madam, replied he, I am none of those : For, on the contrary, I have many friends, but you are my only Mistress, and I can safely say, that I have no other but you : For, if I did ever think my self in Love with any, I now see I was much mistaken when I thought so : For I never had such heart-burnings for any as for you. Do not fear then I shall ever change, when I cannot hope to be better : Nor think, that though time should offer any injury unto your fair face, I should yet alter my mind : No, no, *Valeria* ; I do not love you for your beauty only : There are other excellencies in your soul and mind, which I prefer before the charms of your eyes, and all outward Lustre : you have a thousand, and a thousand beauties, over which time and age has no power : You have a thousand and a thousand Treasures which are not in the power of Fortune, and worth much more, than all those she is able to give : Fear not then, that my Passion will ere diminish as long as it is built upon so sure a foundation, and Cause so solid ; I am nothing of the humor of those men, whose Loves are damped as soon as a little sickness has paled the Complexion of their Mistresses.

sés. I most humbly beseech you Madam, think better of *Herminius*, and deny him not that permission, which he asketh, unless you will have him think you never loved him, or that you never will love him, and that you would not have him love you any longer. Though I should (replied *Valeria*, with a demi-blush) you would not believe me: For indeed I do not refuse to consent unto what you desire, but lest in consenting, you should love me no longer, or love me less. After this, *Herminius* redoubled his prayers, and expressed his desires so tenderly, and full of passion, as she permitted him at last to speak unto *Valerius* her Father. So as *Silvelia*, who knew the vertue of *Valeria*, and much approved of this alliance, she moved it unto *Valerius*, who liked the proposition as well as she could desire.

But though both sides carried the matter very secret, that it might not be known untill all was consummated; yet the joys of *Herminius* did betray this important secret, and made *Spurius* partly guess at the truth, and fully discovered it by the intelligence of that wench which gave him the Letter of *Herminius*: so as entring into a new despair, it caused such a disturbance in his heart, as did confirm the opinion of such who say, That a violent passion is often stronger than vertue or reason. For *Spurius*, who till then, had done nothing for which he could blame himself, unless loving too long, after all hopes of being loved was gone, he took a course to hinder *Herminius* from being happy, which he would not have taken, if jealousy had not altered the constitution of his soul.

The truth was, he was an enemy unto Tyranny; he hated *Tarquin*; and he heartily wished the liberty of *Rome*: yet in transport of passion, which then was Mistress of his heart, he thought it not impossible to hinder the marriage of *Valeria* with *Herminius*, by acquainting some that were of *Tarquins* interest, how that in policy he ought to prevent this Alliance. *Spurius* then being acquainted with one that was kinsman unto *Heslius*, that was in favour with *Tarquin*, he went to see him; and seeming to talk of the marriage of *Herminius* and *Valeria*, as the news of the Town, he began to speak of the good fortune of *Herminius*. For truly (said he very subtilly) if he had not good fortune, the King would never permit this marriage, which unites two of the most potent Families that are his enemies, and out of whom there are more exiles since *Tarquin* reigned, than any others in *Rome*. *Spurius* seemed to say this, not as if he desired him unto whom he spoke, to tell *Heslius*, and that *Heslius* should tell *Tarquin*, but only as wondring at the good fortune of *Herminius*. For he knew very well, that he to whom he spoke, would tell *Heslius* all he heard: And indeed, as soon as ever *Spurius* was gone, this man went to his Cousin, and told him all he knew. *Heslius* conceiving indeed, that this alliance between two Families, enemies of *Tarquin*, was to be prevented, he went unto that Prince to acquaint him with the business, and the consequences of it.

Tarquin, who, except *Horatius* and *Clelius*, hated *Valerius* and *Herminius*, more than all the rest of

his enemies, he resolved to prevent this marriage by his absolute authority: Thus when *Herminius* and *Valeria* thought to pass all their lives together in a most happy condition, *Tarquin* sent for *Valerius*, to tell him, that for some reasons which related unto the good of his service, he charged him not to marry his Daughter unto *Herminius*.

Valerius out of his great and noble soul told *Tarquin* all that his generosity guided by prudence did dictate unto him, to oblige him not to constrain him in a thing which ought to be free. But *Tarquin* answered, That if *Herminius* married *Valeria*, he would banish them *Rome* the next day, and that they should never enter the City again.

Valerius not being able to oppose force, he retir'd home, where he found *Herminius*, who impatiently expected his return; for as a Lover is always fuller of fears than any other, so he was more disquieted than *Domitia*, that *Tarquin* had sent for *Valerius*. But when he was returned, the sorrows of *Domitia*, of *Valeria*, and of *Herminius*, were extreme. *Valerius* related unto them word for word, all that the Tyrant had said unto him, and all that he answered: after which *Valerius* spake unto them with abundance of wisdom: For after many other things worthy of his great heart and high spirit; To testify unto you (said he unto *Herminius*) how much I esteem your vertue, and how happy I think my Daughter would be in being your wife, I do declare unto you, that were it not I have some secret hopes to be one day profitable unto the liberty of my Country, I would exile myself, and I would advise you unto the same, that you might live with *Valeria* in some part of the world, where vice does not triumph over vertue, as it does at *Rome*. But generous *Herminius*, you having so much spirit, so much heart, and so much vertue as you have, you are a Debtor unto your Countrey as well as I am: Therefore I exhort you to stay here, and to overcome that innocent passion which you have in your soul.

But to testify how much I value you, I do declare unto you, That if your vertue cannot overcome your love, and that you cannot live unless miserably, I do consent to give you my Daughter; to deprive myself of her and you for ever, and to permit you to go and dwell in some other part of *Italy*, where the power of *Tarquin* is not acknowledged, provided *Valeria* consent unto it. Oh Sir, replied this wise Lady, though I do esteem *Herminius* far above all other men, yet I do declare, that I am not able to abandon you to follow him: and I think him so generous, as he will not desire to take me from the best father in the world: but I hope he is so reasonable, as to be contented with that assurance which by your permission I shall give him of my affection; that though we cannot live together, yet I will with all the innocence, and all the tenderness of a sister, preserve it inviolably for him: Yes my Daughter (said *Valerius*) I do permit you to love *Herminius* as the only man worthy to be your Husband: and I would have *Domitia* also to love him, as if he were her son.

Oh Sir, replied *Herminius*, you do set before me a most happy example of vertue for me to imitate; for I must ingenuously confess, that if you and *Valeria* did not give me so great an example of generosity,

generosity, I cannot tell what answer I should have returned. But yet I see that I should be the most ungrateful, and most unjust man in the world, if I did not think my self happy in my misfortunes, though through the grandeur of my passion, and the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, I am the most unfortunate of men. As *Herminius* said this, one came to tell *Valerius*, that *Spurius* desired to speak with him: And indeed, that revengeful lover knowing that *Tarquin* had sent for *Valerius*, and being impatient to know whether his design prospered, he took a pretence of some business to speak with *Valerius*, purposely to see in what temper his spirit was. So that *Valerius* seeing tears in the eyes of *Valeria*, and despair painted in the face of *Herminius*, he went into another Chamber to receive the visit of *Spurius*. *Valerius* was no sooner gone, but word was brought *Domitia*, that some Ladies desired to speak with her; she seeing *Valeria* and *Herminius* in a condition unfit for visits, she put them into a Chamber within her own, and commanded the woman of *Valeria* to wait upon her Lady.

Valeria and *Herminius* were no sooner at liberty, but excess of sorrow taking away their speech, they looked upon each other a while, and did not speak: afterwards they went and sat down in the further part of the Chamber, where the servant durst not approach out of respect, though she had an itching desire unto it, that she might report unto *Spurius* what she heard.

But after this silence had lasted a while, *Herminius* was the first that broke it by a great and profound sigh, which was a preface unto the saddest words that ever afflicted lover pronounced. Alas, Madam, (said he unto her) *Herminius* now must never be happy in fair *Valeria*: it may be, I shall live a while after so sad a doom: But Madam, you that know how to love, do also know, that this word, Never, is a most fatal sound, if it be applied as I do. Yes Madam, to think that you must never be mine, does cast such a gloomy mist upon my spirit, that my reason is confounded; and I repent of what I said unto the generous *Valerius* and you, when I commended both your virtues: Yes Madam, I am so overwhelmed with sorrow, that I have not the use of my reason, so as I think it not a folly to hope that I shall see *Rome* delivered from the Tyrant that oppresseth it; and by consequence, that it were an act of generosity to get out of a place where a Tyrant reigns so tyrannically: yet I know, that what *Valerius* has done, is great and Noble: but yet Madam, the love of a Father is nothing like the love of a Lover: And to speak things as they are, it is unjust to refuse being happy, out of reasons which have only appearances of glory: Truth is, there is not much probability, that *Tarquin* may be destroyed, and were it not more generous to steal out of his Tyranny, than to endure it, out of an ill grounded hope that one day he may be destroyed? Voluntary exile has some Generosity in it, when the cause is of such a Nature as this which exileth us; And since (my dearest *Valeria*, if a miserable man may call you so) it is so, it is not banishment to live with the person whom one loves: *Rome* is a strange Country unto me, if we cannot live together in it: *Asia* or *Africa* shall be my Country, if I live there with you. But *Herminius*,

replied *Valeria* and sighed, let us live still at *Rome*, and we shall always see each other as now we do.

Oh Madam, (said he and took her hand) you love but little, I know, you can be contented with the present condition of our Fortune: I know we shall be both in the same Town; That *Sivelia's* house is not far from yours: that I shall see you every day, and that I shall sometimes speak with you when none understands us but our selves: But all this will not make us happy, if you do not love me as I love you. For when love is ardent, the Lovers would be out of all danger ever to lose each other: they would be made as sure as possibly may be: They cannot without sorrow but they must sit together, if they be in company: And much less endure to be separated by whole streets, and a thousand obstacles which hinder them from seeing one another every minute: nor can they enjoy a thousand pleasures which the society of the person loved can give them. For my part, I am not of your opinion: I can think any Lover is able to say that he is happy, but when he has nothing to fear, nor hope for: Into what a lamentable condition am I reduc'd, who am in perpetual fears of losing you, and sees none but weak hopes of having what my affection merits: If *Tarquin's* Ruine be the ground of my felicity, I have no remedy but death, since it pleaseth the Gods for Reasons which are hid from us, that he should be happy, and continue still Master of *Rome*. Alas, was ever any misfortune equal unto mine? for I dare not say equal unto ours, not knowing whether you will share so far in my misery, as to make it properly spoken. Truly, *Herminius* (replied *Valeria*) it is impossible you should doubt of my mind; and not know that I am most sensible of our cruel destiny; And truly, there is nothing more insupportable than to consider the obstacles of our happiness: Nor any thing that makes it more apparent, that the secrets of the gods are impenetrable: For they do cross our happiness, as if it were a crime to be good, and because there are too many men of virtue in your Family, and mine. Were I daughter unto some of *Tarquin's* vicious Favourites, we should be happy: But because your Parents and mine are true Romans, we must be miserable.

Oh Madam, replied *Herminius*, you shew your abundance in goodness by speaking thus, and in not suffering me to bear the heavy burthen of my misfortunes alone, but to share with me in calling them ours: But Madam, are all these misfortunes without any remedy? Can we not consummate a marriage secretly, and live happily in some corner of the World? is your love to me so small, that you can deny me in a thing that is innocent? Should I desire any thing from you that were criminal, I should be unjust. But Madam, I am none of those Lovers, who think the Grandeur of their Love can make unjust requests excusable: Your virtue does regulate my will, and keeps my desires within the limits of innocency: but for you I have some cause to think, that I have some right to obtain from you any thing that is no crime. Give me therefore leave to get the consent of *Valerius*, either that I may marry you secretly, or that we may live out of *Rome*. You heard him so generous as to offer it: and you will be the most cruel person in the world, if you oppose my

my happiness. Say rather the most reasonable, replied *Valeria*: For indeed, *Herminius*, we should be the height of imprudence if we should think to hide a thing which in all likelihood will come to be known, and which would expose us unto the cruelty of *Tarquin*. Besides, such a secret would be contrary to my fancy and humour: And as for quitting of *Rome*, and my Father for ever, I am so sure that I ought not to do it, as I will never think upon it: Oh Madam, (replied *Herminius*) you are too cruelly wise; what a sad Fate it is, I should be so deeply in love, and so miserable as to love one that will not do for me all that virtue permits her. Virtue, replied this wise Lady, does doubtless allow all that reason does: But Reason sometimes allows more than virtue: Therefore, since it is equally laudable to be virtuous and to be reasonable, be for my sake both the one and the other: Submit your mind unto your Fortune; and to oblige you unto it, Consider, that in quitting *Rome*, you quit the Interests of your Country, you quit the virtuous *Sivelia*, you quit *Valerius*, you quit all your Friends; and more than all this, you will see me most sadly mourn for the absence of *Valerius*, and *Domitia*: Yet do not think (added she most obligingly) that my tenderness to you is the less: For it is to be thought, that one who has so much affection for a Father and a Mother, has a most ardent affection for a Lover, and would have for a husband. But of what use are Reason and Virtue, if they be not employed upon such occasions as this? They will serve, Madam, replied he, to make the Grandeur of my Love to be seen; But Madam, if I must yield unto you, what comforts shall I have in my misery, and what assurance against my Rivals, the number of which, I see, does every day increase? You may trust unto the promise which I shall make (replied she) That as long as you love me, I will love you: And, since the persons, who have the disposition of me, consent unto it, I will love you without any scruple. But Madam, replied he, why do you say, that you will love me as long as I love you? Are you not able to say positively, that you will love me for ever, since you may be sure I shall love you as long as I live? When one does love, replied *Valeria*, he thinks that he shall Love always, and yet thousands of examples make it evident, that there are some Lovers, who cease to Love. Oh Madam, replied he, the heart of *Herminius* is not alike unto those Lovers that think so: Since so, replied she, The Term that our affections shall last, shall be equivalent, since if you love me as long as you live, I will love you until I dye.

Herminius was so charmed to hear these obliging words from the mouth of *Valeria*, that he resolved to submit his spirit unto the reason of this wise Lady. He therefore commended her, he asked pardon for his importunity, and beseeched her to pity his imbecillity, and to comfort him in his misery, by her constant goodness.

So as *Valeria* being very glad to see that the power she had upon the heart of *Herminius* was so great, she spoke unto him so obligingly, that when *Domitia* and *Valerius* returned, they found his Soul in such a temper, as they desired it to be. Being therefore both of them charmed at his virtue,

they assured him that they would love him as their own Son, as long as they lived. And indeed, ever since that day, they did love *Herminius* better than before. Yet for fear of incensing the Tyrant, they agreed, that for a time, he should not come so frequently unto them as he used, nor, that he should hide any of his sorrows, to the end, that unjust Prince might know by his spies, that they had obeyed him.

Things being thus, *Herminius* not acquainting *Valerius* nor *Valeria*, he went unto Prince *Titus*, and to the Prince of *Pometia*, and employed them to move *Tarquin* not to oppose his marriage. But though these Princes were very zealous in the service of *Herminius*; yet they could not do him any good: So as he grew so melancholy, that the splenitick *Spurius* was comforted in all his disgraces. He had also the pleasure to see, that *Salonina* did not marry *Volesus*: And some there was that suspected, he hindered the Parents of that Lover from consenting unto his marriage. So as though *Spurius* was not loved by neither *Salonina*, nor *Valeria*, yet he had the satisfaction to see they did not marry those whom they did love: and to break off the society of so many excellent persons, who were always together. But *Herminius* yet found out an invention to establish another Cabal: for the Amity between *Valeria* and *Lucretia* being very great, these two Ladies became inseparable. So as when *Lucretius* the Father of *Lucretia* permitted his Daughter to go unto *Racilia* in the Countrey; The Cabal grew as gallant as ever, *Lucretia*, *Herminia*, *Collatina*, and *Valeria*, being of it.

But the thing most particular in this adventure was, that *Spurius*, who now hated both *Valeria* and *Salonina*, and also *Volesus* and *Herminius*, especially the last of these, he took a fancy, that since he neither could, nor would be any longer his Rival, he would find him one that should. Endeavoring therefore how to bring such a fantastical design to pass, he bethought himself of *Mutius*, who till then never seem'd to have any amorous inclination. For, as perhaps you have observed him, *Mutius* is naturally proud and ambitious, and the love of Glory takes up so much of his heart, as I believe *Valeria* with all her charms would not be so pleasing to him, as some dangerous occasion would be, if he were sure to come off with honour. So as *Mutius* having a heart full of nothing but Heroick designs, he never minded such trifles as are the delights of lovers: you should see him oftener with grave bearded Senators, discoursing upon the valour of *Romulus*, than with young Gallants. So as *Spurius* who was a friend unto an Uncle of *Mutius*, who had the Guardianship of him, he cast his eyes upon him for this fantastical design: And indeed he made no ill choice; for *Mutius* was handsome, he had wit and spirit; he was proud and haughty; and he was fit to court a Lady, and enrage a Rival. *Spurius* then finding *Mutius* as he was walking with one of the gravest Senators in the Capitol, he drew him aside upon pretence of some business with him. Sir (said he unto him) I beg your pardon for depriving you of a conversation which I know you preferred before all the young men of your own age, and before all the beauties in *Rome*: But, Sir, to speak sincerely, (added he, and smiled) I do aim at your honour in it.

For

For to be free with you, I love you very well, and you have often told me, that you would follow my advice in all things. *Mutius* was a little surpris'd at this, for he knew not why he should be reprehended for preferring wise men before such as were not: Though he did not love any reprehensions, yet since his Uncle had often commanded him to follow the advice of *Spurius*; and since he had often promised that he would, he asked him wherein he had failed, beseeching him to tell him, what he would do to get honour and glory. Since you would know, replied *Spurius*, I would, that you should not cross the order of nature: I would not have you wise before your time, but to think there is a kind of folly which well becomes all young men; and that to arrive at Glory the sooner, you must do many things which may seem a retreat from it: For in lieu of applying your self eternally unto these old, grave, and serious Sages, who are experienc'd in the conduct of affairs, and command of Armies, you should see all the Ladies in *Rome*, that have any beauty, wit, or handfomness: you should make your self some friends out of such as have spent five or six years in Gallantry, and are able by their example to teach you how to behave your self in the world. You should be in society with all such as have any reputation of excellency, but not hang upon them too much: Never go where you are not wished for: nor imprudently molest the pleasures of others, when you are not diverted your self; nor inconsiderately engage your self in such foolish company as meet with any business, and where none desires you. But you should cunningly and handfomely make your self desired: you should be sociable, you should love pleasures, you should court Ladies of merit: you should invent occasions to divert them: you should not be too merry nor too grave; but temperate with judgment: you must not be a Wit, nor Sword-man, nor a Gallant of profession. I beseech you (said *Mutius*) Tell me what one should do to get esteem: you must fall in love, replied *Spurius*. But, said *Mutius*, Can one fall in love when one will? I assure you (answered *Spurius*) when one is of your age, it is harder to keep out than to fall in love; but as long as you keep company with none but gray bearded Senators, your heart cannot be so easily engaged in love. But yet, replied *Mutius*, when I am in company with those men, I think my self very well; and they commend my wisdom and virtue: but on the contrary, when I go amongst Ladies, I am so far to seek what to say unto them, that I perceive they laugh at me. Oh *Mutius*, said *Spurius*, all compleat men must be expos'd unto the Railery of women; before their wits can be refined; ask any of the Senators whom now you see so grave and wise, whether they were always so: if they be sincere, compleat, and ingenious men, they will tell you they were laugh'd at the first year they enter'd into the world; and that the second year they laugh'd at those who came after them: They will tell you that they lov'd amorous and gallant conversation and pleasures: That they had never been so compleat and polite, but by a desire to please, and that they had never found any such desire, but by being in love: They will tell you also, that love made them more zealously affect glory: made

them more liberal, more valiant, and that they were much beholding unto this passion. But you know, replied *Mutius*, that all Lovers are not happy: Most true, replied *Spurius*, However (answered he and smil'd) they have more consideration than you: For a man that knows the world a little better than you do, would never upbraid me that I was never in love. But *Mutius*, take all well that I say: for you may think that I have no other interest in the counsel which I give, but only to save me the sorrows to see, that you who are handsome, of a good birth, of spirit, of wit, do yet not employ them as you should.

Mutius hearing *Spurius* speak in such obliging language, did thank him, and assur'd him that he would follow his advice in all things; yet being of a proud temper, he did a little stomach this reprehension: but having a strong affectation and desire of glory, he resolv'd to hearken unto *Spurius*, and to ask him what he should do. You must so behave your self (said he) that it may be reported as news, you are in love with some person of merit: For though you be not so really, you ought out of prudence to behave your self as if you were; and therefore, if you will follow my advice, you shall accustom your self to see all the Ladies, who have highest reputation of beauty, wit and gallantry: Amongst the rest, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, *Hermilia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and *Valeria*: And to avoid that shame which your fear, of being reproach'd for not being loved, begin with one who is accustomed not to love those who court her, to the end you may not be the only man who shall be reproach'd, if your design do not take. And therefore apply your self unto the service of *Valeria*; and if you prosper better than I, doubtless it will be glorious unto you; and if not, you have the consolation that you are not without company.

But I beseech you, replied *Mutius*, is it not reported, that *Herminius* is much in her favour? Most true answered *Spurius*, and therefore it is that I advise you to undertake a design so brave: for an old Lover is sometimes easily driven out by a new Rival. Besides, you being young and brave, one that loves Glory and difficult enterprises; it will be a noble attempt to conquer a heart that is defended by a brave man, and much more glorious, than to assault one who will yield without resistance: The Mistress is fair, the Rival is owner of a thousand admirable qualities, and the enterprise is worthy of your self; To be free with you, I shall be very much oblig'd unto you, if you attempt the conquest. For I assure you, I shall be as much joyed if you can obtain the love of *Valeria*, as I should have been heretofore, if I my self had been loved. After this, *Spurius* us'd several other inducements: so as *Mutius*, out of a pure appetite of glory, undertook to serve *Valeria*. Submitting himself then to the Counsels of *Spurius*, he quickly gave him the opportunity of being received in this Noble society; for *Mutius* was of quality to be received any where. *Mutius*, he had so deeply imprinted the love of *Valeria* in his fancy, that it became good earnest: so as after this he stood not in any need of counsel from *Spurius*, for his own passion advis'd him what to do: Not that he had so many Talents

of Gallantry as *Herminius* had, whose spirit was even Gallantry it self; But it being the quality of Love to tame the fierceness of Lions, and cruelty of Tigers, *Mutius*, who till then had none but Heroick designs in his soul, was now capable of lesser thoughts of submission and complacency: So as he quitted the company of his old Seigniors, and a great part of his wisdom, to see *Valeria* and all her friends. *Herminius*, he was so assured of *Valeria's* heart, that at first, this new Rival never troubled him: but afterwards, it is so natural not to abide Rivals, and to fear lest they should make some progress in the heart of the person loved, that *Herminius* was disquieted at the passion of *Mutius*: so as upon divers occasions, they were very sharp upon one another, until fortune presented *Herminius* with a great occasion of glory in giving him an opportunity of saving the life of *Mutius*, when by the orders of *Tarquin* he was to be assassinated as he was going to the house of *Racilia* where *Valeria* was, and where *Brutus* and *Herminius* did that action which was so much spoken of at *Rome*, though *Brutus* was not known who he was. But as gratitude is often too weak to strive with hatred in the heart of a Lover; so, though *Mutius* was obliged unto *Herminius*, yet after that, he had many squabbles with him, wherein appeared much animosity: *Spurius* his Confident sided with him against *Herminius*: and being the most revengeful person on earth, you may be sure he never lost any occasion, great or little, that might make against *Herminius*: And indeed, I was told, that when the fair and unfortunate *Lucretia* lost that Letter which caused her marriage with *Collatine*, and made *Herminius* suspected of some confederacy which *Tarquin* could not discover, *Spurius* had a great hand in the banishment of *Herminius*. For knowing what suspicion was had of this illustrious Roman, he procured the Kinsman of *Heslius* to testify many things which moved *Tarquin* to be so incensed, That *Herminius* was constrained to fly from *Rome* to save his life, and to leave his dear *Valeria*, unto whom he could not bid Adieu, but only by Letter, which she durst not answer, or hear any news of him, lest it should be discovered where he was, and so she contribute to the ruine of that man whom she loved above all the world. And yet, at the last, she wrote unto him: for the generous *Sivelia* hearing by a slave which *Herminius* sent secretly unto *Rome*, that he would not go at a farther distance, though he was not above a daies journey from thence, she went unto *Valerius*, beseeching him that he would desire his daughter to command *Herminius* to quit *Italy*, until the face of things changed: so as *Valeria*, both out of obedience and tenderness, commanded her dear *Herminius* by Letter, to seek a sanctuary in some other place farther off, where he needed not to fear the injustice of *Tarquin*, and lest he should send some of his ministers of cruelty to assassinate him.

And since *Herminius* was equally dear both unto *Sivelia*, *Valerius*, *Domitia* and *Valeria*, he received so many different Orders from all these persons, that he did resolve to go farther off: yet since there was an invisible Chain which tyed him to *Italy*, he contented himself with going to *Metapont*, where he thought to meet with more consolation

than any where else, because he should there find the sage *Damo*, and all the rest of those friends which he had made when he was there: And indeed, *Herminius* was ravished with the society of these excellent persons. But *Sivelia* hearing where he was, she sent him orders to be gone from thence, because the place of his retreat being known, she could not think him in safety: And to induce him to leave that place, she sent him a Letter from *Valeria*, written after her intention: so as this unfortunate Lover was more exiled by his friends and lovers, than by his enemies, which made his heart exceeding melancholy: And also it was a double sadness of soul to see, that *Valeria's* Letters were less obliging, than those he formerly received from her: For since they were to pass through the hands of *Sivelia*, this discreet Ladie would not include all the tenderness of her soul in them: But *Herminius*, who knew not that to be the reason, he was extremely disquieted at it: however, he had received so many commands to get further off, that he resolved upon it. 'Tis true, he had for his companion in his travels, the Son of a generous Roman, who was born an exile, from whose Society he found much consolation. And indeed this Roman, whose name is *Emilius*, is a man of much soul and very handsome, of a sweet disposition, a sociable spirit, a passionate soul, and a courageous heart.

Herminius and he then travelled together into *Greece*; after which they came to *Capua*, though *Herminius* was sure that if *Sivelia* did know he was there, she would think him too near *Rome*. But since *Emilius* fell sick, as soon as he came there, and since he had some reasons which kept him from making himself known in that place, he shared not with *Herminius* in many things which this pleasant City afforded. Nor did you see this friend of *Herminius*; who not being in a condition to stir abroad, he obliged his friends not to mention him. So as you knew only in general that *Herminius* was come to *Capua* with a stranger, who was fallen sick and lodged in the suburbs, not knowing precisely who he was.

Mean-time, although *Herminius* loved *Emilius* very tenderly, and though they mutually received from each other many generous testimonies of Amity, during their Travels; yet *Herminius* out of a resentment of Fidelity to *Valeria*, he never acquainted *Emilius* that he was in Love at *Rome*. For, since he never had been there, though he was the Son of an illustrious Roman, he could not know any there. But Madam, to come unto that share which you have in the adventure of *Herminius*, you may remember, that as soon as that illustrious Roman came to *Capua*, he got a great share in the Amity of *Clelia* and your self: and that he was very much at your house: you know that he used to write unto you very often, and that you were wont to answer him: Also that he saw none but you with delight: That it was for him, you drew the Famous Map of *Tender*: and that those, who did not rightly know things, had some ground to think that *Herminius* was in love with you, though indeed, it was only pure Amity. In so much, as many at *Capua* did put *Herminius* in Rank with *Aronces*, or *Horatius*, and thought him to be your Lover. The thought was grown so publick, that a young Physician, who had *Emilius* in cure, and who was one of those Gallant Phy-

Physitians, who have much practice amongst Ladies, he brought a Copy of this Map unto *Emilius*, not knowing that he knew him for whom it was made: upon this *Emilius*, who saw *Herminius* seldomer of late than usual, he thought indeed Madam, that he was in love with you.

Amilcar, said *Clelia* and interrupted, Consider well what you say, and do not mix Fable with true History.

No Madam (replied *Amilcar*) but let me tell you, that your Fine wit had like to have had the life of poor *Herminius*: But to proceed, *Emilius* beginning to tax *Herminius* with the passion which he thought was in his soul, *Herminius* answered him in such a manner, as perswaded him he did not deny the thing, but only out of his discretion. *Herminius* yet did all he could to undeceive his friend, but all would not do, nay, rather confirmed him. And Madam, since you then used to write very often unto *Herminius*, he shewed *Emilius* your letters, he shewed him his own, and let him take Copies of them: thinking that this would better perswade him there was no mystery in this affection, and that there was no intimacy 'twixt him and you, but only a Gallant Amity without any tincture of Love. But since all these letters whereof he took Copies, were exceeding Gallant and sweet; and since *Herminius* had such a kind of passionate stile, as would deceive any that did not know him very well, *Emilius* took that for Love which was only Amity. He thought also that the Map of *Tender* was a Map of virtuous Love, and in short, made no doubt, but that he was deep in Love, and also, that he was not a little loved.

Howsoever the Air of *Capua* being thought bad for his health, he was constrained to leave it, and was carried unto a little Town whose situation was more healthy. *Herminius* followed him, and had the joy to see him much mend in his health: But at the same time, he had the sorrows to lose his company: for *Emilius* understood that he might now dwell at *Rome*: so as these two friends parted, and *Herminius* returned to *Capua*. When *Emilius* was ready to depart, *Herminius* had a mind to trust him with the secret of his Love, and to give him a letter for *Valeria*: but knowing the humor of that wise Lady, he thought she would not take it well, that such a man as *Emilius* should be the Confident of his affection, she being so scrupulous, and so wise as she was.

Therefore he only desired him, not to speak at *Rome* of his opinion, that he loved *Clelia*, lest such a report should unhappily come unto *Valeria's* ear: And for a colour, he told *Emilius* that the reason of this his desire was, lest *Tarquin* should hear such a false report and hate him the more, for endeavouring to make any alliance with his most mortal enemy. But though this reason had great appearance of probability, yet *Emilius* did not give much credit to it: but thought that *Herminius* spoke it, only to perswade him that he was not in Love. Yet he promised he would not speak of it: and after many kind embraces, he left him; and took the way towards *Rome*: yet he came not there so soon as he supposed; For *Tarquin* having chang'd advice, he stayed a long while at *Lavinium*, until his business was compleated. During

which time, *Herminius* was at *Capua*, and could not have Commerce with *Emilius*, nor durst he send to *Rome*, lest *Sivelia* and *Valeria* should command him into some Country further off.

Things then being upon these Terms, it so fell out that as *Emilius* was ready to depart from *Lavinium*, the same Physitian who knew him at *Capua*, and who was originally of *Clusium*, passed by the place where he was, and told him with much sorrow that *Herminius* was dead, and had been Assassinated.

But Madam, that you may know the ground of this report I must tell you, that *Clelius* being to be assassinated by the cruel order of *Tarquin*, and that *Herminius* interposing himself in this adventure, one of the Assassins died of the wounds he had received, and the other died of Rage and despair. So as this sad accident being published with much confusion and incertainty: It was writ unto this Physitian by a wrong informed man, who told him positively, that *Herminius* was dead, adding many circumstances which might confirm belief of it: So as his heart being much moved at it, he could not chuse but tell unto *Emilius*, who grieved beyond measure, and so very much, that he went unto *Rome* without any delight; thinking the loss of his friend, greater than the loss of Liberty to live in his own Country. *Emilius* then, sighed as he entred into *Rome*, and appeared so melancholy unto all those that came to visit him, as every one asked him the Cause: for they saw that he was not melancholy by constitution, but by accident.

The next day after he came to *Rome*, he went to visit *Flavia*, who was his near Cousin, and with whom he had Commerce by letters, though he had never seen her. This Lady with whom *Valeria* was, when he entred, finding him more melancholy than she imagined he had reason for, she began to chide him, and to tell him she thought it strange he should have the pensiveness of an exile in his face, when he ought to be all joy in his heart. Did you but know the cause of my pensiveness, replied *Emilius*, I am confident you would excuse me, and since I have not yet had the honour to be known unto you, I think I ought to acquaint you with it, to justify my sadness, to excuse my ill humour, and to oblige you to pity me. *Flavia* and I, are so naturally compassionate, replied *Valeria* then, That if compassion will comfort you, you shall not want it. Then Madam (said *Emilius* unto her) I beseech you pity me: For, I do not merit so great a misfortune as is fallen upon me: What is the misfortune? (said *Flavia*) The better to understand my bad, I must acquaint you with my good Fortune. During my Travels, I had got a friend, who had all the excellent qualities which a compleat man could have, and who had unto me a bundance of most tender Amity and affection; and yet I loved him better than he loved me; for I trusted him with my whole heart; but he had a passion in his soul which he would never trust unto me. But for all that, I looked upon his reservedness, as part of his discretion to his mistress, and not as a defect in his Amity to me: *Herminius* was so dear unto me, as I would most willingly give half my life that I could revive him, and restore him unto *Clelia*, with whom he was deeply in love at *Capua*.

Upon these words, *Valeria* apprehended more than can be imagined, there being no sound so dismal, as to hear of the death and infidelity of a Lover. She had in her heart so great a Turbulency, as she could not retain her apprehensions, nor chuse but testify her extream desire of knowing whether it was true, that *Herminius* was inconstant; and whether *Herminius* was dead; but anger and grief meeting in her mind both at the same time, she had not leisure to expel love, only asked *Emilius* very seriously, whether he knew of a certainty that *Herminius* was dead: *Emilius* to move more compassion in the heart of these two fair ones, and pity to himself, he told them that it was but too true, and told them more than indeed he was sure of.

After this, *Valeria* perceived that she could not be Mistress of her self, if she spoke any more; therefore she held her peace, with much ado to hold her tears. Anger was a help unto her in this encounter, for it kept her from lamenting the death of *Herminius* with despair. As for *Flavia*, she asked the same question *Valeria* did: but since she believed *Emilius* was much mistaken in saying, that *Herminius* loved a Lady in *Capua*, called *Clelia*, and desiring to justify her friend, that his memory might be more dear unto *Valeria*, she told *Emilius* that most certainly he was much mistaken, in thinking *Herminius* was in love, it not being possible a man who had been in *Rome*, where he had seen so many fair and charming beauties, should love any else. Oh *Flavia* (answered *Emilius*) had you heard him make a description of *Clelia*, who is the daughter of *Clelius*, whom *Tarquin* so unjustly hates, you would not doubt of his being in love with her: for he spoke of her with so much admiration and tenderness, that he himself did not perceive how he commended her with extraordinary devotion: And had you seen the Copies which I have of their Letters, you would see I have good reason to pity the admirable *Clelia*, and much more the unfortunate *Herminius*.

Whilst *Emilius* talked thus, *Valeria* endured more torment than can be well expressed; Grief, Anger and Love, made such a disorder in her soul, that perceiving she was no longer mistress of her self, she arose up, and went out of *Flavia's* Chamber, who did not offer to stay her, because she thought that she went away only to hide her despair. As for *Emilius*, he was so taken up with his own sorrows, as he minded not the grief which appeared in the eyes of *Valeria*, that at the first, this Lady appeared unto him very amiable. But *Valeria* was no sooner out of *Flavia's* Chamber, but her face was swimming in tears, so not daring to walk the streets in that condition, nor return home until she had a little recollected her self, she pulled down her hood, and desired *Flavia's* servant to open her Ladies Closet, where she would stay until *Emilius* was gone, because she had forgot something, which she desired to say unto her, before she went.

The servant seeing *Valeria* very familiar with her Lady, she did as she was desired, so as *Valeria* after she had shut the door, had liberty to pour out her tears. Now, her imagination representing unto her both at once, *Herminius* unfaithful, and *Herminius* dead, she was sensible of as much sorrow, as love was able to inflict: This Lady having

a most tender soul, and loving *Herminius* most ardently, her grief was stronger than her anger at the first. But when *Emilius* was gone, and *Flavia* came unto her Closet, this afflicted Lady changed her thoughts. For being one who had heard *Herminius* swear a thousand and a thousand times, that he would be eternally faithful, her anger grew stronger than her grief. Come *Flavia* (said *Valeria* unto her, with as many sighs as words) what say you now of perfidious *Herminius*? I cannot tell what to think of his perfidie (answered *Flavia*) because appearances are very uncertain and deceitful: But I am much afflicted at his death: and I must confess, I am much surprized to see you more moved at his inconstancy, than it.

Oh *Flavia* (said she) I know not well which moves me most; for I am so full of grief, so full of anger, so full of confusion at my own weakness, so full of tenderness for unfaithful *Herminius*; so full of hatred for inconstant *Herminius*, and so full of confused thoughts, as I know not what I think, what I would have, or what I say. How can I think *Herminius*, whose thoughts I believed so generous, should be perfidious? he, who I have heard say a hundred times, that honesty and sincerity ought to be in love, as well as in all other things of the world; He, I say, who promised to love me until death; he who swore unto me, that the loss of youth and beauty should not extinguish his love; he who protested unto me, that absence would augment his passion. And he who imagined, that he should be continually melancholy, as long as I was out of his sight: And yet he forgot all his Oaths: he diverted himself at *Capua*, he became unfaithful, and which is most strange, he did not only forsake me, but betray me: for the last time he wrote unto me, was with all imaginable tenderness. Judge then *Flavia*, if I be not the most silly person in the world, to lament the death of this ungrateful person, for whose sake I have so ill treated *Marius*, during his absence. And I must confess to my shame, that maugre his inconstancy, maugre my anger, and maugre my reason, I would fain make a doubt of his perfidie, and lament his death. But what do I say (reprehending her self, and not giving *Flavia* time to speak) No, no, I will not lament him, but rather look upon his death as a just punishment of his perfidie: and I ought to taste all the pleasure that a sweet revenge can give a wronged heart. For Gods sake (said *Flavia* unto her) resolve with your self upon one of these thoughts which persecute you: either love *Herminius*, or else hate him; either only grieve, or be only angry; and do not pass so suddenly from one thought to another, lest this violent agitation should impair your health. No, no, *Flavia* (replied this afflicted fair one) I cannot do as you advise, nor at the present can I love, or can I hate *Herminius*; for as soon as I would hate him, my imagination represents him unto me, as he was when I was pleased with him, and in a minute after does shew him unto me in his grave: so as seeing him in that condition, I know not what I should think, nor do know whether I should wish him living, and unfaithful. For if he lived, I might reclaim him from his infidelity; he might repent it, and I might hope to see him upon his knees asking pardon for his error, and swear new fidelity unto

unto me. But alas, I cannot raise the dead, and lamentable destinie that has taken him from the earth; will never restore him neither unto *Clelia* nor me. But oh Heavens! (said she, and reprehended her self) can I pronounce the name of her whom the ungrateful *Herminius* preferred before me, and not hate him who is the cause of this injustice, and not rejoyce at his death? for though this person were the fairest woman in the world, though she had all the wit upon earth, and though she possessed all the vertues without exception; yet *Herminius* were worthy of my hatred, if he should forsake me for her. And yet my imagination never represents his death unto me, but I grieve extreemly for him, and wish I could raise him from death: But presently after, imagining, that if he were alive again, he would not wish to live, but to adore *Clelia*; then maugre all sorrows, I have not power to wish him alive again: but my only desire is, that I were dead as well as he.

After this, *Valeria* was silent, for the excess of her grief would not permit her to complain any longer. *Flavia* then said as much unto her as wit and friendship could invent upon such an encounter. For sometimes she accused *Herminius*, to see whether that would lessen the affliction of her friend: another while, she would justifie him, to make her grieve only without anger; but whatsoever she said, she cryed tears as well as she, and for a quarter of an hour, she did comfort her more by her Tears than her Reasons. But love being a passion full of odd devices, to torment those that are possessed with it, *Valeria* would sometimes accuse those very tears which did comfort her, and take it ill that *Flavia* should so much lament *Herminius*. Oh *Flavia* (said she) never lament the loss of a man who perhaps was as perfidious a friend as a Lover: and let me have some share in those tears which you so prodigally shed. *Herminius* is culpable, but I am innocent and miserable, and more miserable than ever any was, since at one and the same instant, I suffer under two of the greatest pains that one can be sensible of: Yes, yes, my dear *Flavia* (added this fair afflicted one) I defie the Tyrant *Tarquin*, and all the Tyrants upon earth, to invent torments equal unto mine: For though *Herminius* were alive, yet the apprehension of his perfidie is enough to make me the most miserable person in the world: And though on the contrary, *Herminius* should not be perfidious, yet should I be the most unfortunate of my Sex in losing all that I loved, all that I ever can love. Judge then, if in having both these torments upon me at once, I am not excusable in giving myself over to despair, and in desiring an end unto my life, as the only remedie against all my miseries. I should never end, Madam, if I should repeat all the complaints of *Valeria*, who did nothing but complain until night constrained her to go home: but when she was ready to go, and was upon the stairs, pulling down her hood to hide her tears, a thought came into her mind, which made her go back into the Cloister again, and beseech *Flavia* to grant her one favour. If what you desire, replied *Flavia*, be in my power, I shall not deny it. Then use a means, said *Valeria*, to get from your kinsman, all the Copies of Letters which he hath of *Clelia's*, and the unfaithful *Herminius*, and also the Map of Tender which he mentioned;

for to lessen my grief, I would do all I could to augment my anger. But (said *Flavia* unto her) you do not know what you ask; and if I should do as you desire me, you would repent it. No matter, answered she, for as I am, I cannot do or say any thing which I shall not repent of within a minute after. *Flavia* seeing it was in vain to contest with her, did promise, that when she saw *Emilius* again, she would use her best endeavours to get all that he had, which belonged to *Herminius*: after which she went home, and was no sooner there, but feigning her self sick she went to bed, speaking not a word of the cruel news which she had heard. For though *Valerius* and *Domitia* had commanded her to look upon *Herminius*, as a man who was to be her Husband, yet she would not shew all the grandeur of that passion which was in her soul; so as she endured her misery to hide her tears. 'Tis true, she could not long hide and dissemble all her sorrow; for *Emilius*, who could not chuse but lament his loss before every one, he published the death of *Herminius*. He told it also unto *Valerius*, who was most extreemly troubled at it, and who made no question but the sickness of *Valeria* proceeded from the same news. As for *Sivelia*, when she heard of it, her grief was incredible; yet she comforted her self with a most Heroick courage, and had the consolation to see her illustrious Son lamented by all of any Rank in *Rome*, except the vindicative *Spurius* and *Murcius*, though it was then very dangerous to grieve for any whom *Tarquin* loved not: He also was strangely incensed at all the lamentation which every one made, and at those testimonies of esteem which every one gave of this illustrious Roman, whom they believed to be dead, and who was his enemy; so as all his hatred of him reviving in his heart, he said aloud, that he was more sorry for the death of *Herminius*, than they that lamented him most, because he was deprived of his hopes, of having him in his power, that he might see him die before his face, by the rigor of a torment which he had invented for him.

This cruel expression of *Tarquins*, being horrid to all of any virtue, it was buzzed from one to another for some days, to make him hated; As for *Valeria*, none spoke unto her of *Herminius*, but *Valerius* and his wife, *Sivelia* and *Flavia*. But this sage Ladie having a great soul, she did not shew all her sorrow, and all her weakness, but unto the only person who knew the secrets of her heart.

Mean time, she had not forgot her request unto *Flavia*, but so pressed her to satisfy her curiosity, that this officious friend seeing the sorrow of *Valeria* to encrease, in lieu of diminishing, she thought it best to do any thing that would lessen her grief for *Herminius*. Therefore the first time *Emilius* came to visit her, she obliged him to lend her the Map of Tender, and all your Letters, Madam, also those of *Herminius*: After which, she went unto her friend, who knowing that she had brought them, caused the woman who waited upon her to with-draw: she shut the chamber door, and commanded that none should enter. She did not fear that *Valerius* would come and interrupt them, because *Sivelia* had entreated him to go unto her house. So as being safe on all sides, *Flavia* sat down by her, putting all that she had upon

a little Table, *Valeria* began to take one of the Letters; and having much a-do to save it from her tears, she began to read the Copy of a Letter which *Herminius* had writ unto you, Madam, whilst he was with *Emilius* at *Capua*; and which indeed was so tender, to be only a Letter of Amity, that *Valeria* may be pardoned if she took it for a Letter of Love; I would not read the Copy of it which I have, if none but you Madam, were to hear me. But Madam, since *Cesonia* and *Plotina* never saw it, give me leave to read these lines.

Herminius unto Clelia.

Madam,

DO you ever think upon me? Do you love me as much as you promised? have you endured my absence with any sorrow? And to ask you many things in few words, is your Amity worthy the tenderness of mine?

Valeria had no sooner read this Letter, but crying out most lamentably, and looking upon *Flavia* in such a manner, as would turn a heart of stone into pity; Is it possible (said she unto her) I should ever see a Letter from *Herminius* in a style so tender, and not writ unto me? And is it possible that I should not for ever grieve for his loss? or receive any comfort of this? But (said *Flavia* unto her, seeing her sorrow to encrease, in lieu of diminishing) though *Emilius* be a man of much honour; yet this is but a Copy, not the hand of *Herminius*, for *Emilius* writ it, and therefore methinks, you should not absolutely conclude *Herminius* guilty. Ah *Flavia*, (replied she) I cannot be deceived in the Letters of *Herminius*; This indeed has not so much wit in it, as some which he writes unto his friends, but it has the same tenderness which he used when he was in love: And I heartily wish this Letter were more witty, and less tender.

After this, she opened another; which Madam, proved to be your Answer, of which *Herminius* took a Copy to give unto his friend, hoping thereby to let him see that he was not in love with you. So as *Valeria* seeing this Letter, and seeing it written with the hand of *Herminius*, this circumstance troubled her more than all the tenderness she found in it.

Pray *Amilcar* (said *Clelia*, and interrupted) do not read my answer unto *Cesonia* and *Plotina*: For it is not pertinent to the matter in hand; Yes, Madam, answered he, it augmented the jealousy of *Valeria*, and therefore it is so pertinent, as I conceive it necessary to the story: And therefore since it is short, I will read it distinctly unto you.

Clelia unto Herminius.

PErhaps I think upon you, more than you do of me; I do love you more than ere I told you: your absence troubles me more than you think: and if my affection be not worthy of the Tenderness of yours, you will never find whose is.

Well *Flavia* (said *Valeria* to her) what think you of this Letter? Truly (answered she) I do so much wonder at what I see, as I think it prudent, never to trust any again. You are in the right, (replied *Valeria*) For this *Herminius* whom you thought a Saint, has doubtless, all the Faults of other Men: You see his perfidie towards me, and you may see his indiscretion towards his new Mistress, in giving Copies of her Letters, and under his own hand. And alas, I doubt he never values my honour: For it is more ordinary for a Lover to give the Letters of his first Mistress, unto his second, than for a man in Love to give Copies of his Mistress's letters unto a friend. Thus I have reason to think that he hath sacrificed me unto *Clelia*, and that whilst I am looking upon her letters with most horrid Anger, she is looking upon those I writ unto that unconstant Man as the most sensible marks of Love that ever were given.

After this, *Valeria* never staying for *Flavia's* answer, began to look upon other Letters; and to afflict her self the more, she often saw the word Amity in the letters of *Herminius* unto you Madam: And she saw it writ after the same manner he was wont to write it unto her when it was to signify Love: For, *Herminius* by often use, had gotten such a habit of writing that word with a great Letter or a little, as it was to signify, that he writ it very often unto his friends without any manner of design. So as imagining that he used the same invention unto you, Madam, as he did unto her, her sorrows encreased more, and she broke out into such lamentable expressions, as *Flavia* repented she had obeyed her. After she had read all the letters of this Gallant Amity, which unto miserable *Valeria* seemed Love, she opened the Map of Tender: But when she cast her eye upon that place, where at the departure from a new Amity, those that hold too much on the right hand, do go out of their way, and go unto Negligence, Inequality, Faintness, Levitie, Oblivion, and to the Lake of Indifferency: See, said she, all the ways by which he has passed unto me, and by which I cannot pass unto him: And I wish I could be unfaithful unto his memory, and not be constant unto one that is dead, and was inconstant.

Afterwards, looking upon the River of Inclination, by which one goes so swiftly unto Tender, she presently turned away her eyes, as if that object had upbraided the violent inclination which she had unto *Herminius*. Also finding some invention, and wit in this Map, maugre all her Grief and Anger, she had a spleen which augmented her jealousy, and consequently her despair: So as not being able to consider it any longer, she threw it away hastily, and turning to the other side, she seemed as if she would not any longer look upon the pretended marks of infidelity in *Herminius*. When *Flavia* would have taken the Map again, she would not suffer her; and not knowing her self whether she should restore it or no, or break in pieces, she took it out of the hands of *Flavia*: and after she had confusedly surveyed it, she threw it again unto her friend, who folded it up, with intention to restore it unto him that lent it. After this, she harkned unto the complaints of *Valeria*, who did not find that Remedy which she looked for.

Alas!

Alas! said she, had I upon me but one of these two Torments, perhaps I should find out some kind of Consolation: For, if *Herminius* were not dead, but alive and unfaithful, then pity would not oppose it self against my hatred: I should have some kind of delight in hating him, or in being indifferent, if I could not hate him: I should do him some ill office to his Mistress, and be revenged some way or other. But what can I do unto a miserable Man, whom death only renders worthy of my Compassion? So as I can neither hate him, nor be revenged of his perfidie, since the Grave is an unavoidable sanctuary for all miserable people and Criminals. On the other side, had he not been inconstant, and I had nothing to lament but his death, there might be some consolation found in time, and one might hope to mourn more moderately. When the violence of Grief is grown a little more moderate by habitude, it is some kind of sweetness to talk of the person that is lost; one shall read his letters with a tenderness, which, as full of mourning memorandums as they are, yet there is some sweetness in it: one shall remember all the Testimonies of affection which ere they received; one shall imagine that they had a share in the last thoughts of him that is lost; and one may perhaps have some far fetcht hopes of seeing him again, and that death will reunite that which it did separate. But alas! in the pitiful estate wherein I am, I can never think on *Herminius* without anger: the very sight of his letters incenses me: The past, the present, the future, all torment me and make me desperate. I know, my dear *Flavia* that I trouble you with my tears, and do tell you no more than what I have told you a hundred times: But alas, I hope you will think it just to pardon me, since it proceeds from the object of my sorrows.

These Madam, were the thoughts of *Valeria* whilst *Valerius* was at *Sivelia's* house, who had sent for him, to know whether he had received any Packet from her Son: and consequently, whether all these reports of her Son death were true: by which it appeared, that all was false, because his Packet was of a very late date. *Valerius* was infinitely joyed to hear it, and commanded the news to be presently sent unto *Domitia* and *Valeria*. Generous *Valerius*, replied *Sivelia*; Let us consider seriously what we do in making this news too publick: For, when the Tyrant heard of his pretended death, he broke into such cruel expressions against him, as I conceive it best to conceal his being alive from all the world, lest *Tarquin* should send some to Assassinate him: And to write unto *Herminius* that he go presently into *Africa*. This, replied *Valerius*, is a very good reason, but methinks not very just, to let *Valeria* lament him always. *Valeria*, replied *Sivelia*, is very dear unto me: But if you consider the unfortunate condition of my Son, you will find, that it is better for *Valeria* not to know that he is living: For, as long as *Tarquin* lives, there is no hopes of his return to *Rome*, and consequently of his marrying *Valeria*, is it not better then to let her remain in the error, wherein she is? For the greatest part of her grief is past, and Time will so well cure her of affliction, as she will be able to obey you, when you command her to marry some other: For, as I said before, it is not probable my Son can ever be her husband: and though you

should not intend to marry her unto another, yet you ought not to tell her that *Herminius* is alive: for she that cannot hide her sorrows, cannot hide her joys, when she hears the truth. And though I know it will much grieve my Son when he hears of *Valeria's* marriage: yet if he be just, he cannot blame her, since she thought him dead. You know also that absence, when it is Long, is a great remedy against Love: and therefore, since it concerns the life of my Son and the welfare of your Daughter, me-thinks we ought to lay hold of this occasion which fortune gives us for their advantage. This which you say (replied *Valerius*) is so generous, and so prudent, as I cannot chuse but admire your wisdom and virtue: For, 'tis true; I do not think *Herminius* can return to *Rome* as long as *Tarquin* lives. So as, it being not likely he will dy this twenty years, there is no thinking of a marriage betwixt *Valeria* and *Herminius*, and consequently, it were better to cure them of a Fruitless passion, since we have so good an occasion for it. But I desire one promise from you, that if *Herminius* do return sooner than we expect, you will tell him that it was you who made this proposition unto me. I promise it, replied *Sivelia*: and to the end this may be kept the more secret, I beseech you, do not tell it unto *Domitia*, lest she, to cease the sorrows of *Valeria*, should spoil our plot. After this, *Valerius* and *Sivelia* agreed unto *Herminius*, to make him not think it strange if he received no Letters from *Valeria*, and to oblige him to go speedily in *Africa*.

As for *Valerius*, he was very glad that *Sivelia* had given him liberty to provide a match for *Valeria*: For having none but her, he feared, that if he dyed she should then be left unto the disposition of *Tarquin's* Tyranny, who would seize upon all her estate, and marry her unto some whom he would recompence for some crimes which he had caused him to commit: so as consenting unto *Sivelia's* Proposition, he gave it out so that he was certain *Herminius* was dead: so as now none making any question of it, *Mutius* conceived new hopes, not to be denied if he asked *Valeria* in marriage. But *Valerius* thinking that *Tarquin* would as much dislike this match as with *Herminius*, he did not give *Mutius* so favourable an answer as he expected: nor did he like to bestow his daughter upon one that was enemy unto *Herminius*. Mean while, as great as *Valeria's* grief was, she apprehended that the excess of her melancholy might blemish her reputation, she did so strive against it, as she forced her self to appear in the world as she was wont. Truth is, this constraint was very troublesome unto her, but yet in a little time she was able to hide her real thoughts, and to be in company. So as *Emilius* seeing her as others did, he fell most desperately in love with her; he being of a sweet and complaisant temper, he pleased the humour of *Valeria*, better than *Mutius*, who was a little too haughty for a Lover: so as *Valeria* in a little time had less aversion unto him, than unto any that came to see her: yet her soul was unsatisfied, and far from tranquillity: for grief and anger did always torment her in their turns, and oftentimes both together. Sometimes she would say, she had rather die, than engage her self again in any new affection: otherwhiles she wished heartily, she could love some body to be revenged upon *Herminius*. And she could hardly ever tell what

what to have, unless to be able to revive *Herminius*, and revive him faithful.

But whilst her soul was in this humor, whilst *Mutius* continued courting her; whilst *Emilius* was engaging himself, and whilst *Flavia* was a friend unto *Emilius*, *Herminius* was in a most miserable condition: For receiving no more Letters from *Valeria*, and understanding by *Sivelia*, that he was to go farther from her, and that *Tarquin* hated him more than ever, he suffered most incredible torment.

However, *Herminius* highly respecting *Sivelia*, and knowing her to be very prudent, he thought it his duty to obey her, and go into *Africa*. Yet not being able to resolve upon it, before he heard from *Valeria*, he sent a man expressly unto *Rome*, with Orders to see none but *Flavia*, unto whom he directed a Letter for her friend. But *Herminius* did not receive so much satisfaction as he expected: For, be pleased to know, Madam, that he whom *Herminius* made choice of to go unto *Rome*, and who was a very able man, he fell sick at his Mothers, who lived not above six miles from *Capua*, and whither she was going to live in; he therefore resolved to send one of his Brothers to *Rome*, who was not so able as himself; and to send him without ever acquainting *Herminius*, lest he should lose the recompense which was promised unto him: for he thought *Herminius* would not trust his Brother as he did him, in such a business. However, hoping that his Brother would well acquit himself in the business, he thought that *Herminius* could never know, but that he was at *Rome*: for he resolved to stay at his Mothers until his Brother returned. Then he pleas'd to know further, that the man who carried the Letter of *Herminius*, losing his way, and night surprising him, he came to a house which belonged unto *Spurius*, within six miles of *Rome*, where he requested lodging for that night: for being a stranger in the Country, and the night dark, he was not able to go any further: As he was talking unto one of *Spurius* his servants, *Spurius* himself came and asked him what Country-man he was: But *Capua* was no sooner named, but *Spurius* being very desirous to hear all the particulars of *Herminius* his death, he asked him if he heard of a Roman called *Herminius*, that was lately kill'd at *Capua*. The man hearing *Spurius* ask this, was at a great non-plus: For, since *Herminius* did not know, that at *Rome* they thought him dead, he did not forbid the Messenger to say he was not living, in case any asked: and therefore he whom *Herminius* sent, never forbade his Brother; so as he answered *Spurius*, that *Herminius* was never killed: true it was, there was another Roman called *Clelius*, who was thought so; but as for *Herminius*, he was very well, and that he saw him so the day before he came from *Capua*. *Spurius* being surprized at this, asked the fellow a thousand questions, and yet the fellow being well instructed by his Brother, he would never confess what his business was at *Rome*. But *Spurius* imagining that *Herminius* had sent this fellow, and that perhaps he was plotting something in *Rome*, which moved *Sivelia* to say that her Son was dead, he therefore devised an expedient, to give himself better satisfaction: which was, to command his men to make very much of the man, and to promise him that in the morning, one of

his men should conduct him to *Rome*: But to arrive at his end, he commanded one of his men to make a composition of the juyce of Poppy, mixed in drink, and to give this fellow: *Spurius* being obeyed, the messenger of *Herminius* slept so soundly as if he would never wake; at least slept till noon the next day. Mean while, *Spurius* caused him to be searched for Letters: and they found in his Pocket one to *Flavia*, and another to *Valeria*: The first of these contained nothing but a desire to present the other unto *Valeria*, and to procure an answer: But the second contained these words.

Herminius unto Valeria.

How comes it to pass, Madam, that you do not answer me? Is it because my passion is troublesome unto you? Can you not love one that is absent? Do ye think it a shame to love one that's miserable? And must you hate me because the Tyrant does? I beseech you let me know my destiny; for I cannot go into *Africa*, though *Sivelia* has commanded me, unless the fair *Valeria* command it also: Tell me therefore, I beseech you, Madam, what you would have me to do, and what I must hope for: And in the midst of my miseries, let me have the consolation to hear, that I never need to fear the greatest loss of all, which is the loss of you.

After *Spurius* had read this Letter, he made no doubt but *Herminius* was living: so as being as sorry for his life, as he was joyed at his pretended death, his old hatred revived in his heart; and he promised himself to do some mischief with this Letter. He sent therefore speedily to *Mutius*, who was at a friends house not above two miles from thence: *Mutius* imagining that *Spurius* had some earnest business with him, he went as hastily unto him: they no sooner met, but *Spurius* told him that *Herminius* was living: he told him what he had done, and shewed him the Letter of this unfortunate Lover, which much afflicted *Mutius*. Do not think (said *Spurius* unto him) That I put you unto so much trouble in coming hither, to make you only lament. But, replied *Mutius*, what would you have me do? Any thing replied *Spurius*, that will set *Valeria* and *Herminius* at odds: and I am much mistaken if I do not bring it to pass, so you will follow my directions. Alas (answered *Mutius*) you may be certain I will do any thing that may hurt my Rival. Write then a Letter unto *Valeria*, replied *Spurius*, which may move her to give you a crabbed answer, and which may answer unto the Letter which *Herminius* writ; and leave all the rest unto me. Alas, *Spurius*, answered he, I conceive your invention to be very doubtful: for perhaps *Valeria* will not answer at all, and though she should, how should I make her answer suit unto the Letter which *Herminius* writ? Doubtless her answer unto you, will answer his also (said *Spurius*) if your letter be rightly writ: Do you then write it (said *Mutius*) for I cannot; I will, answered *Spurius*, so you will write it afterwards in your own hand: After this, *Spurius* began to write unto *Valeria* as from *Mutius*; and these were the words of that crafty letter.

Madam,

Madam,
Will you never answer my affection? but leave me still in a most cruel uncertainty? Oh Madam, let me know my Destiny; I have ever entertained some Flattering hopes that Tarquins hatred would prefer me unto your favour: yet I was mistaken in my conjectures, and find my self so unfortunate, as I shall go unto the utmost parts of the World if I lose all my hopes of happiness in you. And yet I will not go untill you command me, for you only have the absolute power to make my destiny: Tell me therefore in two words, whether I shall stay where I am, or unto what part of the World shall I go to forget your cruelty: I give you the choice of Asia, or Africa: For if you be not resolved to make me happy, it is no matter what part of the World be the place of my exile and death.

After *Spurius* had writ this letter, he observed unto *Mutius* that he mentioned, Exile, Africa, departure, and command, as well as *Herminius*, and therefore her answer unto him would in all probability be an answer also unto *Herminius*: But replied *Mutius*, how shall she receive this letter: for as soon as the man awakes, he will go to Rome and carry his letter unto *Valeria*? Leave that to me, answered *Spurius*: So *Mutius* writ over this letter, and also another unto *Flavia*, desiring her favour in procuring an answer from *Valeria*.

The Letter unto Flavia, was in these terms.

For God's sake, sweet *Flavia*, have pity upon a miserable man, who at present desires no more but an answer from fair *Valeria*, which shall tell me whether I must depart from her, or die at her feet: Let me obtain this favour from you, I beseech you.

After this, *Mutius* sent a servant with these two letters unto *Flavia*. Mean while, *Spurius* the better to stay the Messenger of *Herminius*, who slept so soundly; he commanded his men, when he awakened to seem very busie and careful about him, and to tell him, that he had been above six hours in a swoond: and accordingly when the cold vapours of the Poppy began to dissipate, and that the man began to give some signs of waking, *Spurius* his men, who had brought several things, which might make him think he had taken several medicines, they told him all confidently that he was very like to die; that he was still sick: that by no means he should rise: that it was to be feared he would relapse into the like fit again, and that *Spurius* had sent for a Physician. So as the Man, who was really a little dizzy in the head with sleeping so long, he believed all that was told him, thanked the men, kept his bed still, and took all the medicines which a pretended Physician prescribed unto him.

Mean while, *Spurius*, to arrive at his intended end, he did not put the Packet of letters into his Pocket again: But whilst this man was perswaded unto a disease he never had, the servant of *Mutius* went to Rome, where he acquitted himself so well of his Commission, as he brought answers from *Flavia* and *Valeria* the same night.

Valeria's answer was in these words.

IT concerns me so very little in what part of the World you live, that so you will write no more unto me, nor ever let me hear from you any expressions of your affection, I will give you the choice either of Asia or Africa, for the place of your exile: Go therefore whither you will, so you will never trouble me again: for truly you will force me to hate you more than ever Tarquin did, if you will not let me alone in quietness.

The letter from Flavia was in these words.

I Beseech you send me no more letters to *Valeria*: For since you can never hope for any favourable answer from her, you will but augment your misery in writing to her: Try therefore if you can find more happiness in some other part of the world; For believe it, you can never be but most miserable here.

You may imagine Madam, how welcome these two letters were unto those who expected them; especially *Spurius*, whose plot had so happily taken, and whose hatred unto *Herminius* was greater than that of *Mutius*, who naturally was not inclinable to hatred as he. After they had read these letters two or three times over, they read those from *Herminius*, and found them so punctually answered, as they doubted not but they would pass for current. But for a better reception of them, it was requisite either to make the man that was to carry them unto *Herminius*, of the plot, or else to delude him. Hatred being sometimes as ingenious as Love. *Spurius* found out a way to bring that about: For, be pleased to know, that this Envoy from *Herminius*, thinking at last upon the Pacquet which he brought, he began to look for it in his pocket, where not finding it he seemed to be much troubled at it: But being commanded to keep it very secret, he durst not tell the cause of his trouble, but only asked the servants of *Spurius*, whether during his sickness they found a Pacquet which he had in his pocket. But they all answering no, he resolved to impart it unto *Spurius*, that he might command them to make restitution of it. He therefore desired of *Spurius*, leave to speak with him, and told him, he was sure that he had it when he came into his house, and beseeched him to take such order, that he might have it again; *Spurius* promised he would; but was not so good as his word: but on the contrary, told him, that all his men swore they had it not, and that certainly it was not lost in his house. The man then grieving excessively at it, he told him plainly, that he durst not return to *Capua* without it, but that he was a undone man. *Spurius* seeing him in such a sad condition, most began to comfort him, and ask him if the Pacquet was of any great importance: so as in hopes that perhaps *Spurius* would keep secret, he told him all the adventure, and how he had a brother whom *Herminius* made choice of to carry a Pacquet secretly unto Rome to a Lady called *Flavia*: That this brother fell

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sick

sick at his Mothers house, six miles from *Capua*, and that lest he should lose the Recompence which *Herminius* had promised unto him, he sent him in his room unknown to *Herminius*: adding further, that if he returned without any other answer but that he had lost it, his brother would never look upon him: his Mother would banish him her house, and *Herminius* would suspect he had betrayed him. *Spurius* then seemed to pity the fellow, and promised to make a more strict inquiry: And to be short, he tore the two letters of *Herminius* in pieces, and went with them to this afflicted fellow, and told him, that as he was walking in a Wood close by a Garden, he found those pieces of Paper under a bush, and that certainly some of his men had done it, but would not confess: the fellow was at first a little joyed, that they were the same pieces which he had lost; but presently after considering that he durst not carry them to *Flavia* as they were, he was as much afflicted as before; nay more, because the secret was known amongst the men. *Spurius* then seeing the man in such despair, and hoping to bring him unto his own desires, he bad him never trouble himself excessively: For, so he would promise never to tell *Herminius*, nor his brother of this accident, he would infallibly find a remedy against his disease. The man even ravished with joy to hear this, he promised any thing that *Spurius* desired. After this, *Spurius* told him, that he was intimately acquainted with *Flavia* and *Valeria*, and if any shift could be made, to read these torn pieces of the Letter, he would engage that they should never mention the accident unto *Herminius*; telling him also, that if he would rest himself at his house whilst he went to *Rome*, he would at his return get his business dispatched: The man finding so fair an opportunity, laid hold upon it; for the fellow not being so crafty as his Brother, he could not comprehend he had any further design, than only out of his goodness, to do him this good office: Therefore looking whether if the pieces of the Letters joyned together again, would make the meaning of them appear, and seeing they imported only matter of love, he easily believed, that *Spurius* spoke sincerely unto him. Yet the fellow had a desire to see *Flavia*; so as *Spurius* conceiving that he was not to render an account of his voyage unto *Herminius*, but only unto his brother, who knew not *Flavia*, he offered to bring him to the speech of her, with intention to let him speak unto a sister he had in lieu of her. But at last, the man referred the whole business unto him; and *Spurius* going next day to *Rome*, he returned the day following, and gave him two Letters which were really from *Flavia* and *Valeria*, for his brother, to give them unto *Herminius*: for there being ordinarily no superscription upon such Letters, these were as applicative unto *Herminius* as *Mutius*, who though he was a Rival unto *Herminius*, yet had no mind to put this trick upon him: Not but that *Mutius* did naturally love Artifice; yet upon this occasion he had some repugnancy against what his friend did: But being, as I may say, the Father of his love, he submitted unto him. *Spurius* then gave the two Letters to the fellow; he described *Flavia* unto him, to the end that if his brother asked any questions concerning her, he might be able to answer

him: so as the man went away very well pleased with *Spurius*, and with the Letters which he thought would be very welcome unto them, unto whom he carried them; and the thing most particular in this cheat of *Spurius* was, that this fellow for his own interest, was obliged to conceal all that might hinder the effects of the fallacy. The fellow then returned to his Brother, who impatiently expected him, because he had stayed beyond his time.

But seeing him returned, and taking the Pacquet, he went to carry it unto *Herminius*, who was at *Capua*, after he had told him all that *Flavia* had said unto him. But I had forgot to tell you that *Spurius* being very subtil, told the fellow his lesson, and bad him say that *Flavia* received him very faintly, and spoke but only three words unto him: adding further, that she was the most reserved woman that ever he met with, and spoke the least. Not, Madam, that she was so, but that *Spurius* proportioned her behaviour and language to the Letter which *Herminius* was to receive from her: and indeed his plot did take; for this fellow who never stirred from *Capua*, being well instructed by his Brother, he went unto *Herminius*, who received him with a strange expectation: since he had not been to see *Valeria*, he asked him only how *Flavia* did, and whether she had written unto him. Sir, said he, here's a Pacquet which will give you an exact account that I have performed all your commands. *Herminius* then took the Pacquet and open'd it, finding therein two Letters, the one from *Flavia*, the other from *Valeria*, whose hands he knew very well; so as the sight of them being much joy unto him, he began to read them. You may imagine his sorrow, to see with what rigour *Valeria* writ unto him, and how faintly *Flavia* answered, and yet he knew the hands, and that both Letters answered punctually unto what he had written, so as he had not the least suspicion of any cheat in the business; yet he knew not what to think, but he conceived the silence of *Sivelia* proceeded from pity, because she would not acquaint him with the inconstancy of *Valeria*: yet all Lovers being naturally full of curiosity, he asked the fellow that brought these cruel Letters, what *Flavia* said unto him: but he answered that he found her so cold, and spoke so little unto him, as this confirmed his opinion, that he was the most unfortunate Lover in the world: indeed at that instant he was so, for the cruel thought of being hated by *Valeria*, made him suffer more torment than I am able to express. How? cruel *Valeria* (said this afflicted Lover, after he had satisfied and dismissed the fellow) does it not concern you, in what part of the world I live, so you be not troubled with me? Are the testimonies of my passion troublesome unto you? and do you threaten to hate me more than the Tyrant doth, if I continue loving you? Ah *Valeria*, if you can think so, you have neither any reason nor goodness, nor vertue, and you could not lose your affection to me, without renouncing them all: And you, *Flavia*, can you tell me I must never be happy at *Rome*, and advise me to get further from it? Are you as cruel a Friend, as *Valeria* is a Mistress, and banish me without telling me any cause of my misfortunes? However (pursued he) I must depart, since *Sivelia* commands it, since *Valeria* tells

tells me such things as are able to make me seek a death in the utmost parts of the world, and since *Flavia* adviseth me unto it. Yet, did I but know what makes me thus miserable, I should be something less unfortunate; but since it pleaseth my cruel destinies that I should be ignorant of it, I must die desperate.

Herminius uttered a thousand such sad expressions, without being able to resolve upon any thing: But at last he resolved to write unto *Sivelia*, that he would go unto *Africa*, though his design was to go unknown unto *Rome*, and learn the true cause of his misfortune: And to make it the better believed, he embarked for *Sicily*, saying that from thence he would embark for *Agrigente*, or *Lilybæum*, and so continue his voyage. Indeed, he departed from *Capua* a little before *Aronces*. But when he was six leagues from *Capua*, the Commander of the Ship wherein he was, was a man who being resolved to make himself Master of all the merchandize in it, and which were none of his, he made sail toward the Ionian Sea; so as say what *Herminius* could, obey he must. My discourse would be too long, if I should relate the whole passage of this Sea voyage, though it would be glorious unto him, if you did know it: But I will only tell you, that *Herminius* being an enemy unto all injustice, and since the interest of his Love called him another way, he wrought so dexterously, as he sprung a faction in the Ship, wherein he was only a passenger: and telling some that they were going to be Pirates without any profit, and that the Captain would enrich himself with the merchandize they helped him to steal, they all became of his opinion. So as flattering them with fair promises, and the glory of doing a great Action, they began to seek occasion of quarrelling with their Commander, who not knowing how to dissemble with them handsomely, did begin to menace them. So as civil war beginning in the Ship, and *Herminius* seeing the Malecontents to be the stronger party, he placed himself in the head of them: some ranging themselves to one end of the Ship, some to the other, they came to handy blows. In the beginning of the combat, *Herminius* having gained the Pilot, he caused him to fall about; and he that was chief of the other party not being able to endure it, the combat began with more fury, because none could run away, but must fight it out, either out of valour or despair.

But at last, heaven assisting the juster side, *Herminius* vanquished, the chief of the other side was killed, the rest laid down their Arms, and all acknowledged *Herminius* for their Captain: who thinking upon nothing but *Valeria*, they all made towards *Capua*, to restore the Ship and the merchandize unto the owners. But *Herminius* being wounded in the fight, it happened that his wounds being dressed by an ignorant Chirurgion, they became very dangerous. Truth is, his melancholy made them worse, so as he fell into a violent Fever; mean while, those whom he had incited unto this generous resolution, they took up a fresh one: For thinking that *Herminius* would die, they feared that if they should return unto *Capua*, they should be punished for their theft: so as they resolved to continue Pirates, and to divide amongst them all in the Ship, when they came unto any

Port where they could make sale thereof. They altered therefore their course, and made towards *Africa*, for they were then near the Cape of *Lilybæum*, being driven thither by the wind, but meeting there with a Bark of *Sicilian* Fishers, they resolved to put *Herminius* in it, and remove an object which might make them change opinion: The Fishermen at first were unwilling to receive *Herminius*: but being given something, and told that the man would recompence them very bountifully if he recovered of his wounds, at last they took him into their Boat with one servant only. As for *Herminius*, he was not able to dispose of himself, or oppose them: for he was fallen into a Lethargy, and knew not what was done until after the Fishermen had brought him unto their house. I need not tell you, how he was astonished, when he returned to himself, and in lieu of being in a Ship, to see himself in a Fishers Cabin, and to see, that he was on Land in lieu of Sea. But for all his melancholy he recovered, after a long sickness: Then he wrote into *Campania* for some relief. Yet since the thought of *Valeria* would not out of his mind, he designed himself for *Rome*, though time had made no alteration in his love. Accordingly he embarked, and came by Sea with *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and me, as perhaps you have heard in your passage to *Italy*. But, Madam, if you will be pleased to reflect your thoughts upon *Rome*, and remember the condition wherein I was when I left *Valeria*; you will also remember how sadly she took the news of the death and inconstancy of her Lover: you will also remember that *Emilius* was deep in love; that *Emilius* was amiable, sweet and complaisant: that *Valerius* and *Sivelia*, would have all the world believe *Herminius* was dead: and how the fair *Valeria* sometimes wished she could love some or other, only to be revenged of *Herminius*, and forget him. On the other side, *Spurius* and his friend seeing the report of *Herminius* his death continue, they knew not what to think upon the adventure, and were much joyed to observe, that *Valeria* when any occasion presented it self, did not mention him with the same tenderness she was wont. For in the time when she did love him most tenderly, and believed her self loved again, she took much delight in talking of him, and could not chuse but so highly applaud him, as made it eminently apparent, what pleasure she took in the mention of him. Yet *Mutius* was not a jot the more happy: for having seen him in the time of *Herminius*, she could not now look upon *Mutius*, but she remembered him, and was so unjust as to wish him ill, and sometimes thought her self a little obliged unto *Emilius*, for being so much mistaken in *Herminius*. However, *Emilius* being of very good quality, and being both amiable and rich; *Valerius*, who observed the inclination he had unto his Daughter, was very glad of it, and wished heartily she were married unto him, lest if he should dye she should be left to the disposition of the Tyrant *Tarquin*. So knowing no man but *Herminius*, upon whom he would more willingly bestow her, he had him very kindly welcome to his house, and commanded *Valeria* to treat him very civilly: on the other side, the Parents of *Emilius*, who being desirous to keep him in *Rome*, and thinking to marry him, they bethought themselves of another very rich young Lady: but they altered that

design, by reason of his love to *Valeria*, who maugre all the supposed inconstancy of *Herminius*, did continually lament him: and though when she imagined him to be unfaithful, she was extremely angry against him, yet she heartily wished he would revive constant, or at least repent of his inconstancy. For though it is usual for death to efface or diminish injuries, yet it hapned otherwise with *Valeria*. Time did diminish her grief, but not her anger, and sometimes she thought, that since *Herminius* was inconstant, it was better for her that he was dead, than otherwise. At least (said she in talking of you Madam) my Rival has lost him as well as I; and I may well think that she is more afflicted than I am.

You may judge Madam, by what I have said, what *Valeria* still loved *Herminius*, when she thought she did not. But for all that, the sweetness of *Emilius* was not displeasing unto her. As for *Murinus*, that which most hurt him, was, she knew he followed the Counsels of *Spurius* whom she loved not, and that he often saw *Salonina*, whom in her heart, she could not endure. But as for *Emilius*, knowing nothing but vertue in him, finding him to be sweet, civil, complaisant, full of spirit, amorous, and very assiduous and officious about her, if she did not love him, she wished she could: and did believe she either did, or should love him. Yet she did not live with him as she was wont with *Herminius*: There was no secret or mystery made of this affection, but she permitted him to tell her that he loved her, yet not before *Valerius* had told her his mind.

Mean while, *Emilius* was very well satisfied with her; she received him kindly, and hearkned unto him, she did not answer him sharply, nor ever forbid him to hope for her Love. But the strangest thing was, that *Emilius* never heard there was any particular affection between *Herminius* and *Valeria*. The reason of it doubtless was, that falling in love with her, as soon as he came to *Rome*; and never making any secret of his Passion, none would so far trouble themselves as to tell him a thing that was to no purpose. Also, he being a meer stranger in his own Countrey, he had not any particular friend, to give him an account of former passages. However *Valerius* fearing lest *Tarquin* should forbid him to marry his Daughter unto *Emilius*, as he had unto *Herminius*, he therefore told *Emilius*, that if he would marry his Daughter, he desired it might be done speedily, lest *Tarquin* should forbid the banes: So as *Emilius* without more consideration told him, that he wished nothing more earnestly than to have all concluded: and was the more earnest in it, because his Parents were desirous he should marry the Rich Inheritrix whom they had proposed unto him: but his Parents being neither a Father or Mother, or any such near alliance whom he was obliged to obey, he rejected their Counsel, and would follow his own inclination: So as having the consents of *Valerius* and his wife, it was resolved that *Emilius* should marry *Valeria* within eight days, and that they should be married in the Countrey, at a house which *Valeria* had, lest *Tarquin* should have intelligence of it.

Emilius was now as happy as a man could be, having no rubs in his Love, but the excess of his

Passion. *Valeria* on her side, she was not much transported with any joy, nor was she very melancholy: and yet her converse with *Flavia* was very sad when she came unto the Country house where she was to marry *Emilius* the next day: For, beginning then to think upon the engagement unto which she was to enter, and calling to memory former passages, her heart was much disordered: they were both together alone in *Valeria's* Chamber: *Emilius* was not to come until night: So as they had free liberty of speech together. Alas, *Flavia* (said *Valeria* unto her) If any had heretofore told me that I should marry any but *Herminius*, I should never have believed them: but then I thought he would never have left me for any other whomsoever. I must confess, that had not *Herminius* been dead, I should never have thought upon any marriage: for my hopes of his hearty repentance, would have defended my heart against the passion of *Emilius*.

But he being both inconstant and dead, I must confess to my shame, that I have some tenderness towards *Emilius*, and look upon him as a man in whom I may be happy, or at least not very miserable, if I can forget *Herminius*. Yet (added she and blusht) to be exactly vertuous, and also prudent, I ought before I marry him, to sacrifice unto my revenge all that remains of the perfidious *Herminius*. I never could do't till now: but now both vertue and reason command it, and notwithstanding all the elegance of his letters, verses, and tenderness towards me, I must deprive my self of them for ever. Oh *Valeria* (said *Flavia*) do not offer to lose such excellent pieces, but rather trust them unto my discretion. If I should (replied *Valeria*) it should be upon condition, never to be reproached with them again: for to discover the bottom of my heart unto you, I shall merit your compassion: for upon examination of my self, I find, that when I would hate the memory of *Herminius*, I cannot; and when I would love *Emilius*, I cannot bring it to pass: Yet at sometimes I think that I do hate *Herminius*, and love *Emilius*: But for all that I never can find that tranquility in my heart which is the effect of true joy, though I find not any thing to desire, but what I have. For *Emilius* is handsome, he has high blood, he has courage and wit, and a violent passion to me: He prefers me before the richest match in *Rome*: he is of a sweet disposition; and I know not what I can wish more in him to make my self happy. After this falling into talk of *Herminius*, *Valeria* with Tears in her eyes, took a little Cabinet, where she kept all his letters, and offered to tear in pieces all the Letters of her former Lover. But *Flavia* was so earnest with her, that at last she consented that she should have them, upon condition never to shew them unto her. So as *Flavia* taking the Cabinet, and all in it, she carried it unto the Chamber which was allotted her. After which, these two Ladies went to walk by the side of a Rivulet, which was very pleasant, and from whence one might see all the way from *Rome* thither. And *Emilius* was to come that way.

As for *Valerius* and *Domitia*, they thought upon nothing but taking all necessary orders for the next day: For, though the company was not to be great, yet would they have all things in handsome order and decency at this private Feast.

Emilius

Emilius for his part, his heart was so full of joy, that all the care he took, was to go betimes unto the place where he was to be made happy: So as referring unto his servants the care of all things necessary for the marriage day, he departed with only one servant, to go unto his dear *Valeria*. In his going thither, he entertained himself with every thing that might flatter his passion; and his spirit thinking upon nothing but delights, he fancied the satisfaction *Herminius* would have to see him so happy, if he were alive; and also the pleasure he himself should have in seeing his friend. When this thought came upon him, he was not above two hundred paces from the house of *Valerius*. So as *Valeria* and *Flavia*, who were walking by the River side, might easily see him: entertaining himself in this manner at a place where two ways crossed; he heard the noise of a horse on his right hand which made him look that way. But as soon as ever he had turned his head, he espied *Herminius*; yet he never thought him whom he saw to be his friend: For his imagination being prepossessed with an opinion of his death, and being also at a good distance, he thought him only some man that resembled him. But *Herminius*, who had nothing in his mind which made him not credit his eyes, no sooner espied *Emilius*, but he went immediately unto him. Oh my dear *Emilius* (said he unto him) how happy am I to meet with you! *Emilius* was much surprised at these words: for believing two of his senses, he began to think that *Herminius*, was risen from the dead, since both his eyes and his ears told him so; they meet therefore each other, and lighting from their horses, which they left with their men, they embraced each other with abundance of joy and tenderness, for they loved one another most dearly. Is it possible (said *Emilius* unto his friend) I should have the happiness to embrace you, after all hopes of you were lost? and at the very same instant when I was thinking of you, and desiring your company, you should come to partake of my joys: For, truly my dear *Herminius*, if you still retain the same thoughts of your friend, doubtless you will be very glad to see me happy: Never doubt on't, replied *Herminius*; And to defer the pleasure of it no longer from me, pray tell me what happiness it is. You shall know it, replied *Emilius*, when you have told me by what miracle you are raised from the dead.

Herminius, who knew not that all *Rome* thought him dead, did think *Emilius* meant the length of his exile: so as making no great matter of what he said, he only told him that the relation of his fortune would be too long for that place; and that all he would tell him was, that being come to the Court of *Italy* with an *African*, called *Amilcar*, and two of his friends, the one called *Artemidorus*, and the other *Zenocrates*; he left them upon a promise to meet again at the house of *Valerius*, where he was to go to hear how squares went at *Rome*, and where he had much other business of great importance. But after this (added he) pray tell me, whither are you going at present, and of what nature is the happiness which you are to enjoy, and in which I must share with you? The place whither I go (answered *Emilius*) is the very same to which you go, and not to conceal my good fortune any longer from you; know, my dear

Herminius, that to-morrow I am to marry the fair *Valeria*, with whom I fell desperately in love as soon as I came to *Rome*, after I left you at *Capua*. How *Emilius*? (replied *Herminius* very sternly) are you to marry *Valeria* to-morrow; *Valeria* the daughter of *Valerius*, whom *Spurius* once loved, and afterwards *Mutius*, when I went from *Rome*? The very same (replied *Emilius*, much surprised to see the astonishment and sorrow of his friend) But what's the reason this news in lieu of rejoicing, does trouble you? Oh *Emilius* (said *Herminius*, and recoyled apace) what News have you told me? I have told you the truth, replied he, and a truth which I thought would have been joy unto you: and yet I am so unhappy as to see it trouble you, but cannot imagine the cause. For I am sure you loved *Clelia* when we were at *Capua*, and I never saw any appearance of your loving *Valeria*, or of her loving you: What then is the cause of this great alteration I find in your face, and this trouble which I see in your heart? For if my good fortune does any ways afflict you, I do declare unto you, that I cannot be happy.

Ah *Emilius* (said *Herminius*) Is it possible you should never hear in *Rome* that I loved *Valeria*? and that you cannot love her unless you become my Rival, my enemy, and unless you betray that Amity which you promised? I knew not that you loved *Valeria*, replied *Emilius*: And though I had known it, yet believing you to be dead, as all the rest of your friends did, nay *Sivelia* herself, I think I did you no wrong in loving her whom you loved. I never knew of your love to *Valeria*, for since I had no thoughts of it at *Capua*, I could not have at *Rome*; so as finding in this sweet and fair Lady, all the sweetness and complaisance that virtue would permit her to shew, I had no reason to think she intended the happiness of any more than my self. Oh *Emilius* (replied *Herminius*, and sighed) *Valeria* is a perfidious woman, and may withdraw her affection from you, as well as from me: But since it is thus (added he) and that I am so unfortunate as to find a happy Rival in the person of a friend whom honour will not permit me to use as an enemy; and that I am also so miserable as to have a Mistress, who does not only cease loving me, but can love another; my journey is at an end, I need know no more, I came only for *Valeria*, and since *Valeria* is to be yours, I have nothing to do but to die. In saying so, *Herminius* with abundance of sorrow in his eyes, would have left *Emilius*, to go and take his horse. But *Emilius*, whose heart was divided between Amity and Love, between his Friend and his Mistress, and who perhaps had some sparks of jealousy which he knew not of, he was very desirous to know a little more: so as taking *Herminius* by the arm, and speaking unto him with much generosity and tenderness; I beseech you (said he unto him) do not offer to leave me thus cruelly, but consider, I conjure you, my innocence towards you. For you know, that during all the time of our travails together, you never acquainted me with your love to *Valeria*; you never so much as named her unto me: as I often told you, I thought you in love with *Clelia*: 'Tis true, you would never confess that unto me: yet I had good cause to think you were: And I had reason to think, that if you had had any Mistress in *Rome*, you would have

have employed me with some Letter or service to her when I came thither, where I met with the Physician of *Capua*, who shewed me a Letter which imported your death: I published the news with incredible grief: It was confirmed by *Sivelia*, who also published the particulars of it to all the world: the Tyrant grieved you had escaped his cruelty; all your friends lamented you: I saw *Valeria*, I fell in love with her: I found her disposed to obey *Valerius*, who commanded her to entertain my affection: and I prepared my self to marry her by consent of all, even of your illustrious Mother who knew of it. What crime then have I committed? and wherein have I wronged you? In nothing, answered *Herminius*; but your innocence does only make me the more miserable: for indeed *Emilius*, if it had been any other but your self, either he or I should have died, rather than endured he should take *Valeria* from me, who as ungrateful and unfaithful as she is, yet is she so dear unto me, as without death, I cannot suffer another should enjoy her; Therefore, since I cannot with honour be your enemy, and since it does not please my capricious fortune I should have such a Rival whom I may ruine; I will even go and die in some place or other, where my passion shall not force me to any thing against my duty, For, let me tell you, that considering the humour I am in, I dare not answer for my self if I see you long. Go therefore, happy *Emilius*, and gather the recompence of all my services: and if you will, never tell the inconstant *Valeria* that I am living, since the term I have to live is so short, as I shall quickly confirm the news of my death.

Did I think the sight of me would afflict that ungrateful person, who is going to make you happy, and hath so long and so cruelly deluded me, I would go and upbraid her with inconstancy: But since now, she loves you better than ever she loved me, she will not startle at the sight of me, but rather triumph over my misfortune.

After this, he offered to disengage himself from *Emilius*, who held him by force, and gave him most obliging language, though his mind was much disquieted, for he loved *Herminius* most tenderly: he was infinitely obliged unto him: and he understood that *Valeria* had loved him, and he knew not what to think. Love on one side tormented him; friendship raised a thousand scruples in his heart: jealousy did mix it self amongst all these several sentiments, and he was no less miserable than *Herminius*, who could not conceive how *Sivelia* could come to so many particulars of his supposed death; nor why *Valeria* should write unto him as she did; nor how she could love *Emilius* so soon; nor how *Valerius*, who was a man of great honour, could break his word with him: for he could not fully persuade himself that he was thought to be dead, though his friend told him so, because looking then upon him as a Rival, he suspected all he said: but during this long contest, *Valeria* and *Flavia*, who were walking by the River side, they could not imagine who it should be that was talking with *Emilius* whom they knew, because they knew he was to come that way: But as for *Herminius*, they never dreamt of him, nor thought him living; and therefore knew him not; and be-

sides, his back was turned towards them: they were a little troubled at their long discourse, which was with that earnestness, as made it evident they talked of something which did not please them; so as imagining it might be *Spurius* or *Mutius*, they feared some disastrous adventure. Then spying *Valerius*, who was walking to see whether a Fountain was rightly ordered, these two Ladies told him the cause of their inquietude: *Valerius* turning about, and seeing them, he went unto the place where those two men were in such earnest discourse: he was come very near unto them, before they perceived him: for they were so intent upon their discourse, that they minded nothing else. But *Valerius* no sooner saw *Herminius* than he knew him, and was not in any such amaze as *Emilius*, because he knew that he was not dead: he therefore stepped nearer, and embraced *Herminius*, who was much surprised to see himself in the Arms of *Valerius*; but much more, when *Valerius* turned towards *Emilius*, and told him, that he must now revoke his word. For (said he) if my daughters heart be not changed towards *Herminius*, and if the heart of *Herminius* be not changed towards my daughter, she cannot be yours, since now he is returned. Oh Sir, replied *Emilius*, do not force me to grieve at the life of a friend who is so dear unto me: No, no, replied *Herminius* faintly, never fear the generosity of *Valerius*: the heart of *Valeria* is changed, and I am not so happy as to render you miserable. *Valerius* finding himself betwixt two men whom he loved so dearly, and who found it so difficult to please both, he thought upon nothing then, but how to carry them both to his house, lest they should be exasperated against each other. At first, their spirits did so boil, and they knew so little what to do, that they would not go with him: For *Herminius* said he had no mind to see *Valeria*, since she loved him not: *Emilius* on his side said, that since *Valerius* revoked his word, in all probability *Valeria* would revoke her heart: and *Valerius* not knowing well what to answer them, he heartily beseeched them to follow him.

Mean time, these two fair ones that were walking, seeing *Valerius* bring those he went unto, along with him, they went unto the door where *Valerius* was to enter, purposely to see who were with him: but in coming thither, they were strangely surprised to see *Herminius* whom they believed to be dead. Yet there was a great difference between *Valeria* and *Flavia*: for the last of these went to him with abundance of joy, and *Valeria* in lieu of joy, went back, and was constrained to sit down upon a seat of grass which was near the door, for she was so troubled and astonished at the sight, as she fell almost into a swoond; yet she had so much prudence to dissemble as well as she could: but being very pale, and not able to speak, they feared she was very sick; so as *Herminius* for all his anger, was the first that went to hold her up: 'Tis true, *Emilius* went presently after him; so as these two Lovers were equally officious in helping her; but she having her knowledge perfect, though she could not speak, she pushed them both away, and holding out her hand to *Flavia*, she looked so, as it was easie to see the disorder of her soul.

Mean while, *Domitia* being advertised of it, she came and caused *Valeria* to be carried in a Chair to her

her Chamber, where *Flavia* who knew the secret of her heart, said, that it were convenient to leave her alone : so as *Herminius* and *Emilius*, as well as *Valerius*, they all retired and left her with *Domitia* and *Flavia*. *Domitia* also left her as soon as she was a little come to her self, and went to hear how it was possible *Herminius* should be alive. She was no sooner gone, but *Valeria* began to speak : Oh *Flavia*, (said she unto her) what think you of my odd fortune and imbecillity? Do you think I will love *Herminius* and not *Emilius*? No, no, For I am resolved never to pardon the infidelity of the first, and never to forget my obligations unto the second : But truly it must needs be confessed, that I am very unfortunate. You have formerly wished so heartily, replied *Flavia*, only for one of those misfortunes which tormented you, in desiring that *Herminius* were not inconstant, or that he were dead, that methinks you have reason for what you say ; for you said, in those days, that if *Herminius* were living, you should be glad of it, only to revenge your self upon him, and upbraid him with his crime ; so as if you be in the same mind still, you should be glad to see him, since now you are able to be revenged of his inconstancy, by marrying *Emilius* to morrow ; and you may upbraid him with infidelity, since he is now in the same house with you. Oh *Flavia* (replied she) I was much in the wrong when I wished so : for certainly the sight of a perfidious Lover, is much more horrid than the sight of a dead one : or at least, it seems so unto me at present. Take heed what you say, replied *Flavia*, for I never heard that anger made any swoond : and I believe there is something in your heart more than you know of, which perhaps is more favourable unto *Herminius* than you imagine : No, no, *Flavia*, replied she, I am more Generous than you think me : and you shall never see me prefer an Inconstant, before a faithful Lover : And though I do find in my heart many advantageous thoughts of that perfidious Lover, which is quite contrary to all Reason ; yet notwithstanding, I wish heartily that death would equally take me both from *Herminius* and *Emilius*.

Valeria had a thousand other passionate expressions unto *Flavia*, who having not yet talked with *Herminius*, she knew not what to say of him : For though she observed by the manner of his going to help *Valeria*, that he did still passionately love her ; yet considering upon what terms *Valeria* was with *Emilius*, she durst not offer any office for *Herminius*, until she better knew both their minds.

Valeria, for all her perplexities, yet thought she saw some signs of Love in the behaviour of *Herminius* : but yet she kept it secret from *Flavia*, and would fain have thought that he did not love her. Whilst she was in this turbulency of mind, *Valerius*, who dearly loved both *Herminius* and *Emilius*, he spoke unto them both in presence of each other with abundance of generosity and kindness : He told *Herminius* in presence of *Emilius*, that it was he who published the news of his death : He told him afterwards how great was the grief of all his Friends, of *Sivelia*, of *Emilius*, of his own : Confessing unto him, that *Valeria* was sooner comforted than he could have believed, and that she appeared more angry than sad. After this, he told him how *Sivelia* and he confirmed the re-

port of his death, to beget the same opinion in *Valeria*, and lest he should be exposed unto the cruelty of *Tarquin*, who was most horribly incensed against him. Yet, added he, Do not accuse me of voluntary breaking my word, since I did it only to save your life, and also by the advice of Generous *Sivelia*.

Mean while, since you and *Emilius* are friends, since you have not done any thing to upbraid each other, and since my daughter thinking you dead, did not commit any crime in obeying me ; Let reason determine this great difference : and let him of you two, whom *Valeria* loves best, obtain her : For in my opinion, as things are, he that shall marry her will never be happy, unless he be so chosen. For my part, (replied *Herminius*, dejectedly) I know the heart of *Valeria* better than you do, and will prepare my self to die with grief without asking any other favour than once to have the liberty of speech with that unjust person, who has thrown me out of her heart.

Valerius hearing *Herminius* say so, he began to excuse his Daughter, for he knew not of those bitter letters which *Herminius* had received by the Artifice of *Spurius*, which made him think he quarrelled with her without a cause, further than because she loved *Emilius*. But after a long discourse it was resolved that the next morning if *Valeria* was any thing better, *Herminius* should speak with her without any witnesses but *Flavia*. That *Emilius*, afterwards, should have the same freedom. That after this, they should both together see her in the presence of *Valerius* and *Domitia* ; and then to let her chuse according unto her own mind. So as after this, every one retir'd into their Chambers. As for *Valerius*, upon pretence of *Valeria*'s sickness, he sent to un-invite those persons who were to be at her wedding. Mean while, you may easily imagine how sad a night it was unto *Herminius*, unto *Emilius*, and unto *Valeria*. *Emilius*, when he was arrived at the very point of happiness, found himself ready to fall into a Gulf of misery, by reason of his friends misfortune, and out of fear that *Valeria* would not change her mind. *Herminius* on his side suffered most incredible torment, by reason of a thought that he was not loved : that he had such a Rival as he could not ruine him, nor charge him with any fault, and out of a most cruel thought that *Valeria* loved this Rival, that she would chuse him, and that *Valeria* would marry him.

As for that fair one, she was not a whit more happy than they : her heart and her mind was so full of love, anger, jealousy, and irresolution, that she could not sleep a jot all night, so as she spent it in talking with *Flavia*, who would by no means leave her in that condition. But morning being come, *Valerius* sent her a command to receive a visit from *Herminius*, and to hear all his reasons. At the first, she had a mind to disobey her Father ; but presently after, desiring to chide and upbraid him for his supposed infidelity, she prepared her self to receive his visit.

But since it would require some time before her answer could be brought unto *Valerius*, who was walking in his Garden, and also some time before *Herminius* could be advertised of it, she thought him very long in coming, and imagined that he was ashamed to see her, and that he was
studying

studying what to say. For my part (said *Flavia*) since *Herminius* does still desire to see you, I believe that either he is not unfaithful, or that he repents of his being so. Though either of those two should be so, replied *Valeria*, yet should I still be very miserable. How? replied *Flavia*, would you think your self miserable, if you should find that *Herminius* did always love you, and still doth? Yes, answered *Valeria*, for if *Herminius* should prove innocent, I shall appear criminal unto him, and he will upbraid me with a thousand things. Then, replied *Flavia*, it were better for you, if it shall appear he has been inconstant, and that he repents. No, replied she, for I perceive that if he repent, I shall be so simple as to suffer my heart to melt, and perhaps so unjust, as to prefer a Repentant Criminal, before one that is innocent, so as my reason disagreeing with my heart I shall be still miserable. What then should he have done, replied *Flavia*, to have rendred you happy? *Herminius*, replied she, ought ever to have been faithful unto me; I should never have suspected him for an inconstant man; that I had never thought him dead, that *Emilius* had never loved me, or that I had ever scorned him, so as since it is impossible these things should ever be, it is impossible I should ever be happy. As she said so, *Herminius* entred, and saluted her with most profound respect, yet with so much sadness in his countenance, that if the spirit of *Valeria* had not been prepossessed, her heart had melted. Mean time, she took his signs of sorrow for signs of shame, and both her grief and anger redoubled. All the Letters of *Herminius* to *Clelia*, which she had seen, and all those of *Clelia* to *Herminius*, came into her imagination to incense her. She fancied the Map of *Tender*, to be a Map of Love, rather than a Map of Amity: and *Herminius* appearing unfaithful unto her, he did not appear amiable. She received him therefore at the first, with a coldness mixed with disdain; and if *Flavia* had not made him sit down she would never have offered it. But in fine, *Herminius* beginning to speak, I see, Madam, said he unto her, that you look upon me as an unfortunate man, who unwelcomly is come to molest your pleasures: and that now you loving the too happy *Emilius*, you hate the unfortunate *Herminius*. I do confess it (replied she sharply) And why should I not hate an ungrateful man, who has forgotten all the favours he has received from me, as soon as he is out of my sight: who loved another as soon as ever he was out of *Rome*, and who is so audacious now, as being out with his new Mistress, to come and torment me with his presence, and feigned complaisance? For I know you intend to speak unto me as formerly you used; but know, that now things look with another face: you are now out of my heart, and I have received *Emilius* by my Fathers command. Oh, Madam, (said *Herminius*) you are most unjust, and most cruel in saying so. I beseech you do not seek for any pretences unto your inconstancy, nor accuse me to excuse your self. Confess ingenuously, that looking upon me as an unfortunate exile, who durst never return to *Rome*; you had no mind to share in my misery, but to avoid the rigours of absence, have banished me out of your heart. Confess, I say, that to be the more handsomly un-

faithful, you have seemed to think me dead, and that *Emilius* seeming more handsome in your eye, you have loved him both by choice and weakness.

For my part, Madam, I can most safely swear, that since I was out of your sight, I never enjoyed one minute of real pleasure. Indeed, I did meet with an illustrious friend in my Travails: but all his friendship did never ease me of the least torments which my love to you made me endure: but I have been always the most miserable of men, whilst you thought your self most happy in loving, and in the love of *Emilius*. Oh most perfidious (cried out *Valeria*, and interrupted him) Can you be so impudent, as to say you have not betrayed me, and that you have not been in love? But to make you the more ashamed of your crime, and to let you see I deserve not to be quitted for another; Do not interrupt me, but give me time to tell you what I think, and what you should never know, but to torment you. Know therefore ungrateful wretch, that I have loved you more tenderly than ever any loved: you know it well enough, unjust man that you are: and did I think you had forgotten all those testimonies of affections which I have given you, I should never have rubbed up your memory of them: for I am much ashamed that I ever loved a most perfidious man. But once more, I confess, that I loved you better than ever I did my self; and that I still loved you with equal tenderness, maugre your long silence, untill that unfortunate day wherein I heard both of your death and your infidelity. But Madam, replied he, since you see the news of my death was false, why will you not think the report of my infidelity to be so also? Because (answered she) I have such convincing proofs of your infidelity, that I can never doubt of it. However, *Flavia* knows very well, that had I not believed you dead, *Emilius* had loved me in vain; and as perfidious as you are, I should have been contented to have hated and scorned you, without ever loving any other. But believing you to be both inconstant and also dead; I must confess, I did what I could to love *Emilius*, and at last, I am — Oh, Madam (cried *Herminius*, and interrupted her) you never did love me, if you be able to pronounce so cruel a sentence. But before you try, give me leave to ask what testimonies you have of my inconstancy: and who the impostor is, that has told you so great a lye? *Valeria* was now at a stand: for all her suspicions were grounded only upon the report of *Emilius*, who had innocently shewed all the Letters which had caused so much affliction unto her: So as being unwilling to bring him to the test, she would not at first give any precise answer unto *Herminius*, nor instance any particulars. *Herminius* upon this, thinking she had no cause for her pretended suspicions, and that all that she said was only to find an excuse for her weakness, he began to be very angry, and twit her with a thousand reproaches. For, Madam, (said he unto her, after many other things) can you make me believe, you thought me dead as others did, and yet with your own hand write unto me the most cruel Letter that ere was writ; and which certainly you would never have writ, but in hopes it would kill me, and so disengage your self from all those promises which you

you have made unto me, or at least to pack me away unto places so remote, as I should never return to molest you. Neither can *Flavia* be ignorant of this truth, since she was as tart in her Letter almost as you. *Valeria* hearing *Herminius* say so, she looked upon *Flavia* with amazement: *Flavia* she looked upon *Herminius*, and told him that she never writ unto him, nor ever thought of writing, because since *Emilius* returned to *Rome*, she ever thought him to be dead. *Herminius* being out of all patience, shewed unto *Valeria* and *Flavia*, those two Letters which they had written unto *Mutius*, and which *Spurius* had sent unto *Herminius*, in answer to those which he had written unto *Valeria* and *Flavia*. *Valeria* no sooner looked upon them, but she knew them to be those which *Flavia* and she had writ unto *Mutius*. How was it possible (said they then unto him) that these Letters should come into your hands? For, ungrateful man that you are (said *Valeria* unto *Herminius*) these Letters were writ unto a man, whom for the love of you I ever scorned, and if you were just, you would think your self obliged unto me for the tartness of this Letter, since it was unto *Mutius* I writ it. I think Madam, replied *Herminius*, you would drive me out of my wits; For, as certain as I am living, the Man whom I sent from *Capua* unto *Rome*, did bring me these two Letters in answer unto those two which I writ unto you and *Flavia*, and they do most punctually answer unto every thing contained in those two which I sent unto you: And it is also most certain, that this cruel answer is the true cause of my long silence, and of my exile: And yet Madam, the belief of your Inconstancy never moved me unto the least Inclination of any Infidelity, and you have been always the only Saint whom I loved and adored: But I pray, who was he, said *Flavia*, that brought these two Letters unto you? he was a brother (answered he) unto one that is now my servant.

For, it was very true, that he who was employed in this voyage to *Rome*, was entred into the service of *Herminius*, when he came from *Capua*, and it was the same servant that was with him at the house of *Valerius*.

Mean time, *Herminius*, finding some sweetness in the thought that *Valeria* had no hand in writing those two letters; he desired still to justify himself, and beseech her most earnestly to tell him, upon what cause she accused him: and she without ever mentioning *Emilius*, did intimate, that it was, because he loved you Madam.

Oh Madam (said he unto her) you could never have had any such thought but only by my Rival, who is the only man in the World, from whom it could proceed, though he never so much as saw her, whom he accused me to love: and to speak sincerely, my punctual fidelity in keeping my passion secret, made him suspect me to love at *Capua*: He saw me very sad, and heard me sigh, and saw I received and writ Letters, wherein were some expressions of Amity, which appeared unto him, to be expressions of Love: and I make no doubt but that to ingratiate himself the more, he has shewed you all the Copies of those Letters which I wrote then unto that excellent Lady, and of which I made so little account, as I consented he should have them: yet now he says, he knew not that I

loved you, but I have reason to think, he said not truth. *Flavia* then beginning to speak, she told *Herminius*, that he had no reason to blame or accuse *Emilius*; And told him truly how he acquainted *Valeria*, with the news of his death, and Inconstancy: and lest this should move *Herminius* against *Emilius*, she told him, how sadly he took the news of his loss.

So as *Herminius*, now knowing whereof he was accused, he was very glad to see that, without all doubt he should one day make a clear Justification of himself. Oh Madam (said he then unto *Valeria*) thanks be to heaven I am most sure, that a little time will let you see my innocence. For that illustrious Daughter of generous *Clelius*, does love, and is loved by a Prince so great, that ere long this Love will be published over all *Italy*: *Horatius*, a Roman, and one you know, is Rival unto the Prince I speak of. And ten thousand Persons are able to testify that *Clelia* is only my Friend, and never was my Mistress. When I first saw her, she was then engaged in the Love of *Aronces*, Son to the King of *Clusium*: I was and am still the Confident of this innocent Love: and if you could as easily justify your self as I can, I should not be so unfortunate as I am: But alas unjust woman, though you had thought me dead and unfaithful; yet this was not enough to oblige you unto an engagement in a second affection. Indeed, had you been contented to hate me, and forget me, I should have been obliged unto you, for your hatred, and oblivion: but you have done worse in bestowing upon *Emilius* that same heart which you have sworn ten thousand times should never be any's but mine. One would think, as you have confessed you have used him, that you were most desirous to recompence him for acquainting you with my inconstancy and death: For to tell you truly, had you loved me, you could never have endured so much as the sight of a man, who brought you such cruel news: And yet you suffered him, you loved him, you do love him still, and perhaps you are so unjust, as to tell me that you will Love him always. Yet think upon't once more, too amiable *Valeria*, Remember what promises you have made me: bethink your self of what you have told me since I came hither, how that if you had not thought me inconstant and dead, you had not been unfaithful: And to be just unto your self refer it unto Time, to know the truth of what I say: I will engage my self that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, whose virtue and merit is known unto *Valerius*, shall tell you, that I was never the Lover of their Daughter: I will engage my self that *Clelia* shall confess unto you, that she loves *Aronces*: And I promise you, that before it be long, all *Italy* shall talk of the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia*, whom I love as well as ever I did, though I know she does love her dear *Aronces*, as well as I deserve to be loved by you. But *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, the Letters which I have seen are so tender, and the Map which was shewed unto me so gallant, as I know not whether or no I should believe you. Madam, replied he, you may remember, that you upbraided me a thousand times with writing too much flattery, and in such a style, as those unto whom I writ, might think that Love which was only Amity: And indeed my tenderness of Passion to you, had infused such a passionate character into all my

spirits, as made all my friends believe all the thoughts of my Soul to be love. And Madam, should I have given Copies of Letters from the person I loved? or should I only have shewed them? Alas, I was so far from any such indiscretion as I have carefully preserved that cruel letter which I shewed unto you, although I cannot look upon it without anger and despair.

Be assured therefore Madam, that I am innocent, and you are culpable: For Madam, though I had been dead and inconstant, yet ought you not to have engaged your self in a second affection; I should have died of sorrow; or if anger had kept me from dying, I should have hated all women in lieu of loving any one, and perhaps as unfaithful as you was, in my belief, I should have loved you in your Grave. However Madam, though you be criminal, though you have upon too shallow grounds believed me inconstant, and though I have reason to think, that you do unjustly deny that cruel letter which I shewed you: Though I say you be unfaithful in loving *Emilius*, yet—Oh *Herminius* (said she and interrupted) I cannot endure you should accuse me of infidelity: For certainly, according to the common received opinion, the death and inconstancy of the party loved does freely set the heart of the lover at liberty, and to be disposed of as she pleaseth: and therefore thinking you to be inconstant and dead, I ought not to be charged with inconstancy. And yet I do consent to be accused of infidelity, if thinking you faithful, I had committed any infidelity unto your memory: but as the Case is, I cannot endure any such accusation to be charged upon me: Then Madam, replied he, (and looked upon her with eyes full of Love) if you would not be so accused, you must restore unto me that heart which you took from me, since I am neither dead, nor inconstant: For as unfaithful as that heart is, I am most willing to receive it upon my knees: I will begin a new obligation unto you; I will forget all my past miseries: and I will love you as zealously and ardently as ever I did, so *Emilius* be driven out of that heart which is none of his, and unto which none has any right but my self, since I am not dead, nor ever was unfaithful.

But if you cannot do so, then be so generous, I beseech you, as not to deceive me: For, I should be more unfortunate in having but half your heart, than if I had lost it all.

Emilius is indeed my friend, and I do grant that he was innocent both towards you, and towards me until his return. But alas, am I Culpable towards any one? Am I any cause that *Emilius* believed I was dead, and that I was in love with *Clelia*? 'Tis very true, I did not make him the confident of my Love to you: but ought I to have done it? and would you have taken it well? Consider therefore, I beseech you, how innocent I am, and how unfortunate. But is it possible (replied *Valeria*) that you should be so innocent as you say you are? But is it possible, replied *Herminius*, you should make any doubt of what I say? for if I did not love you, what reason had I so earnestly to court your affection? for you have furnished me with colour enough not to pretend unto it: *Emilius* loves you, you do not hate him: And were not my love unto you most violent, I had just reason never to see you again.

It is not sufficient, replied she, that you do love me now at present: but you ought to have loved me always. If I have not done so, replied he, may you never love me, but for ever love my Rival. But (added he, and sighed) one may see a notable difference betwixt you and me: for had my heart been so weak as to receive the Image of any other into it, you would have rejected it: And yet, though you have ceased to love me, and though you have loved another, yet for all that, I am ready with all joy to receive that Treasure which I had lost.

Restore it then, most amiable *Valeria*, and to oblige you unto it, call to memory all the happy times we have passed together: your eyes have told me ten thousand times, that you were concerned and troubled at my sufferings: your mouth has told me, that I was not hated; and I was so happy, as to have reason to believe you made my felicity yours, and that you would esteem your self happy, if our condition were such as we could never be separated. Strive then to drive *Emilius* out of that heart unto which he has no right, since I told you I am neither dead nor unfaithful: for perhaps it concerns your happiness, as well as the happiness of unfortunate *Herminius*: And indeed, I am sure that if you should be so unjust, as not to restore that which belongs unto me, but should bestow your self upon *Emilius*, you will be no sooner his, but you will mourn for me: Yes, cruel *Valeria*, I shall despise all your cruelty, if you shall make me so miserable, as I shall be if you do me that injustice. Think therefore both of your self and me, and you will find all reason to be on one side.

Whilst *Herminius* was talking thus, *Valeria* hearkned, sometimes looking upon him, sometimes upon *Flavia*, and sometimes upon the ground. But at last, *Herminius* having done, she began in her turn to speak: Though all you say were true, replied she, and though you never did love *Clelia*, yet I cannot tell whether I ought to restore you my affection: you think you have reason to treat me as one inconstant, and also have right to be inconstant your self upon the first occasion: Yet I conceive that I cannot without injustice, be called unfaithful: for to discover the very bottom of my heart unto you, I had a mind to love *Emilius*, but never any inclination to love him as I loved you: Oh Madam (said *Herminius*, and interrupted) I most earnestly beseech you to alter but one word, and in lieu of saying, As you did love me, say, As you do love, and then you will make me happy. Perhaps, replied she, I could say so, for I perceive my heart is willing to believe you innocent, and I know but too well, that my tenderness towards *Emilius*, is not of that nature as it is unto you. But *Herminius*, I find my self at a strange Dilemma: For if you have not been inconstant, I confess you have right to demand restitution of my heart: but I confess withal, that if you look upon me as a weak person, I ought not to restore it unto you, since most certainly I never did any thing which can be a reproach unto me: had I thought you dead, and not thought you inconstant, I had then been to blame, if I had comforted my self, and entertained the love of *Emilius*: I confess also, that if I had not thought you dead, but only thought you unfaithful, you might have

have reproached me for being too obedient unto my Father when he commanded me to entertain the love of *Emilius*: for I do believe, maugre all I have said, that if one do love well, they cannot chuse but wish, and hope for the repentance of the person loved, though he be culpable. But, *Herminius*; *Flavia* knows, that if I did suffer *Emilius*, it was only because I endeavoured to drive you out of my heart: yet since I am sincere, I will confess unto you, that I have such tenderness towards you, as makes me think I ought to make you happy: And all that I can do as I conceive, is to protest unto you, that I will never bestow my self upon *Emilius*, nor any other.

By this means, I shall not expose my self unto your reproaches: I shall not give *Emilius* any cause to complain against me, since I am none of yours, and you have no reason to accuse me, since I am none of his.

Herminius then broke out into a thousand moving expressions unto *Valeria*; *Flavia*, she joyn'd her reasons unto his, and offered to make *Emilius* understand reason: but, say all they could, *Valeria* would not then fix upon any other resolution. For though she was fully convinc'd, that *Herminius* had not been inconstant, but that he loved her as well as e're he did, yet she could not make her self absolutely believe it; she could not bring her self to tell *Emilius*, that her passion to *Herminius* made her take her heart out of his hands; and she was ashamed that this second affection had partly cooled her tenderness to *Herminius*: Yet being desirous to know by what adventure those Letters which *Valeria* and *Flavia* had written unto *Mutius*, came into the hands of *Herminius*; *Flavia* desired him to question his servant, and to find out how his brother came unto them. After which, *Flavia* making *Herminius* to understand by signs, that when he was gone, she would speak for him (for though *Emilius* was her Cousin, yet she loved *Herminius* better) he went away without making any alteration in the resolution of *Valeria*.

He was no sooner gone out of the Chamber, but *Emilius* entered, who in lieu of finding any hopes in the eyes of that fair one, he saw in them nothing but sadness and confusion: so as his fears seizing upon his spirits, he approached unto her in a trembling manner. I perceive, Madam (said he unto her) that you are not very well disposed to give a favourable hearing unto my reasons, though I cannot but think them worthy of it. But to obtain a more plausible Audience, I will confess that *Herminius* is more worthy than I am to be your lover, and to enjoy your heart: I do confess also, that if he had not been inconstant, he has good right unto your affection: I confess further, that being a man of honour as I know him to be, I am persuaded, though I am his Rival, that since he now saith he is not in love with *Clelia*, I believe he is not: I say again, that being so much a friend unto *Herminius* as I am, I will consent he should marry you, if ye be both consenting. But Madam, you know how the Tyrant hates him; how the generous *Servilia* to save his life confirm'd the false reports of his death: He is then an exile from *Rome* for ever; surely you will not abandon *Valerius* and *Domitia* to follow him: And though you would, yet *Herminius*, if he love you, will not desire you should follow his fortune: This being so, Madam, why

will you not permit me to be happy, since my friend cannot? We will both love him if you please, and never fear I shall upbraid you with your affection to him: I know his merit, and your vertue, and I will never desire you to banish him your heart; but only since *Herminius* cannot be happy, not to change your thoughts of me.

When he came, I was in your good esteem; you did obey the commands of *Valerius* without any repugnancy: and though you never gave me any testimonies of love, yet I was contented: And however, I never did any thing since the return of *Herminius* which could displease you; I have not withdrawn my Amity from him, nor ever will, unless you put me out of all hopes; which Madam, if you do, I dare not answer that my reason will be stronger than my resentments. Consider, I beseech you, that the unfortunate *Emilius* would not court you, but that *Herminius* cannot enjoy you in peace: And therefore, I beseech you, be mine, since fortune will not let you be his: I do love you Madam, better than he can, and shall love you ten thousand times above my own life, if you will but resolve to make me happy. You speak so very well, replied *Valeria*, as I must needs commend you. But for all that, *Emilius*, this which you ask is not just: for you know that it was you, who told me of the death and inconstancy of *Herminius*, and indeed you have been the cause of that injustice which I have done him. But Madam, replied he, I was the innocent cause of it: I confess it; answered she, and I do pardon all the harm which unknowingly you did me: And to testify how much I esteem you, I will ingenuously confess unto you, that I can never make you happy: I have as good an opinion of you, as any reasonable person can have. I know your vertue, your love, and your innocency; I know also the amity you preserve for *Herminius*; I exhort you to continue it. And indeed, I do confess that you do merit my affection.

But since, *Emilius*, this affection can never be given unto you, therefore you ought not to ask it. If I would bestow my affection upon any one, I ought to prefer *Herminius* before any other: But if my Father did give me the liberty to dispose of my self, I will never dispose of my self unto any.

Oh Madam, replied *Emilius*, that is not reasonable; And though you think to comfort me by telling me you will be my Rivals no more than mine: yet I assure you, I am not a jot the more happy. You think to lessen my grief, and will not in an instant throw me from the height of happiness to the depth of despair: This is the reason why you tell me not, you can never be mine, without telling me that you never be my Rivals: But Madam, I care not for any such kind of compassion; it is but a false pity, which will make me the more miserable: I had better dye suddenly than languish long: Pronounce therefore a Definitive sentence. But first consider I beseech you, whether *Emilius* will not be more miserable than *Herminius*, if you reject him.

Herminius is already accustomed to think himself not loved: He can live, and not see you, and think himself not loved: And though you should tell him you can never love him, but would love me always, yet he will be no more miserable than he was within this two days. But I Madam, who till yesterday did hope you would be eternally mine, think I beseech you in what a sad condition I should be,

if you should assure me, I should never be yours. I have already told you my resolution, replied *Valeria*, and you cannot make me change it.

Upon this *Valerius*, *Domitia*, and *Herminius* entered.

Valeria blushed when she saw them, and was at a strange perplexity, especially when *Valerius* began to speak: Well Daughter, said he unto her, have you heard the reasons of *Herminius* and *Emilius*, and are you resolved upon their destinies? Sir, replied this sage Lady, you are so absolutely master of mine, that it better becomes me to advise with your will, than examine their Reasons. But if it be your pleasure I should tell you what I think, I would beseech you to let me live with you as long as I live, and not bestow my self either upon *Herminius* or *Emilius*.

Oh Sir, (said *Herminius*) I beseech you do not consent unto the request which *Valeria* makes: And I (said *Emilius*) do make the same Petition my Rival doth, though I am more exposed unto misery than he. Doubtless you are exposed unto more misery, replied *Herminius*, because my Right is better than yours: For the word of *Valerius*, and the word of *Valeria* had engaged me, before they ever knew you: And were it not that I know by my own experience, it is not possible to love *Valeria*, and preserve the use of Reason, I should accuse you of injustice in pretending still to marry her, after you know that I am living: Till then, I confess you were not to blame: But now you see me, and know what just pretensions I have unto *Valeria*, you ought to renounce all yours.

Oh most cruel friend, (replied *Emilius*) can one leave loving when they would: and could you let fall your design of regaining the heart of *Valeria*, if I had more right unto her than you?

I beseech you, said *Valerius* then, do not amuse us with any unprofitable contestations: I do esteem and love you both, and both of you ought to esteem and love me also; nor have you any reason to complain against one another: my Daughter has not given either of you any cause to wish her ill: Nor can I accuse her of any thing. The only thing to be done then is, to look at the future, and to compose this difference without doing any injustice. I conceive then (pursued he and spoke unto *Flavia*) that in all reason my Daughter and I should keep our first words unto *Herminius*, if he have not made himself unworthy by his inconstancy, and if the heart of my Daughter be not changed; Therefore my advice is, that both *Herminius* and *Emilius* shall keep at a distance untill it clearly appear that *Herminius* had never any engagement with *Clelia*: For if all be true, he says, the thing is out of doubt, unless as I said before, that *Valeria* has chang'd her mind. For in that case, I leave her to be mistress of her own destiny, not thinking it just to force the will in such things.

Speak then Daughter (said *Valerius* then unto her) and tell me sincerely, whether you retain the same thoughts still, which formerly you had of *Herminius*, and what thoughts you have of *Emilius*. Sir, replied she, if I had a mind to make choice of one, I should speak sincerely, but since I design to be no bodies but my own, I cannot say any thing unto you. *Valeria* blusht as she spoke these words, and could not chuse but look upon *Herminius*, who conceiving some hope from this

favourable look, did speak so vigorously and tenderly both, that *Emilius* perceiving he was like to lose his cause, and fearing lest his destiny should be worse, he hastily said that he would accept of the motion which *Valerius* offered, which was to keep at a distance from *Valeria*, until *Herminius* had made his innocence appear. This fair one would then have opposed that, and desired to put both these Lovers out of all hopes: but she did it in such a manner, as made it evident unto *Emilius*, that *Herminius* was much more in her heart than he, and would ere long return into his first place, which did most sensibly affect him.

Things being thus, they had more cause to think that *Tarquin* had been advertis'd of *Herminius* his being alive, and that he was at the house of *Valerius*: for there came a Lieutenant of his Guard, accompanied with ten of his Souldiers, and asked to speak with *Valerius*: so as this conversation was interrupted in such a manner, as made it known unto *Valeria* her self, what rank *Herminius* had in her heart: For when it was told that the Lieutenant of *Tarquin's* Guard was in the Court, and asked to speak with *Valerius*, she was most strangely troubled at it, and was the first that desired *Herminius* to hide himself; she also imagined a place very hard to be found out; And *Emilius* knew so well by this unexpected accident, that she loved *Herminius* very dearly, as it grieved him extremely.

'Tis true indeed, it was a generous grief: for after *Herminius* was gone into his close Cabinet, which was in a thick wall joyning to *Flavia's* Chamber, and *Valerius* gone to the Lieutenant of *Tarquin's* Guard, he summon'd up all his generosity, all his friendship to *Herminius*, all the justice in the pretensions of his friend, and small hopes he had that *Valeria* would break with him: so as at last coming to *Valeria*, who was in a melancholy study, leaning upon the window towards the Court where her Father was, he earnestly conjur'd her to open her heart unto him, assuring her, that if she would speak ingenuously unto him, he would never trouble her more, but leave her in peace. Tell me therefore sincerely (said he) whether you think I can ever hope to be happy. If you will promise me (said she) to wish no harm unto *Herminius*, I will with all possible sincerity tell you what you desire to know. Oh, Madam, replied he, I need not ask you any more, for you have answered me enough in not answering. After this he left her, and without speaking unto any, or staying to know what business the Lieutenant of *Tarquin's* Guard had, he took horse and rid away none knows whither. Mean while *Tarquin* hearing by his Spies, that divers persons were to be at the house of *Valerius*, he sent to see what kind of assembly it was, and whether any thing was suspicious against his Authority. But since the marriage held not, no company came, and *Emilius* was gone out at a back door: so as having no further order, the Lieutenant returned, as soon as *Valerius* had shewed him that there was no assembly in his house.

But after he was gone, *Valerius* concluded that it was not safe for *Herminius* to stay long in his house: they brought him out of the place where he was hid; and when *Valerius* asked for *Emilius*, he was much surpris'd to hear by his men that he was gone. *Domitia* feared lest his amorous despair should

should move him to acquaint *Tarquin* that *Herminius* was there: But *Herminius* did not apprehend that danger, no more than *Valerius*, knowing *Emilius* had more generosity than to be capable of such a base action.

However, since his departure made it plainly appear, that he abandoned his pretensions unto *Valeria*, *Herminius* was extremely joyed; for he saw that *Valeria* had given him cause to despair in his good fortune. *Herminius* then asking leave of *Valerius* to stay at his house until to morrow at night, he made his peace so well with his dear *Valeria*, who protested that what e're she said, she had only thoughts of Amity for *Emilius*, that he esteemed himself most happy; yet he could not alter her from the proposition which *Valerius* had made: for as things were, it was not likely he should marry *Valeria*: *Valerius* also told him, that he would not send unto *Rome* to advertise *Sivelia*, lest some ill chance should happen which might discover him: and all he could do, was to get so much liberty as to spend one day with *Valeria*. 'Tis true, *Valerius* told him in private, that perhaps he would not be long an exile, because there were some secret plots against the Tyrant which would at last break out into a flame. However, *Herminius* told his Mistress so many particular passages concerning the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia*, that she did believe him innocent; but in restoring her heart wholly unto him, she conjured him to continue his amity towards *Emilius*. After this, *Herminius* being inquisitive into the matter, he made

the servant confess how he came by those Letters which he brought unto him; so as *Valeria* understanding thereby, that *Spurius* and *Mutius* did know that *Herminius* was not dead, she apprehended the more danger unto him by being in her Father's house, therefore *Flavia* and she did never let him rest until he was gone: He departed then as happy as before he came, he was afflicted; yet it grieved him to see, that *Valerius* should not make any positive promise unto him, and that *Emilius* had not renounced his pretensions before his face. But for all, seeing himself upon good terms with *Valeria*, it may well be said, that he went with abundance of satisfaction unto *Artemidorns* and *Zenocrates*, who expected him as well as I. Since that, we met with *Aronces*, with whom we joyned society. So that, Madam, I have no more to say unto you: for you know all that hapned since unto *Herminius*, unless that *Emilius* not appearing, *Valerius* would not let *Herminius* marry his Daughter, until his friend consented thereunto; so as this invincible Rival did much more trouble *Herminius* than *Mutius* did as brave as he was.

After this, *Amilcar* holding his peace, *Clelia* gave him thanks: *Cesonia*, and *Plotina* did the same, and the company parted, referring it untill the next day, to talk of the pleasant adventure which had hapned unto them, because it was too late to begin a story which contained so many particulars, as it was likely to be a long and pleasant discourse.

The End of the First Book of the Third Part.

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CLELIA:

The Third Part.

BOOK II.



While the Adventures of *Hermi-*
nus and *Valeria* took up the me-
mories of so many excellent
persons, and that *Clelia*, compar-
ing them with her own, want-
ed not a little envy to *Valeria*,
who at that time seem'd so be

in far greater hopes to arrive
at happiness with much more ease than she, and who
had always the comfort of seeing him by whom she
was best beloved, and honour him with thousands
of expressions of affection, *Titus* and *Tiberius*
were considering of the resolution they were to
take. But after a large consideration, Honour and
Nature getting the upper hand of Love, they re-
paired that evening to the place appointed them by
Aquilinus, absolutely resolved not to engage in
the conspiracy. On the other side, *Aquilinus*
and his friends had manag'd *Tarquin's* interest so
well, that they had cajol'd into his party a great
number of young Gentlemen of quality; so that
they were with the first at the place where they
were expected. There they found those envoys
of *Tarquin*, to whom they gave an account of
what they had done; adding that if they could
but draw in *Brutus's* Sons, as such as had
abundance of friends, they might be in a capa-
city to accomplish something more than ordina-
ry. Nay, they came so far as to acquaint these
Envoys that the main business was to engage
Tiberius, it being then easie to bring in *Titus*; as
one that rely'd very much on the others judgment,
and was guided by him.

To this the Envoys reply'd, that they were sure
of some of the Senate, though there were no
such thing, so to enflame their hopes, and courage
to the sudden undertaking of any thing they had a
mind to put them upon; For, the posture of
Tarquin's affairs at that time consider'd, there
was nothing to be done by consultation. Things
being at this point, and the young Gentlemen
contriving how to get *Tarquin's* Troops into the
City by night, *Titus* and *Tiberius* came into the
place. But having no thoughts at all of engaging
in the conspiracy, but coming thither merely out of
a fear that *Ocrisia* and *Terramintus* might take it ill,
if they did nothing at all, the concernments
of their loves put them into some trouble, and
accordingly they were at first very cold as to the

design. The moon shin'd very bright, so that it
was not hard to discern very distinctly the air of the
faces of some who were in a spacious walk which a
high fence kept from the sight of such as out of the
windows of the house of the *Feciales*, which
stood on the other side of the Garden, might have
looked into it. They were no sooner in sight,
but the Envoys of *Tarquin* went to meet them,
and *Aquilinus* attended by ten or twelve of their
common friends embracing them, asked whe-
ther they would not participate of the glory they
were in hope to attain, telling them confusedly
one after another, and sometimes all together,
that they would be accountable to them for the
life and fortunes of *Brutus*: adding withal, that
in civil Wars, it was policy that families should
be divided, that so where-ever the victory fell,
it might be some way or other advantageous.
To these and many other things, *Titus* and *Ti-*
berius made answer, that the power of *Brutus*,
and the impossibility of the design proposed, were
two invincible obstacles, and seconded it with all
the reasons they could produce to excuse them-
selves from being engaged in that party. *Aquilinus*
seeing them so resolved, was so much the more
importunate with them to change their minds, but
to no purpose. So that being come to the end
of the walk where they walk'd, and where there
was a large Arbor, which had within it four
lesser ones, one at each corner, he entreated *Ti-*
tus and *Tiberius* to withdraw from the Company,
as having something particular to acquaint them
with.

Brutus's Sons having followed him into the Ar-
bour, he immediately broke forth thus: I desire
once more to know, said he to them, whether you
are unchangeable, and if it be not possible to draw
you into the Kings party, which let men say what
they will, is certainly the more just. It is not
our business to examine whether he be a lawful
King, or whether he be not; all we have to do,
is only to keep off the people from becoming
Masters of all the persons of quality. Nay, the
safety of your Father, as well as that of a many
more lies at the stake: for these very Romans who
celebrate him to day, will discard him to morrow
if the honour take them: endeavour then to prove
a Protector to *Brutus*, by faithfully serving the
Prince he hath so much exasperated. You ought,
and

and you may do it without hazarding any thing, or if you will not do it, do but tell me what I shall say to *Ocrisia* and *Teraminta*, from whom I sent you Letters by *Aquilinus*. For in a word I am to tell you, that if you engage not in the Kings Party, *Tullia* will not be perswaded but that it is their fault: and that by some indirect way or other, they have given you notice not to give any credit to the Letters I brought you from them; so that you may easily judge, that *Ocrisia* will be never the more happy for your standing out, and the fetters of poor *Teraminta* will never be the lighter. The Gods are my witnesses, says *Titus*, how far I would venture my life for *Ocrisia*; but to deal freely with you, it is against my judgment to undertake a thing as unjust as impossible. For my part, added *Tiberius*, though I am satisfied that honour would advise me to leave *Teraminta* a captive, rather than return *Rome* into slavery; yet must I needs confess, that it is not without abundance of difficulty, that I resolve to leave her loaden with chains, and that the absolute impossibility of the design proposed to me, is little enough to keep up my virtue in this emergency, and to be convinc'd that it is the advice of reason, that I should suffer my Mistress to be a slave rather than my Countrey.

At these words, *Teraminta*, who by the appointment of *Tullia*, was come with the Envoys, disguised in mans clothes, started out of one of the little Arbours I spoke of, and fixing her eyes on *Tiberius*, Ah, my Lord, said she, if it be true, that Reason advises you to be willing your Mistress should be a slave rather than your Countrey: it is as true on the other side, that if you will be advis'd by Love, you will rather see *Rome* in slavery, and *Teraminta* free. *Tiberius* surpris'd at the sight and voice of that excellent person whom he had so extraordinary an affection for, started back a little to take the better notice of her; whereupon, presently after breaking forth into an exclamation; Ah more than amiable *Teraminta*, said he to her, what dangerous trial do you put my virtue to? Ah! *Tiberius*, replied she with a languishing voice, to what posture do you intend to reduce my fortune! *Titus* perceiving *Teraminta*, presently imagin'd that *Ocrisia* was to come out of one of the Arbours, and turned about hoping to see her; but *Tarquin's* Envoy guessing at his imagination, told him, that she wanted the confidence to come along, though *Tullia* would have oblig'd her to do it. Whereupon giving *Teraminta* opportunity to prevail with *Tiberius*, as she had promised him, if she might but speak with him alone; he took *Titus* aside into one of the little Arbours, to repeat over to him all the inducements he made use of to perswade those he had any discourse with, to engage in *Tarquin's* party. So that *Teraminta* seeing her self at liberty, and being no longer forc'd to smother her true real sentiments, with a low voice spoke thus.

Think not my Lord, says this fair and vertuous slave to *Tiberius*, that the Letter you have received as from me, is any effect of my will: I writ it by the appointment of the cruel *Tullia*, and it is by her absolute command that I am here at this present. Do not therefore I beseech you, suspect me guilty of so much baseness, as to prefer my liberty and life before your interests, and imagine not, though I have the liberty to speak with you

without any body by, that I shall dispose of the power you have given me over your heart, to perswade you to do a thing that's unjust. No, my Lord, *Teraminta* hath a soul too generous to do it; not but that I am satisfied, that if you engage not in *Tarquin's* party, I shall be the most unfortunate slave that ever was; for this cruel Princess told me as I took leave of her, That if I prevail'd with you I should be assur'd of liberty; but if I did not, I must expect a misery, in comparison whereof death were a mercy. However, my Lord, know, I ask nothing of you, either contrary to virtue, or your own concerns; and that I had rather a thousand times die crush'd with the chains I carry about me, than to make an unjust proposition to you. Ah *Teraminta*, said *Tiberius*, you ask me all things when you ask me nothing; and you perswade me much the more, when you avoid perswading me, that if you employed all your eloquence to draw me into the interests of *Tarquin*. Think not, I beseech you my Lord, replied that discreet Virgin, that what I say to you proceeds from any artifice; for I would have you confident, that though I am in a manner assur'd of death, if you do not what the cruel *Tullia* would have you, yet am I far from desiring you should. I am certainly born in such a condition, as makes slavery insupportable to me; but to be free with you, the Queens injustice hath wrought so much horror in me for any thing that is unjust, that I would rather die innocently than live criminal. Give me then leave to entreat you, not to reflect on me at all in this adventure, and to do nothing but what your own reason shall advise you to, without consulting your Love. But *Teraminta*, replied *Tiberius*, you are now in *Rome*, is there no means to hinder your departure hence? The Senate hath not yet concluded the debate upon the proposition hath been made to it; so that these Envoys not leaving the City till to morrow, I may in the mean time endeavour to get you out of their hands. Ah my Lord, replied *Teraminta*, offer it not, unless you have a mind to hasten my death; for he who is now in discourse with *Titus*, hath order to kill me, if any tumult should happen that might oblige him either to fly or stand upon his own defence. So that from the time I have been speaking, he hath about him the Poniard that's design'd to take away my life; and did he but know what I now tell you, I should not long survive. Ah! *Teraminta* (cryed he, with extreme precipitation) It is then in vain to deliberate.

This Envy hearing him speak so loud, came along with *Titus* to him, and asked him what resolution he had taken; but *Teraminta* preventing him, and desirous to enflame his generosity as much as might be, told him that *Tiberius* was resolved not to quit the Party he was in, and that she had no more to say to him. Pardon me there, replied bluntly the Envoy, you have yet something to say to him, as much as a last farewell amounts to, for assure your self, the Queen is so far perswaded that you have an absolute power over *Tiberius*, that she will never believe you have done all that lay in your power: so that she being violent and mischievous, may be easily induc'd to make use against you, of that right whereby the life of a slave is at the mercy of the master. While the Envoy was speaking thus,

thus, *Tiberius* looked on *Teraminta* whose inviting eyes seemed to beg life at his hands. Inſomuch, that the danger wherein he ſaw her, filling his mind with all the fatal images which the death of a perſon beloved might raiſe in that of a Lover; he preſently yielded, and thought it better to hazard all, than to loſe *Teraminta*. He thereupon told the Envoy, that provided they would ſecure his Father's life, he would be of *Tarquin's* party, and would do all that lay in his power to ruine the newly erected Common-wealth. *Teraminta* durſt not for the preſent oppoſe *Tiberius*; beſides that, notwithstanding her great generoſity, ſhe was not diſpleaſed to receive ſuch an expreſſion of affection from a Lover, ſhe had ſo much tendernels for. In the mean time, *Titus*, who ſaw not *Ocriſia* as *Tiberius* did *Teraminta*, would not ſo eaſily comply with his Brother: but the other, who was wont ever to guide him by his judgment, ſpoke to him as a man that had taken a reſolution which nothing ſhould alter. So that *Titus* thinking it a diſhonour to ſeem leſs tender of *Ocriſia*, than *Tiberius* was of *Teraminta*, ſubmitted to him: Not but that *Tiberius* had a great ſtrugling in his ſoul; but he was young, he was a lover, he ſaw his Miſtreſs expoſed to death, and he could not be perſwaded, but that he who promiſed him his Father's life, would be as good as his word. Beſides, running over things conſuſedly; he thought, that if the deſign took, their Father ſhould depend on him and *Titus*, whereas now they depended on their Father, whom they at firſt made ſome difficulty to obey. *Tarquin's* Envoy ſeeing things thus onward to the deſign, put *Teraminta* into the hands of an ancient ſlave, who had waited on her, and looked after her ever ſince ſhe came to *Rome*, and carried back theſe two young Lovers to their friends. *Tiberius* would needs be the laſt, becauſe he would have ſaid ſomething to *Teraminta*, but the other not deſirous to leave him behind, ſuffered him not to deliver himſelf of all he had to ſay, nor *Teraminta* to answer what ſhe could have deſired: ſo that the beſt interpreters of their ſeveral apprehenſions were their eyes.

The Envoy having brought *Brutus's* Sons among the Conſpirators, they were received with inexpressible joy, they promiſed them what they would themſelves, and thought thoſe who were come from *Tarquin*, were reſolved to begin the execution of their deſign, with the death of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, yet did they not diſcover their intention to all that were preſent: they told them, that the firſt thing to be done, was to ſecure the perſons of the two Conſuls; but as to the deſign of diſpatching them, it was kept as a great ſecret: and the better to blind the Sons of *Brutus*, they ſaid, that becauſe *Tarquin* had been baniſhed from *Rome* becauſe he was charg'd with too much cruelty, care ſhould be taken to avoid it where it were not neceſſary, ſo to perſwade the people that he was now of another judgment. *Tiberius* and *Titus* being ſecure as to their Father's life, ſoon digeſted that averſion which they had at firſt to engage in that party. Beſides, that it being ordinary in young men unacquainted with affairs, to be glad of ſomething to do, they did as the reſt, and behaved themſelves as young men whoſe hearts are full of their firſt love, and firſt apprehenſions of ambition.

They therefore conſidered of all the courſes they ſhould take to execute their deſign, and for the ſpace of three or four days, during which time the Senate were ſtill debating the propoſitions put in by the Envoys, they met divers times in ſeveral places to give an account of what progreſs they had made. But the Senate having at laſt granted the Envoys the liberty to carry away whatever belonged to *Tarquin* and the Princes his Sons, they, to gain time, deſir'd further the permiſſion to give him notice that had ſent them, and that they might ſend for Chariots and Mules ſufficient to carry away ſuch abundance of things as belonged to a Prince, who had impoveriſhed all the Families of *Rome* to enrich himſelf: So that this laſt favour being alſo granted, they imploy'd the time aſſigned them to accompliſh their conſpiracy. What was moſt remarkable, was, that there were a many of *Brutus's* kindred in it; and that *Tiberius*, whom *Teraminta* could never have perſwaded had ſhe endeavour'd it, was one of the moſt earneſt of the conſpirators, merely becauſe he would ſave the life, and ſecure the liberty of a perſon that had a Soul great enough to give him an advice ſo generous, and full of vertue. Now the Envoys thought that *Teraminta* had really prevail'd with *Tiberius*, and thereupon permitted a little diſcourſe between them ſometimes; but the more ſhe urged the things ſhe had ſaid before, the more was he ſtrengthen'd in the reſolution he had taken to deliver her. *Tarquin's* Envoys in the mean time prudently labouring the ſafety of that Prince, who was to come in the night, and with certain Troops, ſeize the City, as ſoon as they had ſecured the Conſuls, and poſſeſſed themſelves of one of the Gates, would needs oblige all the Conſpirators to write to the Tyrant, to aſſure him of their fidelity. They at firſt made ſome difficulty at it, and the buſineſs came to ſo long and ſo loud a diſpute, one night that they were at *Brutus's* Brother-laws, who was alſo one of the conſpiracy, that a ſlave named *Vindicius*, ſeeing them ready to come to blows, hearkned at the Hall door what paſ'd between people that ſeem'd to be ſo exasperated one againſt another. Beſides, that his Maſter having commanded all his ſlaves out of the Hall, which aſſoon as they were out, he had carefully lock'd, *Vindicius* was guilty of ſo much curioſity as amounted to a deſire of knowing what was done. There being a cranny in the miſt of the door, he could the better both ſee and hear thoſe that ſpoke. He heard then that the buſineſs was to ſerve *Tarquin*, to ſubvert the new Government, and to oblige the Conſpirators to write to the Tyrant to aſſure him of their fidelity, that ſo he might the more ſecurely approach *Rome*. Nay, he ſaw that, yielding at laſt, ſome began to write, others to diſpoſe themſelves to do the like.

Things being in this poſture, *Vindicius*, a perſon that underſtood himſelf well enough, wearied with ſlavery, ill treated by his Maſter, and ſtartled to ſee perſons ſo near *Brutus* conſpiring againſt him, imagin'd it would be a certain way to recover his own liberty, if he hindred *Rome* from returning into ſlavery. He therefore reſolv'd to go ſecretly and acquaint the Conſuls with what was in hand; but as he went, he bethought him that he needed do no more than acquaint *Valerius* with the buſineſs; for the Sons, Brother-laws, and Nephews of

Of *Brutus* being engag'd in the Conspiracy, he was afraid he might proceed too slowly in it, should he have acquainted him with it at first. He went therefore to *Valerius*, whom he acquainted with all he knew, and being one that knew well enough how to deliver himself, he discovered the circumstances so particularly, that *Valerius* was satisfy'd of the truth of it. So that the business requiring expedition, in regard it might be fear'd lest the plotters might disperse themselves, and that the letters they had written might not be found for their conviction, he went straight to the place where they were, without acquainting *Brutus* therewith, taking with him such a number of people, that it was not possible for the conspirators to make their party good against him. In the first place, *Valerius* possessed himself of the main Gate of the house, which was open'd to him by *Vindicius*, as also that of the Hall where they were lock'd in. But because the windows of it were low, *Valerius* caus'd some of his people to pass on the other side, while others were breaking open the Gate; so that with little trouble, both the Envoys and Conspirators were secured; and what was most considerable, they met with all the letters had been written to *Tarquin*, nay, they found the order they were to observe in the execution of their grand design, which the Envoys were also to send to their Master. They had not shewn it to *Brutus's* Sons, but had it about them, intending to joyn it to the Letters, which they were to have, so to send all together to *Tarquin*.

Having thus taken them, *Valerius*, as a prudent man, made a distinction between the Tyrant's Envoys and the Conspirators; for the latter were bound as Traytors, the others only put under a strong guard; and having taken all necessary order in the business, he acquainted *Brutus* with all that had passed, who was extremely troubled that his Sons should engage in so wicked a design. But as he had sometime sacrificed his own reason in hope to deliver *Rome*, so now he resolv'd, if need were, to sacrifice his own children for the safety of his Country. All the hope he had, was, that their crime might not haply be so great as was said, and that there were some way either to justify or excuse them. However he prepar'd himself to endure whatever were most insupportable, and, to do it, summon'd all his constancy. For, having seen the death of *Lucretia*, he thought himself able to overcome any misfortune whatever. Having therefore hardned himself for whatsoever his mind should represent to him as most deplorable after so deplorable an accident, he joyn'd with *Valerius* in giving order for all things. A Senate was call'd as soon as day appear'd, all publick places were guarded, they chang'd the Guards of all the City Gates, for fear of some treachery; and that they might do nothing injurious to the Law of Nations, they sent out of *Rome* those Envoys of *Tarquin* without doing them the least violence. So that being forc'd away in some disorder, they thought not on either the unfortunate *Teraminta*, or the old Slave that kept her, who remain'd in the house of the *Feciales*; for they were conducted out of the City, not having the liberty to return to the place where they had lodg'd since their coming to *Rome*. But for *Tarquin's* householdstuff, which they might have

carried away, the Senate having well examined the business, thought it not so fit to confiscate them to the use of the Common-wealth, as that they should be bestow'd by way of plunder among the people, who after an action of that nature, would not be so easily induc'd to trust the Tyrant, if ever he should endeavour to lure them by false promises.

The business was no sooner said than executed, for in less than two hours space, there was hardly any popular house in *Rome* wherein there was not something that had belong'd to *Tarquin*. For the grounds between *Tiber* and the City, belonging to that Prince, they were by order of the Senate consecrated to the God *Mars*, to obtain his assistance in the War they were to undertake, so that it being not then lawful to take the wheat then ready to be put into the King's Storehouses, the people to express their indignation, cast into the *Tiber*, which at that time was very low, the whole harvest of that large tract of ground. So that that prodigious number of sheaves, crossing and knocking one against another, and so consequently being entangled, were stopp'd in one place where the Sand hindred their passage; and the first keeping back the second, they the third, and so falling one in another, they made diverse heaps, which also being joyn'd together, the Sun and the moisture did as it were cement, and so made a kind of an Island, which in progress of time became as firm and durable, as those Islands which had been from the beginning of the World.

But while the multitude thus expressed their hatred against *Tarquin*, the Senate thought fit to examine the conspiracy. To understand it the better, the Letters of the Conspirators were to be seen, which *Valerius* having deliver'd to him, who by his place was to read them in the Assembly, whereupon it was ordered they should be read. The first thing read was the order of the enterprise, which those agents of *Tarquin* were to send to him, without the knowledge of either of *Brutus's* Sons. But as this illustrious Consul could not divine that it was so, so he was extremely surpris'd to hear the following Paper read.

It is resolv'd the execution of the enterprise shall begin with the deaths of Brutus and Valerius: which done, we shall possess our selves of the Gate that leads to Tarquinian, so to make way for the troops which shall come on that side. We shall also do what may be to seize the Cirque, the Capitol, and the Sublician Bridge. An Act of Oblivion shall be promised the people, and we shall not trouble our selves to kill any, but the most considerable persons of the Senate, so to deprive it of those which might prove the heads of Parties. Be you therefore ready, Sir, to send away the Troops that shall be expected from you, and to come your self in person, if you would be soon in a condition to ascend into the Throne. We send you the Letters of the chiefs of those who are of our party, that you may not doubt of what we say; as also that you may be the more diligent in the execution of so considerable a design.

The person employed to read, had hardly given over reading what *Tarquin's* Envoys had written, but a secret noise was heard in the assembly, proceeding from the horror they conceiv'd at so pernicious a design. *Brutus*, for his part, was astonish'd to see his Sons engaged in a conspiracy which was to break out with his death. But it troubled him much more, when he who was to read, continuing his employment, entertained him with the Letters of *Tiberius* and *Titus*, to *Tarquin*, which were in these words.

Tiberius to the King.

Sir,
Those whom you have entrusted your secret to, know with what earnestness I engage my self to do whatever they shall think may contribute to and promote your service: but since they would needs have me to give you this assurance my self, I faithfully promise you not to spare either blood or life to defeat you in your Throne.

Titus to the King.

Sir,
To know my sentiments, you need only be acquainted with those of my Brother, since you may be assured I shall do whatever he hath resolv'd to further your service, and withal, that I shall look on all those that are not for you as my enemies.

The reading of these two letters made more noise in the assembly, than what had been read at first; and there was not a Senator present, but did participate of the grief which *Brutus* must needs be in, to see his own Sons conspiring his death: for these two letters being read immediately after what the Envoys writ to *Tarquin*, it must need be imagined that these unfortunate young men, whom only love had made criminal, knew something of the design there was to dispatch *Valerius* and *Brutus*.

In the mean time this great man, whose soul was undisturbed in all accidents, being loth to condemn his Children, but in case it were out of his power to excuse them, desir'd the sight of the letters, whereof he soon knew both the writing and the seals: so that being satisfi'd of their guilt, he was incredibly troubled at it. However, he mastered his own Sentiments, and gave hearing to all the other Letters of the conspirators. But at length all being legally proved against them, and they pleading guilty themselves, *Valerius* asked *Brutus* what he thought fittest to be done, especially as to what concerned *Tiberius* and *Titus*. As I am their Father, replied this illustrious Consul, I pardon them the design they had to destroy me. But as I am a Roman Citizen, which I cannot but be, I cannot pardon them the crime they have committed against their Countrey, and am forc'd by the same vertue which obliges me to pity their misfortune, to leave them to the Laws of the Countrey, and not to desire any favour for them. For since I have ever been ready to sacrifice my own life for *Rome's* safety, I may very well be engaged to offer up those of my children, if the publick good require them.

These words came from *Brutus*, not only with

an accent of that deep melancholy he had not shaken off since *Lucretia's* death, but also with a certain fierceness which very much discovered the agitation of his mind: And indeed something it was he felt, which cannot well be expressed, for though he had a horror for the crimes of his Children, yet had he still a tenderness for them: so that Nature and Glory debating the business in his heart, his disturbances were incredible. He reflected on the generous answer he had made, and thought it might contribute more to the saving of their lives than any thing else: nay, he was of opinion, that if he took any other course, it would but hasten their death: So that being silent after he had spoken so generously, there rose a great contestation in the Assembly: for what likelihood could there be in such a conjuncture of time, that a crime of that nature should be pardoned, and that when so many were engaged in it; and what means was there to make any distinction between the Traytors, when they were equally guilty and convicted of a Treason which the Roman severity had made impardonable, especially after the Oath which *Brutus* himself had forced from the people, to put all those to death who should but propose the recalling of *Tarquin*? They were almost all young men, they were in a manner all of the same quality; they were engaged in the same design, according to the Laws they all deserved to die; and consequently there was no way to save two, unless it were done by an unjust favour. For to say they were the Sons of a man to whom *Rome* ought all she had, would not amount to much; since that, on the contrary, look'd on as his Sons, they deserv'd a double punishment. Besides, upon that account, they must have saved the greatest part of the Traytors for his sake, since that he had amongst them Brother-in-laws, and Nephews, as well as Children. Add to that, the danger of giving an example of indulgence in such an emergency, was so great, that the safety of *Rome* was concerned in it; and the business was of such consequence, that there was not any Roman who thought not himself lost, and that *Rome* would be reduced into her former slavery, if all these Conspirators were not most severely punished.

Brutus wanted not that prudence that led him to the sight of all these things, as also to a knowledge of the most secret sentiments of those who spoke most favourably on the behalf of his Sons. But this contestation taking up much time, the people weary with pillaging, and casting the wheat out of *Mars's* field into the *Tyber*, came tumultuously to the place where the Senate was, and furiously demanded why those were not punished, who would have delivered *Rome* into the Tyrants hands. So that *Brutus* laying hold on that occasion, said it were but just the people should be heard in that occurrence, hoping that when the multitude should see the criminals, it would distinguish his Sons from the rest, and would have saved their lives for his sake. He had further the opportunity during this tumult, to speak to *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who made a shift to get near him; for while this confusion lasted, no order could be observed. He therefore advis'd with them, to see if without doing ought against *Rome*, there were any means left to save the lives of his children.

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But while he was speaking to them, a young man very fair and and handsome, but withal very sad, cast himself before *Brutus*, with the tears in his eyes, and directing his speech to him; My Lord, said he, I humbly beg a little discourse with you in private, for I have some things to tell you, which it very much concerns you to know, so to oblige you to some compassion on *Tiberius* and *Titus*, who are more innocent than you imagine. *Brutus* surpris'd at what he heard, looked earnestly on him that spoke to him; but though he was perswaded he had some acquaintance with that face, yet could he not discover it to be *Teraminta*, whom he had so often seen at *Tullia's*: for she being in mans clothes, he being extremely troubled, made no great reflexion thereupon, and only gave her the hearing, so that assuring her she might speak freely before those that were with him, he askt her what she would have. Alas! my Lord, replied she, I would tell you that the unfortunate *Teraminta* who now speaks to you, is the innocent cause of *Tiberius's* crime. How, replied *Brutus*, are you *Teraminta*, *Tullia's* slave? I am, my Lord, said she, that *Teraminta* whom that cruel Prince hath sent hither to engage *Tiberius* unto her party, and who, though I have not had the least intention to do it, have nevertheless proved the cause that he is engaged therein, merely to save my life, and to break my chains: so that love is the occasion of his crime: But, my Lord, I protest to you, that when he engaged in that party, it was with provision made for your safety, and that you should not receive the least prejudice either as to life or fortune. And yet I did all that lay in my power to hinder him from being drawn into the interests of *Tarquin*; but I find, though too late, that my vertue hath surmounted his, and that his affection being inflamed by what I said to him, he would needs save the life of a person, whom he was told the merciless *Tullia* would put to death, if she prevailed not with him. But, my Lord, I protest to you once more, that he knew not in the least that there was any design against your life; and for *Titus*, the love he had for *Ocrisia*, and the friendship for *Tiberius*, drew him into the same party, and both being prepossessed by their passions were perswaded they did you service, even when they conspired against you, nay imagin'd they obliged their Countrey, in not suffering the Government thereof to be chang'd. Have therefore some compassion on your unfortunate Children, and do what you can to save their lives; for I swear to you once more, that they were very tender of yours: Not but that I know, continued this generous Captive, the people generally think otherwise, but knowing the whole truth, this sad report no sooner came to the place where I was, but I got away from the slave that kept me, to come and raise pity in your soul; and were it the pleasure of the Gods, O my Lord, that my death might purchase the lives of *Tiberius* and *Titus*: Not but that if the people knew me to be a slave of *Tullia's*, I should be immediately torn to pieces: But, my Lord, I can defie that danger; for I should dye satisfied, should your illustrious Sons but live.

These words fell from *Teraminta* with such a perswasive kind of grief, that there could no doubt be made of what she said; for there were

in her eyes and face such visible marks of ingenuity, vertue, and despair, as might well have softened the hardest heart in the world. So that *Brutus* already yielding to that tenderness of soul he was much guilty of, felt his grief increasing upon him. He therefore spoke with much mildness to *Teraminta*, and told her he was resolved to do for his Sons, how guilty soever they be, whatever honour the interest of *Rome*, and the indeprecability of the people would permit. Whereupon, intreating *Herminius* to have a care of that fair and generous slave, who were she discovered would be in no small danger; he advis'd with *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, about what was fit to be done. But after a long debate of the business, they concluded that *Brutus* must not by any means endeavour to deliver his Sons by any absolute authority, because it might haply hasten their death, and expose *Rome* to a sedition, and that the best course they could take, was to divide themselves among the people, so to endeavour to perswade them, that it were but justice to save the lives of *Brutus's* Sons, out of a consideration of their youth, and the vertue of their Father. But it being the main key of the work, that many should cry out the same thing, that so the people might seem to close with the multitude; *Amilcar* took it upon him to go and find out all their friends, to disperse them up and down among the multitude, and to come and give *Brutus* an account of the inclinations of the people, that so he might act as he thought most convenient. So that refraining to come near the assembly till he were satisfied what to do, he spoke to *Horatius* as he passed by, and had some discourse with him about the present face of affairs.

But while he had been talking with *Herminius*, *Teraminta*, *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, and had some discourse with *Horatius*, the people sent in their demand to the Senate, that these Conspirators might be put to death, and that the Oath which *Brutus* had made all the Romans take, which was, that all those should dye without exceptions, who should but propose the recalling of the Tyrant, should be observed. *Valerius* at first would needs tell them, that they must not be so hasty; but this answer so far incensed those to whom it was made, that it was easily inferred thence, it could not but be dangerous to oppose that exasperated multitude. No, no, said some who were desirous those wretches might be immediately put to death, there's nothing to be debated in this case; these Conspirators must be severely punished, to keep the contagion from spreading to others, or we must set open the gates of *Rome* for *Tarquin* to come in, for it were better to entertain him willingly, than to stay till he become Master of *Rome*, through the treachery of some base Citizens. Hasten therefore the execution of those Traytors who would have cut your throats, and let the Sons of *Brutus* be put to a more cruel death than the rest, as being the most criminal.

In a word, added one of those people, if they have their lives given them, they would take away his from whom they have theirs, and would endanger the safety of *Rome* by destroying him. What more suitable than death for Traytors, who would be the executioners of their own Father, and enslave their Countrey to a Tyrants will?

This

This man having finished his Harangue, there was heard a strange noise of acclamations, and thousands of voices crying out at the same time, *Let them dye, let them dye*; whereby *Valerius* and the whole Senate easily discovered that it was not in their power to pardon any one of the criminals. In the mean time *Amilcar*, and the rest of *Brutus's* friends having throng'd in among the people, to say something for the Sons of that illustrious Roman, met with so few to joyn with them, that they perceived it was impossible to save *Tiberius*, and *Titus*. So that fearing *Brutus* might endeavor to rescue them by his Authority, and to ruine himself, *Amilcar* came and acquainted him how things stood. But while he was with him, the people without any order, went and brought all those criminals to the place where all the Senators then were, and not willing to take the pains to conduct them to the ordinary place for such executions; this incensed multitude demanded they should be immediately put to death, since that their crime being proved, Sentence was given against them by the Laws, and by the Oath which *Brutus* had made them take. *Valerius* seeing things reduced to this extremity, would not have *Brutus* called, it seeming to him a thing that spoke too much cruelty, to desire him to be a Spectator at the death of his own Sons. So that leaving these criminals to the rigor of the Laws, they began, according to the custom of *Rome*, to punish them for their crime by a kind of punishment rather ignominious than cruel, which was to precede their death. But *Amilcar* coming thereupon to *Brutus*, and giving him an account of the disposition wherein he found the people; this great man feeling within him all that a paternal tenderness might make him feel, would needs try whether his presence might not raise some sentiment of humanity in the minds of that people. Doing therefore a more than ordinary violence on his own inclinations: yet after he had submitted himself to the disposal of fate, and offered up the lives of his Children to the Protectoral Gods of *Rome*, if the publick liberty required him, he breaks through the people, followed by *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and the unfortunate *Teraminta* who would not be gotten from him by any thing could be said to her, and with much ado comes up to *Valerius*. But alas! he was no sooner gotten to him, but he finds some of the Conspirators dead, and his two Sons so near death, that he had not the leisure to think of what he had either to do or say; for one minute resolved him that he had no other course to take, than resolutely to undergo so great an affliction, or to betray a fruitless weakness. So that mustering up all the forces of his Soul, he kept his ground, and smothering the disorder he felt within, he seemed with abundance of constancy to look on the most deplorable object in the world. And yet it is certain he saw not what he looked on, for the first sight of those dead bodies putting him in mind of all his misfortunes, the Image of dead *Lucretia* presented it self to him, and joining with that of his expiring children, filled him with so much affliction, that it made him seem insensible, and in a manner cruel to those who are not acquainted with what was within him.

On the other side, the wretched *Teraminta* seeing

her dear *Tiberius* in so sad a condition; and so near parting with his life, would needs go up to him not knowing what she did. But he, notwithstanding the terrors of death, knowing who it was, made signs to her to go back, and so gave her occasion to imagine that he was more troubled for her than himself; though he were ready to receive Death's last blow. *Teraminta* went forward nevertheless, but offering to come yet nearer and nearer, those who were employed in this sad execution, gave her an unmannerly repulse, and finishing the last act of their office, took away the life of the unfortunate *Tiberius*. *Teraminta* had no sooner seen his head severed from his body; but she fell down, crying out aloud, yet so as nothing could be heard, but the name of *Tiberius* confusedly pronounced. *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who saw her falling, went to raise her up and to cherish her, for they knew the cause of her affliction, but they found her expiring, and that the same blow which took off *Tiberius's* his life, made her acquainted with death. So that having a certain compassion on the sad fate of that beauty, they took a care to keep the people from coming to the knowledge of what she was, lest they might tear her body in pieces, and so caused some of their Slaves to carry her to the generous *Sivelia's*, who was so charitable as to defray the charges of her interment.

The Sons of *Brutus* in the mean time, having breathed out their last, and their Illustrious Father given that great example of constancy, which hath made him to be charged with an excess of severity by such as were not acquainted with the transactions within him, the Tumult was appeased, the people was astonished at the sacrifice *Brutus* had made to his Countrey, his Authority became thereby the greater, and that constancy raising terror in the minds of all the *Romans*, there was not any one that durst so much as think of *Tarquin's* re-admission. But what reputation soever *Brutus* might gain thereby, it brought him not the least satisfaction; on the contrary, he never had been so much afflicted. He was no sooner come to his own house, but all his friends came to him, yet knew not what to say to him, as not presuming either to commend or bemoan him. There hapned one thing that renewed his grief; for one of those under whose custody *Tiberius* and *Titus* had been, was come to tell him, that those unfortunate Lovers had charged him to assure their Father of their innocence, as to what concerned him, and that it was *Tiberius's* desire he should be acquainted with the generosity of *Teraminta*, that he might accordingly provide for so virtuous a Lady, giving him a punctual account of all she had said to him in the Garden of the *Faciales*, all which added very much to *Brutus's* affliction. However he seemed not to be much troubled while there were any with him; but when all were dismissed, and that there was only *Herminius* left with him, I was almost perswaded, said he to him, with a deep sigh, when the unfortunate *Lucretia* died, that I should never have known any other grief, but fortune hath been pleased to find out other torments for me. For my part, I am at a loss what to think, and it must be acknowledged, though to the confusion of humane reason, that the secret Counsels of the Gods are unsearchable, and that it is a thing very hard for men to arrive at such a condition

dition as to be assured they do nothing that may displease them. And in a word, will it not be said that Fortune makes sport with all the designs that Prudence laies, and that all her business is to bring about unexpected events, without ever considering whether the things be just or not?

And yet it must needs be granted, that there is a Reason above ours which guides us with discretion, though we apprehend it not, and which by unknown ways makes the same causes produce effects of a different nature. 'Tis true indeed, replied *Herminius*, that all that hath happened to you is altogether extraordinary; But when all is done, since it contributes to the glory of the Gods, and the instruction of men, that there should be great examples of virtue; there must also be misfortunes, and unfortunate persons. I grant it, replied *Brutus*, but to speak freely, it is a sad thing for a man to be the model of constancy, and not to live, but only to suffer. For in a word, my dear *Herminius*, would you but take the pains to reflect on what ever hath happened to me, you will find nothing but a long series of misfortunes. The first of all, was to be born in the time, and under the government of the lowdest Tyrant in the World, and withall to be of his blood. The consequence of this you know was, that I was brought up in exile, that *Tarquins* cruelty robb'd me of a Father and a Brother, that I was forc'd to conceal my reason to secure my life, and to wait the opportunity to deliver *Rome*. How have I been in love, yet durst not discover it; that afterwards I was not beloved again, but that I might be the more miserable? How have I been forced by a strange unhappiness, to see *Lucretia* in the embraces of my Rival; and what is yet more terrible, how have I seen her in those of Death? This once endured, I thought there was not any thing afterwards to be feared, and that to lessen my affliction, it might haply be the pleasure of the Gods, that her death and my love should prove serviceable to the Liberty of my Country. And yet it happens that the same passion that makes me undertake any thing for *Rome*, makes my children undertake all things against both *Rome* and me. So that by a sentiment, which I cannot but discover, I excuse them while I accuse them, and I am very much more sensible of their unhappiness than I should have been, had they been guided by any other motive. Not but that it grieves me to the heart to think that I have had Children that should endeavor to put *Rome* into her chains again, but when I reflect on their being in Love, I pity and bemoan them. *Lucretia* appears to me with all her inviting attractions to plead for them, and I suffer at this instant, all that a paternal indulgence, all that the tender resentments of Love can make me endure, and all that Nature and Reason, when they are contrary one to another, can make a man feel that is most harsh and insupportable.

You are so ingenious, and your complaints so just, replied *Herminius*, that a man cannot well find what to say to you. But all considered, if you are the most unfortunate, you are withall the most illustrious of that Prædicament, for your misfortunes contribute to your glory, and are beneficial to your Country, *Lucretia's* death caused *Tarquins* removal, and that of your Sons will stifle all conspiracies, and settle *Rome's* liberty. It is my

with it may be so, replied *Brutus*, but to be free with you, I am at a loss what to think of it, for who could ever imagine that *Brutus's* Son should conspire against *Rome*, and against him? and yet you have seen it, and consequently there is not any thing which we may not, nothing which we ought not to be distrustful of, even to our virtue, nothing that can for any long time secure any mans happiness. Nay, I am so far unhappy, that I am not happy in my friends. *Aronoes* is where he would not be; *Clelia* is among the Rivals of that only person whom she loves; nor are you yet in such a safe posture as to fear nothing. But when all is done, the Liberty of my Country engages me to live, and struggle with calamities; and the revenge due to *Lucretia's* death, calls upon me to destroy those whom yet I have only driven hence. But that you may live, replied *Herminius*, you must make a truce with your grief: on the contrary, replied this afflicted, yet illustrious person, I must give it way till I have made it habitual, and for a man to suffer long, he must suffer without any intermission.

Whilst these two friends exchanged these sad discourses, the general talk of all was about what had happened. Some discoursed of the Conspiracy, others of the death of the Conspirators, and all of the constancy and great virtue of *Brutus*. The Prince of *Numidia*, sick and weak as he was, would needs have the story of this unhappy adventure exactly told him over and over, by *Amilcar* who came to visit him, and who to lessen the grief he might take at it, gave him a short account of the History of *Brutus*. So that this generous *Numidian* having heard *Amilcar's* relation, was for a while silent; then breaking forth on a sudden, Ah, *Amilcar* how far am I short of the virtue of your illustrious friend, how weak am I, or how much in Love! for he hath met with thousands of misfortunes, and he bears them, and I groan under no other than that of not being loved, and it is insupportable to me. I am indeed ashamed to be so little master of my self, and were it only that I might in some sort deserve *Brutus's* friendship, I will do what lies in my power to overcome the passion now predominant in my Soul. Till now was I never guilty of so much as any design to oppose it, so that it speaks not a little courage, that I am resolved to do what I can to conquer it. I have indeed sometimes said that I would do it, but must acknowledge I never have, and even in the very instant that I say I will do it: I am not very certain whether I shall continue in the same sentiments wherein I think my self to be. *Amilcar*, who thought it no hard matter to cure him of such a disease, assured him of his recovery, when he pleased himself, and so having comforted him, as he was wont, he went to *Racilia's*, where were the more virtuous persons of *Rome* met to do their civilities to *Hermilia*, upon the accident that had happened to her Brothers Sons. For though she was very young, yet were *Tiberius* and *Titus* her Nephews. *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Cesonia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Valeria*, and *Collatina*, as also *Martius*, *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Herminius*, were in *Hermilia's* Chamber, when *Amilcar* came thither. But of all these, *Hermilia* and *Collatina* were the most troubled at that unhappy accident; for among the Conspirators that had suffered

ferred death there, were two of near kin to *Collatina*. What made them yet more sad was, that the interest of the two Princes, by whom they were courted, had engaged more into the Conspiracy, than any other motive, and consequently they might look on them as the innocent cause of that unfortunate adventure. Besides they were then in so little hope ever to see the Prince of *Pometia*, or Prince *Titus*, that they were sometimes glad of any occasion to weep which they might discover, so to mask the tears of love with those of friendship. They were therefore extremely sad that day, and all that were present, complying with their humor, were no less. For *Clelia*, she had so much cause to be sad, that she never appeared otherwise. *Horatius* for his part, finding her ever cold and indifferent towards him, had no reason to be over joyful, though things were in such a posture as that he might entertain some hope.

Artemidorus had his fancy ever full of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*. *Zenocrates* wanted not reflections, though more favorable than those of the rest. *Herminius*, by reason of the greatness of his affection, and the odd posture of his amorous fortune was also melancholly enough. *Mutius* was troubled that his Rival was so happy as to be loved, and the whole company excepting *Plotina* and *Amilcar* was not the least inclined to engage in any thing that were divertive, though it consisted of the noblest Souls in the World. And yet though their discourse were sad, suitable to the subject of it, 'Death'; yet *Plotina* and *Amilcar* brought it at last to something that were pleasant.

In the first place, according to the custom upon such occasions, they spoke of the just occasion of grief which she had whom they came to condole with; that brought in some discourse upon the accident; some were silent, others whispered, and all grew weary of it. But falling insensibly into other discourse and speaking lower, they began to play upon *Flavia*, for that the very thought of death disturbed her reason, and troubled her almost as much as if she had been to dye a minute after her self. For though *Flavia* were a person of excellent endowments, yet had she that weakness of not commanding her own sentiments, so that she was subject to thousands of causeless fears. For my part, says *Plotina*, I have such an aversion for death, that for fear it should come too soon, I am resolved not to fear it at all; for certainly there is nothing worse for ones health, than to fear it too much. Nay, then says *Herminius*, I am happier than you; for I neither hates nor fear it. But for my part, says *Plotina*, I hate it most abominably, and I think I have reason to do so. For it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that ever comes before it is looked for, ever comes unseasonably, troubles all the enjoyments of life, separates friends and lovers, hath no respect of any thing, destroys beauty, laughs at youth, and is inflexible. All this is true replies *Herminius*, but it hath withall this advantage, that it makes all men equal, cures all diseases, puts a period to all misfortunes, and puts those it hastens on into such a condition. as not to suffer any thing afterward. In a word, it satisfies the ambitious, determines love and hatred, appeases all passions, and this evil that is so great and terrible, is the evil but of an instant, and such as

for its infallibility ought not to be called an evil. On the contrary, replied *Flavia*, 'tis for that reason that death is the more terrible to me; for if it were uncertain, hope might take away some part of the fear I am in of it. But when I consider that one may dye every minute, and that thousands of several ways, I feel a certain cold at the heart, and I am almost at a loss of all reason. You are then very happy, replied *Plotina*: Nay, she is such, beyond what you can imagine, says *Collatina*, for having a lively imagination, she sees dangers where there were never any. I am really of opinion, answers *Plotina*, that there is more prudence than is conceived, in being a little dull of apprehension; for when people search so much into the bottom of things, they many times get more hurt than good. But you are not certainly always in fear, continued she, speaking to *Flavia*, for when one is well, is neither on a River, nor at Sea, nor yet in a Chariot, but in ones Chamber, in good company, and good health, methinks there's no such occasion of fear. Ah! *Plotina*, replied *Flavia*, you know not what the fear of dying means; if you measure it only by the present dangers that wait on us. I remember says *Horatius*, that I saw *Flavia* much troubled at the death of a man that had lived almost an age. For my part says *Mutius*, I have known her lose her share of an excellent Collation, because it thundred. And to my knowledge says *Salonina*, I have seen her one day refuse an excellent walk, only because we were to cross the *Tiber*. For heavens sake, replied she very pleasantly, take not so much pains to pump your memories for my fears, for I know them better than you do: and since you will needs have *Clelia*, and all present that know me not, to be acquainted with my weakness, I will tell my self all that I fear. I fear then all diseases in general great and small; I fear Thunder, I fear the Sea, and all Rivers, I fear fire and water, heat and cold, fair weather and foul, and I am afraid the earth should take occasion to shake at *Rome* as it does in *Sicily*. Besides, to my own misfortune, I know all that the *Tuscan*s have said of presages, and I know it contributes to my torment, and to say all in few words, I fear what ever may directly or indirectly cause death. But cannot you imagine in your self, replied *Amilcar*, that the fear of death causes deformity, sickness, and may occasion death it self, that you may be rid of so many fears. May it not come into your thoughts, added *Clelia*, that all these frights amount to nothing, that if the earth must shake, it will shake whether you will or no; that if a Thunder-bolt must fall, it will fall haply rather on that place where you take refuge, than on that you quit; and in a word, can you not submit your self to the disposal of the Gods? But can you not conceive your self, replied *Flavia*, that if I could do otherwise I would do it? Do you think me destitute of reason, and that I do not many times perceive I am too blame? And yet after all, even at the same time that my reason condemns me, my imagination commands my heart, and makes it feel what she pleases. What I think most to be admired, says *Herminius* is, that all people find out some handsome pretence for the fear they have of death, for they confidently affirm that they are not subject to so much weakness, as to fear the pain that is suffered in dying, but they are afraid they have

have not lived well enough; and what is remarkable, is, that without growing better, so to take away the fear they say they are in, their thoughts are wholly taken up in the preservation of their health, and avoiding what ever may prejudice it. Ah! Of that kind of people, says *Amilcar*, the world is full, and you meet every where such as fear the punishments of the other life without any amendment, and whose actions are contrary to their professions, and easily discover that they simply fear death, since they make provision only against that. For my part says *Flavia*, I am no very bad liver, and trust much in the goodness of the Gods, and therefore do not so much fear what shall happen to me after death as before, for I fear pain very much, besides the darkness of a Tomb startles me. But when all is done, says *Clelia*, all your fears are fruitless, you will dye as well as those that fear nothing, and the surest way is to lead the most virtuous life that one can, to expect death without wishing it or fearing it, and to entertain it as a thing we have waited for all our life, and which cannot be avoided. For my part, added *Racilia*, I find it requires a greater constancy to support a long old age, attended by those inconveniences which it commonly brings along with it, than to receive death cheerfully. It is indeed, says *Plotina*, very pleasantly, a very cruel thing to become old, sick and deformed, when one hath been accustomed to be young, handsome, and healthy; and I know not whether I hate death so far, as that I had not rather see it than my self in that condition. But for what concerns me, says *Flavia*, though I were handsomer than *Lucretia* ever was, should any one offer to raise me up again, were I in her place, so as that I must come into the world, ugly, old, sick, and troublesome, I should take him at his word, and I would rather live, though abominably deformed, than be dead. You consider not what you say, says *Plotina* smiling, and you fear death something less than you imagine; for I thought you would not for any thing have been raised to life again, for fear of dying once more, and you affirm the contrary. It is a thing so ordinary to abuse my weakness, replied *Flavia*, that I am never angry how satirical soever people may be at it. But the misery of it is, replied *Herminius*, that you are not cured of it, nor indeed curable; for do what you can you will find, that as a gallant man cannot prove cowardly and base, so a fearful person can never become valiant. Since fear does make some sleight the danger, says *Horatius*, I know not why reason may do as much. Those who sleight danger, out of an excess of fear whereby they become valiant, replied *Herminius*, can never give a greater expression of their fearfulness, than by doing a thing so much contrary to their disposition, so that they may be said to be a sort of Hector's, yet are still arrant cowards, and have lost nothing of their natural inclination. The case is otherwise with those who imploy their reason to force away fear from their hearts, since it cannot do it but by working a change in the persons, and making them act contrary to their inclinations. *Herminius* is certainly very much in the right, says *Flavia*; but to comply a little with my imperfections, I would all the Ladies now present, were obliged to give precisely their thoughts of death. For my part says *Hermilia*, take me in the humor I am

in, I could without great intreaty wish it. I go beyond you says *Collatina*, and there are certain intervals wherein I should not be much troubled if I had never been. Assure your self, says *Plotina*, I am not of your opinion, for there are things pleasant enough in this place; and I know no other remedy to cure the pensiveness of death, than that of never thinking on it. But when it happens, against my will, that I hear of the death of any one, I ever sift out some cause of that death, such as cannot be applicable to my self. For instance, if it be of an aged person, I simply say, he hath been a long time in the World, and secretly think my self as yet very far from that age. If it were of a young body, I say, he or she was of a weak and sickly constitution, sometimes that they took no care of themselves, sometimes, that they had done something that occasioned that misfortune; and whatsoever I may say, I still flatter my self with a hope of living as long as any one can live.

I have a Catalogue of all those who have lived an age, and so discarding those pensive reflections as soon as possibly I can, and I fix my imagination on whatever speaks any joy, and so find my self incomparably better than *Flavia*, who fixes hers on fear. For my part says *Clelia*, I am of another humor, for I think on death when there is occasion, but without any frightening; for since I must infallibly see him one day, methinks it is but fit he should not be absolutely a stranger to me.

No more for Heaven's sake, says *Flavia*, of this discourse concerning death, unless you would have me dye, besides the poor comfort you afford the afflicted when you entertain them with nothing but what is sad. Those who speak of things that require much wit and mirth replied, *Artemidorus*, are more importunate on the other side, and yet this is ordinary in the World. What you say is true, answered *Zenocrates*, and therefore am I an enemy to these mourning-visits, for I cannot endure to be sad when I am not troubled; and it is certainly a very unhandsome thing to go and laugh with those that weep. There are so many things disorderly done in the World, replies *Amilcar*, that we must accustom our selves to them, and were there no other inconveniencies in humane life, than what we suffer through the extravagancies of others, we should not be much unfortunate, for look on mens humors generally, they rather make sport, then are troubled at them.

While they were thus engaged, was news brought that *Tarquin*, understanding by the return of his Envoys, that those who had declared for him were taken, had sent word by a Herald who was at the City-gate, that if they were put to death he declared open war against *Rome*. So that they being already dispatched, the war was as good as declared. To this news was added that *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to shew how little they valued that bravado, had answered they would accept the challenge, and that on the morrow they would cause *Janus's* Temple to be opened, which they had not shut since the departure of *Tarquin*, but to recreate the people with such a representation of peace as they had not seen during the Tyrants reign: For that Temple had not been shut since the time of *Numa*, during which there were 43 years of peace. This intelligence surprised not the enemy much, only *Clelia* was troubled at it, as

imagining it must needs be hard, if, the War continuing, the King of *Clusium* should not engage therein; and that *Aronces* should not be drawn into a party opposite to that of *Rome*. Yet did she not discover her resentment, nay, was forced to permit *Horatius* to entertain her for some time, after which the company dissolved it self.

The next morning the two Consuls went, and, according to the Ceremony, opened all the Gates of *Janus's* Temple, which was presently thronged with people to assist at the sacrifices offered on the twelve Altars, which were consecrated to the twelve months of the year, to the end, that when ever the *Romans* made war, they might get the better. *Brutus* made a publick Prayer for the people of *Rome*, which in few words, acquainted those that heard it, with the justice of their cause, and the respect they owed the Gods. Which done, and the presages proving all fortunate, and that that day was not any one of those that are thought fatal to the *Romans*, the people was generally in hope that the war might have a happy issue.

In the mean time, order was taken to put in execution who had been resolved on some daies before. *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, went disguised from *Rome* to *Clusium*, there, with the assistance of the Princess of *Leontum*, to hinder *Porfenna* from engaging in the War, that *Tarquin* was going to make; but this was, after conference had with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, and *Amulcar*, and after leave taken by *Sulpicia*, and her incomparable Daughter. On the other side, *Celeres* having sufficiently disguised himself, was not discovered at *Tarquiniæ*, but was witness of the fury *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were in, when the enterprise of their Envoys failed at *Rome*. However, they took a certain wicked comfort to hear that *Brutus* had the affliction to see the death of his own children. *Celeres* saw also the despair of the beautiful *Ocrisia*, who would needs die when she understood the death of her servant.

In the mean time, though *Tarquin* were implacably incensed against *Aronces*, because he was loved by *Clelia*, the Tyrant's ambition being then predominant over his love, yet durst he not treat him harshly. On the contrary, he was so careful of him, that he soon recovered of his wounds, but was nevertheless very narrowly looked to. The greatest enjoyment *Aronces* had, was, that the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, both virtuous persons were permitted to visit him. So that from them he understood the transactions at *Rome*. *Celeres* therefore having observed that these Princes often visited *Aronces*, and not finding any other way to speak to him, but by their assistance, resolved to trust himself to the Prince of *Pometia*, a person of noble and virtuous inclinations. He therefore made acquaintance with him, and begged of him the favour to see *Aronces*, to bring him tidings from *Clelia*, assuring him he would not meddle with any thing but what directly related to the Loves of *Aronces*, without the least reflection on the concerns of *Rome*. In so much that the Prince of *Pometia*, sensible of Lovers misfortunes, promised *Celeres* to do what he desired, besides that, being infinitely in love with *Hermilia*, he in like manner would trust *Celeres*, and intreated him, that by the same way as he gave *Aronces* an account of *Clelia*, he would send tidings of him to the amiable Sister of

Brutus. He made the Prince his Brother acquainted with this business, that *Celeres* might send from him to *Collatina*, whom he so dearly loved; for as things stood then, it would have been hard for them to send often to *Rome*, without being discovered. But by the means of *Celeres*, they doubted not the safe carriage of their Letters, so that having promised him not to write any thing but what related to their Love, and he on the other side engaged himself to them, not to meddle with any thing but what concerned that of his friend; those two Princes carried their business with so much prudence, that the officers that guarded *Aronces*, suffered some of their retinue to go in along with them, when ever they went to visit that prisoner. By this means *Celeres*, disguised like one of those Slaves, who wait on Princes in their Chambers, attended them when they went to see *Aronces*. The first time he came, that illustrious Prisoner was almost out of himself for joy, and the entertainment that happened between the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus* and him, was the noblest and most generous in the World. So that from that time *Celeres* became the Confident of these three Princes, and went divers times to *Rome* to bring their Letters to *Clelia*, *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whose answers he faithfully returned to these three Lovers, who found some ease in discoursing of their joynt misfortunes, For, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* being great Lovers of Virtue, they had a horror for the wicked actions of those to whom they owed their lives; and if the same virtue that oblig'd them to abhor their crimes, had not also engag'd them in their interests, they had been their enemies, for as to the Crown they had no pretence to it, *Sextus* being only look'd upon by *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, as fit to succeed them.

What was most remarkable, was, that this Prince, who, by the violence he did *Lucretia*, caused the ruine of his House, the insurrection of *Rome*, and all the miseries of the King his Father, the Queen his Mother, the Princes his Brethren, and himself, groaned under, did nevertheless mind his enjoyments in the little Town where he was retir'd, and whence he durst not stirr, because *Tarquin* could not in policy have been near his person. So that never reflecting on the death of that amiable person, or regarding the misfortunes which in all likelihood he must foresee; he led as voluptuous a life, as if he had been in *Rome* in absolute peace.

It was not so with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, for they omitted nothing which they thought might contribute any thing to their re-establishment. Having therefore sent to *Rome*, and the Consuls having accepted the War they had declared, *Tarquin* went one morning to *Aronces*, to get him to write to *Porfenna*, to assure him of his noble entertainment, that so the person whom he intended to send to him, might the better be received. What I desire of you, saies *Tarquin* to him, contains nothing that is unjust, and favors not of the Tyranny which my enemies reproach me with. For having taken you in Arms against me, I might treat you as an enemy, and yet not be charged with any injustice. But since there is a very strict alliance between the King of *Clusium* and my self, I shall proceed with moderation. I am not to learn, My Lord, replies *Aronces*, without the least disturbance, that there hath been an alliance between *Rome* and *Clusium*, but

but know not whether there will be any hereafter between *Tarquin* and *Porfenna*.

How it ever may happen, added he, all I can tell you, is, that you have taken me in Arms, and that accordingly, I expect no other favor than to be treated as a Prisoner of War. Look not therefore on me in this conjuncture, as son to the King of *Clusium*, but as a friend to *Clelius*, *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and *Herminius*, and a servant to *Clelia*. Look upon me, I say, as an enemy, and expect not I should write any thing to the King my Father, to ensnare him into your interests. He understands his own better, replied *Tarquin*, than to refuse his protection to a Prince, forced away by his rebellious Subjects, and consequently not to joyn with me. If he do it, replies generously *Aronces*, I shall be the most unfortunate of men, as being reduced to such an extremity, as that I cannot bear Arms against you; and if he do it not, I shall infallibly make one among your enemies. *Tarquin* observing with what constancy *Aronces* spoke, and attributing it to the strongest passion he had for *Clelia*, was so much the more exasperated against him, insomuch, that though he ought in point of policy to humour that illustrious captive, yet could he not forbear to give him a bitter answer, telling him, that if he were treated any better than he should, it was not for his own sake.

However, he sends to *Porfenna*, to acquaint him, that he had taken his Son in Arms, yet that he did not detain him as an enemy, but only to keep him from getting into *Rome*, where he might marry *Clelia*, who was then at liberty; That knowing it was not his intention it should be so, he sent him notice of it, intreating and exhorting him to take his part; that he would remember the alliance there was between them; and to consider his cause, as such as might be that of all Kings.

This done, *Tarquin* went in person from City to City, to beg assistance of his neighbors, taking along with him the Princes Son's, to raise the more compassion in the people. But *Tarquin* being rather feared than loved, he was not received favourably any where but among the *Veientes*, for which reason he took the more pains to win them into his party, than any other; besides that *Veie* was one of the most considerable Cities of all *Tuscany*. It was as big as *Athens*, extremely populous, and very rich, the inhabitants were stout men, and the Country belonging thereunto, reached from the *Janiculus* to *Tarquiniæ*, and from thence to the Mountain *Soracte*, towards the County of the *Falisci*, being seated high in a fertile Country, about fourteen miles from *Rome*, and consequently, very fit for the commodious entertainment of an Army, and withal, strangely to incommode the Romans. Besides which, *Tarquin* being confident that the people of *Tarquiniæ*, which was also a very strong City, would be for him, thought that if he could but joyn the *Veientes* and the *Tarquinians* together, they would be strong enough to reduce *Rome*. He therefore was extremely desirous to engage them into his interests, and being loath to trust any one to persuade those whom he would gain, he provided to speak himself. The Council whereby that considerable City was governed, met together, *Tarquin* being followed only by the two Princes his Sons, with a small train, to raise the great-

er pity in those whom he would make partners in his disgraces,

And as men are generally moved at extraordinary accidents, so, how tyrannical soever *Tarquin* might have been, those he spoke to being not his subjects, but his neighbors and allies, they heard him with respect, and had a great compassion for him. *Tarquin* was not certainly any of the handsomest men, yet had he, I know not what, that was great amidst his fierceness, which was not unsuitable to his birth. Add to that, his being followed by the Princes his Sons, who were very handsome men, did as it were, soften the hearts of those who saw Princes of such high birth, become unfortunate in so small a time. *Tarquin* therefore being placed where he was to speak, doing his humour a certain violence, began now to intreat, who had never before but commanded

You see generous Veientes, said he to them, what haply others never did, that is, an unfortunate King, that hath lost a Crown in a moment, while he exposed his life at the Siege of Ardea, for the glory of those who forced him away. I make no Apology for all the pretended violences which my enemies reproach me with, for the just limits of lawful authority, and tyrannical power, are not so precisely designed by reason, but that men may sometimes call that tyrannie, which is no more than an expression of his vigor who governs: Without any examination therefore whether my Politics have been guilty of too much rigor or not; I shall only say, that should I have been unjust, yet are my subjects nevertheless criminal, and that my neighbors are obliged to assist me, You will haply tell me, That Monarchical States are more concerned in my protection than you are; but I may answer you, that it is no less your concernment than theirs, and that the consequences of it may prove as dangerous in relation to your government, as to any other of a different nature. For in fine, to speak properly, the King is not the object of the peoples hatred, but the power that keeps them in subjection. For he that would search into the hearts of all Nations in the world, would find very often that those who live in Republicques, would gladly live under Kings; and that those that live under Kings, would fain live under a Common-wealth. So that it concerns you to punish the rebellion of my subjects, unless you would give an ill example to those who at the present obey you, as being such as haply are persuaded that they cannot, but with expectation of punishment disobey you. You know moreover, generous Veientes, that there is a natural antipathy between the Romans and you, which should oblige you to embrace any just occasion, to revenge your selves for the ancient injuries they have done you. Embrace it then generously, and forsake not an unfortunate King, forced away not only by his subjects, but by his nearest kindred, who have snatched the Crown from him with their own hands, and who yet are forced to divide his power, because there was not any one among them, that deserved the sole possession of it to himself. Be not afraid to have to do with a sort of men, who since they have proved rebellious to their King, will certainly prove traitors one to another. We shall triumph without trouble, if you will but assist me. But above all things, that which is of greatest concernment, is expedition, so that my enemies may not have time to fortifie themselves, by a conjunction of parties. Assist me then, generous Veientes, revenge your Troops heretofore defeated by the Roman Legions, and assume to your selves

Selves the glory of having re-inflated a King in his Throne, who shall not otherwise employ the power he shall by your means recover, than to revenge you on your enemies, if there happen to be any that shall presume to molest you, when we shall be joyned together. The Tarquinians will be on our side, and if you will take my advice, you will not stay till all other Nations concern themselves in my disgrace, you will envy your enemies the advantage of having revenged the affront I have received, and in a word, you will behave your selves like generous neighbors, faithful Allies and able Statesmen.

Tarquin having given over speaking, withdrew, to leave them to the liberty of their suffrages. At first sight, he seemed to have moved the hearts of those that heard him, that all the voices were for him. But some of the Assembly having considered the business more narrowly, said, that the point to be debated was, whether they were Allies to Rome, or to Tarquin. For in fine, said one of those that were of that opinion, the union of two people, is that which occasions the convenience of Commerce, and not the alliance of a dispossessed King, who is not to be considered otherwise by us, than as a private person. But if Tarquin get into the Throne again without our assistance, replied another, what condition should we be in? would he not be our most implacable enemy, and this union of Nations, whence are derived all the conveniences of Commerce, could it subsist when we had forsaken him? It does not concern us to examine whether he hath been forced away justly or not; but it is our business to lay hold on an occasion, to make a War against our ancient enemies, since it proves advantageous to us. It is ever good to afford protection to fortunate Princes, and it were dangerous to refuse it: for in fine, if we refuse to be of Tarquin's party, we must side with Rome, for whom we have been already courted to declare: So that Rome being the place that is to be set upon, it will be in our Country, and at our charge, that the enemies Army will subsist, without discipline, and consequently with all the violences which attend the first eruptions of Wars of this nature. On the contrary, if we are of their side, who must set upon Rome, it will be easier for us to rescue our Country from all military hostilities.

This *Valentin* having spoken with much earnestness, hindered the other that opposed him to carry away the greatest number of voices, though he also debated the business with much obstinacy. So that it was resolved that they would assist Tarquin with all the force they could make.

This Prince returning thereupon to *Tarquinia*, the Inhabitants of the City cheerfully prepared to take the field with as many Troops as could be raised, as thinking it a thing making much for their glory, that a family of their City should reign at Rome. On the other side, *Brutus* and *Valerius* left no stone unmoved, in order to a preparation for the War, and, causing all to be listed that were able to bear Arms, and that were not listed before, they were to think at the same time of mustering their Legions, modelling an Army, exercising the new rais'd Soldiers, fortifying their City, and translating the War as far as they could from their own Walls. So that in *Rome*, *Veie*, and *Tarquinia*,

all were in Arms, all ready to fight. However, *Celeres* passed to and fro between *Rome* and *Tarquinia*; to carry news from *Aronces* to *Clelia*, and from *Clelia* to *Aronces*. But when ever he went, he wanted not a Pacquet to *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, who were more than infinitely troubled, when they understood that the Armies were soon to take the field. For when *Hermilia* did but imagine that she saw her Brother and her servant fighting one against another, she struggled with a grief that was too hard for her reason to deal with, and not knowing what to wish, she wished nothing at all, and so remained in the most afflictive uncertainty in the world. *Collatina* was also extremely troubled, and *Clelia* so far, that her grief admitted no comparison. What added to her affliction, was, that she had understood by *Celeres*, that *Aronces* was at certain times guilty of a strange jealousy, out of a fear that *Horatius* might undermine him in her esteem. Inasmuch that she knew not what to desire, as things stood; for if she wished that Tarquin would deliver him up to *Porfenna*, she thought he might be clapped up at *Clasium* as he was at *Tarquinia*, unless he should promise the King his Father, never to think of her more, which would have proved the greatest misfortune that ever could have happened to her. On the other side, if he made an escape, and came to *Rome*, she saw him between two Rivals, and withal, exposed to all the hazards of a War.

In the mean time, *Mutius* left nothing undone that might please *Valeria*, and *Herminius* was still importunate with *Valerius*, who would start from his resolution; besides that, not thinking it fit to marry his Daughter in that troublesome conjuncture of time, *Herminius* was forced to give over pressing him any further. So that there were only *Amilear* and *Plotina*, who were subject to no present misfortune; on the contrary, having abundance of good inclinations one for the other, they accounted themselves happy enough, and not foreseeing that their fortune was such as would not give them leave to imagine they should continue long together, the present enjoyment swallowed up the fear of what was to come, and was enough to satisfy them. So that amidst so many unfortunate persons, and a City where there was no discourse but that of War, all theirs was of Love, as not being troubled at any thing but the misfortunes of their friends.

Perfander, on the other side being resolved to serve Rome while the War should last, besides that, the waies were not safe, *Casoria* took a house, and *Plotina* lived with her. 'Tis true, they so often visited *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, that it might be said they seldom were asunder. For *Horatius* he left not a stone unmoved to curry favour with *Clelius*, who had a very particular affection for him, upon the account of his Mother, whom he had been a Suitor to before he married *Sulpicia*. But for *Clelia*, he observed such a respectful distance towards her, that she had not the least occasion to complain of him, though she had been ever so desirous of it. When ever he said any thing to her of *Aronces*, he did it with abundance of reservedness, inasmuch that the manner of his carriage put her into a greater disturbance, than if he had spoken in any other way.

I easily perceive Madam (said he to her one day, that being come to wait on her, she was somewhat penfive) that your mind is not where your body is, and that you are more taken up with *Aronces* than with *Horatius*. Nay, 'tis certain, Madam, that your heart is in prison with my Rival, and even at the very instant that I speak to you, you do not so much as give me the hearing. And yet would you but seriously reflect on the state of affairs, you would find it were not the pleasure of Fortune that *Aronces* should be happy. His own birth is an unavoidable hindrance to his felicity, since that the King his Father would never permit him to marry you, and that in all probability *Porfenna* being likely to become an Enemy to Rome, *Clelius* himself will oblige you to give over all thoughts of *Aronces*, besides that being *Tarquin's* Prisoner, his destiny, as to what may become of him, is yet more doubtful.

As I am not guilty of so great a presumption as that of prying into the secrets of the Gods, replied *Clelia*, so I leave what is to come to their disposal: but when all is done, *Horatius*, though I should never be *Aronces's*, I will never be yours, and to satisfy you that I do not say so out of humor, I shall assure you that it ever hath been my faith, that it is for any one lawful to love once in his life, provided that Love be innocent, and that one love with an irretractable resolution of never entertaining any second passion, whatever may happen; for without that I look on the woman as fit to be slighted, and indeed unworthy to live. So that as I must needs acknowledge, that my heart is full of *Aronces*, and that he hath the absolute possession thereof; so though thousands of hindrances retard the happy progress of our affection, you should be never the nearer happiness for it. But Madam, replied *Horatius*, since it is certain that *Aronces* cannot be satisfied, why are you not willing I should? because, replied she, I am confident you never can. For, in a word, take it from me, as told you with all possible sincerity, I shall never admit a second affection: nay, though *Aronces* were dead, or what were more insupportable, were he unconstant, and that I should love him no longer, I should not love anything after him, and that out of a pure sentiment of glory, and I should die a thousand times rather than be engaged to affect anything again. But things are not come to that pass, for *Aronces* lives, and will not be unfaithful, and *Clelius* is so rational, that I am not in the least fear he will ever force my inclinations, even though his mind were changed.

As *Clelia* spoke these words, the Prince of *Numidia* came (this being his first visit) to *Sulpicia's*, who thought him extremely altered; his wounds and his melancholy having brought him so very low that he was hardly known. He was grown so pale, that he seemed not to be an *African*, besides that, by the change of Climate, he was so fallen away, that he could not well be distinguished from a *Roman*. *Sulpicia*, who knew his quality, whom he had spoken to with so much generosity when *Clelius* and she met him near *Ameriola*, and was not ignorant how gallantly he had exposed his life to rescue her incomparable daughter, entertained him very kindly. Even *Clelia* her self, who had seen him fight with incredible valor for her Liberty, must needs have a civility for him, and withal remember, that when she saw him hazarding his life for her in *Tarquin's*

Palace, she took him for *Aronces*: But the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* having not seen one another since they had fought on the Lake of *Tbrassimenes*, they looked on the other with a little indignation, inasmuch, that if *Clelius* had not come in, these two Lovers, who could not ruine *Aronces* in the esteem of *Clelia*; nor be revenged on him, as being both obliged to him, would haply have made some quarrels. But such was the prudence of *Clelius*, that having heard the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* were in his wife's Chamber, he came in purposely to send away *Horatius* upon pretence of publick affairs, giving *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* order so to deal with *Adherbal*, as he should do with his Rival. *Clelia* accordingly, willing to obey her Father, and submit to reason, spoke to the Prince of *Numidia*, with abundance of kindness, while *Sulpicia* entertained the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was come to give her a visit. She gave him thanks for the hazards he had exposed himself to for her sake; she commended in him the generous resolution he had taken to do what he could to conquer his passion, and entreated him not to entertain any longer the aversion he had for *Horatius*. You know, said she to him, that I speak not this out of any affection I have for him, but only to hinder two persons of extraordinary merit from engaging in any quarrel, at a time when Rome stands so much in need of gallant men, such as should think of nothing but how to defend her. Ah! Madam, replies *Adherbal*, is it not enough that you take *Aronces*, whom you love, into your protection; but you must also plead for *Horatius*, whom you love not? But since I love him not, replies she, why should you hate him? Alas! Madam, replied, he hastily, I hate him because he loves you, and that it is impossible but that a man should hate a Rival. How ere it be said she, I beg it as a boon of you, that you would not make it your business to quarrel with him. I assure you, replied he, that all I desire is to dye, nay, I am so unhappy, as not to find what so many others meet with without ever looking after it. But Madam, till such time as I do die, deny me not one favor I am now to beg of you. All Lovers replied she, are unreasonable, and therefore they must not be promised anything; before it be known what is asked; and so you must tell me what you would desire before I answer you. My desire, Madam, said he, is, that you would favor me so far as to tell me, that I am not the most hated of all those that love you; I allow *Aronces* the glory of being the best beloved, he deserves it and I am unworthy of it, and there are a many reasons I should undergo that misfortune: But give me leave to think my self much more in your favor than *Horatius*. I know he brought you back to Rome, but he it was also Madam, that carried you away at *Capoa*, and all that can be said of him, as to his bringing of you hither, is, that he made a shift to resist the temptation of carrying you away a second time: but for my part Madam, I came to Rome purposely to deliver you, though I had not the least confidence of your love. Think your self therefore so far obliged to me, as not to deny me the favor I beg of you. I grant you more than you desire, replied *Clelia*, for you shall not only not be hated, but I shall have abundance of friendship for you, if you will but be pleased to forbear all love to me. Ah! Madam, cries he, you will never love me while you live, if you cannot love me till such time as I shall love you no longer.

Adherbal

Adherbal being at those words, *Valeria* and *Flavia* came in, followed not long after by *Herminius*, who was but in the room e're came in *Cæsonia* and *Plotina*, and after them, their constant attendant *Amilcar*, e're the company was set down. But he being at that time not in so lively an humor as he used to be, *Clelia* asked him the reason of it. Though I cannot easily refuse any request made by a person of your worth, replied he, yet I have no inclination to answer you; for if I tell you what it is, you will laugh at me. You so seldome run that hazard, replies *Plotina*, that were it only out of curiosity, I would advise you to do it for once. I shall not certainly be believed, says *Amilcar*, if I tell you what troubles me. It will not be the first time that you were not believed, answers *Plotina* smiling, you should not so much fear our incredulity. Know then says he, I never was so tyred out with a man in my life, as I was this day for three hours space, during which, I entertained him with a hundred several things. It must be some man of no great understanding, replies the Prince of *Numidia*. Not so, My Lord, replies *Amilcar*; it is not his stupidity that I quarrel at: it must be then one of those who dispute all things, says *Herminius*, such as with whom a man must contest very earnestly, because they ever contradict those that are present. On the contrary, replies *Amilcar*; 'tis a man that never disputes any thing, who grants a man what he would have, says all you would have him, knows no opinion but what you puts into his head, that never says *No* of any thing, says *Tæa* of all, contradicts himself as much as you please, and by a base unworthy, and importunate compliance, murders conversation every minute, put a man to a loss what to say to him, and keeps a man from making any sport, unless it be with him. You aggravate this so pleasantly, says *Clelia*, that I should be glad to know that man, who by being excessively compliant, turns a good quality into an imperfection. 'Tis a man, replied he, of a pale countenance, of a mild disposition, in point of action careless, as to gate, very slow, and one that is given extreemly to say, 'Tis true.

In a word, having unhappily engaged into his company, our first discourse was of War, but having presently discovered him to be one that said all a man would have him, I made him change his opinion above a hundred times. I made him commend both *Brutus* and *Tarquin*, say that *Rome* should conquer, and be conquered; that *Sextus* was a fool, and that the same *Sextus* was a wise man; that without virtue a man could not be happy; that with virtue a man is ever miserable: To be short, I made him contradict himself as I pleased. Upon this, I made the motion to him, to go to twenty several places, where I am confident he had not any thing to do: and yet he would needs tell me he had some business where-ever I proposed he should go, inso-much, that I was forced at last to tell him, I could very well be without him, and to leave him there and come hither, where the greatest pleasure I can have, is to be contradicted; for I am so weary of compliance, that at the present, I look on the pleasure of disputing, as the greatest diversion in the World.

It is a thing so easie to afford you that pleasure, replies *Plotina* laughing, that I undertake to maintain that compliance is the best, the most acceptable,

the most convenient, and the most necessary quality that a man can have. For do but compare the man that never says *No*, with another of my acquaintance that never says *Yes*, that disputes perpetually, opposes all the world, who ceases to be of an opinion as soon as another man is of it, who quits his own sentiments, as soon as he hath perswaded any other into them, for fear of being of the same judgment with another, and who in a word, banishes out of all company where he comes, the quiet and enjoyments thereof, by his obstinacy in disputing with all he meets; and you will find whether your complaint man that wearied you so much, be not to be preferred before him that I speak of. Nor indeed can it be denyed, that Compliance is a good quality. No question but it is, replied *Herminius*, but it must certainly be confined within its limits, and be guided by judgment: for it is of such a nature, that sometimes it is as serviceable to Vice as to Virtue. I could never have believed, says *Clelia*, that the two most compliant men in the world should speak so much against compliance. For my part said *Herminius*, I am not against it, when it is rational; on the contrary, I maintain, that it is necessary to all societies of men, that it contributes something to all enjoyments, that it is the cement of love and friendship, and that without compliance we should be always in discord and sullenness. But I must withall hold, that as sincerity is the principal virtue of all in relation to persons of quality; compliance is that of all the virtues which is most commonly abused by men of base and byassed inclinations, cheats and sycophants. In a word, I think it so dangerous, that I compare it to those subtil poysons that are put into flowers, and kill men unavoidably. On the other side, says *Cæsonia*, when you would commend a woman, you say, she is of a compliant sweet disposition. 'Tis very true, replies *Amilcar*, and I must confess, 'tis fit a woman should be so; but the difficulty is to know how far she ought to be so; and how far the true limits of compliance extend. For as liberality, that Heroick virtue, that makes men the most like Gods, becomes prodigality, when it is excessive and not limited by judgment; so compliance, which is a quiet virtue, acceptable and requisite to society, and very much to be esteemed, degenerates into a vice, when it hath no limits. And to speak truly, the case is not the same with this vice as with others, for there is but one kind of justice, one kind of generosity and wisdom, but there are a hundred kinds of compliances, whereof the greatest part are vicious. If you say a hundred, replies *Plotina*, you say too much. On the contrary, replied *Herminius*, were it my humor to say a thousand, I should not say amiss. I think you would very much oblige the company says *Clelia*, would you afford it your instruction in a business of such consequence. I very readily shall, says he, on condition that all the illustrious persons present will before hand acknowledge, that they have all met with some compliant persons whom they have sleighted. For my part, says *Adherbal*, I have known some in *Numidia*, whom I have denyed whatever they have desired of me, without any other reason for it, than that they were guilty of a certain interested compliance, which I could not endure. You were very much in the right, my Lord, replies *Herminius*,

minius, for there is not any thing more insupportable, than a sort of people that affect compliance, whose wills are consonant to yours, merely to oblige you to comply with theirs. And yet the world is full of this kind of people, in all conditions, and of all sexes; but there are withall such a vast number of compliances that I think it almost impossible to name them all. For there are compliances of interest, compliances of disposition, compliances of love, compliances of esteem, compliances of friendship, compliances of ambition, unworthy, base compliances, compliances derived from dissimulation, Court-compliances, City-compliances, serious compliances, merry compliances, eloquent compliances, mute compliances, true and false compliances, and thousands more. 'Tis true, there are of all those kinds that you have named, says *Plotina*; but in fine, what I would fain learn is, the true use of compliance, whether it be with our Superiours or inferiours, whether between persons of the same condition, whether between men and their female acquaintances, or between persons that are in love. I think says *Herminius*, it were an easier matter to say what ought not to be done, than what ought: But I shall briefly tell you, all I shall think fit, without any compliance. To speak then of compliance in general, I would not have it to be such as shall flatter vice, betray virtue, disguise truth, derogate from Religion. I would not have people to be less sincere, just, and faithful, that they may be the more compliant: I would have those that are related to great ones to respect them, but would have them study such a compliance, as regards only their quality, and not their own interest, and such as obliges them to commend that which they abhor in their hearts. Compliance does indeed very well in things indifferent, but it must ever be avoided in those that may be prejudicial either to him with whom a man complies, or any other.

You'll pardon me, that I interrupt you says *Plotina*, but I am so with child to know what you meant when you spoke of a mute compliance, that I cannot forbear entreating you to inform me. By a mute compliance, replies *Herminius*, I mean those people, that for fear of saying any thing that might displease their friends, suffer them to run into indiscreet and extravagant actions, without giving them the least notice thereof, and know not, that the greatest expression of friendship, is to give faithful advice. I am of your mind, replied *Clelia*, but with this proviso, that it is but fit, that those who give advice, should do it with mildness and prudence, for there are few love those that acquaint them with their imperfections. But to return to compliance, added she, I would fain know when people ought to have any, when not. It does always well, replied *Amilcar*, when it is not unpleasant to those for whom it is had, nor to him that hath it. That's too generally said, replies *Herminius*, for though it ought to be had for all indifferent things, yet were it not amiss to introduce into a society, a generous freedom, such whereby men may not be obliged to captivate themselves eternally, and never say any thing but *as you please, or, at your service*, to those who propose any thing of divertisement to them: for as to matter of I am confident business, there needs no great compliance, and that it is the part of reason to regulate

it. *Herminius* does indeed speak very pertinently, says *Amilcar* smiling; for to speak properly, it might be said, that compliance is the Queen of Trifles, and that it is of main concernment, when there is a dispute, whether it be better walking in one place than another, to dance or not to dance, to sing or not to sing. But however saies *Plotina*, I hope you will confess there cannot be in love, any excess of compliance; and that the more compliant a Lover is, the more amiable he is. I grant it, replies *Amilcar*, but I question whether he will be as much beloved as he is amiable, if he continue to be excessively compliant; and whether it be not a kind of policy in Love, and consequently very fit, that a man carry himself so as to be a little courted into compliance. For my part says *Herminius*, I am not of your opinion, for I think it is not so true, that jealousy is the inseparable attendant of love, as that there cannot be true love without compliance, since it is out of all question, that there are some Lovers so confident of the fidelity of the persons they love, that they admit not the least jealousy, and that there never were any that wanted compliance. While a Lover is not loved, replies *Plotina*, I shall easily grant he may be compliant, but in my judgment, as soon as he is once confident of his Mistress's affection, he is sometimes as much inclined to do his own will, as that of the person he loves. How ere it be says *Herminius*, if he be not compliant, he ought to be so, nay I dare maintain he cannot forbear being such if he love truly. But if compliance in Love ought to be implicate, it must not be such in friendship, for there it must ever be attended with prudence and sincerity. Compliance is certainly the cement of civil society: but as I have already said, it should never either betray or flatter. Things absolutely indifferent, fall under its jurisdiction; in all others, it lies subject to circumvention, artifice, baseness or interest. Not but that a man may sometimes have a compliance even in things of consequence, though as it hath been said, it ought not ordinarily to be so. Yet is it allowable, when the person who hath the compliance is only concerned in the business they have in hand, and that generosity on that occasion supplies the place of reason, and guides it as the other would. But one of the most dangerous compliances of any, is that which applauds detraction, merely to comply with the detractor, and is so far from vindicating innocence, that it suffers it to be oppressed basely and unjustly.

'Tis very true, says *Clelia*, that this happens daily, for the person traduced being absent, and the detractor present, such as make it their profession to be compliant, flatter those they see, and neglect those they see not. But says *Cassonia*, I am yet farther to learn what you mean by Court-Compliances, City-Compliances, Serious-Compliances, and merry-Compliances: For as to the rest, the very names you give them discover what they are. For Court-compliances, says *Amilcar*, it is easily perceived that *Herminius* speaks of those who are ever telling you they will do any thing you will have them, and yet do nothing but what they will themselves. And for the City-compliance, I understand it not so well, I can only guess at what it is. What I call by that name, says *Herminius*, is properly a certain forced compliance, misconstrued, stuffed with complements

complements, ceremony, and unseasonable commendation, and such as is not a little offensive to those to whom it is directed. For serious compliance, it points at people of a cold disposition, such as are reserved and discreet, such as force their inclinations not without some violence to their nature, and so give their friends away with such gravity and coldness, as if they denied what they grant them. For what I call the merry, it is the particular humour of *Amilcar*, and is so apparent in him, that there needs no more to discover it than to see him; for he seems to be so cheerful and glad to do what is desired of him, that it might be said he obeys his own inclinations, though he saies he only obeys those of his friends. So that I dare confidently say, that he is never more compliant towards others than when he hath most compliance for himself. But, says *Plotina*, what must be done, and what must be omitted? You must do, replied *Herminius*, whatever reason advises, that is, you must express a certain mildness, civility, and compliance; but it must be such a compliance as is not incompatible with Liberty; that gives way without weakness, commends without flattery, accommodates it self with judgement and innocence to times, places, and persons; and such as without affectation and lowness makes society pleasant, and heightens the conveniences and diversions of life. It should also qualifie a man to bear with the humorousness of friends; so as not to be too sensible of those sharp familiarities that happen, so they be not over frequent, but to submit sometimes to the pleasures of others, and to do a thousand other little offices that may be done without injury to reason, or violence to justice, and consequently such as do effectually make men better. In a word, compliance is sometimes able to disarm wrath, and to bring a calm into an exasperated mind. But all the skill is in knowing what it is good for, so it may not be abused, as certain remedies are, which men apply indifferently to all manner of distempers. For it is certain, that sottish compliance is flat and wearisome, and distastful even to those to whom it is directed. You must therefore, if possible, endeavour to get that which I mean, and that it may be seen I speak not of a thing that is not in being, you need go no further to find it, than to the Ladies that are present, who are certainly furnished with all that honourable compliance that pleases, that offends no body, refines the judgement, sweetens the disposition, augments friendship, multiplies love, and closing with justice and generosity, becomes the secret charm of society.

Herminius putting this period to his discourse, the Ladies he had commended, looked very earnestly upon one another, as if they would have said one to another, it was fit they should make some answer to *Herminius* civility. But at last *Clelia* perceiving that none of the rest concerned themselves so much in the praises given them by *Herminius*, as to return him any, answered him with abundance of wit and no less modesty.

This put a period to that conference, for *Mutius* and *Spurius* being come into the room, brought news that the enemies horse would be suddenly in the field, and that for certain, *Tarquin* would have a very considerable Army. So that discourses of this nature being not so acceptable as what had

passed before, the company was soon after dissolved. *Valeria*, who had a particular disaffection for *Spurius*, and desired nothing so much as to oblige *Herminius*, went along with *Flavia*; as soon as *Mutius* had told this news; *Amilcar* waited on *Carsonia* and *Plotina*; *Mutius* and *Spurius* made but a short visit, and the Prince of *Numidia* perceiving it to be late, took his leave with the rest. But ere he went, he said to *Clelia*, whatever a conjunction of Love and Respect, might furnish an unfortunate Lover with such a one as would needs love while he lives, even with an assurance of being ever miserable. He therefore went his way laden with a melancholly, that found his spirits such employment, that he saw not what he seemed to look on, so strangely were his thoughts taken up with the deplorable condition he was in. For in fine, said he to himself, What advantage is it to me to be a Kings Son, if I cannot avoid being *Clelia*'s slave? What am I the better for my Reason, if it must ever be subject to my Love? What avails it me, that I am generously born, if I cannot forbear being ungrateful to *Aronces*; And what happiness is it to me that I was born in *Numidia*, since I am not capable of the inconstancy attributed to those of my Countrey? 'Tis sad I should not have those imperfections that were some way advantageous to me, and that I have those virtues I am never the better for, since I cannot overcome my passion.

Adherbal, amidst these reflections, was got to the place where he lodged, without taking any notice of an old man, a stranger, that had observed him very wish'dly, and had followed him. But being come to the Gate, this man, whose name was *Donilcar*, passing before the slaves that belonged to the Prince (for *Brutus* had ordered him to have some about him) presented himself to him with a very sad deportment, and speaking to him, I know not, my Lord, said he, whether you can remember the unfortunate *Donilcar*, who hath had the happiness to bring you up; but this I know, that I had much ado to call you to mind, you are so sad, and so much altered. *Adherbal* at these words, remembering him who had been the guide of his youth, and whom he had trusted with his life, embraced him with much affection, and leading him into his Chamber, Is it the King my Father that hath sent you to look after me, said he to him? Alas! my Lord, replied *Donilcar* sighing, I know not whether I may presume to tell you what hath brought me hither, and that I shall run the hazard of losing your friendship, if I acquaint you with one of the strangest things in the world. The posture my soul is in at the present considered, replies the Prince very dolefully, I cannot apprehend there should happen such misfortunes to me in *Numidia*, as I might have more than an ordinary resentment, for, if so be the King my Father be well. The King of *Numidia*, replies *Donilcar*, is in very good health, but my Lord, that abates nothing of your misery. I prethee, says *Adherbal*, never fear to tell me what you know, for, as I have already said, according to the posture I am in, there can no misfortune fall to me, but what happens at *Rome*. Promise me then, replies *Donilcar*, that you will not be displeased with me when I have told you. I am so highly obliged to you, replies *Adherbal*, that I think it impossible I should be an-

gry with you, even though you should disoblige me: speak then boldly, and deliver me out of the uncertainty I am in. And yet, if I may guess at what you have to tell me, it is this; That it is upon my account that the *Carthaginians* have broken with the King my Father, and consequently, that the Subjects I should one day have had, are dissatisfied, and are haply, risen up against me. Alas! My Lord, you cannot guess at your unhappiness, and therefore since you must one day know it, 'twere best you had it from me. Know then, that there now stands before you, that unhappy man, who was desirous to bestow on you a Crown which my wife hath, upon her death, taken away from you whether I would or no. What you tell me, is to my apprehension so obscure, and so impossible, replied *Adherbal*, that you must express your self more clearly, if you would have me to understand you. Alas, My Lord, what I have to tell you, is, that you are not Son to the King of *Numidia*. How, replies *Adherbal*, am I not what I ever thought my self? No, My Lord, replied he, and if you will needs be acquainted with your fortune, it shall cost you but the patience to hear me. Make an end once, make an end, O fortune, says the unfortunate *Adherbal*, leave me not any thing, not so much as a noble birth; but when thou hast done thy worst, how great soever thy power and injustice may be, thou shalt never take away from me a Kings heart, though I should be so unfortunate as to have been born a Shepherd. Whereupon *Adherbal* recovering himself, look'd on *Donilcar* with an extream sadness, and intreated him to relate the truth, without the least palliation.

Since it is your pleasure, my Lord, replied he, you are to know, that the King of *Numidia*, whose Son you thought your self, being yet young enough, had very violent inclinations for a young Lady of the Court, a person of great quality; but the disproportion there was between them, being very great, the King his Father (then alive) told him one day, that he was not to do any thing as to that Gentlewoman, but what proceeded only out of Gallantry, and forbade him to entertain any thoughts of ever marrying her. But as it ordinarily happens, that the prohibition of things we are taken with, augments the desires we have of them; this young Prince fell so deeply in love, that he secretly married the person he so much affected, and had a Son by her: insomuch that the noise this secret marriage made, and the alarm it put the whole Court into, was so great, that the excellent Lady having but newly given life to a Son, dyed, out of meer grief. Whereupon my wife, having been chosen by the Prince of *Numidia*, to nurse up the Child secretly, he intreated us to repair into *Sicily*, till such time as the Kings favour were re-obtained. Thither we crossed, and took up our abode near *Lilybaeum*, where having no acquaintance, we led a very solitary life. Being gone one day a walking into a small Wood, where the umbrage afforded much refreshment and delight; my wife sat down at the foot of a tree, and set the Child she had in her arms upon a Grass-plot, where she thought she might sleep more quietly than in her arms. But, as ill fortune would have it, she fell asleep her self, while I was walking alone in the Wood, whereof the umbrage was so delightful to me: So that a great Serpent coming, questionless

out of the Thickets, roll'd it self about the Child, for as all Serpents love the smell of milk, it found there something that drew it thither. It was not long e'r the Child waked, crying, whereupon my Wife waking also on a sudden, was astonished to see him incircled with a Serpent, whereof the dreadful folds were terrible to behold. She had no sooner ey'd that sad object, but she starts up furiously, not knowing what she should do her self; but treading as she got up upon the Serpent, it stung the unhappy Child, and without staying for any punishment for the mischief it had done, it got into the Thicket from whence it came; so that my wife crying out aloud, I heard her, came to her, understood the accident had happen'd to her, and participated of the affliction it was to her, to see that young Prince expiring three days after. We in the mean time stood extreamly in fear of the Prince's anger, who had committed a Child to our trust, which, by reason of the affection he had for the Mother, must needs be very dear to him. However, we thought it would be our best course to return to acquaint him our selves with the death of his Son, yet so as to conceal from him the unhappy adventure whereby he had miscarried. We took shipping, being none but my Wife and my self in a Merchant-man, that stood ready to set sail from *Lilybaeum* to pass into *Africk*. We were no sooner at Sea, but a Tempest overtakes us: yet were we much more fortunate than other ships, for we saw some sinking near enough to us, indeed so near, that the wind ceasing of a sudden, we could save some part of the wrack of one that had been cast away, and wherewith the Sea was covered. But what was a very strange thing, was, to see a great Plank floating on the water, with a Pack of Merchandise tyed to it, whereof the Cords that tyed it being half loose, had accidentally fastned on a Cradle, wherein was a little Child, much about the age of that we had lost. This object working much upon my wives heart, gave her occasion to intreat the Master of the Ship, to give order that it might be saved, and bestowed on her. Now the Child being fastned to the pack of Merchandise, assigned as it were for a reward for him that should save it, her desire was easily granted. Thus, My Lord was your life easily saved, for to tell you truly how things past, it was you that my Wife and I found in that sad condition.

Ah *Donilcar*, cries out *Adherbal*, if what you say be true, what an ill office did you do me when you saved my life, and what cruelty was there in your pity. Alas! my Lord, replied *Donilcar*, It was far from our intention to do you any such; it was our desire, not only to make you live, but to make you live happily, nay, to bestow a Crown on you. 'Tis true, my Lord, it was not so much out of affection to you, as to avoid the indignation of the Prince, and to spare him an extraordinary affliction, that we put you into the place of the young Prince that we had lost. We were not as yet got far from *Sicily*, so that our Vessel was forced to return thither, as having suffered a little by the tempest: but when we were gotten ashore, my wife pretended such a fear of the Sea, that no intreaties could get her aboard again. We therefore returned to our old habitation, where we continued not six months, for news being come that the King of *Numidia* was dead, we returned into *Africk*

Africk, and told the Prince, who then did, and now does reign, that you were his Son. This we told him, not only to divert his anger from our selves, and to prevent his grief, but also out of some thought, it might prove a means to raise our fortunes. We thought our crime so far the more innocent, in that we injured no body; for he, who should have succeeded the Prince, in case he had dyed without issue, is, as you know, one of the wickedst men alive. Upon these considerations, did we tell the new King that you were his Son, and he was the rather induc'd to believe it, for that the Princess your Mother, being of a complexion different from that of an *African*, he imagin'd you were like her. He accordingly entertained you with joy, he made much of you, and caus'd you to be publicly acknowledged his successor; in a word, he hath brought you up as such, and you have ever since thought your self his Son, as he believed himself your Father. I shall not tell you what affliction your love to *Clelia* hath cost him, nor what displeasure he takes at your absence, and at your departure, disguised, to follow the object of your affection; but must needs tell you, that after your departure, having sent me to discover what way you had taken; my wife fell sick in my absence, but the disease proved so violent, that it soon deprived her of her reason. And whereas you were very much in her affection, she could not speak of any thing in her fits but of you. Sometimes she said, that God punished her for thrusting you into the place of the true Prince of *Numidia*; sometimes, that she was not sorry for it, that you were better than he that is dead would have been, and a hundred such things, amongst a many more that had no dependance on these. At first, those that heard her, made no reflexion thereon, but she so often repeated the same thing, that at last a certain woman who visited her often, and was Mistress, to his Secretary that should have reigned after you, took some particular notice of it, and acquainted her beloved therewith. This man told his Master, who seeing it a business that concerned a Crown, thought it not to be neglected. This woman thereupon received order to put several interrogatories to the poor sick party, and that before such people, as should testify what he had said. The business was thus carried, and my wife told all she knew; nay, she did more than all this, for having the command of her reason some six hours before she died, and her conscience being strangely troubled at that subordination; she in her perfect senses and memory declared the truth, after a promise made her, that I should not be punished. You may imagine, My Lord, (for I shall still call you so) what grief this was to the King of *Numidia*, and what good news to the Prince that should succeed him. In the mean time, hearing all this upon the way, from persons that knew me not, and understanding that search was made after her Husband, who had revealed a secret of that consequence, I thought it no good course to expose my selfe to the indignation of two Princes that I have offend'd, and that I should rather find you out to see what course you would take; For, my Lord, it were an obligation put upon my Countrey, to hinder it from coming under the Government of a wicked man: 'twere to oblige the King of *Numidia*, not to deprive him of a virtuous Prince, that he loves

as his Son, and it were to do you but justice to continue you in the condition into which I had put you. And therefore, my Lord, if it be your pleasure, I will expose my self to all torments imaginable, to maintain, that my wife had not recovered her senses when she spoke as she did; for we lived in a very solitary place near *Lilybaum*, and it would be in all probability, a very hard matter, either to find any people that knew me in *Sicily*, or to meet with the merchants who saved your life at my wives intreaty; it being so long since, that this truth will not easily be discovered, besides, that King having an aversion for him that should succeed him, will gladly be over-reach'd, and so, my Lord, I am ready to hazard my life to make you King.

It should have been done without my privacy, replied *Adberbal* very smartly, had you made it your business to get me into the Throne, and you must have deceived me first, before you had deceived others. But now that I know my self not to be what I ever thought I was, the Gods preserve me from purchasing a Kingdom by a cheat. Nor indeed do I take so much pleasure in life, that I should be over-sensible of the loss of a Crown which were not haply enough to make me happy. But alas! how am I afraid that my fortune is yet much worse than you imagine. Tell me then, added he, but in what place you found me when you saved my life? It was so near the Cape of *Lilybaum*, replied *Donilcar*, that we expected to have been cast away in it. But further, added *Adberbal*, In what year, what moneth, what day did this wrack happen? *Donilcar* having satisfied *Adberbal* very particularly, his colour changed; for having before understood all the circumstances of the Adventures of *Aronces*, he found that the very day on which *Donilcar* told him he had been found on the Sea, was the same with that whereon *Clelius* found *Aronces*, and had lost his own Son. He found it to be the same place, so that there was no question to be made, but that he was Son to *Clelius*. In-somuch that this very consideration raised more disturbance in his thoughts, than had done that of the loss of a Crown. But I pray, said he to *Donilcar*, could you not guess by the swathing-bands that were about me, what Nation I might be of, and of what birth? For your birth, replied *Donilcar*, it must in all likelihood be noble, for your swathing-bands were very rich; and for your Countrey, I think you were a *Romane*; for it was reported at that time at *Lilybaum*, that *Tarquin* was so cruel, that all the virtuous people was forced to leave *Rome*. Besides, I found a Ring tyed in a Ribband, such as they said the Roman Knights used to wear, which haply might have been your Fathers, and which, for what reason I know not, should have been hidden in the swathing-band you had about you. And have you this Ring still (replies *Adberbal*, infinitely desirous to find something that should confirm him.) I have, My Lord, replied *Donilcar*, and for what reason I know not, I took it the very day I came away to find you out, but now I find it was the good pleasure of the gods. As he said so, *Donilcar* shewed him the Ring, which *Adberbal* had no sooner looked on, but he knew it to be like that which *Clelius* had worn since his return to *Rome*: so that being in a manner fully satisfied that *Clelia* was his Sister, he

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felt such a distraction in his soul, that not able to master his own sentiments, he bid *Donilcar* stay with him, and locking his Chamber door, he walked a while without saying any thing, and indeed without being able to fasten his thoughts on any one object. But at last, reflecting on the sad condition he was in, he thought himself the most unfortunate man in the World, Love and Ambition struggling so with his Reason and Virtue, that they raised in his heart, the greatest irresolution that ever the heart of an amorous and miserable man was acquainted with. What shall I do, said he to himself, which side shall I take? Shall I follow the advice of *Donilcar* or not? One way I may still be a Lover of *Clelia*, and Son to the King, and another, I shall be Son to an illustrious *Roman*, and brother to my Mistress, and consequently must not entertain a thought, that I ever can be in love with her. All my Rivals will be glad of this change of my condition; 'twill be welcome news to *Clelia*; *Clelius* will be joyful at it, and I only shall be miserable, and that after so dreadful a manner as never any was before me. But yet I have this comfort, that my innocence will smother one great part of my disgraces, and *Clelia*, the cruel *Clelia*, will be obliged, even by Nature, to own some light resentment of compassion, since Love could never raise any in her. She will bemoan me, nay, will be forced to mourn for my death. But alas, continued he, doth it not signify a vast decay of reason, to go and seek such weak and imaginary consolations beyond death it self? See we then, whether I shall be more happy on the other side: I may haply come to be King, 'tis granted; but alas, if I may not reign in *Clelia*'s heart, a Tomb is fitter for me than a Throne. It shall be still lawful for me, to call my self *Clelia*'s servant, and prejudice my Rivals what I can. But alas, to be a Lover and to be slighted, is a sad adventure. Besides, if to preserve the quality of Lover, as well as that of King, I shall commit divers enormous crimes, I cannot rationally ever be persuaded, I shall be any other than an unfortunate and uncar'd for Lover: so that if I take that unjust resolution, I shall add to my misfortunes, because the conscience I shall have of my crimes, will ever put me in mind, that I deserve my miseries. But can there be any thing more cruel, than for a man to go and tell his Mistress himself, that he is her Brother? Let the ignorance *Clelius* is in, be eternal; for since grief will shortly take me hence, 'twere a kind of cruelty to let him know he hath a Son, whose death he must within a few daies bewail.

Let us then take a third course, let us generously write to the King of *Numidia*, that we pretend no Title to his Crown, and passing for an unknown wretch, let us conceal from *Clelia* what relation there is between us; that so we may have some light shadow of felicity, out of that only consideration, that she will ever look upon me as her servant. For as things stand now, if I do my self so much violence as not to entertain her any longer with my love, she will think her self obliged to me, and I shall be somewhat less miserable than I should be, if she knew me to be her Brother. But if I am look'd on as a meer stranger, added he, she will slight me the more, so that I shall not know how to dispose of my self. For this

last consideration, it is certainly very weak, for what care should a wretch, resolv'd to dye, take? and for the other, *Clelia* is so generous, that I have reason to hope that my condition, as to fortune, will rather raise compassion in her, than contempt: So that without doing any thing against virtue, I shall have the comfort to dye in the quality of *Clelia*'s Lover; and accordingly, after a distraction that lasted all night, he resolv'd only to say that he was no Kings Son, without discovering any thing of that adventure, or acknowledging himself to be the Son of *Clelius*, though he had withal made a resolution, not to mention any thing of his love to *Clelia*, and to do all that lay in his power to disburthen his heart thereof. In so much that *Amilcar* coming to see him the next morning, and giving him the respect he was wont, he told him that he ought him no more than he would do him as his friend, and in few words told him, that he was but an unfortunate and unknown person. *Amilcar* at first would hardly believe him, and asked who had brought him that strange news; to which he made answer, that he had it from one that had been related to him from his infancy, and whose faith he could not question in the least.

Upon this, *Amilcar* acquainting *Brutus*, *Clelius*, and *Herminius*, with this unexpected news, it was generally known the very same day, insomuch that *Adherbal* was visited thereupon by all of greatest quality in the City. *Brutus* told him in particular, that it was his desire he would adopt *Rome* for his Country, since he knew not which was his own, and assured him he should want for nothing. *Herminius* did the like, and *Clelius* generously offered him all his Estate. *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* sent to visit him, and the change of his fortune begat him more honor than he had received since his coming to *Rome*. Even *Horatius* himself spoke very discreetly of it, and *Adherbal* had reason to be glad he was no *Numidian*, and to know he was a *Roman*, were it only out of a reflection on the virtue of so many illustrious *Romans*.

In the mean time, being a person of a great and generous soul, he would not by any means permit the honors they were wont to do him, and went to acknowledge their civilities who had visited him, as a private person. But coming once to *Sulpicia*'s, he felt such a heavy grief upon him, that if he had not done himself a great violence, he would have return'd when he was got to the very door. For, it coming into his thoughts, that if he were sad, *Clelia* would have the less esteem for him, out of a conceit that his soul was not strong enough to support that change of condition, he overcame himself, and went into the house with such a constancy, as put all that were there into admiration, and obliged *Clelia* to treat him with much more kindness than ordinary, not only, because she thought him more worthy esteem; but also out of a belief that he had given over all pretences to her, and was content to make one among her friends. But he had hardly been with her a quarter of an hour, e'r he let fall the Ring *Donilcar* had given him, and which he thought he had not had about him: so that *Sulpicia* seeing it, and not able to conceive how a *Numidian* should come by the Ring of a *Roman* Knight; she took it up, but she no sooner had it in her hands, e'r she knew it to be *Clelius*'s, and the same that she had

hid

hid in her Sons swathing-band, left her Husband should be discovered as he fled from *Rome*: So that crying out for heavens sake, generous *Adberbal*, said she, tell me by what miraculous adventure you came by this Ring; for who ever gave you this, must needs have found at least, the body of my unfortunate Child, which I lost near *Lilybæum*, when *Clelius* and I were like to be cast away, and at the same time we found *Aronces*. At these words *Adberbal* changed colour, and not able to say that which was false, to a person he knew to be his Mother, he made her so punctual an answer, that it added to the curiosity of *Sulpicia*. She looked on him very earnestly, and was so importunate with him to tell the truth, that nature working on his heart, and his reason assuming at that time, part of her lawful authority, he resolv'd to discover himself, and so changing his design of a sudden, he said himself what but a quarter of an hour before, he had made a resolution to conceal. For *Sulpicia* being earnest with him to satisfy her: Alas, Madam, said he, you know not what you desire when you speak after this rate; for were it not much more satisfaction to you to believe you had lost a Son in the Cradle, than to know you have one living that is unfortunate; and such as you will haply think so far unworthy to be yours, that you will disclaim him. Ah *Adberbal*, replied *Sulpicia* looking on him, are you my Son, or may I be so happy as to have one like you. Do me but the favour to let me look on your left arm, for if you are mine, you should have a little above your wrist, a fire-mark which a careless slave gave you some few days after you were born. Whereupon *Adberbal* being fully satisfied that he was *Sulpicia*'s Son, was not able to conceal himself any longer; so that having shewn her what might persuade her he was her Son, he briefly related all that *Donilcar* had said to him: insomuch that *Sulpicia* being infinitely overjoyed, that she had so gallant and so virtuous a person to her Son, embraced him with much affection, *Clelia* was also not a little glad to lose a Lover, to purchase a Brother: But *Adberbal* could not take well the loss of a Mistress, though he got thereby a most generous Father, a most virtuous Mother, and the most amiable Sister in the World. Yet he still put on much gravity, and though he very civilly entertained the caresses of *Sulpicia*, and the kindnesses of *Clelia*; yet was it easie to see he was extremely troubled.

Upon this, *Clelius* comes in, to whom *Sulpicia* had no sooner shewn the Ring, but he knew it. She also shew'd him the mark upon *Adberbal*'s arm, who having sent for *Donilcar*, absolutely satisfied *Clelius* that he was his Son, for he had been acquainted with *Donilcar* at *Carthage*. Besides that, the Ring, the mark on *Adberbal*'s arm, the particular day the wrack happened, and the place where, were such circumstances, as put the business out of all controversy. So that being infinitely satisfied in the recovery of a Son, and to find him withal, one of the most accomplish'd men in the World, he spoke to him with the greatest civility in the world. Take comfort *Adberbal*, said he to him, and be not troubled at the change of your condition; for to speak truly, it is better to be a Citizen of *Rome*, than Son to a King of *Numidia*: and it is better to be *Clelia*'s Brother, than her Servant, since you cannot now be loved by her in the manner you

desire. I grant what you say is true, replied *Adberbal*; but since it is impossible there should happen a change of sentiments to a man in an instant, without some violence done to himself; I beg your pardon, if I express not all the joy I should, that I am Son to one of the most virtuous men upon earth. However, I hope, my Lord, the earnestness I feel in me, to deserve that honor, will help me to overcome those remainders of weakness that hang about me, and that within a few days there shall not be any thing to be objected against me. Whereupon *Clelius* embracing his Son with extraordinary affection, spoke to him with all the generosity and obligation that could be, which stirring up in his heart those sentiments of Nature which lay there buried by the ignorance of his true condition, made him receive the caresses of his Father, with much more kindness than he thought he could have done.

This accident being strange and extraordinary, was in the space of two hours generally known, insomuch that the whole City came to *Clelius* to congratulate him, and *Adberbal*, whose condition was much beyond what it was the day before, when it was known whose Son he was, after he had thought himself a King's. The Ladies came upon the same account to visit *Sulpicia* and *Clelia*. *Horatius* for his part, was glad to see that he had one Rival the less, so that he came in all haste to *Clelius*'s, whom he complemented as also *Sulpicia*; which done, coming to *Adberbal*, give me leave, said he to him, to express the satisfaction it is to me, that I am no longer your enemy, and to beg the favour to be numbred among your friends. Certain it is, I can be no longer your Rival, answered he, but that *Horatius* implies no obligation, I should be your friend, for looking on the concerns of my friends as my own, if I cease being a servant to *Clelia*, I must be the Protector of *Aronces*, who is my antient friend: and therefore expect no more from me, than you would from a man who can do nothing against his honour, and consequently not against him, whom of all the world he is most obliged to. This put a little fire into *Horatius*, for had he obeyed his own inclination, he would have made *Adberbal* some bitter reply; but looking on him now as *Clelius*'s Son, and *Clelia*'s Brother, he mastered his violence, and onely made him this answer. I am not to learn, generous *Adberbal*, that you and *Aronces* are antient friends; but I also know you to be Son to *Clelius*, by whom I am not hated, though he be more inclin'd to *Aronces*; and therefore I shall not despair of your friendship. *Adberbal* would have answered *Horatius*, but *Amilcar* being come in interrupted them, for he made very pleasant reflexions on this adventure, detecting them to *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Clelia*, and *Adberbal*, not forgetting *Horatius*. *Plotina* being also in the room, added to the mirth of the company; for she told *Adberbal*, that to make him absolutely happy, she would undertake to raise love in him, though it were only, says she, to raise a jealousy in *Amilcar*. Jealousie, replies he, is a thing that is not given when one pleases, and it is taken sometimes whether one will or no; but for my part, continued he smiling, I assure you, I give a great deal more than I take. You are much more happier than I have been, replies *Adberbal*, for I have ever taken and never given any. Kings Sons, replies *Amilcar*

Amilcar, cannot ordinarily cause either love or jealousy, for their condition is much more considered than their persons. But now that you are an illustrious private man, you may cause any thing that it lies in your power to cause, and you will raise in me a jealousy, if *Plotina* be as kind to you to-morrow, as she is to-day.

At these words came in *Brutus* and *Valerius*, with whose advice it was resolved, that *Adherbal* should take another name, and re-assume that which was given him at his Birth. He was therefore called *Octavius*; that changing his name and fortune, it might also cause a change in him as to sentiments. However, it was resolved he should write to the King of *Numidia*, to acquaint him truly how things stood, and to intercede for *Donilcar*, who in the mean time was to remain at *Clelius's*, as a friend to whom he ought the life and education of his Son.

This done, and all being departed, *Clelius* assigns lodgings for *Octavius*, where he no sooner was at liberty to hearken to his own thoughts, but he felt what ever may fall on a Lover, when hope takes her last leave of him, and that his reason and his will combining against him, he, not without violence endeavors to subdue the passion that persecutes him. For *Octavius* being a great lover of virtue, innocence, and glory, and knowing it to be unlawful for him to pretend any longer love to *Clelia*, made a gallant resolution to subdue the passion he felt in his Soul, and to dye a thousand times, rather than to do or say any thing that should raise the least suspicion that there were left any the least spark of that fire whereby he had been almost consumed. But as he made it, what did he not feel, and how did he bemoan the cruelty of his destiny, which exposed him to so insupportable an adventure? Had not the affairs of *Rome* stood as they did, he might have looked on banishment, as a remedy to cure his misfortune; but the War just breaking out, there was no just pretence to leave *Rome*, so that there was a necessity he should resolve to give a great and difficult trial of his virtue. But to do it with greater ease, he be-thought him to fill his heart with the love of his Country, instead of that of *Clelia*. This gave him occasion often to visit those who sat at the helm of affairs, and the melancholy of *Brutus* taking him at that time, more than the merry humor of the rest, he saw him as often as possibly he could. So that *Brutus* and *Herminius* being but the same thing, he made a third with those illustrious Romans, whose virtue strengthened his, and whose conversation smother'd part of that secret affliction which his reason was not absolutely able to master.

Among other times, *Octavius* coming one morning to *Brutus*, found him ready to get on Horseback, with intention to ride without the City, near the *Sublician* bridge, where he thought there needed something of Fortification. *Herminius* and *Amilcar* hapned to be then with him, so that making a fourth man, and *Brutus* furnishing him with a Horse, they went altogether to see what was fit to be done to fortify that place. And indeed *Octavius* and *Amilcar* were not unserviceable to *Brutus*, for reflecting on the Fortifications of *Carthage*, which was then the strongest place in *Africa*, they gave him such good directions, that they were

put in execution. But while they were discoursing upon this occasion, and while *Amilcar* was telling them as much as they could have expected from the ablest Engineer upon the like occasion, four Soldiers that had left *Tarquin's* Army, coming up to *Brutus* told him, that being unwilling to fight against *Rome*, they were come to defend it. *Brutus* commending them for their good intentions, yet not trusting them too far, ask'd them what condition *Tarquin's* Army was in. No question, very strong, My Lord, replies the oldest of the Soldiers, and within a short time you may find it so from your walls, for as soon as the Horse are all joyned they will march hither. We do not intend, replies *Brutus* coldly, to expect the enemies of *Rome* within *Rome*, we shall spare them the trouble of coming to find us at our gates. You must make haste then, replies one of the Soldiers, for had it not been for an unhappy accident that hapned, that hath caused the Prince of *Clusium* to be kept close Prisoner, I think *Tarquin* would have been ere this time in the field: And what was that, says *Amilcar*? They say, replies the Soldier, that there is discovered a certain friend of *Aronces's* disguised, that brought intelligence to *Rome* that he was there-upon taken; and that it being suspected that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus* were privy thereto, a great stir is made about it. Yet is there no great fear that this will do *Aronces* any prejudice, because *Tarquin* stands too much in need of the King of *Clusium*, to treat the Prince his Son unhand-somely.

Brutus perceived he could get no more out of the Soldiers, caused them to be conducted by one of his own to *Lucretius*, with order that they should be list'd in several Companies for more security. *Amilcar* and *Herminius* were much troubled at the unhappy accident had befallen *Celeres*, as well for his own sake, as for *Aronces's* and *Clelia's*. They also had pittied *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whose concernment in the business they well knew. But at last taking their way towards *Rome*, they were no sooner come to the end of the bridge but they saw a very handsome man coming towards the place where they were, who seem'd to be Master to four others that accompanied him, and friend to another that was in discourse with him. Things at *Rome* were in such a posture at that time, that nothing happened which gave not some occasion of fear and suspicion, so that *Brutus* and his friends stay'd at the Bridge-foot, to see the stranger come up, and to ask him what he was. But being come a little nearer, *Amilcar* knew him, as having seen him at *Syracuse*, when *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and he were there. So that being one he had a great esteem and affection for, he turn'd to *Brutus*, I beseech you give me leave to acquaint this illustrious stranger who you are, for he is a man of as great worth as any in the world. Whereupon *Amilcar* went and met him, whom he had spoken of to *Brutus*, who had no sooner known him, but coming up close to him, they embraced each other, as such as between whom there was much friendship and affection. What happy fate favors me, says *Amilcar* to *Themistus* (for so was he named) that I have the happiness to see you at *Rome*? It had been more pertinently spoken, replies *Themistus* if you had ask'd by what misfortune it came to pass, that I am not at *Syracuse*; but how

e're it be, I am not a little glad to see you. Whereupon *Themistus* presented one of his friends to *Amilcar*, whose name was *Meleagenes*; but *Amilcar* knowing that *Brutus*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius*, were staying at the Bridge-foot, he told *Themistus* who they were that he saw there: so that intreating him to present himself to *Brutus*, as a person whom his misfortunes forced to *Rome* for refuge, *Amilcar* gave him that advice in that obliging way he used, when he had a mind to do a good office. He therefore presented *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* to *Brutus*, who received them with much civility, he having before acquainted him that they were persons of quality, and withall of extraordinary merit. He also made them salute *Octavius* and *Herminius*, and got them to lodge where he did. And though the dignity of Consul required that all this company should have waited on *Brutus* home, yet would he not suffer it, for the house where *Amilcar* then lodged, being in a street called *Lovestreet*, and in the way to that wherein *Brutus* lived: this generous Roman left the strangers there, after he had proffered them any civility that lay in his power. *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* were very loath to obey him, but having told him that he went not directly home, they stayed with *Amilcar* and *Octavius*, and *Herminius* followed *Brutus*.

But having brought him to the place where he was to go, they returned to *Amilcar's* to give these strangers a visit, whose complexion and deportment had rais'd in them a great opinion of them. Besides that, having discovered by the complement, that *Themistus* had made to *Brutus*, that he lay under some cloud of misfortune, they were glad of that occasion to offer them any service that lay in their power. Thither they come, and find *Amilcar*, according to his manner offering them whatever he thought worthy their acceptance. I beseech you, says he to *Themistus*, tell me freely what you would have me to do for you; for certainly there are but few things which I cannot do here. In the first place, I have such generous friends at *Rome*, and among the rest, *Herminius*, that I dare offer you what is theirs, as if it were my own. Next if you are sad, and desire to be comforted, I shall not only offer you all the merry humors I am Master of, but there shall be at your service that of the merriest lass in the world; nay, what is more than all this, all the pleasures that *Rome* can afford. If you would drive away one affection with another, I will bring you to Ladies whom never any left, but they carried love away with them; for if you are not enflamed when you see them, you will be when you leave them. If on the contrary you desire solitude, I will bring you into the enchanted Grove, where the Nymph *Ageria* inspir'd the wise *Numa*: nay, I will bring you to the foot of that tree where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found, and where your solitude will be so great that you shall hear no noise but that of your own sighs, if so be you are in an humor to sigh. In a word, added he smiling, whatever may be your humor, I offer you friends that shall comply therewith, for there are a sort of gallant people here, some fortunate, some unfortunate. There are those that love, and those that do not; there are Lovers that are well treated, and others that are slighted; Lovers in mourning, and Lovers in mirth; and to

tell you all in few words, what cannot be had in *Rome*, cannot be had any where.

You offer me so many things at the same time, replies *Themistus*, that I know not what answer to make you; and all I can say, is, that what I desire at the present, is your friendship, and the esteem of your Friends. I have friends of the other sex whom you must also see, replies *Amilcar*, for if you desire only the esteem of such as are my friends, 'twere but fit I visited not so often some persons I am taken with and whom you will be, when you are acquainted with them. Not but I very well remember, that when I knew you at *Syracuse*, you were called the indifferent and insensible Lover. Alas, replied *Themistus* sighing, those names were not fit for me, though it be true they were given me, and if you were to go now through *Syracuse*, you would hear such things of me, whence you would soon infer that I deserved them not. 'Tis true, added *Meleagenes*, you had the art of concealing your passion, and so you might with more justice have been called the Secret-lover, or the close-lover, than the insensible or indifferent. How replied *Amilcar*, were you in Love when I was at *Syracuse*, I was so, replies *Themistus*, and I am at this present no more than I was then, though I am the most amorous of all mankind. Were it not unhandsome to raise matter of dispute with an illustrious stranger, replied *Herminius* smiling, you would find here such as should pretend to be as amorous as your self. But it is in this case as it is in point of common sense, whereof every one thinks he hath as much as another. *Octavius* hearing *Herminius* speak after that rate, sighed out of the very thought that he could bear no part in this discourse, it being not lawful for him to speak of the flame had set him on fire, and whereof there were haply some embers left in the bottom of his heart, though he ever and anon did all that lay in his power to quench it.

As the conference that hapned between these four illustrious men proved very long, so had they thereby the time to know one the other sufficiently to ground an esteem; nay there was such a sympathy between *Themistus* and *Herminius*, that they entred into a strict friendship that very day. They had some discourse of *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who were their common friends, and they spoke to one another with abundance of confidence ere they parted. The next day *Amilcar* and *Herminius* brought *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* to *Brutus*, to *Valerius*, to *Sulpicia*, to *Valeria* and *Cassonia*; but by the way, *Amilcar* acquainted them who were in love, and who were not, that so they might the better disengage themselves from those several companies. *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* gained the esteem of all that saw them. And yet *Themistus* seemed to groan under a little Melancholy, which yet was guided by his reason; but all hindred not but that he was looked on as a very lovely person. For *Themistus* wanted not any thing that might recommend him to the Ladies; as being of an excellent good complexion, and having a certain gallantry and freedom of air in the face. He spoke as it were by weight, and he was naturally very inclinable to civility and compliance, and yet expressed with all his countenance somewhat that was great, nay, indeed something of fierceness. For these qualities were all the Ladies that

that saw him, much taken with him, so far, that they were infinitely desirous to understand the adventures of a person so excellently handsome. His language was not very pure, as having I know not what accent of half-Greek half-African, which was not unpleasant. For *Meleagenes* though he were a very proper and very ingenious person; yet was not there so much curiosity of having any account of him, because his discourses discovered he was acquainted with no other misfortunes than those of his friends. *Ottavius* was for his part infinitely desirous to know the misfortunes of such as were in love, only to see whether there were any as unhappy as himself; for he thought all that time, that a man whom death had deprived of his Mistress, were less miserable than himself, that was become Brother to the person he loved. So that *Amilcar* was persecuted by his friends of both sexes, for an account of the adventures of *Themistus*. For my part says *Plotina* one day, (there being in place only *Valeria*, *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, *Herminius*, and he) if you do not order things, so that I may know what hath brought so amiable a stranger to *Rome*, you shall never precisely know what I esteem I have for you. Nay then, I beseech you, says *Amilcar* to *Themistus*, be pleased to satisfy the curiosity of the excellent *Plotina*, and expose me not to a perpetual ignorance of what it so much concerns me to know. If *Plotina* could but guess at some part of my misfortunes, she would not desire the full relation of them, replied *Themistus*, for being of a mirthful disposition, she will find no great diversion in my sadnesses. Another melancholly, replies she smiling, signifies commonly so little to those that know it, that you need not fear I shall be too much cast down at yours. 'Tis not Madam, replied *Themistus*, so much out of any fear of troubling you, but out of that of not diverting you; and to do this latter, I cannot imagine the relation of my life can contribute much. Ah! *Themistus*, cried she, I see well you never had the pleasure to do your own will, since you are not sensible of the great satisfaction it were to me to be informed of a thing I am infinitely desirous to know. 'Tis indeed a great pleasure for a man to do what he pleases, replies *Themistus*, but I wish your satisfaction were so limited, as that you would content your self with an account of *Syracuse*, and that you would oblige *Amilcar*, *Meleagenes*, and my self, no farther than to give you a description thereof, without requiring any relation of my life. Not that it is at this day any secret in *Sicily*, but that I finding my self far from any inclination to do it. So you but give your consent, replies *Meleagenes*, the fair *Plotina* may easily be satisfied; for you know I am acquainted with your life as well as your self. If it be so, says *Valeria* to *Themistus*, methinks you should not deny *Amilcar* a thing whereby he might come to learn what place he hath in *Plotina's* heart. And that so much the rather, added *Herminius*, for that your adventures are generally known in the place where it concerned you, more they should not then it does here. If I must comply with the desires of *Plotina* and *Valeria*, replies *Themistus*, I shall beg it as a boon, that *Amilcar* may describe the most eminent persons of our Court, and particularly the Ladies: for since he knows not which I am in love with, as being of an opinion I was insensible of any when

he was at *Syracuse*, I shall be extremely pleased with the Character of the person that hath subdued my heart, and thence to convince you, that I am not prepossessed by my passion, it being impossible he should not describe her; that is, commend her proportionably to her deserts.

If you love a woman, replies *Amilcar*, but without any hope of ever being regarded or acknowledged, it must certainly be the admirable *Amalthea*, who is the most attractive, the most amiable, the most virtuous, and the most accomplished woman in all *Sicily*, for I dare not say in the world, before two that now hear me. But if you love a widow, you must infallibly affect the Princess of *Himera*, who may justly pretend to whatever is excellent, whatever is inviting, whatever is gallant in this world. For *Amalthea*, replied *Themistus*, he that would love her, must run the hazard of dying in despair; for though she owns whatever can make a woman admirable, yet hath she not that whence a man can take the least encouragement to venture his affection upon her, amazement, respect, and friendship, being the infallible and ordinary effects of her desert. But in fine, without discovering my self, or telling you whom I love, do you describe the Ladies of the first magnitude, that shine in the Court of *Syracuse*, to see if those that are here present, will be able to guess which of them I am in love with, as also give me the satisfaction to hear the praises of the person I adore, without any suspicion of preoccupation. I shall obey you, replies *Amilcar*, conditionally you give your consent that *Meleagenes* may relate your History. He must needs grant that, says *Plotina*; but first, be pleased to let me know what kind of creature this *Amalthea* is, whom he makes so amiable, and yet such as a man may not presume to love. For my part, I cannot see how a woman can have all those charms which you make her Mistress of, and that it should be impossible a man should have the confidence to adore her. If she be humorfome, severe, and melancholly, she is not to be so much commended; and if her virtue be civiliz'd, and that she really own all you attribute to her, she may be loved whether she will or no, for the inclinations of the heart are not to be diverted. If you would have a draught of her, says *Amilcar*, you must tell me whether you would have it for the Pocket, or the Parlour, that is great or small. If a small one will satisfy you, I should soon have done, but you shall not see her perfectly, but if large, you shall be as well acquainted with her as if you had seen her. For though I stayed but four months at *Syracuse*, I am as well read in that Court, as if I had spent my whole life there. For my part says *Valeria*, I am not for small pictures; nor I neither, says *Plotina*, and I wish, were my own to be done, it should be so exact, as not to want a certain little mark you see upon my cheek, and which I think adds not a little to my beauty. Begin then, says *Herminius* to *Amilcar*, for if you run through the whole Court of *Syracuse*, we must not this day expect the life of *Themistus*. Since it is not fit I should be an auditor, of my own History, replied he, you shall stay for it till to morrow, when *Meleagenes* shall be at the trouble to give it you. Since it must be so, says *Plotina*, *Amilcar* must prepare himself to draw us as many Pictures as may serve

serve to furnish a Gallery. And I expect farther, that he should chequer it with those of men as well as Ladies; for it is my persuasion, that as there is greater pleasure in company when there is a mixture, so Pictures, when there are many, raise greater delight, if there are men and women, than if there were only the Pictures of women without any men. You are very much in the right, excellent *Plotina*, replies *Amilcar*, but I am to tell you, that my humor is such, that I am as extravagant in painting as in love, and that you are not to wonder, if being about the picture of a Lady, I will give you a draught of the situation of her house, if the humor takes me, or the description of her Garden. For that, says *Plotina*, I shall easily pardon you, for such kinds of descriptions do only fill the imagination with things that are pleasant and divertive: but what I should think unpardonable in you, were to be too punctual in giving us an account of their predecessors, whose Pictures you give us; for there is no great pleasure in opening all those ancient Monuments, to make a resurrection for a sort of people we have nothing to say to, and are good for nought. Fear not, fairest *Plotina*, replies *Amilcar*, I shall trouble you with fruitless Genealogies; yet it is but fit you knew the quality of those that are spoken of. Very right, replied she, but you must not do as those who to acquaint you with the loves of some beauty, would keep you an hour with stories of the Heroick acts of her Predecessors. I have already told you, that I shall not be guilty of any such importunity, answered *Amilcar*, and for that reason I shall not raise up those prodigious Giants who were the first inhabitants of *Sicily*. Not but that, to deal freely with you, a man that makes a relation, is many times glad to take occasion to discover his knowledge in History and Geography; but indeed, all considered, you deserve a man should be reserved.

I am then to tell you, that the Court of *Syracuse*, is one of the noblest in the world, as well in regard it is the most chequer'd with several Nations, as that it is the most inclined to gallantry. But since *Amalthæa* makes not one of those Ladies, among whom *Themistus* would have us to find him a Mistress, I think it but fit to describe her first, as a person that indeed admits no parallel. *Amalthæa* then is a person of extraordinary perfections, and so meridian a virtue, that there cannot rationally be found any thing comparable to her: Her birth is certainly very noble; but she is so much to be celebrated upon her own account, that we need not run into any discourse of the Princes from whom she is descended, to look for any thing whence she might derive any advantage. So that for what concerns her, I shall easily follow the advice of the amiable *Plotina*. But the very memory of her being infinitely delightful to me, I cannot but celebrate her for some things, for which she deserves all commendations, though she very much deserves it. For as her sentiments are extremely above the ordinary sentiments of those of her Sex, so it is a part of her knowledge, that the mind is to be preferred before all beauty; but she also knows as well that the heart is above the mind. Were she to hear me her self, I durst not tell you she were excellently handsome, and infinitely amiable; nay I have such a reverence for

her, that I durst hardly assure you that she is fair, and hath a good complexion. And therefore judge of it your selves, when I have in few words described her to you. *Amalthæa* is tall, of an obliging countenance, at the first cast of your eye she hath a gallant presence, noble and courteous; yet a little reserved when she entertains persons that are indifferent in her esteem. But when she pleases her self, she is guilty of a certain mirth, insinuation, sweetness, compliance, nay gallantry, in her entertainment of persons that she is taken with. Not that she ever degenerates into that lowness, as to flatter any one: but there are certain charms in her gestures, such as so well express what she would have you to think, that you are sometimes absolutely satisfied with her, though she be not at the least pains to make you understand what she would have of you. But to return to her person; her Hair is of a light chestnut colour, the fairest in the World; her eyes grey, large, full of spirit, and that such as scatters abundance of sweetness. Nay upon some occasions, were it not that the high virtue whereof she makes profession, had not accustomed her eyes not to discover all those pleasant things with whatever is delightful in this world, gives her occasion to think on, they would haply betray the mildest and most ingenious malice that could be. For the compass of her face, it is in a manner Oval, a delicate skin, a smile infinitely inviting, and as I have said she hath the best countenance in the world, and the best grace that can possibly be. 'Tis true, I speak improperly there, for whoever hath a good countenance, hath infallibly a good grace; it being impossible but they should be together. And yet the excellencies of her person is not all I have to commend in *Amalthæa*, for her great understanding, her great heart, and her great virtue, distinguish her much more from all other of her Sex. For the first, there is one thing in her, that is an infallible argument of the greatness of it, that is an universal curiosity for whatever she thinks good or excellent, from the least things to the greatest, whether they be such as it is allowable for Ladies to know, or such as concern the noblest Arts, Works, Architecture, Painting, Gardening, particular secrets, and thousands of other rarities, which it were too long to insist on. But what is best of all, is, that she will not pretend to the knowledge of any thing she understands not. On the contrary, she avoids the affectation of knowledge and wit; nay she makes a secret of her curiosity, and you find not in her chamber but such works as are ordinary with persons of her Sex. But what she hath been most earnest to learn, is, whatever might make her more virtuous; she was certainly born to a certain freedom of spirit, though her temperament seem to have a little ingredient of Melancholly, but it is a mild melancholly, that disturbs not the calmness of her disposition, and hinders her not from delighting in those ingenious things she either hears from her friends, or speaking abundance her self, when she will put her self to the trouble, and that she is among a few that she hath a greater esteem for than others.

Amalthæa hath farther the happiness of having made early discoveries, that the greatest part of the pleasures that young people take, are but vain trifles, so far that she cannot be over-commended, as

to that point ; for without turning savage , or being severe towards others , she hath discarded magnificence in point of clothes , at a time when that passion is wont to be most predominant in the Sex . She hath given over going to Balls , she admits not fruitless and dangerous visits , how pleasant soever they may seem to those who have not their spirits ballanced as hers ; and she professeth such a purity of virtue , and a generosity so Heroick , that she makes it her greatest pleasure to find out occasions to relieve the unfortunate . I know a Gentlewoman at *Syracuse* , who was no sooner known to this admirable woman , but she did her extraordinary favors , without any other reason than that of her unhappiness , and that she had haply goodness enough to deserve a better fortune . *Amalthea*'s greatest pleasures consist in the regulation of her passions , in giving good example to those that see her , in doing all the good she can , in living with *Anaxander* , as the chastest wife in the World can do with a Husband , whose quality is that of the greatest , one that carries about him a thousand excellent endowments , and among the rest , generosity , goodness , magnificence , integrity , and an infinite affection for her . But to conclude , the pleasures of *Amalthea* , she orders her House with abundance of discretion , she looks her self to the education of her Children , and serves the Gods with admirable exactness . In a word , I do not think that the first Vestals that were established at *Rome* , were more careful to preserve the sacred fire ; than *Amalthea* is to observe whatever Religion requires of her . Would you go from her business to her recreations ; she is much given to reading , she is excellent good at all manner of Works ; she designs , she paints Dishes to adorn her Closet , she makes mixtures of flowers in order to Perfumes , nay she diverts her self in putting innocent tricks upon her friends , but it is to surprise them into delight , and to oblige them . And though she is a greater lover of solitude than of company , yet is she not guilty of the least harshness towards those of her Sex that are her friends . Her company is infinitely pleasant , and the great liberality she exercises on so many unfortunate people , hinders not , but that she lives to the height of her condition , so to comply with custom . Hence is it that her house affords whatever magnificence guided by virtue , can pretend to that , is most stately . and the Palace of *Anaxander* , which lies upon the Port of *Syracuse* , is one of the most sumptuous things in the World . The apartment thereof which *Amalthea* hath for her lodgings , is so pleasant , that nothing can be more ; for besides many rare things that are level with the ground , there are artificial Rocks , and Grotts represented , as also magnificent Cabinets , and a Belcony , whence may be seen the Port , the Ships that ride in it , and the greatest part of the City : and yet *Anaxander* and *Amalthea* have a house about twenty miles from *Syracuse* , which blasts , as I may so say , the beauty of that , and is the most delightful and most incomparable thing in the world . For to speak rationally , a man cannot well say , whether this House be in a valley , upon a plain , or upon a hill : for it hath about it Rivers large and magnificent , Moats full of running water , Currents , Meadows , Wood , and a vast extent of ground . On the one side it seems to be in a plain ; on the other it seems

to be on a hill , and yet it may most truly be said to be almost in the midst of a pleasant valley , drenched by a great and a small River , whereof the sight is very admirable . I shall not give you any large description of this house , for I should never have done , should I speak of the outer parts of this enchanted Palace ; that is , should I represent to you the spacious walks leading to the great River : should I give you an exact account of the length and breadth of the Avenues ; the largeness and beauty of the Orchards , the coolness and umbrage of the Wood , which lies within the compass of its walls , the magnificence of that first Court which is octangular , and hath two stately Gates , and the beauty of three sumptuous sides of the building , which are seen as you come into the Court . Nor shall I trouble you with a description of the Entry , nor the Stair-case , nor particularise the great number of noble and large Apartments that a man sees there , and which are so neatly disposed and contrived , that they are as remarkable for their convenience as their beauty . Nor shall I say ought of the largeness of the Halls in particular , of the magnificence of the Gallery , the handfomness of the Belconies , and a thousand other things worthy to be taken notice of , and which very much discover the neatness , the magnificence , and the conduct of those that are Masters thereof . But I shall only tell you , that this House , which as I said , is in a Valley , is nevertheless upon a little ascent , in regard of the prospect that lies on the Garden side , where there is a bridge to pass over the large and magnificent Moats I told you of . So that when a man stands in the Belcony , that is in the middle of this proud building , he sees beneath him those large Moats , full of excellent water , beyond which lies a pleasant green bank , out of which he comes into a spacious place , of a vast extent , enclosed by two great Currents , the one born up by Arch-work , the other running on the flat , beyond which , as well as beyond the spacious place , passes a small River , which having played the serpent among the Meadows fringed with Willow , seems to make another channel passing before the Garden , and those other Currents , for in that place it is as strait as an Arrow . And what's most remarkable , is , that as soon as it is passed that place it becomes a River again , if I may so express it , that is uneven in its course , till it disemboques it self into the great River which passes on the left hand , and makes a kind of an Island of the Valley , so that there being no Wall to the Garden on that side , as being enclosed only by the River , a man may with the same sight , see the Moats , the Banks , the Currents , the falls of waters beyond the Garden , falling into green Meadows ; and beyond all this the little Rivers , Meadows , Hills , Cottages , Country-houses , Villages , and Mountains , which insensibly rising above one another , seemed to reach up to Heaven , such a confusedness doth distance cause in objects . But as the piety of *Amalthea* and her illustrious husband shines in all they do , so was it the founder of a Temple in their house , which is the noblest and most admirable part thereof . 'Tis indeed a Master-piece of Architecture , the charge was certainly great , but the Workmanship is so miraculous , that a man cannot say it hath been excessive . 'Tis true , that a punctilio of honor added much

much to the perfection of this Temple, for the excellent Architect that did it, took his model from that of *Ephesus*, out of an expectation to be employed to re-build that magnificent Temple of *Venus*, that is at *Ericium*. But the late Prince of that place having preferred another Architect before him, and *Anaxander* having employed him, he engaged his reputation to do that in a small compass, which he should have done in a great : So that I look on this Temple as the most miraculous thing I have seen in all my travel. For though it be but little, yet hath it all the advantages of the best architecture, and that without confusion, but in order.

But to return to *Amalthæa*, I am to tell you, that for those Ladies that come to her house, she gives them all the innocent freedom that may be, in so much, that they can hardly be perswaded, but that they are at their own house. 'Tis true, those whom she gives this liberty to, are persons chosen out, who are all ingenious, all virtuous, and of more than ordinary desert. Among others, there is a Niece of *Amalthæa's* that lives with her, who, as young as she is, makes this pleasant desert, yet more inviting; for she hath the freshness of *Aurora* in her complexion, the innocency of the Graces in her Physiognomy, and I know not what of *Diana* in her eyes; and what does very well with Youth and beauty, she hath Wit, Discretion, and Goodness. *Amalthæa* does also very often entertain some men of her friends, such as deserve that glorious quality, and whom I shall one day give you an account of: but since it is not among them, that we are to find *Themistus's* Mistress, I shall not meddle with them at the present, and shall only ask you by the way, how you like *Amalthæa*. She seems so lovely to me, replies *Plotina*, that I would go purposely to *Syracuse* to see her.

And for my part, saies *Valeria*, I cannot but a little envy those, who have the happiness of her friendship. And for mine, added *Herminius*, I think there's no Prince in the world that may not repine at the happiness of *Anaxander*, were it not that he highly deserves it; for certainly there is no pleasure like that of having such a Wife. Were you acquainted with her your self, replies *Themistus*, you would be more taken with her than you are. But it is *Amilcar's* business to describe to you the other Ladies of our Court, for I am impatient till you have her description that I love. But if I should forget her, replies *Amilcar*, you were finely served; I desire you as to that, replies *Themistus*, for I think it impossible a man should see her once, and not remember her eternally.

Since it happens sometimes, that a man falls in love with Queens, it is not impossible, but that you may have loved the Prince of *Syracusa's* Wife, though you were his favourite; for Love, where he comes, is a little humourful god, who laughs at all mortality, policy, and prudence; and such as makes a man love in spite of his reason, and contrary to his own concerns. I shall therefore at a venture tell *Plotina* and *Valeria*, that *Demarata* is a fierce Beauty, yet hath withal a certain mixture of mildness, spirit, and disdain in her eyes. Her hair is perfectly black, she is somewhat of a dusky complexion, having Lips incarnated, very white Teeth, a very handsome Breast, a very neat Hand, and a noble Presence. She is infinitely ingenious; but her Wit is not always of the same

weight, and is a little inclining to ambition. She hath a Soul that is very passionate, whatever she desires, she desires violently, and she knows as well how to disguise her Sentiments, as any one whatsoever; for when she will undertake to do it, a man will think she loves those she hates, and hates those she loves: but, all this notwithstanding, she is very likely to raise love in any one. Yet do I not believe that *Themistus* hath received any from her, but should rather think that a certain young Lady of my acquaintance at *Syracuse*, called *Belisa*, may have smitten his heart, for she hath all the charms fit to engage a man into affection. She comes of a very noble house, though ill treated by fortune, and the changes introduced by the Wars, even into the noblest Families. She is flaxen-haired, fair as to complexion, and excellently well made; and though the lineaments of her face do not at all express any extraordinary beauty, yet are they all pleasant; and from the conflux of all those lines, there issues a certain inexpressible air, which hath more charms in it, than the greatest beauties have. For she hath a thousand pretty gestures taught her by nature from her infancy, which become her admirably well, and whence there is derived a certain sprightliness to her whole body. Her eyes are full of it, her smiles betray it, and it is visible in all her actions. Nay, there is a certain gallantry, in whatsoever she does or says, and by a certain conjunction of whatever is handsome and virtuous, there is made up a complacency that cannot well be expressed. For, whether she speak, or whether she hearken, she is ever infinitely pleasant, and there is something that is so delicate in what she is pleased to bestow her thoughts on, and what she saies, and she hath such subtle apprehensions of what others say, that she is as it were a charm to all those that are near her. In so much, that though she speak against Love, she is ever attended by thousands of Lovers, who make all slaves about her. And yet she seems to be unwilling they should be such, and desirous to knock off their chains; for she makes a particular profession to be extremely tender of her reputation; but while she endeavours to knock them off, she makes them faster. Some say, it happens when she never thinks on it; others, that sometimes she takes a certain pleasure in making these miserable wretches; how e're it be, it is but too true that she makes a many unfortunate men; nay, at this hour all the world complains of her cruelty.

And yet it is the most lovely cruelty in the world, for there's nothing in it that is frightful, savage, or uncivil; Nay, sometimes there needs no more in her, than but a scornful smile, to make a man more wretched than another should, with menaces, injuries, and incivility. Besides, that which puts all that love her into despair, is, that she hath a certain friendship for those Ladies that are of her acquaintance, not much unlike Love it self, especially for one called *Melifera*, a person of extraordinary merit, such indeed that I dare not give you a representation of her. For in a word, she hath all the wit in the world within her self, if I may use that expression, but I mean that illuminated wit, that is capable of all things, that merry wit that would be pleasantly malicious, were it not bridled by reason; that discreet wit, which makes one never to say, but what one would, nor to do but what

what one ought. Judge then, how a person of so much worth may be esteemed, who yet, besides what I have said, is of a noble birth, is a great beauty, hath abundance of virtue, and no less generosity.

For my part, saies *Plotina*, I think her as worthy to be *Themistus's* Mistress, as *Amalthæa* to be his Friend. She is indeed a very admirable person, replied *Meleagenes*, but the conquest of such a woman, were a very hard business; but *Amilcar* hath not yet said all he hath to say. If *Themistus* could fall in love with a pretty coy Lady, that loves abundance of talk, replies *Amilcar*, I know one at *Syracuse*, that must infallibly be his Mistress, for she is extremely fair, hugely amiable, full of sweetness, and invitation. She hath a wit made suitable to her inclination; it is not guilty of too much solidity, for it is not ordinary for great talkers to have any of that kind; but it ever sparkles, it pleases, its full of mirth and insinuation, and this very persons who flatters flowers where ever she comes, and takes in hearts where ever she meets them, makes such pleasant sport with them, that a man never leaves her unsatisfied, though it be troublesome to him to be so long fool'd with a fruitless hope in so much company. You give us the draught of a very strange prattle-box, replies *Plotina*, but for change sake, let us have the picture of a gallant man of *Syracuse*, were it only to see whether I can guess at the Rivals of *Themistus*, as well as I pretend to have done at his Mistress.

You shall be obeyed, saies *Amilcar*, and that so much the rather, because it being unlikely you shall ever see him I am going to represent, I shall not need fear he will be my Rival. You are very cautious, replies *Herminius*. Believe me, saies *Amilcar*, a man cannot be too cautious in Love; and it is better be so too much than too little, even in point of Gallantry. But to return to him I am to speak of; Know there is a person of quality in the Court of *Syracuse*, called *Meriander*, a man that deserves so particular a character, as being master of an extraordinary virtue, that it were certainly much injurious to him, should a man simply say of him that he is nobly born, an understanding man, and an honest man. For certain it is, that he hath thousands of excellencies which may well distinguish him from, and set him above the most considerable in the Court of *Syracuse*. *Meriander* is a proper person, of a fair stature, and a good countenance; he is flaxen hair'd, hath a grey eye, mild, yet full of spirit. His Face is somewhat long, his Physiognomy sweet and noble, in a word, he wants not any thing requisite in a person of his condition. He hath not only a clear understanding, but also full of gallantry, civility, and compliance. All his inclinations are so noble and generous, that it is hard to find a person of more honour, more fidelity, more sincerity, more discretion, and more true virtue.

Besides, he is as it were, born Master of all the nobler Arts and Sciences. Yet would he perswade his female friends, that he hath had no Tutor but the Court and Nature: But howe'er it be, he knows all that others learn, and knows it equally with those that have studied it most. In a word, *Meriander* is acquainted with all those things that require wit, subtilty, gallantry, and civility. In the first place he is versed in that which they call

the knowledge of the world, more than any other can be; and that decency wherein the civility of the Court consists, he is so well read in, that no man can be more. Were there an Art that should teach men the infallible way to joyn civility, wit, noble liberty, mirth, innocence, pleasures, virtue and gallantry, no man could undertake it but he; so true is it that *Meriander* is well instructed, in whatever may make up a noble Courtier. He is not like those persons of quality, who love those things that are handsome, though they neither know them nor can do them; no, he is versed in all, he writes a very excellent style in Prose, and that very natural; and he makes verses so good and handsome, that they cannot be over-commended: For he fancies things very neatly, and his expression is so gallant, that it is easily seen that there are few in the world could do what he does. All which hinders not, but that *Meriander* is serious enough, nay, he makes a great profession of wisdom, though that be no Court virtue: but his wisdom admits a mirth so full of spirit, that it might be said, he is made for no other end than to entertain, and be entertained by his female acquaintances. He knows *Musick* after *Orpheus's* his way, though nature hath not afforded him any good voice; and yet he makes such good Airs, and excellent Sonnets, that it may be said he hath in his head, whatever is most sweet and passionate in Harmony, and whatever is gallant and delicate in Poësie. He dances admirably well, he designs rarely, he hath studied Painting and Architecture, and he hath made the design of a Building, which hath all the beauties of others, and yet are they nothing like it. Among other things, he hath designed in it, a certain place arch'd *compelo-wise*, which he hath made purposely for the Ladies. The Sun never shines into it, and being enlightened only by false lights, falling from the Apartments that encompass it, it hath a gentle light fit for beauties and private meetings. And it is so much the more convenient for the Summer, in that it is extremely cool, having divers Hollows wherein the cool and the shade very much favour those that are desirous to meditate. To be short, *Meriander* is admirable in all things, for he loves Gardens, and understands them so well, as if he affected nothing but solitude, and yet when he is at *Syracuse*, it might be said he could not live one day in the Countrey without weariness. He sees whatever is polite, sprightly, rare, and gallant. There is no news, either of more or less consequence, but he knows it; all the excellent and virtuous of both Sexes are of his friendship, so that in all entertainments he makes one; nay, he is a particular friend, even to those women, who out of considerations of virtue, live as it were out of the world; he visits others that love nothing so much as tumult; and, not having the baseness to dissemble upon any mans account, he yet complies with persons of quite contrary dispositions. Add to this, that *Meriander* loves to deal freely, and acquaint those that he looks on as his true friends, truly with what he thinks; and yet there never was so great a hater of detraction, or more discreet, more obliging, more sweet-natur'd, or more officious man towards all persons of worth, nor more unlikely to offend any one, and consequently, it were no easie matter to meet with a man more accomplish'd. This *Meriander*, saies *Valeria*, would certainly be a very dangerous

dangerous Rival. He is certainly a person of very much worth, added *Florina*, but in point of gallantry, a little mischief does a great deal of good; and it is my opinion at least, that there are in love many cheats, that are as fortunate as these persons of worth and virtue. If it be so, I know one at *Syracuse*, replies *Amilcar*, that may pretend much to happiness, for he equally deceives those he loves, and those he does not. He abuses all he commends, and commends all he contemns. He puts truth into the Catalogue of imperfections; and thinks a man cannot be witty without lying; when he is at a loss for a story, he invents one; he fathers those he knows, on such as do not so much as think on them. He thinks none his true friends, but such as he stands in need of; he prejudices all that cannot hurt him, and serves only those that can serve him again. With all these good qualities, he sings well, dances well, is witty, importunate, and whether you will or no, must be one of your friends. I th' humour I am now in, replies *Valeria*, he should never be any of mine. I assure you, saies *Plotina*, it would not trouble me much, if he were my neighbor; for such people make better sport than those, that are much more virtuous; but let us return to *Themistius's* Mistress. For my part, methinks she is long a coming, saies *Valeria*; and I am in some fear, added *Herminius*, that *Themistius* hath made an ill choice, if she be not one of those that *Amilcar* hath described. And yet I am satisfied she is not, for I have not observed in *Themistius's* eyes that emotion, which a man hath when he hears his Mistress nam'd.

Then be sure now to look well on *Themistius's* eyes, saies *Amilcar* to *Plotina*, for I am going to represent unto you the Mother of all Loves, when I give you the draught of the Princess of *Himera*, Sister to the Prince of *Syracuse*. *Lindamira* is certainly a person fit to conquer, even those hearts that being hard to be taken, stand upon their defence, and when they are, it is done with twice as much difficulty as others. At these words, *Plotina*, *Valeria*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar*, looking on *Themistius*, perceived his colour to change, that his eyes betrayed that pleasant emotion *Amilcar* had spoken of. Inasmuch that *Plotina* cries out, Hah! *Themistius*, said she to him, you love the Princess *Lindamira*. Whether I do or no, saies *Themistius*, recovering himself a little, I am not to acknowledge, till *Amilcar* have said all he hath to say; for I would not have the praises, he shall give the person hath conquered me, be thought chargeable with the least flattery. For my part, saies *Amilcar*, I must needs tell you, I am weary of painting, and that I will conclude with the Picture of *Lindamira*. When you have finished that, replies *Herminius*, *Themistius* I believe, will desire no more of you. I will do it then with abundance of care, answerd *Amilcar*, and yet assure your selves it shall be no flatter'd piece. It were no easie matter to flatter *Lindamira*, reply'd *Themistius*, and if you were not so admirable a Painter as you are, it would go very hard, but you would take away something from her. How're it fall out, saies *Amilcar*, this is the Picture of the Princess of *Himera*. Know then, that *Lindamira* is a Princess of so much beauty, and such attractions, that the goddess that is ador'd in the famous Temple of *Erebus*, was never more lovely than she. Loves and

Graces are her constant attendants; nay, the gods have endued this admirable Woman with so many things fit to kindle Adoration, that if one were to be cured of insensibility, there needed no more than one minutes sight of her, to make him sensible for all the rest of his life. You speak of *Lindamira* with such a transport of passion, saies *Plotina*, that I fear me you are a little in love with her. Thanks to your attractions, and my disposition, replies *Amilcar*, I am not, but indeed I have been. And yet I dare assure you, without any pre-occupation, that the world affords not a person more likely to raise Love, even to the hazard of Reason. Tell us then briefly how she is made, replies *Plotina*, to see whether there may not be one amongst us may please, though it were merely out of some slender resemblance to her. I make no answer to what you say, replies *Amilcar*, for you know whom I am taken with; but to know *Lindamira* well, imagine that you see a person of an admirable Presence, such as at first sight captivates all eyes and all hearts; so beautiful does she seem to be. For before you have the time to examine all I am to tell you, there are so many different charms present themselves to the sight, that your admiration prevents your knowledge of her. 'Tis true, Reason comes immediately, and acts its part; for the more one sees the Princess of *Himera*, the more amiable he thinks her. In a word, besides the presence which she hath, very excellent and very noble, her hair is of a flaxen ashy colour, the fairest that ever I beheld; nay, it betrays such a particular beauty, that to give it its due, a man cannot positively say it is of a flaxen chefnut, or ashy colour, but confidently affirm there never was any thing so handsome. *Lindamira's* face is almost round, but the compass is so pleasant, that there cannot any thing be more. She is of a very fair complexion, hath an excellent mouth, the eye-brows somewhat fleshy and brown, her cheeks fair, the teeth white, and a smile the most sprightly in the World. Her eyes are black, sending forth their inevitable attractions: and it may be said without flattery, that there never was any, whose eyes and looks were more fit to command victories. For they discover mildness, understanding, goodness, subtilty, modesty, mirth, and languishingness; and what is yet more remarkable in the Princess of *Himera*, is, That she hath the noblest, the neatest, and the most fortunate Physiognomy in the world. Besides, she betrays such an excess of youth, that there may be seen on her face a certain flower of innocence, which adds infinitely to her charms; but what augments her beauty, is, that sometimes she is guilty of a lovely negligence, that becomes her so well, that nothing can stand out against it. For what is observable, is, that let her do what she pleases, it comes with a gallant grace, and a cheerful countenance, and that the most negligent action she may do, contributes something to make her appear more beautiful. In a word, if she bow down her head a little, she does it in such a way, as would make a man wish to have her so drawn. If she turn it towards you, you find in your self a readiness to give her thanks for that favour, though she look not on you; and if she be in a melancholly posture, there is I know not what in the air of her countenance, which forces a man to wish himself the occasion thereof. But if she speak, she ravishes

ravishes you; for besides that, though all she saies be full of wit, and comes off handsomely well; yet there is something in her voice, which moves the heart as soon as it smites the ear. There is in it a certain sweetness and harmony, and I know not what kind of carelessness, such as I cannot express, so that I take a greater pleasure to hear her but speak, than to hear the best singing in the world. For matter of Brest, *Lindamira* is there also excellently well made; in a word, she is all over so gallant and lovely, that a man cannot forbear loving her.

And yet, all this granted, it cannot be said that she knows her self to be handsome; so indifferent is she for all strange fashions, which those of her age are infinitely taken with; her Dress is commonly without any great curiosity, as needing no other ornament than that of her own beauty. The mere Graces of her person, are enough to prefer her above those, who make it most their business to be gorgeously attired. Not but that when she will be dress'd, it becomes her admirably, and knows the art of doing it in the best manner; but for the most part she so far trusts her charms, that she will not be obliged to Art. For matter of understanding, it is not enough to say, that she is infinitely well furnish'd; for 'tis no such wonder to meet with women extremely witty, but there are in her disposition, in her soul, and in her conversation, the same charms as there are in her face. Further, *Lindamira* is fit for all sorts of persons, as having in her, as well mirth as melancholly, mildness, civility, an innocent malice, sincerity, generosity, virtue, fearfulness, modesty, gallantry, and compliance, not only for those that are so happy, as to serve or to please her, but even for such as are so confident as to importune her. For out of a certain principle of goodness and justice, when she thinks her self obliged by any one, she cannot possibly entertain any roughness for him, if he should afterward prove troublesome to her; and she would rather bear with those that she does not affect, than to do that which might give her occasion to reproach her self, with having done any one an incivility. Not but that she can well distinguish between those she sees, but she discreetly smothers the discontent she takes at those whom she cannot affect. Yet it is easie for those that know her well, to see whether her civilities are absolutely sincere or not, for there are certain accents in her voice, that weaken or add to the obliging sense of her words, suitably to the persons to whom she speaks. She hath such an Art in writing Letters, that those that receive them, are more satisfied therewith, than they should be, if they could lift out the meaning of her that writ them. For friendship, she pretends to be the most tender of it, of any in the world; hers is at least most pleasant and most convenient.

I have an hundred other remarks to make on *Lindamira's* Picture, were it not, as I told you, for weariness, and that it is time you should guess at *Themistus's* Mistress. I think, saies *Plotina*, we are to judge of it by *Themistus's* eyes; when the first mention was made of *Lindamira*: I am of the same opinion, saies *Valeria*, For my part, saies *Herminius*, I make no doubt of it, and now that I speak of her, I see by *Themistus's* face, that you are not mistaken. I must confess it, replied he;

but do you also acknowledge that I am not blameable for loving so excellent a Princess. Why should I not acknowledge what you would have me, when I maintain that no mans love is to be censured; for a man loves not to please others, but himself; and the choice of a Mistress ought to be as free as the choice of Colors. So that, as no body thinks it strange, that a man should prefer Sky color before Green, and White before Red; so is it no more to be wondered, that some love Beauty, others Wit, others a good Nature, others greatness of Birth, since at last it comes to this, that every one loves what he is pleased with. There is nothing at the present, saies *Plotina*, can please me so much, as the relation of the History of *Themistus*. You are never the nearer having it to day, replied he, for I am not in an humor, either to go hence, to hear my adventures, or to relate them. Be it then put off till to morrow, replies *Valeria*: Be it so, if *Meleagenes* please, saies *Themistus*, for without him you are not like to know any thing that concerns me. If that be all, replied *Meleagenes*, the curiosity of these Ladies shall infallibly be satisfied: and yet can I not but be troubled, that so excellent an History must pass through my mouth; but I shall be a faithful Historian, and if I may be charged with want of Art, I will not be chargeable with any thing that is false.

Hereupon this little company separated, promising to meet again the next day; but *Valeria* bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, and knowing she wanted diversion, brought her in, saying, she should take *Themistus's* place, who would not be there. And so *Valeria* having thus ordered things, *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, and *Meleagenes*, came the next day to her Chamber (*Themistus* staying away) where as soon as they had passed their first complements, and every one taken his place, *Meleagenes* began his relation, directing his speech to *Clelia*, because *Valeria*, and *Plotina* would have it so.

The History of THEMISTUS, and the Princess LINDA- MIRA.

Since my discourse is directed to persons that understand themselves infinitely well, and have been already acquainted with the qualities and dispositions of those whom I am to give them an account of, as also with the manner and customs of my Countrey; I shall not trouble you with things not worth the relation. But whereas *Themistus* is not absolutely known to you, I shall in few words, tell you, that he is come out of a very noble and very great House, which yet fortune had in process of time, deprived of the Estate belonging thereto; so that having a soul full of ambition from his infancy, he could not sit down with his present fortunes, but resolved to travel into strange Countreys, where having shewn himself a gallant man, he might return into his own, to see if he could restore his House to its former lustre. He went at sixteen years of age, but ere he was gone,

gone, had he made an innocent conquest, though he had not the least thought he had done such a thing. For *Demarata*, wife to the Prince of *Syracuse*, being then but ten years of age, had so violent an inclination for him, that all the women that were employed about her took notice of it. Having look'd on her from the Cradle, as she that should marry the Prince of *Syracuse*, and that she was both Fatherless and Motherless: there was choice made of a woman of the highest quality, who proved to be Aunt to *Themistus*, to take care of her education: So that *Themistus* coming often to his Aunt, especially when she was in the Country, the young *Demarata* had seen him a thousand times, and had received from him a many little services. Those he yet did meerly out of an officious nature, beside that, looking on her as a young Gentlewoman, that was to be one day his sovereign, a sentiment of ambition made him esteem her the more. But for *Demarata*, the love she bore *Themistus*, proceeded from a natural inclination, whence it came, she was more taken with him than any other; insomuch, that when he went to travel, she wept for him, though she were then but ten years of age, and for some time before his departure, spoke always with him in private. What is also very considerable, is, That *Demarata* had as much aversion for the Prince of *Syracuse*, whom she was to marry, as she had inclination for *Themistus*; so that she was seventeen years of age ere she could be prevail'd with to marry him. This aversion was kept so secret, that the Prince never had the least suspicion thereof. But at last *Themistus*'s Aunt perswaded *Demarata*, that persons of her quality were not married by choice, and that there was no sovereign Prince in our Island, whom it were more advantageous for her to marry, than *Perianthus*. So that this young Lady, who was apprehensive enough, fierce, and ambitious, suddainly resolving to marry the Prince of *Syracuse*, resolv'd at the same time to gain his affection; not out of any pleasure she took in being loved by him, but only to gain credit with him, and consequently in his Court. She therefore dissembled, and carried her business so cunningly, that she fired the Prince with the greatest Love that could be, and by that means came effectually to gain what power and interest she desired. During that time *Lindamira*, though she were a year younger than *Demarata*, was married to the Prince of *Himera*.

But have I not heard, saies *Clelia*, interrupting him, that *Himera* is a River that divides all *Sicily*? 'Tis very right, replied *Meleagenes*, and 'tis from the source of that pleasant River, that a proud Castle takes its name, belonging to the Prince whom *Lindamira* had married, meerly forced to it by her Brother, she having not the least love or aversion for him. Nay, the Prince of *Himera* was so young when he married her, that, as handsome as she was then, it may be said She was a Wife before she was a Mistress. So that being married before she had been much in love, and the familiarity of marriage having hindred the growth of affection, he lived well enough with *Lindamira*, and she with him, only because reason would have it so.

In the mean time this excellent Princess, placed her greatest pleasures in the friendship of a Sister

of mine called *Mericia*. She often visited *Demarata*, but as there was not a sympathy in their dispositions, so was not the friendship between them sound and sincere, though from all circumstances it might be thought they loved one another. For *Lindamira*, out of the respect she bore the Prince her Brother, was infinitely civil to *Demarata*; and *Demarata*, well vers'd in dissimulation, and withal, desirous to gain all she could upon the Prince, was no less to *Lindamira*.

Things being in this posture, the Prince's wedding-day was set, and all prepared themselves at *Syracuse*, for that great solemnity, whereof the magnificence was to last eight days. So that all related to the Court, were taken up about some pleasant inventions, every one being, out of emulation, desirous to honour the Prince and Princess, by taking the honour of being at the charge of some particular magnificence. About four daies before *Demarata*'s marriage, the Prince of *Himera* getting upon an excellent horse, which he thought to make use of in a Race, that was to be soon after, the horse rose up before of a sudden, and fell down backward so violently, that, being mortally hurt, he was the next day desperate of any recovery, and died the day that the Prince of *Syracuse* was to be married. It being but fit the Solemnity should be put off for some time upon this accident, it was so; but the Prince's love being at the height of violence, it was only put off for eight daies, so that only the Princess of *Himera* was deprived of all enjoyments at that time. For, though she had for her Husband, but an affection meerly grounded on Reason and Will; yet was she troubled at his death, out of resentments of humanity and decorum, and accordingly she staid at home, without any other comfort than what she had from my Sister, who pretended her self not well, because she would not leave her, during the eight daies of the Solemnity. Yet was it ordered that the Court should goe into Mourning for the Prince of *Himera*, as soon as those eight daies were over.

I shall not trouble you with the magnificence of the Prince's marriage, which was solemnized in sight of all the people, in the spacious place of *Acradina*, at the foot of the Altar of *Concord*, which stands in the midst of it, where the Articles of Peace are signed, when any War ceases. Not but that this Ceremony were well worth the relation and your hearing; but I have so many other things to entertain you with, that I shall not trouble you with this. I shall also go slightly over the greatest part of *Demarata*'s Wedding; but must, for your better acquaintance with this Princess, tell you, that the night immediately before the Solemnity, she locked her self in a room with a woman she loved very dearly, called *Amerinta*, and that she discovered her thoughts to her. It hath been known since that she wept two hours, and confessed to her, that if she could have but resolved to die, she should have thought her self happy, so great was the aversion she had for Prince *Perianthus*. 'Twas indeed a groundless aversion; for he is a person, that, besides his understanding and magnificence, hath thousands of excellent endowments. But to be short, she could not overcome that natural aversion, and so, as I have told you, she wept two hours the night before her Wedding. However, she forced her self so admirably the next

day, that the Prince thought she shar'd with him in all his pleasures, and that she was as well satisfied as he, so that there was nothing but continual rejoycing. The fourth day there was a Horserace, the noblest in the World, but as they were ready to begin it, and that the Princess of *Demarata*, then called Princess of *Syracuse*, was upon a Scaffold attended by all the Ladies, who, according to the custom, were chosen to advise her when she should give the prize, there appeared a man of an admirable handsome Presence, mounted on an Isabella-colour'd horse with a black mane, attended by six Africans with Colors of Silver, who, staying without the Lifts, sent to the Princess to desire leave to run, and to pretend to the prize as well as others: for the Prince being among those that ran, and the solemnity being intended for *Demarata*, all the honours thereof were directed to her. He that desired the permission, had red, white, and green Feathers; his cloathing was magnificent and gallant, and, it being then the custom to carry shields, for that after the Race there was a little skirmish to be, among those who pretended any interest in the prize, he had painted upon his, *A Heart in the field, Or*; with these words in the African Language,

I am his that shall take me.

In the mean time, a Gentleman that belonged to this lovely unknown person, came very submissively before the Scaffold, where *Demarata* was, which was covered with a magnificent pavilion, to desire in his Master's name the permission he was a suitor for: When you have given me his name that sends you, replied she, and his Countrey, I shall see what answer it will be fit to give you. Madam, replied the Gentleman, my Master hath the honour to be your Subject, and if you have not forgotten the name of *Themistus*, you know his. How, replied she, her colour changing, is he I now see, the same *Themistus* that left *Sicily* about seven years ago, and hath not been heard of since? The very same, Madam, replied he, 'tis he that desires your leave to participate of the glory of this day. Tell him, replied she, very resolutely, that I not only give him leave to pretend to the prize I am to give, but also wish that if the Prince ran not himself, that he might carry it.

Upon this, the Gentleman retires to acquaint his Master with what the Princess had said. So that *Themistus* thanking her very submissively, by bending to the very pommel of the Saddle, he came in among those that were preparing to run. I shall not Madam, trouble you with the particulars of this Race, but assure you, that *Themistus* carried away all the honour of it, and that he was the most able, and the most fortunate of all that ran. Nay, he carried himself with such judgement that he was never in competition with the Prince of *Syracuse*, who observed it, and thought himself obliged to him. So that at last, the race and the skirmish ended, *Perianthus* having discovered who it was, took him and presented him to *Demarata*, to demand the prize she was to bestow.

In the mean time, you are to know that this Princess had no sooner heard *Themistus* named, but that ancient inclination she had for him in her in-

fancy, began to take fresh root in her heart, notwithstanding all the opposition she used. So that feeling an accustomed joy, she received *Themistus* from the Prince in the most obliging manner that could be. And without asking the advice of the Ladies that were about her, according to the custom she gave him the prize, saying, they had given him their consent, by their former commendations of him when he ran. *Themistus* on the other side, glad of the advantage he had over the young Courtiers, took on a more noble confidence, put on a certain majesty, and spoke more resolutely; in a word, he so carried himself, that he was thought worthy his birth, and a better fortune than he then had. *Themistus* was the subject of all the discourse that day; and there wanted not beauties, who made it their design to conquer his heart; he rais'd fear and jealousy in all that had Mistresses, and he had certainly all the reason in the world to be satisfied with what he had done that day.

He came that night to the Ball, where he expressed no less experience and ability, than at the Race, his company was infinitely pleasant to all that enjoy'd it, and *Demarata* her advantage of the ancient familiarity, wherein they had lived from their infancy, made him relate some of the adventures of his Travels. But for my part, I shall not acquaint you with them, for it is sufficient I tell you, that he had been in *Africk*, *Greece*, and *Asia*; that he had by that means, learned abundance of excellent things; that he had done extraordinary things in the War; and that having gotten enough to put himself into a magnificent equipage, and to subsist on for one year, with a retinue proportionable to his high birth; his resolution was to see whether he could restore his House, through the favour of the Prince; and that if he could not do it, to return, and wander up and down the world, with a design never to return again into *Sicily*.

Now having understood at his coming into it, that the Prince was to be married, he ordered things so as not to appear at Court, till the day of the Race, then to do that piece of gallantry, which hath proved so fortunate to him: For *Perianthus* finding in *Themistus* what he could not in any of the young Courtiers, began to affect him from that day, and to assure him he would have a care of his misfortune. But for *Demarata*, when she was alone, she was in some sort troubled at the return of *Themistus*. Was it not enough (said she to her self, as she hath repeated it since) for me to be so unhappy as to club fortunes with a Prince, for whom I have an invincible aversion; but I must see again a man, for whom I have such inclinations, as seven years absence hath not been able to destroy? And yet these must I struggle with for my reputation sake; nay, for my quiet must overcome. *Demarata* therefore took this generous resolution, and omitted nothing in order to the execution thereof.

On the other side, *Themistus* minding only his fortune, and forgetting in a manner, the inclination, *Demarata* had had for him in her infancy, did her a thousand devoirs, meerly out of a consideration, that she had a great influence over the Prince, and his ambition advising him not to neglect any thing, he visited all the most considerable persons of the Court. Among the rest, he visited the Princess

Princess of *Himera*, whither he was brought by *Meriander*, with whom he had made friendship the very day of his arrival. For my part, I was accidentally at *Lindamira's* when he came in, by which means I became a witness of their first interview. It being not many days since that Princess became a Widow, and the first mourning being full of ceremony at *Syracuse*, her Chamber was hang'd with black, all the windows were shut; it was enlightned by fifty Chrystal Lamps, and in one corner of the Chamber, there was a Bed covered with a large Pavillion; ty'd up at the four corners with black Tassels, upon which, the fair *Lindamira* negligently leant on Cushions, but in such sort, that without any affectation, one might see her hands, which were the fairest in the world. So that *Themistus* perceiving amidst so much black, a person that was young, beautiful, flaxen-hair'd, very fair, graceful, of a modest, sad, and civil deportment, it is not strange if he were taken with her, or that she offer'd his heart some violence. *Lindamira* spoke very little that day; but all she said was pertinent: nay, she sigh'd so languishingly two or three times, that she seem'd the more lovely for it: and I must confess, though she be extremely inviting in what posture soever a man sees her, yet have I never seen her more fit to take a heart in an instant than that day. Nor indeed did the fall of *Themistus's*, who being come to her Palace, only out of motives of ambition, left it with abundance of love. However, he kept this new-born passion very secret, for the posture his fortunes were in, gave him not leave to discover what he felt. Besides that, though he doubted not but that the emotion of his heart was the effect of a growing love, yet was he in hope to be still master of his liberty. For my part, I observed, that *Lindamira* had smitten the heart of *Themistus* from that very day, for he looked after none but her, he heark'd only to what she said, he entertained himself with her sight, and did a many things without considering what he did, whence I infer'd, he was infinitely taken with *Lindamira*, and that he was a little at a loss to find her so beautiful and so inviting.

Thus Madam, have you seen two originals of Love very different; *Demarata* was taken with *Themistus*, upon a day of publick rejoicing, and in a magnificent equipage; and *Themistus* falls in love with *Lindamira* on a day of sadness and in mourning. This new Lover being desirous to smother this growing flame, spent all his time in visits, as well to men as to women. I brought him to the virtuous *Amilthea*, to the lovely *Melisea*, to the amiable *Belisa*, and a many more: He visited also most men of quality, and made the best interest he could with the Prince: He was very much with *Demarata*, not thinking that the civilities he had then for her, enflamed in the heart of that Princess, an affection that should prove all the unhappiness of her life. During this time, he was many times desirous to return to *Lindamira*; and as many, his reason prevailing with him, he did not. On the other side *Lindamira*, who had my Sister still with her, and had not, as I told you, had time to raise any extraordinary structure of affection for the Husband she had lost, was in a short time comforted: Inasmuch, that when there were not many about her, she permitted any one

to relate what had happened at the magnificent solemnity of *Demarata's* Marriage. And whereas, what was most remarkable in it, was, the arrival of *Themistus*, all the Ladies that gave her any account of what had past, entertained her with divers things of *Themistus*, celebrating him to the heavens, every one commending him according either to her inclination, or her capacity. For some commended the gracefulness of his person, others his activity; some his magnificence, others his dancing; and the most witty, his wit, his company, and his gallantry. *Lindamira* summing up all that others said of him, and adding what she knew of him her self, entertained a good opinion of *Themistus*, and was very ready to afford him her esteem. But he not having been to visit her, ever since the first time, she took notice of it, and asked my sister one day, smiling, whom he was fallen in love with? Why do you suppose he should be with any, replied she? Because, answered *Lindamira*, that being a person of so much honour as he is, he should have given me a second visit, if he be not extremely taken up; so that I conclude, that he is either fallen in love with some Beauty of our Court, or that he hates me. That he should hate you, saies *Mericia*, it is impossible; and it might be more probably said, that he may stand in fear of you.

You see, Madam, how *Lindamira* stood affected towards *Themistus*, who absolutely wedded to his ambition, thought he had dashed out that light impression which the charms of *Lindamira* had made in his heart. And indeed, the Prince of *Syracuse* treating him with extraordinary civilities, and all others looking on him as a new Favourite, he felt a certain joy that made him reflect on Love as a passion that should truckle under ambition, and such as could not in him subsist with it, as what would not be crossed by it, so that for some daies he knew not the least disturbance. But at last, about a month after his return into *Sicily*, the time of *Lindamira's* private mourning being expired, and she at liberty to go abroad, she, according to the custom of *Syracuse*, made her first visit to *Demarata*, as wife to the Prince her Brother, being attended by a great number of fair Ladies, all in mourning. But to say truth, they were all eclipsed, in comparison to her that day, such charms did there appear in her person. For though her cloaths were but simple and negligent, and she had only a large veil hanging carelessly down to the ground, whereof she held one corner pleasantly twining about the left arm, she was a thousand times more lovely, than any other could have been, with all the dressing imaginable. It being *Themistus's* fortune to be at *Demarata's*, when she came thither, he perceived she was as handsome in the broad day, as he had thought her in that night of mourning, when he had seen her before. So that he was more smitten than at the first time; and it happened so much the more fatally, in that *Lindamira*, having met his eyes, made a little sign with the head, obliging enough, as much as if it had been to say to him, *I know you again, though I never saw you but once*. Whereupon *Themistus* breaking the resolution he had taken, sought what he had resolved to avoid, and the next day made a visit to *Lindamira*. He came so betimes, that he found her alone, but he came thither with such agitations, as

his heart could not master. However, at his coming in, he carried himself so as nothing could be discovered, and saluted *Lindamira* very respectfully, but it was she that first spoke, for she had no sooner seen him, but breaking forth, I thought, said she to him, you had fallen out with me for that I was the occasion of your going into mourning, and that accordingly you would see me no more. Alas! Madam, replied he, you have not only put me into a mourning, but you have also given me cause to mourn; for it is impossible a man can have the honor to be known to you; but he must be withall extremely troubled that he cannot rationally merit your esteem.

I assure you, replied she very kindly, that if you meet with no other trouble, you will be the happiest man in the World; for I do not conceive my self so lost to discretion, as that I can be the only person in the Court that does not esteem you. What you say, Madam, hath so much insinuation, and withall so much gallantry in it, replied *Themistus*, that I fear me it is your design to make me forfeit my reason and something besides. This came from *Themistus*, with such a freedom, that *Lindamira* could not take any offence thereat; nor indeed did she answer it otherwise than as a gallantry expressed without design, and which she had deserved by the kindness she had expressed to *Themistus*, who thereupon staid three hours with her, but with such entertainment as he had never known before. For whereas *Lindamira* hath a certain goodness shining in her face, which discovers the inevitable charms of her mind, he was amazed to hear her speak; and that particularly when the fair *Melifera*, whose Picture *Amilcar* gave you yesterday, being come to see her, began ingenuously to reproach her for so easily admitting all sorts of people to visit her. Heaven be praised, said she to her, as she came into the room, for so great a happiness as that of finding but one honest man with you, when you were wont to have a hundred persons about you, such as you neither care for, nor any body else, and yet you endure them without giving any good reason why. When *Themistus* is in a manner but a stranger in his own Country, replies *Lindamira* smiling, you will put him into a strange opinion of me, for he must needs believe that I make no distinction of people, and will think himself nothing obliged to me for all the kindnesses I have said to him before you came. Could I have guessed you had been so kind to him, replied *Melifera*, laughing with her, I should have been far from saying what I have. But to do you right, added she pleasantly, I must acknowledge before him, that you of all the World, are a person of most clear apprehensions, and most delicate in the discernment of things, and than whom none ever did better understand virtuous persons. But what I am nevertheless startled at, is, to see you take so much pleasure with those that pretend to the excellencies of the mind, and yet are withall so little troubled at certain persons that are not known, because one will not know them, and who are so importunate, that I think they are such to none but you, so carefully are they avoided by all those that have ever so little tenderness to their own satisfaction, and love not to be troubled. Whoever, says *Themistus*, owns great perfections, and withall a great goodness,

is more than any exposed to the importunity of troublesome persons. For the great perfections, replied *Lindamira*, I pretend not to them, but my quality is such, that it is not easie for me to avoid those that come to me. 'Tis very true, replies *Melifera*, but you may many times take such order as that you may not be found. For my part replies *Lindamira*, I must needs acknowledge, I am far from that inhumanity of being rough to those that come to see me; for is it not misery enough, that they can neither raise love, nor receive any; and that they are shaken off every where, but I must also persecute them? and methinks I do better to let them alone out of pity, than if I should take the pains to send them to some other place where they would be more troublesome than they are to me. For when I have any such about me, I think on something else, as if they were not near me; I reflect no more on them, than if I saw them not; and unless it be that I find them Chamber-room, give them leave to speak when they can, and answer them when I please; that I do not beat them, or laugh at them I neither oblige them, nor disoblige them. But you consider not, says *Melifera*, that it is your inviting complexion that draws them about you, and which deceives them; that a single smile is entertainment enough for two hours; and that you are obliged much more than any other, to be a little scornful, because there are a thousand things in your carriage, which without any design in you, make people swarm about you. But if I should remedy all those things, replied she, the effect of it would haply be, that I should scare away as well those that I am pleased with, as those I am not, so that I had much rather satisfy those I love, than displease those I do not. Besides, how would you have those miserable Souls disposed of, that are born to no merit, and cannot change their nature? They are ignorant of their having any, and you would have me by coyness and incivility, make them know so much: not but that I love as much as any one, to be private with two or three friends of my own sex; but say what you will, I have not the cruelty to force away even those that are importunate in their visits; nay, I am perswaded, it is an effect of goodness and justice. I must indeed acknowledge says *Themistus*, that what you say may proceed from some goodness, but I question whether it be always just that one should be always good to his own prejudice.

On the contrary replied *Melifera*, to speak truly, there is nothing so opposite to true goodness and true justice, than what this Princess does. For if she suffer any inconvenience, she derives it to all she loves, who must needs think it the greatest affliction that may be, to see her pestered with people that they care not for. Nay, she is the occasion that even these people take the less pleasure: for if all those that have any worth, would civilly disengage them out of their company, they would find out others that were more consonant to their humor, and to whom their conversation were more supportable. Would you but teach me the art of disengaging these people civilly, replied *Lindamira*, it may be I should endeavor to do it, but I must confess I am absolutely ignorant in it. For my part, says *Melifera*, I think it no hard matter and conceive it a thing easier to be done, than to be

be persecuted by a sort of troublesome people. But how is it to be done, replies *Lindamira*? For all those you esteem not, replies *Melifera*, you are to have only a cold civility, which as it hath in it nothing that's inhumane, so hath it not any thing that is divertive. You are not voluntarily to contribute ought to their enjoyments, and for virtues sake you must forbear censuring them publicly. But when there is very particular company, says *Lindamira*, the least can be said of you, is, that you are very nice, that you are a little humerous, or that you break forth into too much gallantry. This last reproach, replies *Melifera*, suits well with those who are guilty of a certain ticklish wit; yet live not as if they had any such; for those who make it their business to misconstrue things, imagine and affirm that one sees an hundred people if he hath seen but one, and never suspect they do any such thing. And therefore since it is impossible, one should not corrupt things that are most innocent when he is set upon it, the best course were to choose the side that is most convenient. Seriously, replied the Princess *Lindamira*, you would do me the greatest courtesie in the world, could you but furnish me with a little harshness for three or four women of my acquaintance, that so I may be absolutely what you would have me. If you were not so, replied *Themistus*, the fair *Melifera* would not be so much troubled at what you do. You are in the right, replies that excellent Lady, for if the Princess were less amiable than she is, she might be persecuted by the multitude without any bodies quarrelling at it. You are yet a stranger, and the Princess in mourning, and therefore you know not what torment it is to see her, so as not to be able to speak a word with her in private; but ere six months be past, you'll tell me more. Take a shorter time, replied he, for without knowing whether the persons I hear in the outer room, are troublesome or not, I sit upon thorns till the company be broke up. Ah, *Themistus*, what affection do I owe you for being so much of my humor, replies *Melifera*, and how shall I think my self obliged, if you afford me your assistance to cure the Princess of an excess of goodness and complaisance.

Hereupon came into the room five women, though they came not at the same time into the Palace, and who seemed not to make that days visit to *Lindamira*, to any other end than to satisfy *Themistus*, that *Melifera* was not mistaken. For there was no consonancy between any of them, either among themselves, or in relation to *Lindamira*. There was one had lived almost an age, and consequently was very grave, austere, discoursing of nothing but the disgust people should have of the things of this world, found nothing good of all that it afforded could not endure those of the new Court, and wore cloaths that were in fashion in the time of *Phalaris*, Tyrant of *Agigentum*. On the other side, there was another that was young, thought her self very pretty, looked very simperingly, and minded nothing but how to keep on the redness of her lips, during a conference she was extremely weary of. There was a third that pretended much to news and intelligence, and consequently had a privilege to be ever talking. For the other two, of whom I say nothing, they are such a brace of women as a man knows not what to say

of, as such as are neither handsome nor ugly; neither fools, nor yet very wise; and whereof the mediocrity keeps them from being assign'd any rank; for when there are none handsomer than themselves in company, they are strangely weary of it, and when they are with persons that are pleasant and ingenious; they are suffered, because it is not perceived they are present. So that *Melifera* whispering something to *Themistus*, and looking on *Lindamira*, put her into a great distraction what to do; yet could she not absolutely resist her inclination; for she rayled at the World, with the antient Lady that quarrell'd so much at the new Court; she commended her Dresser, who understood not any thing but what was of that nature: she ask'd news of her who loved nothing so much as to tell it; and she had something I know not what, to say to the two mean-witted persons I told you of. So that when they were gone, it occasioned one of the pleasantest discourses that ever was.

Themistus therefore finding no fewer charms in *Lindamira*'s mind, than he did in her face, fell so much the more in love with her, inso much, that within a few days, not being able to resist the violence of his passion, he delivered himself up a Prisoner thereto. Yet could he not avoid a violent agitation of mind: for reflecting on the design he had to be a favorite to his Prince, he thought it concerned him very much to conceal his love; and he knew, but too much for his own quiet, that the business he undertook was very difficult. Should he discover his affection, he must run the hazard of being banished the Court by his Master, and should he still smother it, he must run that of not gaining his Mistress's love. Nay, he well knew, that *Lindamira* would prove no easie conquest, and consequently there was the less likelihood he should ever be happy. But, after all, it being not in his power to master his sentiments, he loved that which he could not forbear loving, and was at last satisfi'd that his Love was not such an enemy to the designs of his ambition as he thought it had. Nay, it happened that love and ambition, by conjunction, grew stronger and stronger in him; for being desirous to shew himself worthy of *Lindamira*, it inflam'd his ambition; and in regard he was naturally ambitious, the quality of the person he loved added to his Love. So that he undertook at the same time, two very hard things, that is, to gain the favors of his Prince, and to deserve the good inclinations of a fair Princess. Those he looked on as his two main labors; the former he easily overcame, for *Perianthus* was so extremely inclined to affect him, that in a short time, he was his only Favorite: and for the second; he went so far, as without any great difficulty to get into the esteem of *Lindamira*, nay indeed, very far into her friendship. 'Tis true, that spoke no particular favor from *Lindamira*, for he had the esteem and love of all the world, except those who envied his virtue, and repined at the favor he was in, yet durst not openly discover any such thing.

In the mean time, *Demarata* seeing what respects the whole Court had for *Themistus*, felt the secret passion she had for him, growing strong within her. And yet she disssembled it so well, that *Amerintha* excepted, none ever knew any thing

thing of it, nay even *Themistus* himself, whose imagination was full of the excellencies of *Lindamira*, had not the least suspicion thereof. However he waited on her very diligently, not only for the Prince's sake, who thought himself concerned in all the civilities done to *Demarata*, whom he still extremely loved, but also to elude the notice might be taken of his frequent visits to *Lindamira*, and consequently that it might be thought that he had no other designs than those of ambition, that is, courted all those that might any way further them. Towards all the other Ladies, he behaved himself civilly, officiously, and like a gallant, but seemed not to have any particular inclinations for any one, whereat *Demarata* was extremely well pleased. In a word, should her secret sentiments be examined, it would be found she imagined to herself a certain pleasure to do things, so as that *Themistus* might not love at all. So that to keep him from it, she thought fit to advance a discourse concerning the qualities a Favorite should have, to continue long in favor. *Lindamira* was present at that debate, which was occasioned upon a change that had happened at the Court of the Prince of *Heraclea*, that made a great noise in the Court of *Syracuse*, upon pretence that the Favorite, who was fallen into disgrace, had lost himself by making his Mistress acquainted with some secrets of his Master.

For my part, says *Demarata*, I would never advise a man that were guilty of ambition, and would be Favorite to a Prince, to be engaged in Love. For these two principal passions require either of them a whole heart, and it is not possible to be fortunate in both at the same time. For my part replies *Lindamira*, I do not think those two passions so incompatible as you conceive. For when a man is a Favorite, it is so much the more easy for him to prevail, and if his addressees amount to any thing, there will be those Ladies that will sacrifice themselves to his desires, and will spare him abundance of pains. Take me in the humor I am in now, replies *Themistus*, were I Favorite to a Prince, I would not care for that Mistress whose good inclinations I should gain but conditionally with the favors of my Master. And therefore, if I propose to my self the conquest of any Beauty, I am confident I shall pick out such an one as shall consider nothing but my affection. The question is not to know what a man should do when he loves nor yet when he should love, replies *Demarata*, but only to examine whether I have not reason to affirm, that a Favorite, who would advance his fortune, should avoid being in Love. But if he be a Favorite to a young Prince, replied *Lindamira*, will you have him to be barbarous? or will you not allow him to concern himself in the pleasures of his Prince, and that if he be in Love, the other should be so too? I allow him to be civil, replies *Demarata*, to be a Gallant, to be generous, nay to be a Lover in appearance, if the Prince by whom he is favored condescended thereto: but I maintain, that all his actions should relate to his ambition, if he be desirous to be happy; and that he should always be disposed to follow the inclinations of his Prince, and to renounce his own. Hence it comes, that sometimes he must mind Hunting, other times Courtship, other times Bravery, according as the humor of his Prince leads him; but he must never

come to that extremity as to betray his Master to obey a Mistress. He must never come to that forced point, as to persecute his Prince with perpetual petitions for the friends of the Person he is in love with; he to whom he is a Favorite, should never fear he might reveal any secret of his; and a man must never put himself into such a posture, as that it may be in his power to deny that Prince any thing, whom he would have to repose an absolute confidence in him. For this reason must his Love-adventures be such, as that he shall not refuse to acquaint his Prince therewith, nor yet to make him privy to the favors he receives from his Mistress if in case he have any. For my part says *Themistus*, were I a Lover, and that a fortunate one, I am confident, I should rather sacrifice my fortune, than acquaint my Master with the favors I received from any Lady, how inconsiderable soever they were, if secret. What you say is doubtless very generously said, replies *Demarata*, but when all's done, it clearly demonstrates that a Favorite ought not be in Love; for a young Prince that should trust you with all the secrets of State, would not take it well you should conceal ought from him that he is desirous to know. Besides, to be fortunate in ambition, a man must be disposed to loose all, to forsake all, when Policy requires it, and he must not admit diversity of interests to bring any one to effect. There are two kind of Favorites, added she, for there are some who love the Prince and the State, and others who mind only their own advancement, and would as gladly sacrifice the Prince and the State, to raise their own fortunes, as they would do their particular enemies. But whether the Favorite love his Master, or only himself, it is still equally convenient he should be unacquainted with Love. If all the Ladies of the Court heard you speak after that rate, replies *Lindamira*, they would look on you as a person who had a design to hinder them from conquering the heart of *Themistus*, whom all begin to look on as the Favorite of the Prince my Brother. I am so far from deserving that honor, answers *Themistus*, that I think none looks on me as such an one. However it be, added *Demarata* blushing, it hath been my endeavor to give you the advice of a faithful friend. I am extremely obliged to you for your good wishes, Madam, replied he, and to let you know how far I submit to you, I promise you here before the fair *Lindamira*, that neither of you shall ever see me in love with any one of all those Ladies that are not present; which as he said, *Themistus* looked on *Lindamira*, who laughing, said to him, ere she was a ware, that to make him a positive answer to what he said, he must needs be in Love in *Africa*, *Greece*, or *Asia*. If I had discovered my secret, replies he, smiling with her, the Princess might reproach me, that I had done that for you which ought not to be done for a Mistress. And therefore I shall tell you no more.

Hereupon the Prince coming in, dissolved the company, and carried away *Themistus* along with him, so that *Lindamira*, being also gone, and *Demarata* left alone, she went into her Closet, whither she called *Amerintha*, who knew all the secrets of her heart. Could you believe, said she to her, that I should spend the whole afternoon in endeavoring to persuade the only man in the world that

that I love, and cannot but love, that it is not fit he should be in love himself. Not but that I must acknowledge, though to my own confusion, that it were an incredible joy to me, that he were in love with me, conditionally that he neither told me so, nor knew that I knew so much. But since it is not so, nor can I wish it were, I must confess it is some pleasure to me, to think that *Themistus* is not in love at all, and minds nothing but his ambition. And yet methinks Madam, replied *Amarintha*, since it is your design to disburthen your heart of the violent affection that torments you, it should be your wish either that *Themistus* were in disgrace or in love; for having so great a heart as you have, you would not be able to continue your affection long to a man that were in love elsewhere: and if the other happened, absence would haply cure you. For absence, replies *Demarata*, 'tis to me a fruitless remedy, I was but ten years of age when *Themistus* went hence, he stayed seven years out of *Sicily*, and yet at his return, I no sooner saw him but I blushed; nay durst I say it without confusion, I loved him. The other way you propose is no better, for my condition, and the posture of *Themistus*'s fortune considered, though he should love me, he durst not discover it, so that I have no reproach to make to him that he loves me not. He is very liberal of his civilities towards me, he sees me often; and though he should engage his love elsewhere, it were no injury to me, and yet it would afflict me beyond all remedy. To find out therefore an innocent ease in my misfortunes all I have to wish, is, that *Themistus*, be not in love at all: for if it be so, I shall love with some satisfaction, though it should be my desire to love him eternally without his knowledge, and without ever being loved by him.

These, Madam, were the transactions that passed in *Demarata*'s soul, who had the satisfaction to see that *Themistus* was not engaged to any of the Ladies of the Court, and the pleasure to see him so much in the esteem of *Periaethus*, that it would not be long ere all the favors of the Prince were at his disposal. Yet was he still in a very unfortunate condition; for the passion he had for *Lindamira* was so violent, that he hardly had one minute rest. However, he durst not discover what he felt, to her who was the cause thereof; for though he could do any thing with the Prince, yet was there no likelihood he should make any pretensions to the Princess of *Himera*; since that the same favor that had raised him up so high, and had found him the opportunities to approach her, advised him to avoid all inclinations towards her, out of a consideration that the Prince might have accused him of ingratitude, should he have been guilty of a presumption to lift up his eyes so high as the Princess his Sister. In the mean time he was in love, nay he would love contrary to the suggestions of his reason: for the Princess *Lindamira* seemed so amiable to him, that he thought it as unjust as impossible not to love her. But all considered, he smothered his passion with abundance of care, yet not omitting ought that might any way gain him the esteem of *Lindamira*, he did very considerable services about the Prince her Brother, he saw her as often as he could; and when she was out of her first mourning, he found her a thousand several sorts of diversions and entertainments,

In all the great and noble things he did; he directed his thoughts to *Lindamira*; and he never met with any occasion to relieve some illustrious unfortunate person, but he did it with a particular satisfaction, out of a confidence that *Lindamira* would have the greater esteem for him; and indeed that confidence met with its reward in her. But all this notwithstanding, since he had never acquainted her with his affection, he was still dissatisfied with his fortune.

Being therefore one day at *Lindamira*'s in that disturbance, though there were four or five Ladies present, I came in and told a piece of news I had newly heard, that concerned a person of the Court whom all the World knew. He I speak of would marry a Woman he was extremely in love with, though one very much below his condition. This bringing about the discourse to the business of love, it was put to the question, whether a man did more oblige a woman by loving her, though she were infinitely below his condition; or by loving her sincerely and constantly, when she were infinitely above him; that is, when there was such a distance between them, that he could not pretend to the least hope of ever obtaining her. At first, those who had not made the proposition, thought there had been no question in it; and that he who loved a person much below him, put a greater obligation upon her, than he should have done on another of higher quality than himself, whom he durst not pretend to. But having considered the business more narrowly, they saw it might very well come into debate. For my part, said a Lady of the company, I cannot apprehend any comparison between these two things; for is there any thing more satisfactory to a handsome woman, than to see her beauty and desert esteemed as highly as nobleness of birth and riches; and to find at her feet a person of great quality, sacrificing for her sake, his fortunes; incurring the displeasure of his kindred, and the censure of his friends, and one that notwithstanding a thousand obstacles, makes her happy by making himself such? What you say, (replies *Lindamira*, not thinking of any advantage that *Themistus* might make of it) does doubtless speak abundance of obligation, but to consider things more narrowly, and to search into the depth of the question, there is no comparison between these two kinds of love now in dispute; the love that is most perfect, is certainly that which hath least of self-interest; and to speak freely, I do not think that the inequality of conditions, when there is nothing dishonorable in the birth of a person a man is in love with, is one of the greatest obstacles that love can conquer. For a man that loves any thing violently, may easily imagine, that that difference of quality introduced by fortune among men, is a thing of no real consideration, and that the true distinction that wise men allow among them, ought to be no other than that of desert. And as for Riches, when a man is once in love, he troubles not his thoughts about them; and if he were able to forbear Marrying the person, he should love because she were not rich; it must needs follow, that he is no richer than she, and that the meer fear of making her miserable, should prevail with him, not to satisfy his love. But if the thing be, as we have presupposed, I think it no miracle a rich man should marry a poor Woman, and shall therefore

therefore never number that amongst the greatest expressions of love. On the contrary, when ever I shall see a person of a higher condition and more rich, applying himself to one below him, and will not marry her, I shall say he either love her not, or very little.

Your Sentence is very just, Madam, replies *Themistus*, when you speak after that rate: for I am perswaded when love is weaker than reason, it is no perfect love, especially in emergencies of that nature. And so Madam, it is not to be wondered, if the love of a man of a higher condition than the person he loves, continues and is fortified to that degree, as to oblige him to marry her. For hope being that which enlivens and augments love, he wants not any thing whence he may derive any confidence of his happiness when he pleases himself. So that I am much more astonished to see there are some Lovers who can forbear attaining to what they desire, than I am to see who slight all considerations of interest to satisfy themselves; and therefore to speak justly, a love that grows without hope, and subsists without it, and meets with no obstacles but what are invincible, is much more obliging, and accordingly more resolute than that which cannot but hope, even though it would not, and may arrive to whatever it hopes. What you say is very subtilly spoken, replies a Lady that was present; but when all is done, I conceive that what hope doth in the heart of other lovers, glory does the same in those we speak of; and that the secret satisfaction there is in loving a person of great quality, that hath beauty, wit, and virtue, entertains the passion of the Lover. Besides, added I, to speak sincerely, though there be a great disproportion between the lover and the person he loves, yet does he still flatter himself, and that if he have not a real hope, he hath at least something that's near it, and like it, that bears him up and comforts him. For my part, replies the Princess of *Himera*, I easily conceive there may be such a lover as cannot really hope any thing, and I imagine at the same time, that there is not any thing speaks more obligation than a love of that nature.

But Madam, replied I, a man may have at least a hope to be pitted. That's but a sad kind of hope, replied *Themistus*. Nay, added *Lindamira*, it's possible there may be such a Lover as cannot rationally hope ever to see the liberty to bemoan himself, and consequently much less to be pitted by another. Ah, Madam, replies *Themistus*, there you go too far; for I cannot conceive it possible for a man to endure a great affliction without ever complaining of it. For my part, added I, I am of *Themistus*'s opinion. Howe're it may be, replied that secret Lover, you must needs acknowledge, Madam, that a man who loves a person infinitely above himself, and loves her with a resolution to love her eternally, though he cannot rationally hope to be happy, must needs have a more elevated love, than he who loves a person whose condition being inferior to his own, affords him an easie hope of being satisfied, even when he pleases himself. I grant it, says she, yet not out of any perswasion that a woman can ever be obliged to a Lover, since that when a man is in love, he is such whether he will or no, and that he does but what he cannot forbear doing. Very right, replies *Themistus*; I acknowledge a woman should not lie under any obligation,

provided you confess she ought not to be without pitty. As a woman hath not love when she pleases her self, replied *Lindamira*, so no more can she have pitty when ever the wretches she hath made expect she should, nor yet as often as she would herself: our will for the most part, having so little predominancy over the secret sentiments of our hearts, that we cannot without temerity give an account of our own thoughts.

Having so said, *Lindamira* rises up to go and walk in those spacious Gardens that lye at the end of the *Hexapila*, so they call one part of the City that lyes to the Land-side, as the *Acbradina* lyes to the Sea-side. *Themistus* walking along with her, went on still, having his thoughts taken up with the discourse that had passed. He thought it some pleasure to think that the Princess of *Himera*, allowed the love of a man whose affection derived no encouragement from hope, to be more considerable than that of those Lovers who have thousands of occasions to hope. So that *Themistus* being wholly intentive to that reflection, *Lindamira*, whom he held up as she walked, as soon as they were come into the Gardens where she intended to walk, perceiving it; asked him the reason thereof. What you desire to know, Madam, replied he, is of greater consequence than you imagine: for in a word, though the Prince to whom I owe thousands of obligations, and for whom I would sacrifice my life a thousand times, should ask me the same thing. I should not tell him, and yet you are the only person in the world to whom I might tell it, if you lay your absolute commands upon me to do so. What you say, seems to me very obliging, replies *Lindamira*, but as I am not very forward to burden my self with the secrets of my Friends, without any necessity, so shall I not press you to acquaint me with yours. You shall never know it then, replies *Themistus*, for it is of such a nature, that I cannot have the presumption to tell it you, if you do not command me to do it. It must needs be a very odd secret it seems, replied *Lindamira*, looking on him. On the contrary, Madam, replied he, his colour changing, 'tis the noblest secret in the world, and were it less Noble, it were a less secret than it is; and so more easily guessed at. Not but that I am a little amazed, added he, that you who have so clear a wit, and understand those that come to you so well, have not already found it out. Assure your self, replied *Lindamira*, I have no skill in Divination, but as I find there is something more than ordinary in having a secret that's never to be communicated to any one, I shall not command you to acquaint me with yours. But Madam, replied *Themistus*, since you think there's something extraordinary in having a secret that is not to be told any one in the world, I have a great desire to tell you mine; for I am confident you will never tell it any other, and that you will be the only person upon earth that knows it, when I have told you, That I am an unfortunate wretch that loves you, without hope, and to pretend to love you so eternally. Ah! *Themistus*, replied the Princess, blushing for very anger, do you consider what you say? Do you speak in good earnest? Do you know me well? Or have you forgot your self? I am in good earnest. Madam, replied he, I consider well what I say. I know well who you are, and have not forgotten my self,

self: but in spite of Reason and my Will, I adore you, and shall do so eternally. But are you not afraid, replied *Lindamira*, that I shall acquaint the Prince my Brother with your presumption? No, Madam, replied he, for as you have put me into a condition not to fear death, and only to tremble at your indignation, I cannot be afraid of disgrace. Were you afraid of my indignation, added *Lindamira*, you would not tell me what you do, and you would not force me to forbid you my sight. Ah! Madam, replied he, if you will not allow me to see you, no question but I shall die, and you will haply be troubled at my death; for, Madam, if you observe, I have not had the presumption to tell you that my passion was guilty of any hope; on the contrary, I declare I have not any; nay, I pretend not to the poor comfort that proceeds from pitty, and that I desire nothing but the glory to love you, though none know it, nay, if you please, without my ever telling you so much. Were it possible, replies the Princess *Lindamira*, you could have the least shadow of hope in your madness, I should treat you otherwise than I do; but since that cannot be, and that I have a certain esteem and friendship for you, and cannot ruine you, without doing my self some prejudice, I give your Reason time to bring you to your wits again. I would not therefore you should ever presume to acquaint me with any thing of your indiscretion; I would have you very carefully avoid being alone with me; nay, I would have you see me as seldom as you can possibly, till such time as you shall be in a condition to ask me pardon for your extravagance, and come and declare that you love me not otherwise than you ought to love me: For if you do not what I tell you, though I abhor nothing so much as noise and disturbance, I shall acquaint the Prince my Brother with your presumption, and shall infallibly ruine you. Your commands, Madam, replied he, are certainly very hard to be observed, and yet I shall obey you in all, unless it be, Madam, that I shall never tell you that I have ceased to love you.

Lindamira coming hereupon to certain Green seats, sat down, and obliged the Ladies that came along with her, to do the like. But being extremely troubled at the adventure that had hapned to her, she staid not long in the Garden, nay, ordered things so, that *Themistus* led her not, and so she returned home very sad and melancholly. She was no sooner in her chamber, but calling my Sister to her into the Closet, she acquainted her with what had happened to her, expressing a great indignation at *Themistus*'s boldness, and withal, abundance of affliction, that they could not have so much of his company as formerly. For in fine, said she to *Mericia*, I looked on *Themistus* as a person I should have made the chiefest of my friends, because he not only wanted, not any thing that might recommend him, as to his person, but was also very serviceable to me in my affairs. 'Tis certain, he hath a great influence over the Prince my Brother, he is an understanding man, discreet, respectful, divertive, and methought there was no danger to enter into a friendship with him. In the mean time he is fallen into an impertinent madness, that ruins all my designs, and puts me into no small distraction. For I will not give him any occasion to conceive the least hope, nor

on the contrary, give any other cause to suspect, any thing of his temerity. You have so much prudence, replied *Mericia*, that you will do what you have a mind to do; but certainly 'tis great pitty that *Themistus*'s fortune does not justify the passion he hath for you; for that allowed, he is worthy your love. I grant it, replied *Lyndamira*, and that is it that torments me, for not being able to admit him as a Lover, I should have been very glad to have had him while I lived for my Friend.

While this entertainment passed between *Lindamira* and my Sister, *Themistus*, not able to becalm the several sentiments, wherewith his heart was tossed, desired He and I might have some discourse. I at first saw him so sad, that I thought some secret discontent had happened between him and the Prince. Inasmuch as perceiving after he had seemed willing to speak with me, that he said nothing to me, I asked him what it was that troubled him. I should not indeed, added I, much wonder to see you disturbed, for I think it impossible that ever ambition should be without disquiet. Ah! dear *Meleagant*, cries He, were I only ambitious, I were the happiest man in the world. But alas, I struggle both with Love and Ambition at the same time, and not being well able to distinguish whether my Love proceeds from Ambition, or my Ambition from my Love, all I know is, that my heart is rack'd with all the disturbances that are the attendants of these two passions. I would fain be at this very instant, that I speak, both near the Prince, and near the Princess *Lindamira*. How, said I, are you in love with the Princess of *Himera*? I am, replied he, and what is most deplorable, I love her without hope. And yet I am resolved to act, as if I did hope, and to see whether that Proverb which saies, that *Fortune favours the Confident*, be true or no.

Upon that, he gave me an account of the discourse he had had with *Lindamira*. But when I would have told him, that I thought his condition not so sad, in that she had not treated him worse, he told me that I was mistaken, and that he had been less miserable, if she had expressed a greater violence towards him. But, to be short, added he, since as an ambitious man I cannot love more nobly, and that as a Lover, I must be withal ambitious, I resign my self equally to these two violent passions, and am absolutely resolved that they shall either mutually assist one the other, or combine to ruine me.

Tell me therefore my dear *Meleagant*, whether what I intend to do be rational, for my thoughts are in such a tempest, that I dare not trust my own reason in this accident. But, said I, what can you do to satisfy your ambition more than you do? The Prince affects you, you follow him every where, you participate of all his pleasures, and he cannot live without you. Ah? *Meleagant*, replied he, a peaceful Favourite goes on but slowly, and great fortunes are never found but in great affairs. When I have followed the Prince a hunting, or to *Demarata*'s, to *Lindamira*'s, to the Revels, to the Walks, I shall never be the more powerful; and so the case of the Grandees will at last give them an opportunity to ruine me. Besides that, doing no more about the Prince, than what a many others could do as well as I, it will be easie

for my æmulators to undermine me, feeling therefore within me, something that aims at greater matters, I would stir up some War, that might contribute as well to my Ambition as my Love. This is my only way to arrive at great employments, wherein I am sure to meet with either glory or death. By this means shall I come to a nearer distance from *Lindamira*, and more approach the rank and quality of my Ancestors. Tell me then that I am in the right way, my dear *Meleagenes*, if you would advise me as I would be advised. On the other side, trouble not yourself for the War I intend to raise, for the Prince may justly declare one against the Prince of *Messena*, and were he not taken up with the love of *Demarata*, he had haply been already in Arms. If it be so, said I to him, I think it the best course you can take, provided you be in some sort confident of the happy success of this design; for it is a most deplorable thing to be the occasion of a War that is not crowned with victory. Victory, replies *Themistus*, is commonly the reward of those that assault, rather than of those that are assaulted, because the former voluntarily seek it, the latter do but as it were entertain it out of necessity. Besides that, in all great designs, wherein both Love and Ambition are concerned, much must be left to hazard, and a man should as much resign himself to Fortune as to Prudence.

Themistus being thus resolved for the War, began to act with so much policy, that in the space of three months, the interest of the Princes of *Syracuse* and *Messena* were so intangled, that nothing could unravel the differences but a War. In the interim, *Themistus* behaved himself towards *Lindamira* with the greatest respect in the world; he exactly observed the command she had laid upon him, of not speaking to her alone; and carried himself so discreetly, that though she could not be persuaded his sentiments were other towards her, than they had been, he gave her not the least occasion to take ought ill at his hands. For *Demarata*, considering only the great influence she had upon the Prince, he hamoured her as much as lay in his power, not knowing that he was but too much in her favour; for as I have told you, the world affords not another that can so well disguise her sentiments as this Princess. And since it was her design to overcome the passion that tormented her soul, she was not troubled at a War that should rid her of a man whom she would not love, and a Prince she could not endure without doing extremum violence to her self. So that she furthered *Themistus*'s design, though she knew not so much. For, *Lindamira*, the hope she was in, that absence would contribute much to his recovery of *Themistus*, she was also glad of the War, though naturally a great lover of peace. *Perianthus* for his part, being courageous, young, and desirous of Fame, was easily persuaded to embrace the War, though he still doted on *Demarata*; so that all things furthering *Themistus*'s design, preparations were made for the execution thereof. Troops were raised, an Army was modelled; and *Perianthus* being to command it in person, went to take his leave of the Princess *Lindamira*, attended by the greatest part of the Court, and among others *Themistus*, who had the gallantest Presence in the world, being in a military equipage. While she spoke in

private with the Prince, *Themistus* had his eye fixt on her, as if it had been to give her occasion to guess, that his intention were still the same towards her, insomuch that *Lindamira* told my Sister that very night, that she was much in fear that *Themistus* was not yet fully recovered of his extravagance. But I had forgot to tell you, that *Perianthus* taking his leave of her, she very obligingly turned to all those that came along with him, and without distinguishing *Themistus* from the rest; she told them, that she recommended the Prince her Brother to their care; and that it was her wish to see them all returned home again covered with Laurels. In the mean time *Themistus*, who sought his own comfort, found a particular satisfaction in the words *Lindamira* had said in general, though she had not afforded him so much as a look, which he might rationally conceive directed to him.

I shall not trouble you, Madam, with the particulars of this War, which was over in six months. It sufficeth that I tell you, that as it was begun by *Themistus*, so was it also gloriously concluded by him, since that through his courage and prudence, a battel was gained, that decided the differences of the Princes of *Syracuse* and *Messena*, and introduced a peace between the two States. For *Themistus* commanding the Reserve, brought it into the fight so seasonably, that his side gain'd the victory thereby. Accordingly, was the sole honor of this War, even in his Masters judgement, due to him: for it was undertaken by his advice, he had given very fortunate directions while it lasted, and he had contributed more to the gain of the battel than any other. Add to this, that he had the happiness to save the Prince of *Syracuse*'s life, who had his Horse killed under him, when *Themistus* being come up to the Prince, dispatched one of the enemies, that would have either killed or taken him, and furnished him with his Horse, so that he relieved him in the greatest hazard that he could be in.

Hereupon the Prince of *Messena* being an antient man, and fearing, if the War continued, he might lose his Estate, resolved to send such indifferent propositions, in order to a Peace, as *Themistus* could not but hearken to. So that within three daies the Articles were sign'd, and for more security of the performance thereof, it was agreed, that the young Prince of *Messena* should remain a hostage at *Syracuse*, till some fortifications were demolished, wherein consisted part of the difference between those two Princes. This done, *Perianthus*, to reward *Themistus* with the first honors of the advantage he had gained, would needs dispatch him before to *Syracuse*, to acquaint *Demarata* and *Lindamira* with the first news of Victory and Peace. *Themistus*, overjoyed at this welcome Commission, accepted it with great satisfaction; and, having received Letters from the Prince to those two Princesses, returned to *Syracuse*. But as he went, he felt, whatever hope hath of insinuation, and fear of disturbance; for the glory he had acquir'd, put him into hope to receive some acknowledgment from *Lindamira*, but having not seen her in private from the day that he had acquainted her with his affection, he was strangely afraid to see her alone. Yet Love and Ambition growing stronger than his Fear, his Heart sided with Hope. However, he was obliged to go first to *Demarata*,

marata. before he went to *Lindamira*. He did so, and was received by her with abundance of civility, and a many expressions of joy, wherein he thought not himself at all concerned. For he thought that *Lindamira* would not receive him so kindly; but considering him as a person, of whom *Perianthus* spoke with abundance of obligation; for, if I am not mistaken, the Prince's Letter to the Princess, was to this effect.

PERIANTHUS to the Princess DEMARATA.

IF you have any affection for me, Madam, entertain *Themistus* as a person, to whom I owe all things, and whom you are obliged to for the life of a Prince, who loves you beyond himself.

Demarata blushed as she read this Letter, and felt within her an agitation which she had much ado to calm. Yet at last she overcame it, and speaking very kindly to *Themistus*, she intreated him to relate the particulars of the Fight; but he did it with such modesty, that if the common report had not inform'd her of the great things he had done, she could hardly have infer'd from his relation, that he had been there. So that the esteem she had for *Themistus*, encreasing thereby, the flame she would have quenched, increased also. Inasmuch that *Themistus* having left her, she got into her Closet, and speaking to the person that was privy to her secrets; Well, *Amerintha*, said she to her, what think you of the strangeness of my destiny? I would not love *Themistus* any longer, and he becomes daily more and more worthy to be lov'd; I would have him go to the Wars purposely to forget him, and he does there such extraordinary things, that it is impossible not to remember him eternally: I wished he might have dyed there, so to rid my heart of him, and he saves the Prince's life, so to fasten himself for ever to the Court of *Syracuse*. This granted, what would you have me to do, *Amerintha*? or have I not reason to think, that it is the pleasure of my destiny, that I should love *Themistus* in spite of my virtue? I were as good, added she, love him voluntarily; and since Reason and Virtue, joyned together, cannot resist fortune, nor oppose my inclinations; let us love *Themistus* whom we cannot hate; but lest he might slight us, added she, let us endeavor to do it so, as that he may not know any thing, and that he be not any way engaged in love. For my part, Madam, replies *Amerintha*, I think it would not be amiss, should you not so directly oppose the inclination you have for *Themistus*; for Love is enflamed by resistance, and that passion increases many times more easily of it self, than it would if it were wished: Do not therefore any violence to your own sentiments, and you will haply see, that within a few daies, you will find rest when you do not seek it, and your heart will be at liberty. But while *Demarata* was thus entertained, *Themistus* went to *Lindamira*; whom he found alone. I know, Madam, (said he to her, very respectfully, delivering *Perianthus*'s Letter) that I

transgress your commands, but Madam, you will haply find my excuse in the Prince's Letter which I give you. At these words, *Lindamira*, without making him any answer, took the Letter, and opening it, found these words,

PERIANTHUS to the Princess of HIMER A.

IF you desire to put a sensible obligation upon me, entertain *Themistus* as a person, to whom I owe Life, Victory, and Peace; for by the friendship you shall have for him, I shall measure that you have for me.

Lindamira having read the Letter, looked very kindly on *Themistus*, and speaking to him, I beseech you, said she, hinder me not from doing what the Prince my Brother would have me. And what would he have you to do for me, Madam, replies *Themistus*? He commands me to have a friendship for you, replied she, and if I have not it shall not be my fault. Your friendship, Madam, replies *Themistus*, is a thing so precious, that no man ought to receive it otherwise than on his knees. Receive it then, saies *Lindamira*, interrupting him, and without speaking any more of it, I pray tell me what I have not from report, but very confusedly; for I shall credit you more than I do her, and shall trust the account you give me of the fight, more than I do what she hath told me. No doubt, Madam, but I ever speak truth, replied he, and were I not afraid, you should think that the Victory wherein the Prince is pleased to have me so much concern'd, had encouraged me to any presumption, I should haply tell you once more ere I die, that that you have gained over me, is much more absolute, than what the Prince hath gained over his enemies. But since I would not be thought a person so presumptuous, as to have turned bankrupt as to all respect, but on the contrary, desirous to express much more towards you than I have. I shall obey you, and employ these precious minutes, wherein I have the honour to be alone with you, to acquaint you with what you would know. Whereupon *Themistus*, not giving *Lindamira* leisure to make him any answer, related what had passed, with such Eloquence, Wit, Modesty and Art, that though he said nothing advantageous to himself, yet was she satisfied, that Fame had not flattered him. Being come just to the closure of his relation, there came so many into *Lindamira*'s chamber, that it was impossible for him to say any thing to her in private.

In the mean time was this Princess in no small disturbance; for, as it was but just to commend a person that had done the State such considerable service, so on the other side was she troubled to do it with any earnestness, knowing what inclinations he had for her, lest he should make any advantage thereof. So that to take a mean betwixt these two extremities, she read aloud what the Prince her Brother had written concerning *Themistus*, so to do justice to the valour of that secret Lover, yet not to heighten his confidence by any excess of commendation. But, *Themistus* perceiving the company to encrease, and finding himself bur-

thened with the flatteries of those that were about *Lindamira*, his own modesty forced him to leave the Princess. Nay, he thought that the interest of his love and ambition advised him to do so. So that being returned to his own House, I went to wait on him, for I came to *Syracuse* along with him. As soon as I saw him, I asked what posture his affairs were in, as well in relation to his love as his ambition. For what concerns my ambition, replies he, they go very well, for after the service I have now done the Prince, there are few places I may not pretend to. But for my love-affairs, the case is otherwise, for the Princess may haply have a greater esteem for me than she had, but I do not believe she will ever venture to love me, even though she should cease to have an aversion for me. I know well enough, added he, that my birth is noble, but my fortune was in such an ill equipage when I left *Sicily*, that I find it a kind of madness to love *Lindamira*. But since your courage, replied I, will soon make your fortune equal to your birth, why may you not aspire to the affection of that Princess? Because, saies he, there is a fantastick humor in the world, that will hardly let people remember the high births of such as are fallen into poverty; nay, that ever reflects on their former poverty, even when they are become rich. This may hold, replied I, in such as enrich themselves otherwise than by the favour of their Sovereign, not in those that are Favorites to some great Prince. For, in a word, favour covers whatever is not advantageous to those that are in it, with oblivion. No, no, replied *Themistus*, forbear these fruitless flatteries; *Lindamira* will never love me, or I must expect no more from her than what a bare friendship amounts to. Nay, I am in some doubt, whether my love to her may not procure me her aversion. That seldom happens, replied I, and I cannot imagine your fortune will prove so fantastick, Come what will, replies *Themistus*, I will love her eternally, and I will do so many things to preserve the Prince's favour, that I shall haply play my Cards so well, that I may be the greatest man in the Court.

Nor was he less than his word, for *Perianthus* being returned, he was absolutely looked on as his Favourite. He bestowed on him the most considerable employment in the State, he enriched him, and lodged him in the Palace; nay, all the favours of the Prince passed through his hands. However, *Themistus* was so good a Steward of his favour, that envy it self had a respect for his virtue; he did all the good he could, he was a Protector of the unfortunate, he was liberal, his conversation with his antient friends was such, as before he came into favour; he was an eager assertor of his Master's authority, he was not wedded to any interest, and it was evident in all his actions, that he loved the Prince and the State. But none knew of his being in love, but *Lindamira*, *Mericia*, and my self.

In the mean time, at *Perianthus*'s return, all was full of divertisements, besides that, the Prince of *Messena* being a gallant and our proper person, his presence added something to the gallantry of the Court. Nay, he fell so strangely in love with *Lindamira*, that all the world soon after perceived his passion. But among the rest, *Themistus* was one of those that first discovered it, and was so much troubled at it, as if some great misfortune had hap-

pened to him. 'Tis certainly a thing not easily digestible by a Lover, that dares not mention his love; nor give the least expression thereof, to see a Rival that discovers all his, yet so, as he is not to be called to account for it. Yet did *Themistus* make his advantage of this adventure; for *Lindamira* observing him very narrowly, soon perceived the disturbance and melancholly, which the Prince of *Messena*'s love caused in him. She spoke of it to *Mericia*, who had also taken notice thereof. Yet were there not any but these two persons and my self, that observed it; for, as to the Prince of *Messena*, he was so far from suspecting *Themistus* to be his Rival, that he did all that lay in his power, to court him, to be one of his intimate friends. But as *Themistus* found much ado to suffer it, and that the Prince of *Messena* came at last to perceive, that he avoided his company as much as he could with civility, he endeavoured to find out the reason of it. So that he imagined, it proceeded from his two frequent discourses of Love and Gallantry. For seeing him not particularly engaged to any Beauty, he drew that consequence, and was wont by way of raillery, to call *Themistus* sometimes the indifferent, sometimes the insensible Courtier, and that became so general, that *Themistus* was sometimes forced to answer to these two names, which he so little deserved. *Demarata* on the other side was somewhat satisfied, to think that *Themistus* was not in love at all; and *Lindamira* was not displeased to find that his passion was kept very secret; for that having a very particular friendship for him, she would have been troubled to be forced to forbid him coming to her. In the mean time she did not any action, nor scattered the least word, whence *Themistus* might raise ever so little hope he might ever give her heart the least assault; nay, not so much as that he might oblige her to admit his passion, though without making any return.

'Twas upon such an occasion; that she had a very long discourse with him one day; for it happening that *Themistus* was alone with her walking, and that they leant over a rail that looked upon the Sea, she saw him so much taken up with his own thoughts, that forgetting at that time the love he had for her, she immediately asked him whether there were any discontent between him and the Prince. Alas, Madam, replied he sighing, were I as much in favour with the Princess of *Himera*, as I am with the Prince of *Syracuse*, I should not be so much troubled in my thoughts, or if I were, it would be so much to my satisfaction, that I should be nevertheless happy. I assure you, replies very courteously *Lindamira*, you have received greater expressions of friendship from me, than you could have from the Prince my Brother: for in my judgement, one cannot do those he loves a greater obligation, than to forget the injuries they have done him. Ah, Madam, replies *Themistus*, if it be an injury to adore you, and if my submissive passion be the affront you mean, you cannot do any thing more unjust or more cruel than to forget it. But alas, added he sighing, I daily and hourly perceive that you have not done me that kind of injustice, for you make it so much your business, to avoid even the meeting of our eyes; you so obstinately shun my company, and you take so great pleasure to persecute me, that I am in no doubt but you remember the love I have for you.

Themistus

Themistus said these words with so much resentment, that the Princess, who had an infinite esteem, and withal a real friendship for him, resolved not to stand out so against that unfortunate Lover, to afford him some inward pity, and to endeavor to recover him by reason. So that speaking to him with all the kindness that can proceed from friendship, you are, said she, so virtuous a man, that it would be the greatest trouble to me in the world, to prove the only cause of your unhappiness. Besides that, being obliged to you for my Brothers life, I think my self concern'd to be tender of yours. Nay, you are so considerable to the State, that the interest of my Countrey requires further, that I should not suffer you to run into an extravagance, which might make you unserviceable to the Prince the State, and your friends. Give me leave then, *Themistus*, to discover my heart to you, and tell you, that though there were no disproportion between us; you should not entertain any love for me, because it is evident I cannot have ought beyond a friendship for you. Ah, Madam, cries out *Themistus*, is it not enough I know, that being of the quality you are of, you will not love me, but you must withal tell me, that though fortune had put no rub in my way to happiness, yet I could never be happy. I beseech you, Madam, be not so ingeniously cruel. and give me leave to flatter my self into this poor consolation, as to think, that if you had been born in a cottage, I might presume to love you, and that it were not impossible I might gain your affection. Give me leave, I say, Madam, to attribute some part of my unhappiness to Fortune, and not all to your aversion. For matter of aversion, replies *Lindamira*, I have not any for *Themistus*, on the contrary, I ingeniously declare that I esteem you, and that I have a tender, solid, and sincere friendship for you. But with this declaration I must also tell you, that I neither have, or ever shall have any love for you. But Madam, replies *Themistus*, are you so particularly acquainted with what is to come? I am, replied she, for it is my persuasion, that when one is to entertain love, it is never ushered in by friendship. Besides, my Humor and my Reason, are two such faithful sentinels about my heart, that I do not fear they will ever betray it, either to your Merit or your Love, and it is out of that confidence, that I speak to you as I do, that is without indignation or severity. I therefore tell you once more, that I have a very great friendship for you; that I shall never love you otherwise, than according to that, and that you cannot put a greater obligation upon me, than by resolutely struggling with the passion now so predominant in your soul. If it be true, Madam, added he, that you cannot have ought beyond a friendship for the unfortunate *Themistus*, grant him one favour I beseech you. If it be a favour that may stand with friendship, replies *Lindamira*, I promise it you. Alas, Madam, said he, what I desire is so considerable, that you must be very unjust to deny it. For all my request at the present, to remit the torment I feel, is only to intreat you to make use of one word for another, though the sense be even in your intention the very same. For instance, Madam, continued this afflicted Lover, it will be an extream satisfaction to me, if, instead of saying you have a friendship for me, you would be

pleased to make use of certain words, which, because they are sometimes employed to express sentiments that speak more tenderness, have, I know not what that is more satisfactory, more inviting, and more proper to keep up the spirits of an unfortunate man, than such as are particular to friendship: Your wits are at such a loss, replies *Lindamira*, that I pity you much more than I would do. For, in fine, what pleasure do you take in making your self unhappy, when all things seem to contribute to your felicity. Nature hath furnished you with all she could, that is, a high birth, and a proper person; you want neither gallantry nor understanding, and you have no reason at all to complain of her: Fortune for her part hath done all she could for you: your valour hath been fortunate, the State is obliged to you, your Master owes you his life, you are upon the establishment of the greatness of your House, and all the world loves you—you only excepted, Madam, interrupted he,—Nay, on the contrary, replied *Lindamira*, I have told you already that I am your friend, and that I will be ever so provided you promise me, and that sincerely, you will do all that lies in your power, not to own any thing towards me but friendship. I shall do so, Madam, replied he, if you in like manner will do me the honor to promise, that, for your part, you will do what you can, not to have an affection for me, for it were a great presumption to say it, but only to be persuaded to entertain my passion, in case I cannot overcome it. 'Twere very pleasant indeed, replies *Lindamira* (who would not alwaies speak in good earnest of *Themistus's* love) if it happened that when you should have subdued your passion, I, at the same time, were resolved to admit it. It were much better I should not resist my sentiments. and that you should only endeavour to reform yours.

Besides this, *Themistus* had abundance of other passionate discourse with *Lindamira*: but at last he promised her sincerely to do all he could, to subdue his passion, conditionally she would also do what lay in her power, to resolve to continue her friendship to him, in case he could not forbear loving her. For she had one day threatened to deprive him even of that, if instead of being her lover, he became not her friend. Since that, *Themistus* did really all he could to reform his sentiments; for there were so many things to persuade him, that *Lindamira* would never have any thing but a bare friendship for him, that he, in a manner, despair'd of ever exalting it into love. And yet as the most unfortunate do most easily derive comfort from inconsiderable things, because they cannot hope for any greater consolations; *Themistus* was so sensible of those expressions of friendship he received from *Lindamira*, that there wanted not some intervals, wherein he was ready to entertain joy, though he was satisfied *Lindamira* had no love for him, and still wished that he had no more for her. Nay, when *Lindamira* freely spoke to him of any concernment of her own, he felt somewhat, that it is impossible to express; if he were indisposed, and that she sent to see how he did, he was extremely satisfied; and that so far, that he never received any expression of esteem or friendship from her, but he was as glad of it, as another Lover would have been, of what they call signal favours. Not but that passion as he was out of *Lindamira's* sight, he

he was troubled at the same things whereat he had rejoiced before, out of the very consideration that *Lindamira* had only a friendship for him. But after all, when he found her kind and obliging, he suspended his grief, and love ensnaring his reason, made him forget that *Lindamira* had only a friendship for him, and find unconceivable pleasures in the least kindneses he received from her.

In the mean time, from the first day they treated together, *Lindamira* asked him ever and anon, what progress he had made towards friendship, and *Themistus* asked her on the other side, what progress she had made towards Love, and yet *Lindamira* had still the cruelty to tell him very often, and very seriously, that he should take heed he were not deceived by appearances, and not look on those kindneses she had for him, as proceeding from any thing but friendship. And indeed, *Themistus* was so far satisfied, that *Lindamira* had nothing else for him in her heart; that she knew it not better herself.

While things stood thus, the Prince of *Messena*, addressed himself openly to this Princess, who having neither inclination nor aversion for him, treated him with a civility suitable to a person of his quality and merit. For *Demarata*, her soul was still persecuted with the same secret passion, which added to the aversion she had for *Periantus*. So that she was forced eternally to stifle two sentiments the hardest in the world to be dissembled. Yet did she in time overcome them, for it was believed about the Court, that she did not treat *Themistus* well, but out of a meer reflection that he was the Prince's favorite; and the Prince, who sometimes discovered some light indifference in her, imagined it was to put a sharper edge on the love he had for her. *Themistus* on the other side, minding only his ambition, as what should further his love, neglected nothing that contributed ought to the aggrandization of his fortune, so that being at the same time to obey both a Master and a Mistress, he wanted no employment.

Things being in this posture, it happened that *Lindamira* being a little indisposed, *Demarata* came to give her a visit, and met there the Prince of *Messena*, *Meriander*, and *Themistus*. For the Ladies that came in, I shall not name them, for it were to no purpose, because the entertainment I am to give you an account of, passed principally between the fair *Melifera*, *Meriander*, and *Themistus*, having been begun by *Demarata* after the manner you shall hear. This Princess being come into *Lindamira*'s Chamber, told her in a flattering way, as having naturally no great affection for her, that it was not possible she could be sick, and that she had too fair a complexion, and too much sprightliness in her eyes, to denote any want of sleep. *Lindamira* answered this flattery with another; whereupon every one being seated, they began to abuse *Meriander*, for talking something more than ordinary with a handsome Court Lady, that had gotten such a reputation of being incapable of love, that she never ran the hazard of the least suspicion of being guilty of any. So that *Lindamira* seeing they fell so foul upon *Meriander*, told him very freely, that he must expect to find it a very difficult enterprise if it were true, that he was in love with that person. For my part says the fair *Melifera*, I do not think *Meriander* is in love, with her you

speak of, or if he be, it is come to no great height. For I find him so sensible of the trivial expressions of friendship that he receives from her, that I cannot believe he would value them so much if he were in love. But do you consider well what you say, replies *Demarata*, when you speak in that manner? I do Madam; replies *Melifera*; and if you will but take the pains carefully to examine what I say, you will find that I have reason to imagine that a Lover cannot receive with so much satisfaction simple expressions of friendship. For my part, says *Meriander*, I must confess I am not in love with her you hit me in the teeth with, but if I were, I believe I should entertain the expressions of her friendship with much more joy than I do; for it is the property of love to make the sentiments more lively, and to multiply the value of things that come from the person beloved. This doubtless is the judgment of all the World, (added *Themistus*, who was too much concerned in this question not to say something thereto) and whoever hath a sensible heart, will never speak as the fair *Melifera* does. On the contrary, replied she, whoever will take the pains to sift more narrowly things of this nature, shall easily conceive what I say. For my part, says the Princess *Lindamira*, I must confess my thoughts are so distracted between these two opinions, that I do not well perceive the difference there is between them, so as to give you my judgment of them.

And yet I affirm, says *Melifera*, that a man that is servant to a woman, in whom he finds nothing but a bare friendship for him; whence he may infer he will never be otherwise loved by her, can never have any real joy when he receives any expressions of that friendship, and that if he hath, it is an infallible argument of the indifference of his passion. And for my part, replies angrily *Themistus*, I maintain that the greatest and most unquestionable mark of a great passion is to see a Lover, that notwithstanding all his sufferings, receives with joy the least expression of friendship that his Mistress can give him. What *Themistus* says, is so rational, replies *Meriander*, that I think the fair *Melifera*, with all her wit, will find herself at a loss to maintain her opinion. For what concerns me, said she, I find no such difficulty in it: you will then so much more oblige the company, replies *Demarata*, to instruct us in a business which is very particular, and which haply hath not been yet well understood. Yet is the understanding of it not very hard, replies *Melifera*, for if you reflect on the manner wherein love is spoken of, methinks I very well conceive what it is, so as to comprehend that the more one loves, the more one desires to be loved; that the highest degree of a Lovers felicity, is the love of his Mistress, and his greatest misfortune, the assurance that he can never make her heart sensible of the same passion that possesses his.

I farther conceive, that the desire to be loved, is the source of all other desires, if I may so express it, and that that desire never forsakes him, but fills his heart with perpetual disturbance, which increases and becomes insupportable, when ever his Mistress does any thing that gives him occasion to believe he shall never be loved, in the manner he would be lov'd. I grant what you say, replies *Themistus*, and affirm with you, that the desire of being

being loved, grows proportionably to the love, and cannot dye but with it, even though a lover should love without hope: for it often happens, that love which scorns and flights reason, makes a man desire things impossible. But since you agree to what I say, replies *Melifera*, acknowledge withall that I have reason to speak as I do. For is there not, added she, some reason to think that a lover does not love over-earnestly, when he entertains with joy, simple expressions of friendship, which he should receive with dissatisfaction if his love were violent, there being no disposition that stands at such a distance from love, as friendship; and there's an easier passage from indifference to love, than from friendship to passion. So that when a lover that hath a tender and delicate soul, receives an expression of friendship from his Mistress, and that with a consideration that that friendship will grow up into love, he should be extremely troubled at it, extremely disturbed, and account himself most unhappy and incapable of the joy I speak of, or it may be inferred, that that lover desires nothing farther. For in my judgment, there is but the hope, or the fruition of what a man desires, that either ought, or can afford him any joy. And for my own particular, I think if I were a lover, and that my Mistress to requite my love, should afford me only some bare expressions of friendship. I should be extremely troubled, nay, much more than if I were to endure her severity, cruelty, indignation, unkindness, and inconstancy.

Were you but well acquainted and well read in love, replies *Themistus*, you will soon find him to be an humorfome capricious thing, that is sometimes appeased with a trifle, and even at the same time it covets all things, is satisfied in a manner with nothing; and were it my business to give an infallible mark whereby to know a great passion, I should say it is when a Lover in spite of his reason, notwithstanding the impetuosity of his desires, and the violence of his passion, feels his affliction becalmed by the bare sight of the person he loves. Whence you may judge what that Lover should feel, who sees in the fair eye of the person he adores a certain kindness, passion, and goodness for him. If he there find, that passion, mildness, and goodness, together with a hope that affection may change its nature, replied *Melifera*, I very well conceive that lover may entertain joy; but I presuppose he hath not that hope, and that he never can have it. Ah! Madam, cries out *Meriander*, you presuppose a thing absolutely impossible. For though a Lover should affect a person that had an extreme aversion for him, and had haply a reason to abhor him upon some interest of family, he must hope whether he would or no, because hope increases with love, and dies not but with it. For my part, replies coldly *Themistus*, I believe it possible to love without hope of ever being favored. I grant it, added, *Meriander*, but not without a hope of being loved. Nay, I am persuaded that hope hides it self from him that hath it, and that there are certain lovers that hope, though they think not so much. For when all's done, it is impossible to love without desires and without hope. So that as probability in love is not inconsistent with impossibility, how would you have a poor Lover, who discovers in the eyes of his Mistress, a certain kindness and tenderness for him; not hope that that affection

may change its nature; nay sometimes imagine, that though his Mistress know it not, she hath something beyond friendship for him. For it is so natural to love, when it is great, to flatter and deceive those that have it, that I think it impossible a lover should receive expressions of friendship without pleasure. For my part says *Melifera*, I thought fear as great an argument of love, as hope. It is so, replies *Themistus*, but their objects are different; for hope is sometime the issue of an excess of love, amidst the greatest occasions of despair; and fear on the contrary, through the same excess of love, seizes a Lovers heart, notwithstanding all the assurances a Mistress can give him. So that to return to the present business, it is easier to comprehend that a Lover cannot give a greater demonstration of his love, then when, notwithstanding the affliction it is to him, that he cannot be loved as he would, he must needs express his resentment of the kindnesses of his Mistress. Not but that those kindnesses are insupportable to him, when she is once out of his sight, but I think it so far impossible, when one loves passionately, to see a Mistress without pleasure, especially when she is kind, that I could desire all the lovers in the world, to maintain they have no pleasure when they receive an expression of friendship.

But to make it yet more clear, that a Lover, who is capable of that joy which the fair *Melifera* attributes to the indifference of his affection, loves more eagerly than another that were insensible of the expressions of friendship he should receive; We are to consider love in its own nature, and grant, that the most perfect love is that which is most passionate and most permanent, and that the Lover, who desiring much, is yet capable of loving eternally, though he obtains in a manner nothing of what he desires, is much more accomplished than he, that through the impatience of his constitution, rather than any excess of passion, says alwayes he will either have all or none, and who is over ready to break his chains, if he be not over burthened with favors, that scorns those trivial things, which balance the great afflictions of those who know how to love and enable them to prosecute their loves without being happy.

I could never have believed, says the Prince of *Messena*, that an insensible man could have discoursed of love so well. There is certainly abundance of wit in what he says, replies *Melifera*, but it is easily perceived that he does not speak out of any experience, since he is persuaded that a man may be guilty of a great deal of love, and be satisfied with a simple expression of friendship. I beseech you Madam, replies *Themistus* with a little precipitation, alter not the sense of my words, for I do not say, that a Lover is satisfied, when he receives only expressions of friendship, but only, that he cannot forbear, be he never so unhappy, feeling a certain ease; nay, a joy at the instant that he receives that demonstration of friendship: and I hold that a man must be insensible, if he can receive any kindness from his Mistress without pleasure. And I hold, on the contrary, replies *Melifera*, that a very lukewarm lover, that entertains a kindness of that nature without affliction; since that in my opinion, there is not any thing one should be more troubled at, when you receive that you desire not, and are ever denied that which you

you do. It is very evident, Madam, replies *Themistus*, that you care for no more than only to raise love, without receiving any, nay that you have not permitted any one of your Lovers to entertain you with the sentiments you have put into their hearts: for if any had had that privilege, you would have found, as I have already told you, that Love is sometimes content with so little, that it may be said he is content with any thing. 'Tis out of all question, added *Meriander*, that a Lover desires the fruition of his Mistress, and yet it is an inexpressible joy to him, if he can get but her picture, even though it were taken by stealth. Will any one say that this joy is an argument of the indifferency of his affection? Why therefore will you not allow an unfortunate lover to look on the friendship his Mistress hath for him, as an imperfect draught of the love he desires from her? To be short, add but one degree of heat to tender friendship, and you will raise it up to a love: so that I hold the picture of a person that one loves, when it is not bestowed by her, ought not to cause so much joy as the friendship of a person that one adores; for you may have that Picture without any part of her heart whom it represents, but for friendship, a lover looks on it as a greater favor than it is, if he be deeply in love. He is at least confident that he is esteemed, and that he is loved, which hath ever something of satisfaction in it. Not but I acknowledge, that the greatest friendship in the world cannot afford a pleasure and satisfaction equal to that which proceeds from the most inconsiderable expression of love, that can be imagined. But after all, whoever loves well, cannot but be infinitely sensible of whatever comes from the person he adores, and which seems not to be the effects of hatred and aversion. Nor indeed does the greatness of love ever discover it self better than when a man hath some happy intervals in the midst of his torments, and other unhappy ones even at that time when he lies in the fairest way to happiness. For it is the property of love so to order things, that lovers should never be without pleasure, nor ever without affliction.

Of a person that is insensible, says the Prince of *Messena*, once more, you speak so well of this passion, that it is impossible you should have been so always. *Themistus* hearing what his Rival said, pretended he had not heard him, as being not able to affirm before the Princess of *Himera*, that he was free from love; and unwilling on the other side to acknowledge it, for fear of displeasing her, and prejudicing himself. For *Demarata*, the secret passion she had within prevailing upon her, she imagined that *Themistus* was certainly in love, and that she was haply the object of that passion, for he was not engaged to any Lady in the Court, and constantly visited none but the Princess of *Himera* and her self; so that inferring from the discourse that had passed, that *Themistus* could not be in love with *Lindamira*, because she perceived he was sensible of those expressions of esteem he received from her, she was very glad of it, not but that the opinion of *Meriander* and *Themistus* was the more maintainable: but being not consonant to her desires, she thought fitter to follow the sentiments of *Melifera*, though she at first opposed them. She went away therefore from *Lindamira*'s very well satisfied: but with *Themistus*, it was otherwise,

for not being able to forbear the discoveries of his joy, when *Lindamira* honored him with any marks of the friendship she had for him, he was afraid he had not sufficiently persuaded her, and that she should imagine his love was too light. And this certainly was without some reason, for the Princess of *Himera*, made an hundred reflections upon that meeting, speaking of it the same evening to my Sister.

She at first told her, she was glad, it was part of her persuasion, that, according to what *Melifera*, had said, *Themistus* was not so much in love, as he pretended. But Madam, replied *Mericia*, I conceive the tenant of *Meriander* and *Themistus* to be more probable than that of the fair *Melifera*'s, whose main business certainly was to shew the greatness of her wit. Though it were so, replied *Lindamira* you would have obliged me not to have said it, for at the present, I should be very glad *Themistus* loved me not. For in fine, added she, *Meriander* hath so well proved that love cannot be without hope, that I am in a manner fully satisfied that *Themistus* flatters himself, and imagines I shall one day love him. Believe me Madam, replies *Mericia* smiling, I think it would not be amiss, if you did imagine it as well as he, for to be free with you, I think that when a woman hath a very tender friendship for a highly virtuous man, struggling with a very violent passion, which destroys not her friendship whom he loves, it is easily inferred, that in process of time, that friendship will become a little more passionate. Ah, *Mericia* replies *Lindamira* did you speak seriously, I should have a strange quarrel to you. I never spoke more earnestly, Madam, replied she, and time will haply convince you, that what I say, is true. If that misfortune ever happen to me, replied the Princess, 'tis more than you shall ever know, or *Themistus* either. It may be we shall know it before you, answered *Mericia* laughing, for if we measure things by your humor, you must be even extravagant in love, before you believe your self to be in any at all; but in a word, Madam, the sentiments that a virtuous love inspires, are so much like those that proceed from a tender friendship, that when one will be deceived, it is easie to be so. But *Mericia*, replied she, I will not be deceived, you do not believe it, replies my Sister, yet it happens otherwise.

Lindamira made no reply, and *Mericia* leaving her to her own thoughts, began seriously to believe that the friendship she had in her soul, might at last be enflamed into a love. And indeed, from that day *Lindamira* carried her self otherwise towards *Themistus*, she was distrustful of her self, and to her own sorrow, she thought that *Themistus* loved her not so much as he pretended. But what troubled her most of all, was that, whether she would or no, she took it not well that *Themistus* should love her less than she had thought. And yet she concealed her sentiments from him with abundance of care; and gave him no other answer for a long time, but that she had not, nor could not have any love for him. *Themistus* on the other side ever told her that he was, and ever would be, the most amorous of men. But she, instead of telling him, as she had done before, that she was sorry he should be so, and that she intreated him to endeavor the conquest of his sentiments, would now tell him, that he loved her not so well as he conceived, and that

that certainly he knew not what transactions passed in his own heart. But she at the same time avoided him, was so melancholly, and treated him so ill for some days, that *Themistus* was like to dye of meer grief. At last he fell into such a deep melancholly, and grew so sick, that the ablest Physicians were doubtful of his recovery.

The Prince, who had an extraordinary tenderness for him, was excessively troubled to see him in that condition; *Demarata* conceiving that the secret passion he had for her, had brought him to that extremity, groan'd under an affliction that had discovered her secret thoughts, had she not been a great Mistress in the Art of dissimulation; and *Lindamira* being then fully satisfied that she was the cause of the danger *Themistus* was in, was so sensibly moved thereat, that she was forced to keep her chamber, and to pretend her self indisposed, so to conceal her grief; for I had forgot to tell you, that the day immediately before that wherein *Themistus* fell so very ill, *Lindamira* had said some things to him which he resented so deeply, that she her self was sorry for it a quarter of an hour after he had left her. So that looking on her self as in a manner the murderers of the most virtuous man about the Court, and one for whom she had so tender a friendship, one whom the Prince and the State were so much obliged to; nay one to whom she her self was, whether she considered him as her servant, or as her friend, she accused her self, though she knew not precisely what she charged her self withal.

In the mean time *Perianthus* visited *Themistus* every day; the Prince of *Messena* did the like, nay, *Demarata* came to see him, and was so troubled at the sad condition she found him in, that she had almost been overcome by the violence of her affliction, after she had opposed her passion so long, and given some assurance of her love to *Themistus*, whom she thought reduc'd to that condition, merely because he durst not acquaint her with his affection, as well out of the respect he bore her, and the faith he would observe to the Prince his Master. So that *Demarata* was almost tempted to tell him, that he was much more happy than he thought himself, but at last she was content only to give him thousands of expressions of esteem and friendship, by the grief she discover'd, both in her eyes and words. The sick Lover seeing himself bemoaned and visited by all, and not seeing the Princess *Lindamira*, knew not what to think of her carriage towards him. She indeed sent to see how he did, but since *Demarata* had been to visit him, he thought she might very well have born her company. So that being unwilling to dye till he knew what *Lindamira* thought of his death, he did himself an extream violence to write three or four lines, which he trusted to my conveyance. He made me seal the Letter which I was to carry to *Lindamira*, whom I found alone. She blush'd when I told her that *Themistus* had written it to her, whereupon opening the Letter hastily, yet with a certain fear, she found therein these words.

THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

I Have not been able to obey your command, that I should not love you any longer, but I shall do it if you command me to die. Be pleas'd then, Madam, to lay your commands upon me, that I may have some satisfaction when I dye, and deny not this fatal favor to the most wretched, yet the most amorous of men.

Lindamira read it twice over, but not without tears in her eyes. Yet did she what lay in her power to hinder me from seeing them; and having recovered her self a little, she asked me whether it were true that *Themistus* was so ill as it was reported, and he pretended himself. Madam, said I, *Themistus* is so ill and weak, that if you will favor him with any answer, you must do it immediately. At these words, *Lindamira* going into her Closet, left me in her Chamber, and a few minutes after, brought me her answer; desiring me with the tears in her eyes, if *Themistus* at my return were not in a condition to read it, to restore her the Letter, without ever making the least mention thereof to any one. I promised to do what she desired, and so returned to my sick friend, to whom I delivered *Lindamira*'s Letter, and whose spirits I very much rais'd, when I told him she had read his with tears in her eyes. He thereupon opened the Princess's, and set himself to read it, though with much trouble, because of the extraordinary weakness he was in. But love multiplying his strength, he at last made a shift to read these words.

LINDAMIRA to THE- MISTUS.

I I've Themistus, live, and if there needs no more to oblige you thereto, than to promise you that I will not forbid you to love me. I shall resolve to do so, to save that Man's life, who of all the world is the dearest to me.

Themistus was so over-joyed at this Letter, that a kind of Lethargy which accompanied the fever he was in, and that seem'd an inevitable symptom of death to the Physicians, began to be dispersed, and as if his sickness had proceeded from enchantment, he recovered in an instant, insomuch, that those who had him under cure, being come to see him that night, were in some hope of his amendment. So that sending this news immediately to the Prince, *Demarata*, who had visited *Themistus* that morning, and had said so many kind things to him, thought that her visit had cur'd him, and thereupon loved him much more passionately than ever she had done before. For *Lindamira*, she had reason to believe that she had restored *Themistus* to life; but she almost repented her of it, when she came to consider the consequences which what

she had done might have. But after all, having a greater love for him than she thought to have had, she kindly received another Letter that *Themistus* writ, the next day when he was a little recover'd. It was but short and to this effect.

THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

I Shall live, Madam, since it is your pleasure I should, but I beseech you, let it never out of your memory what you have promised me, unless you would have me to loose the life which you have preserved, and which I value not but out of a consideration that you have bestowed it on me to adore you eternally.

What was most remarkable, Madam, was, that when *Themistus* was fully recovered, *Lindamira* would not be perswaded to see him. Upon that account was it that she went into the Country for fifteen days, nor could she be brought to speak to him till the very minute of her departure. But not able to avoid him at her return, *Themistus* saw her at her own Palace, and that alone. I shall not give you a punctual account of the entertainment happened between them; for I have so many things of greater consequence to acquaint you withall, that I shall pass by that. But at last, *Themistus* spoke so passionately to *Lindamira*, that that fair Princess, whose heart is naturally very tender, and who had been enraged in love through friendship, confirmed the permission she had given him, and so did as good as encourage him to believe, that the tenderness she had for him, amounted to something beyond ordinary friendship: but she withall, laid her absolute commands upon him, never to require any other demonstrations of it than simple assurances, and not by any means pretend to ought but the glory to know that she preferred him before all men in the world. *Themistus*, who was much more happy than he expected to be, promised to do all she desired, and was so well satisfied with the change of his fortune, that he soon recovered his perfect health.

Demarata in the mean time, was more and more perswaded that she had prov'd the Doctress, and restored him to it; for he growing a little better the very day she came to visit him, told her, at the first visit he made her, by way of complement, that he came to make his acknowledgments for that the honors she had done him, had saved his life. So that taking this positively as he said it, she was afraid she had told him too much, for she had as yet some remainders of modesty in her, and her love was not grown too strong for her reason. However she behaved her self with so much discretion, that *Themistus* did not so much as imagine what she had within her, so that the satisfaction it was to him to be in good terms with *Lindamira*, was not clouded with any thing but the love of the Prince of *Messena*, as also by the small likelihood there was he could ever be absolutely happy. For this Princess scattered not so much as a word, whence he might gather the least hope that she would ever be perswaded to marry him; so that knowing her

virtue, and the disposition of her soul, his happiness was still in some hazard.

But this hindred him not from believing himself the most fortunate lover in the world, because he valued the least favor he received from *Lindamira*, beyond all the kindnesses that others could receive. 'Twas then he understood the difference there is between the greatest expressions of friendship, and the most inconsiderable assurances of love; for though he had sometime been satished, when *Lindamira* had put a thousand obligations upon him, which convinced him that she had a friendship for him, it signified nothing in comparison of what he felt when he but met with *Lindamira*'s eyes, and saw in them certain languishing glances, that assur'd him she approved his flames, and desired the continuance of them. The Prince of *Messena* was still in love, and his addresses were equally troublesome to the Princess *Lindamira* and *Themistus*, who to get him off handsomely, made the Prince of *Syracuse*, press the execution of the treaty of Peace, that the young Prince, who lay there as a Hostage, might be obliged to return home.

On the contrary, the old Prince of *Messena*, while his Son was at *Syracuse*, endeavored nothing so much as to find out delays, for having concluded the peace meerly out of necessity, he spent that time meerly to find out occasion to renew the war. And indeed, thinking he had found them, he sent a secret Messenger to the Prince his Son, to advise him to leave *Syracuse*, writing to him (though there were no such thing) that he knew he was to be secured there. This young Prince, who knew that the policy of the Prince his Father, proceeded rather from a Fox-like craft than any true prudence, credited not what was said to him; besides that, bearing a noble mind, he would rather expose himself to be secured by injustice, than to be suspected by a breach of his parole, to endeavor an escape. Besides that, being infinitely in love with *Lindamira*, he thought nothing more horrid than to get away from her, by doing a base action which might occasion a war between him and the Prince her Brother. He therefore never disputed the business, and taking advantage of this occasion to discover his passion, he came to *Lindamira*, he shewed her the Letter from the Prince his Father, he assured her he would not obey it, and that he had rather be a slave at *Syracuse*, than free at *Messena*. Being a Gentleman of very handsome parts, he said this in an extream obliging way, so that *Lindamira* not interpreting what he had said, to have any relation to his love, as a thing that had any real being, answered him only as to the generosity that appeared in his proceedings; assuring him that the Prince her Brother had no design to secure him; and that she should not fail to give him an account of his generous carriage towards him. Upon which *Perianthus* being come into the room, attended by *Themistus*, *Lindamira*, not hearkning to the entreaty of the Prince of *Messena*, which was that she should not say any thing of what he had acquainted her with, briefly told the Prince her Brother, what that Prince had discovered to her, adding that he had made choice of her to give him notice of it. *Themistus* was at first troubled a little to see *Lindamira* acquainting *Perianthus* so hastily, with so generous

rous an action of his Rival; but coming to consider that it might prove an occasion of renewing the War, he found it was more to his advantage than he thought, and was more prejudicial to his Rival, than haply he imagin'd: So that his thoughts being absolutely becalm'd, he commended the Prince of *Messena's* action, to whom he spoke with abundance of generosity. Whereupon *Perianthus*, to convince him that he had not the least intention to secure him, assur'd him he would take no advantage of this discovery; for, said he to him, there's nothing so clear, as that the Prince your Father endeavours to renew the War. And yet I now declare, that if he break the Treaty, I will set you at liberty to go and maintain his injustice. To these words the Prince of *Messena* made answer, That if the Prince his Father were so unworthy as to break the Articles, he would remain at *Syracuse* as a prisoner of War.

Upon that *Themistus* came into the discourse, which was concluded with protestations of friendship between *Perianthus* and the Prince of *Messena*, who made answer to the Prince his Father, that he was mis-inform'd, if he thought the Prince of *Syracuse* had any design to secure him. That consequently, since there was no such thing, he intreated him not to take it ill that he stay'd at *Syracuse* till the Articles of Peace were fully put in execution. So that this old Politician, seeing he could not get away his Son, carried himself more circumpectly, and seeking out pretences apparent enough to delay the execution he had promis'd, he ordered the War to be begun by the Prince of *Heraclea*, with whom he held a secret intelligence, that had not been discovered at the Court of *Syracuse*. So that it was no small surprisal, to hear that the Prince of *Heraclea* had made an irruption into the frontiers of this State.

Themistus, making all things contribute to his love and ambition; presently look'd on it as his work, to put a glorious period to this War also; and though it were a great affliction to him to be far from *Lindamira*, and to leave his Rival near her; yet as things stood, it was not to be disputed, whether it should be so or no; that he must of necessity command the Army in person, and that Fame would speak much more advantageously of him to *Lindamira*, than the Prince of *Messena* could for himself. He therefore issu'd out all necessary orders by the Authority of *Perianthus*, and having gotten together some of those Troops that had serv'd in the War of *Messena*, he prepar'd for his departure. His Army was not very considerable; because he thought it no prudence to weaken the Frontiers towards *Messena*; So that *Demarata*, and *Lindamira* had each of them their particular fears, that *Themistus* would not haply be so victorious in this second War, as he had been in the first. Nay, the Prince himself was in some doubt that the success of this enterprise would not prove fortunate, and there was only *Themistus* himself, who was as confident of Victory now as he had been before.

Accordingly, when he came to take his leave of *Lindamira*, and that he perceiv'd she was in some fear this expedition might prove unfortunate to him; No, no, Madam, said he to her, fear not for *Themistus*, for since he was able to overcome the enemies of his Prince, when he was in a manner indifferent to you, he cannot now be overcome

himself, that he is in some hope of your addresses to Heaven for him. But, Madam, while I shall be employ'd to defeat the enemies of the State, be not you surpriz'd by the love of my Rival, for if I am once for'd out of your heart, I am conquerable every where. Were it the pleasure of the gods, replied *Lindamira*, that my fears were as groundless as yours, and that I were as confident to see you return a Conqueror, as you ought to be, that no man shall displace you out of my heart. *Themistus* hearing these obliging words from the mouth of his Princess, return'd her whatever the tenderest love can do, that is most respectful, and most passionate, so that this adieu was infinitely full of passion. And indeed it happened in a place fit to speak obliging things in. For *Demarata* and *Lindamira*, being gone to the Rendezvous of the Troops with *Perianthus*, lodg'd that night at a fair House of *Meriander's*, within eight miles of *Syracuse*. So that it was in one of the Walks of that pleasant Wilderness, that *Themistus* took his last leave of that excellent Princess.

For *Demarata*, in regard she had a great influence over *Perianthus*, *Themistus*, to lay yet greater obligations on her, entertain'd her with abundance of affection and respect as he took leave of her; so that the Princess, confirm'd in the opinion she was of, that he lov'd her, though he durst not discover it, felt the passion she had for him doubled, out of the consideration of the hazards he whom she lov'd was to be expos'd to: but at last *Themistus* departed, and went to find out his enemies. After his departure, the Princess of *Himera*, desirous to avoid the Prince of *Messena's* entertainments, and to conceal part of the affliction she was in, by reason of *Themistus's* absence, went very often into the Countrey: but in regard she could not go to any of her own houses, because they lay on that quarter where the seat of the War was, she was forc'd to borrow one of *Meriander's*, which he, being a generous, obliging, and gallant soul, furnish'd her with, and that with such satisfaction, that he caus'd an Arbor that lay in one corner of his Garden, then not wholly painted, to be finish'd for the greater diversion of her solitary entertainments. And indeed *Lindamira*, was much more pleas'd with that place than any other, repairing thither often without any other company, than that of her Women, and my Sister, whom she made the Privy Counsellor to all her secrets.

But to shorten this relation as much as may be, it was no sooner heard that *Themistus* was upon the Frontiers, but news was brought that he had routed the enemy, and forc'd them to flee into their Countrey. This first advantage gained by this fortunate Lover, fill'd all hearts with hope, and that of *Lindamira's* with joy, who received withal a Letter from *Themistus*. But Madam, I had forgot to tell you, that they had agreed before hand to write under a feigned name, that *Themistus* was to go under that of *Daphnis*; and *Lindamira* under that of *Iris*, that if the Letters should miscarry, it might not be discover'd whom they were directed to. It was also resolved between them, that there should be nothing in those Letters, whence might be infer'd the inequality of their conditions: So that *Themistus* being at liberty to write as passionately as he pleas'd himself, writ to his Princess in these terms,

DAPHNIS to IRIS.

Give me leave, most fair and accomplished Iris, to give you thanks for the advantage I have gained, for I am not obliged for it so much to Fortune, as to the desire I have had to please you. Be you therefore pleased to accept the honour of my Victory, and assure your self, I shall do all that lies in my power, to conquer with the greater expedition, that I may come and ask you whether you have defended your heart against my Rivals, as well as I have done the frontiers of this State, against the enemies of my Prince. Farewel incomparable Iris, bestow now and then a thought on the unfortunate Daphnis, if I may so call a man, for whom you have sent those addressees and vows to Heaven, that have gained him an advantage he durst never hope from his own courage.

Lindamira, having received this Letter by a faithful Slave, who delivered it my Sister, and who knew not it was directed to the Princess, answered by the same way, as you shall hear.

IRIS to DAPHNIS.

You do not certainly owe your Victory to anything but your own courage; but my dear Daphnis, you are in my debt something, you ought to be infinitely more sensible of, since you owe me thousands of fears, thousands of afflictions, thousands of disturbances, that your absence, and the hazard you are in, put me into. Hasten therefore your Conquest, but I would not have you to purchase Victory with too much danger to your life, which is dearer to me than my own.

You may judge what pleasant entertainment a correspondence so full of affection, afforded the persons between whom it was, and what great satisfaction Demarata conceived at the Victory gained by Themistus, one she so passionately loved, and who she thought had a secret affection for her. For Perianthus his joy was extraordinary, to see that the designs of his enemies proved so abortive; nay, the Prince of Messina was glad of Themistus's good success, out of hope, that the Prince of Heraclea being worsted, his Father would at last be induced to execute the Treaty, and not renew the War. So that the joy was universal, yet not so, but that it met with some affliction and disquiet in Lindamira: for Love, of all things, cannot brook absence, especially, when one knows well how to love. Accordingly, she was never better pleased than when she was alone, or had only Mericia with her, with whom he might discourse of Themistus.

And as this Princess is indeed a great Wit, so does she sometimes write Verses, such as Themistus (who, for a person of his quality, is excellent good at it) might not blush to own. So that it being impossible to be in love; and to be able to write Verses, and not to do it. Lindamira and Mericia made it sometimes their employment to do something of that nature; when they were at Meriander's fair house in the Countrey. Nay, it is imagin'd that he had from this Princess certain verses, which he hath set up in an Arbor, whereof I shall have something to tell you. In the mean time I will give you a great demonstration of my Sisters Fidelity. You are then to know, that when the Princess writ any Verses, wherein there was any reflection on the love of Themistus, she caused Mericia to write them over, as being out of prudence, unwilling they should be seen under her own hand. Being therefore gone one day a walking together, in a Walk where she had sometimes seen Themistus; she in a quarter of an hour made three Couplets of a Song, to an Air which my Sister sung excellently well; so that she repeated them to her, purposely to oblige her to sing them. But since it is hard for one to sing well, that is not very perfect in the words, Mericia writ down the three Couplets the Princess had made, which though they are not highly witty, are yet worthy the recital, because there is something in them that is very passionate. They are these.

SONG.

1.

I Labour to resist in vain,
The woes that would my heart devour,
Caus'd by the absence I sustain.
Who, Love, would think under thy power
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

2.

Perpetual fears my Soul invade,
To see the person I adore
Amidst a thousand hazards laid;
Who, Love, would think under thy power,
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

3.

I often fear, but am too blame,
(Unjust to's Love can I be more?)
Another may his heart inflame;
Who, Love, would think under thy power,
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

Mericia having written these three Couplets, sang them to the Princess, who in the mean time had her thoughts filled with all the satisfaction, that a person, who fears not to discover her most secret sentiments to a true friend, can have. My Sister by this means, got the Song so perfect, that the next day being returned to Syracuse, she sung it, not thinking of any thing, before the Prince of Messina, who asked her from whom she had it.

Mericia

Mericia remembering her self, blush'd, and made no direct answer, so that the Prince was still at her to know, and knowing, she was able to do any thing of that nature, told her that he was very happy, for whom she had made that Song. *Mericia* perceiving that the Prince of *Messena's* suspicion was far from the truth, suffered him to believe what he pleas'd, and craftily confirm'd him in the jealousy he was in, choosing rather to be suspected of a thing that was not, than to give any occasion to suspect the Princess of *Himera*, of a thing that was: for considering the extraordinary friendship that *Lindamira* had for *Mericia*, as also that they came up out of the Countrey together, and that there were few Women at *Syracuse* that could write such a Song, it might at last have been thought to come from the Princess of *Himera*, if my Sister had not discreetly started the occasion of suspecting, that she had made those verses. Not that *Lindamira* does any way pretend to be a Wit, but it is nevertheless known that she can do what she hath a mind to. and so it might have been imagin'd, as I have already told her, that she had made that Song, if my Sister, who could not affirm she had it from her, had not suffer'd people to believe that she, for diversion sake, had written it her self. But what made the Princess *Himera* the more oblig'd to her, was, that the whole Court concluded these Couplets, were made for one in the Army, that was very deeply in love with *Mericia*. He wanted not friends to send them, inasmuch, that he was so far perswaded they were directed to him, that he writ a very obliging Letter to my Sister, to know whether he ought to return her his thanks for such a Favour.

This adventure, no question, troubled *Mericia* very much, but such was the affection she had for *Lindamira*, that she willingly suffer'd for her sake. So that this endeared her so much the more to the Princess, who still preferring solitude before the Court, during the absence of *Themistus*, returned to *Meriander's* house, taking my Sister along with her. While she was there, news came that *Themistus* had given the enemy another overthrow, and that the Prince of *Heraclea* had desired a cessation of twenty daies, so that *Lindamira* looking on this cessation as a thing that would retard *Themistus's* return, if it produced not a Peace, was so melancholly, and cast down at it, that she could not endure any to be near her but *Mericia*. Nay, there were some intervals, wherein she would rather walk without her than with her, and wherein she went and sat in the pleasant Arbor which *Meriander* had caus'd to be made up a little before. One while she spent the time in thinking, another in reading *Themistus's* Letters, and sometimes desirous to stay some of her thoughts, she took her Table-book and writ something in it. Sometimes taking her Black-lead which she always carried about her, she would design something, or write some gallant, yet passionate expression upon the squares of White and Red Marble, that were in divers parts of the Closet, but dash'd out all immediately, if she did not forget to do it. When she had done, she gave my Sister an account of all she had either done or thought, as if she had been return'd after a long journey, though commonly she had not been an hour alone. For, Madam, I dare assure

you, that there never was any affection so passionate. and withal so innocent; as what *Lindamira* had for *Themistus*, who yet loves beyond what he is lov'd, if it be allowable to make comparisons between two things that are extream.

This fortunate Favorite, in the mean time making his advantage of the cessation, and pretending out of policy to come and advise with the Prince about the Articles of the Peace, if any were made, left the Army to be commanded by his Lieutenant-General, and came for *Syracuse*. But understanding that *Lindamira* was at *Meriander's* house, he would needs surprise her with a visit. He left four men that came along with him, being all the retinue he had, at a little Village, and attended only by a Slave, he alighted at a house where *Meriander's* Gardner lived, that is a Cottage which lies without the Park, within which the house is. This fellow being simple and necessitous, it was the easier for *Themistus* to oblige him, by Presents, to do what he pleas'd. But he desired no more of him, than that, taking no notice of his being there, he would let him into the Garden where the Princess of *Himera* was wont to walk. The Sun was about an hour high, so that he might easily hide himself where he pleas'd in the Garden, so as to discover himself of a sudden to *Lindamira*, who was not yet stirring: For besides that, it was as yet early day for a Lady to get up, the Princess of *Himera* had walk'd so late by the Moon-light the night before, that she could not rise very betimes. However, the Gardner assur'd *Themistus*, that she would take a walk before dinner, and therefore saies the poor fellow, out of his natural simplicity, if you would see the Garden, do it before she comes, for she is no sooner dress'd, but she comes and sits in an Arbor, where my Master hath caus'd abundance of things to be written on Marble, which are past my understanding. *Themistus* was extreamly taken with the simplicity of this Gardner, who knew him not, though he had been divers times before in the Garden, and the reason was, that he had only minded the Prince and the Princesses, with whom *Themistus* came, so that he bid him leave him to himself, and go to his work.

The Gardiner accordingly, who was very busie about a hedge of Myrtles, whereof there were abundance in the Garden, as also a many Orange-trees, left him, and went about his work. *Themistus* was no sooner come to the midst of the Garden, and saw the windows of the Chamber where his Princess lay yet asleep, but he felt a strange agitation in his heart. He was transport'd with joy, and, not able to master his own thoughts, he made a thousand contradictory wishes: for he would fain see her asleep, he would fain speak to her, and he would see in her eyes the demonstrations of love. But the Gardener having told him, that when the Princess of *Himera* had taken her walk, she commonly went, and rested her self in a magnificent Arbor, which I told you *Meriander* had caus'd to be finish'd since his departure thence, which is no question, very noble, and excellently well fancied, so as to deserve to be the treasury of *Lindamira's* thoughts.

For you are to know, that at the end of a spacious pav'd Walk, very pleasant to look on, lies this great quadrangular Arbor, whereof the Architecture is very exact, The roof of it is upheld by

by sixteen Columnes of White Marble, whereof the Bases and Chapters are of Red Marble. There are four large bow-windows, breast-high, with Curtains within, which may be drawn of any side, to avoid either the Sun or the Wind? The door of it is made Grate-wise, and the Frizes on the out-side have a certain Imagery upon them, where may be seen divers little Loves, that make chains of Roses, and intangle one another in them, as pleasantly as may be. For the inside, the Frize, which is of Marble as without, hath divers inscriptions, that is, so many amorous Maxims put there by *Meriander's* order.

But though he be excellent good at a copy of Verses, yet is it much suspected that the Princess of *Himera* had made those that are in this Arbor, which hath all about it, very convenient and handsome seats. For the upper part of the roof, there is very ingeniously represented a Heaven, whence a many little Loves seem to shoot Arrows, to cast Flowers, or shew their Torches. But I had forgot to tell you, that on the top of the covering without, there is a Figure of *Cupid*, the noblest in the World, who having loos'd his fillet, which seemed to be tossed by the Wind, looks, or seems to look towards the spacious paved Walk, as if he would not have any one to enter into that place, till he had wounded him. And to that end, having his Bow in his left hand, and an Arrow in the right, his intention may be perceived by his actions, and in his eyes, where it is so admirably represented, that it is impossible any thing can be better; *Themistus* approaching this Arbor, perceives a large Oval reversed in the middle of the Frize, under the Cornish, and just above the Door, wherein these two Verses were engraven'd in Golden Letters.

*Who Love's commanding Scepter does not fear,
Let him not enter here.*

Themistus surprized at this Inscription, read it with much satisfaction, and saying to himself, that he had a privilege to come into that Arbor, since that there needed only Love to give one entrance, opened the door, and went in hastily. He was no sooner in, but he finds over against him engraved upon the Frize, in an Oval-Emboss'd Work, these two other Verses.

*'Tis vain for to resist Love's mighty sway,
Who does not love, a time will come he may.*

Then *Themistus* turning to the right hand, finds these two other Verses.

*When Lovers pleasures undisturb'd shall be,
The Spring shall neither Flowers, nor Zephyrs see*

Then turning to the left he found these two.

*A Lover and Content, must ne'r be friends,
But who loves not unhappiness attends.*

Then at last, turning to the door, he finds over it the two Verses I am going to repeat to you.

*While there is hope, be sure you do not yield,
For soon or late a Lover wins the field.*

Themistus having given over reading these Inscriptions, was extremely pleased with them, and had a secret satisfaction, to find that his Mistress came so much to a place, where the very Marbles, if I may so express it, entertained her with Love, and where he thought she could not be without thinking on him. Nay, he thought she must needs be the Author of the Verses he was much taken with, and began to bethink him what he should say to her when she came into the Arbor. In the mean time being extremely well pleased with those Love-Maxims, he learnt these eight Verses immediately by heart, and going to repeat them over, to see if he had them perfect, he looked another way downwards; but as he looked, he casually espied something written with black Lead on a white Marble Table, which I had forgot to tell you was in the midst of the Arbor. So that being desirous to see what it was, he came nearer, and knew it to be the writing of his Princess. Reading it over hastily, he found the eight Verses I shall repeat to you, which the Princess of *Himera* had made; and, having written them there, had forgot to dash them out.

*Fair Grove, to thee alone I do impart
The secret sufferings of my wounded heart
Receive my amorous sighs, and let them not,
Be mix'd with winds, the waving Air to cut
Preserve the sad expressions of my Love,
Till Daphnis coming to your shades may prove,
By your assurances, I die here for grief,
While all your pleasures find me no relief.*

You may easily imagine, Madam, what joy it was to *Themistus*, to find Verses so amorous written by the hand of his Princess, and which he could not doubt but were made for him. Nay indeed, he was so transported with joy, that the disturbance it rais'd in his thoughts, hindred him for some time, from reading them the second time. 'Tis true, he found it no hard matter to remember them, for they made so strong an impression in him, that he found he had them by heart when he went to read them again. He could have wish'd it possible to take those precious characters out of the Table on which they were drawn; yet durst he not so much as kiss them in the transport of his passion, for fear of blotting them, and he knew not in a manner what he did, such a pleasant agitation were his thoughts in.

But knowing the Princess to be a considerate and discreet person, he easily imagined that it must be her forgetfulness that those Verses, he was so much pleased with, were not dash'd out, and he thought himself so much obliged to her for that act of oblivion, which he attributed to the greatness of her affection, that he would have thought himself happy to die a thousand times for her sake. Whereupon, the same sentiment of Love which made him afraid to blot out those Verses, put him also into a fear they should be seen by any other than himself. But at last, considering that the Princess had but few people about her, and there coming into his thoughts a fancy that pleas'd him, he recollected himself for a quarter of an hour, and taking the Lead which *Lindamira* had left upon the Table, whereon she had written the eight Verses I have

have repeated to you, he writ under them these I am now to repeat,

*Vain Laurels, wrack no more my labouring mind
May I my only fame in Iris find.
Might I, without all noise from dangers free,
Under these Orange-trees and Myrtles be,
With am'rous Myrtles crown'd to pass away,
As if one minute were the longest day;
To hear th'incomparable Iris sigh,
To crown desire with true felicity,
To live with Iris on perpetual joy,
And what e'r else the world affords, desire.*

Themistus having written these Verses, which certainly speak abundance of passion, went out of the Arbor, and hid himself behind a hedge of Myrtles, that lay on the right hand of that place, to see when the Princess came: resolved; if any other came thither, to discover himself, that none might see the Verses he had written; and to dash them out if it were requisite.

It was not long e'r *Lindamira* came, for having called to mind, as she awoke, that she had written certain Verses upon the Table in the Arbor, and had not dashed them out, she was so extremely troubled at it, that she rose up in haste, pretending that she would take the Air before the Sun were too hot. She dressed her self therefore after a negligent manner, that she might the sooner have done, and went to the Arbor, followed by my Sister, whither she was no sooner come, but she went to wipe out what she had written. She did it in such haste, that she had almost done the like, unknown to her, to the Verses *Themistus* had made; but perceiving of a suddain, something written under those she had already half blotted, she blushed, and was strangely troubled to find, that some body must needs have come into the Arbor, and consequently that her verses had been seen. But presently after, knowing the writing to be *Themistus's*, her trouble was turned into joy. Yet could she not avoid a certain slight confusion, that he should see the verses she had made for him. And yet, all considered, she was so glad, that none but *Themistus* had seen these eight Verses; she was so well pleased with those she had made, and she conceived so much pleasure in the hope of seeing him suddainly, that not able to conceal it from *Mericia*, she caused her to read what she had read her self before, commending particularly, as what she could not forbear, the passion expressed in the two last Verses. Whereupon, speaking to her, you may easily perceive, said she, that he who hath written what you have read, must needs be in the Garden. He is indeed Madam, (answered *Themistus*, coming into the Arbor, and saluting her very submissively) and is come hither to assure you with all truth and sincerity; that what he hath taken the boldness to write under those admirable Verses you have made, expresses the pure sentiments of his heart. But Madam, may I believe that what you have written is equally real? I beseech you, added he, tell me not any thing that may disannul what I have read. You know, replied she, smiling, that sometimes the cadence of a Verse, makes one say somewhat more than he would; but, in fine, you may

be safely confident, that some are very glad to see you, that you have been very much wished here, that we concern our selves in your Fame and in your Life, and that we desire your happiness. I am happy, divine Princess, replied *Themistus*, if I have your affection, and I shall desire fortune to contribute any thing to my felicity, since it is impossible I should be happy, if you will not have me to be such. For, Madam, if I seek after Fame, I do it only to deserve you: if I seem ambitious, it is not so much to raise my self to the rank my Fathers have lived in, as to come nearer that you are in; for without that, I swear to you by all that is most sacred, that I should be content if I could but while I live,

*Hear the incomparable Iris sigh,
And crown desire with true felicity,
To live with Iris in perpetual joy,
And what e'r else the world affords, desire.*

Themistus repeated these Verses, with an accent so full of passion, that *Lindamira* thought them much better in his mouth, than they were when she had read them. Whereupon, desirous to fall upon some other discourse, she spoke of his good successes in the War. But whatever she said, he some way or other brought it about to Love: he asked her whether the Prince of *Messena* had done him any injury in his absence, looking on *Mericia*, as if he were to read in her eyes, whether the Princess spoke truth or no,

From that they came to other discourses, and so to other, till at last he began to abuse my Sister about the Song she had sent to the Army, as conceiving it to be hers, which engaged him in two quarrels instead of one. For the Princess took it not well he should not have discovered that she had made it; and *Mericia* took it very ill he should believe that she had made it for the person, to whom he thought it directed. However, this little contestation was concluded with a very affectionate accommodation between *Lindamira* and *Themistus*; but, after all, though he were loved, yet was he not without some disturbance, out of a certain diffidence, that he should never be absolutely happy; and so his own happiness contributed somewhat to his sufferings.

In the mean time, the Princess being a very discreet person, would not have *Themistus's* visit, to have been thought gotten by stealth; he therefore walked with her all day, in the presence of those who were about that Princess, and in the evening, took his leave to go to those that came with him (for he brought thither but one slave with him) and so to reach *Syracuse*, which he did before the Prince was abed. He saw also *Demarata*, for *Perianthus* was in her chamber when he came to the Palace, where he was received by both, with the greatest expressions of joy imaginable. Now *Themistus*, carrying in his face all the satisfaction that a person equally favoured by *Mars* and *Venus*, could have, never appeared so lovely to *Demarata* before. Besides, he spoke so well, that the secret passion she had within her, encreased after so strange a manner, that, three daies after, she could not forbear disburthening her thoughts to her, to whom she made privy to all her secret sentiments

sentiments. What made them the more lively was, that she doubted not but *Themistus* loved her, though he durst not discover it. She had some time thought it a great satisfaction to know that he loved her, but according to the present posture of her soul, that was not enough. So that making her complaint to *Amerintha*, that Lady told her she could not apprehend what her design should be. For in fine, Madam, said she to her, you have told me heretofore that you would not have *Themistus* know that you loved him. 'Tis very true, replies *Demarata*, but at that time, I thought he had not loved me; but now that I imagine he does, I am in such a fear he should cease loving me, that I should not be haply very much troubled he should be thus far confident that it were not haply impossible he should not be hated; and if I may presume to acquaint you with the strange fantastickness of my thoughts, I almost wish he had discovered somewhat of his passion to me, though I am resolved if he mention it to me, to forbid him ever to speak of it again. I know this is a proceeding which speaks not much reason, but whoever is in love, is not troubled with much of the other. Besides, were I guilty of nothing but love, I should be less miserable, but there is in me a remainder of glory, which makes me absolutely unhappy; and that is neither strong enough to overcome my passion, nor so weak as wholly to yield to it. So that I must, in spite of my teeth, bethink me of some fantastick consolation amidst the torments I endure, and to that end I shall haply my self, give *Themistus* some occasion to discover the love he hath for me, though I am resolved, as I told you, to lay my commands never to speak of it more. For in fine, what love soever may possess my heart, I had rather dye than be infamous. And though the aversion I have for *Perianthus* be very strong, yet I will not be chargeable with any thing farther, but since it is the pleasure of my fate, that my heart be not for *Perianthus*, it does not concern him much, whether I keep it to my self, or bestow it on *Themistus*, provided my soul be free from those horrid sentiments, that are not the infallible demonstrations of a real love.

Demarata had a many other things to entertain *Amerintha* with, till word was brought that *Themistus* was at the door, desirous to know whether he might wait on her. She looked upon *Amerintha*, without saying ought to her, during which time thousands of several sentiments passing through her heart, she seemed unresolved and unquiet, then at last determining of a sudden, she commanded he might have admittance. *Themistus*, not suspecting any thing of what *Demarata* was disturbed at, came out of civility to wait on her, as wife to his Master, and consequently one for whom he was glad to have all the complaisance in the world, out of considerations of love and ambition. *Lindamira* had that very day advised him to use all the endeavors he could to preserve himself in the good thoughts of *Demarata*, for she was returned that morning from *Meriander's* House. So that he went into this Princess's Closet, as a person whose design was to humor her. He was no sooner in, but *Amerintha* withdrew to the other side of the Closet, which was a very large one, to give *Demarata* and *Themistus* the liberty of private discourse.

At first the War, the reputation he had gained, and the cessation were the subject of their discourse, *Themistus* all the while never perceiving the Princess to be in any disturbance, so excellent is she in the art of dissimulation. Nay she did her work so handsomly, that without discovering any thing of affectation, or design in what she said, she insensibly brought him into a discourse wherein he was extremely put to it. For after a many indifferent things, she asked whether he had visited many Ladies. *Themistus*, not knowing to what end she put that question to him, made answer, that he had seen only the Princess *Lindamira*, the fair *Melifera*, and two others that he nam'd. Then changing the discourse, she asked him whether he still minded the advice she had sometime given him. I have so great a respect for you, that I can never forget any thing you say to me; and that you may know what memory I have for your Counsels, I am only to tell you that your absolute commands were, that I should not entertain any love, if ever I pretended to be favorite to the Prince. And yet I know one, replied she, who thinks you are very much in love with a Woman of high quality, nay conceives you somewhat in her favor. *Themistus* hearing *Demarata* speak so home, was a little surpris'd at it, for a Lover that loves truly, ever thinks he is discovered, or at the least fears he should be. But at last, having done himself a little violence, Methinks Madam, said he to her, I see so few Ladies out of your Palace and presence, that I cannot imagine who should bring you such a piece of news. *Demarata* perceiving *Themistus* moved at what she said, was confirm'd in the imagination she had that he was in love with her. So that to bring about her design the sooner, believe me *Themistus*, said she, a man should make it no miracle that people know what is, and speak what is not, for all may be discovered, and all may be feigned. But in a word, I have heard for certain, that you love a Woman of the highest quality, one all the World thinks handsome enough; one that hath rais'd love in others, that hath a great Wit, loves you, and that you would not have it known that you are in love. And to shew you, continued she blushing, that I am not misinformed, you have seen her this day.

Themistus surpris'd at what *Demarata* said, was almost out of all doubt that his love to *Lindamira* was discovered, for all she had said might very well be meant of that Princess; she was of high quality, handsome, had a servant of the Prince of *Messena*, had a great wit, he loved her, she affect'd him, he was unwilling it should be known he had any affection for her, and he had seen her that very day, and of the Ladies he had seen none but her and *Demarata*, whom he could not imagine concern'd in this discourse, though it were the secret drift of her that spoke it; so that he was at such a loss, that he knew not what to do. *Demarata* on the other side, seeing the uncertain posture he was in, had a secret joy to imagine that she was not mistaken. In the mean time *Themistus*, running over a hundred things in an instant, told her that he could not devise who might have brought her this news, nor who they could imagine he should be in love with — And if it should happen to be my self, said she somewhat hastily, looking on him very earnestly, though with some disturbance — Then

I should say, Madam, (replied he, not suspecting as yet any thing of the truth) that these people were a little at a distance with their wits, for though you are one of the noblest Princesses in the World, and the fittest to raise love, yet is there not any thing so far from probability as this Story; for knowing what you are, and what I am myself, if the respect I owe you had not hindered me from presuming upon your affection, I should have left *Sicily* at the very instant, and the meer fear of doing you any injury by loving you, and of betraying my Master by pretending to be his Rival, would have persuaded me to prefer exile and death before all things else. But farther, Madam, added this Lover, who would now be curious out of design, I would fain know who could be guilty of the presumption to tell you a thing of this nature. *Demarata* perceiving that *Themistus*, avoided the opportunity she had given him, entertained on the sudden other imaginations, and considering the countenance wherewith *Themistus* answered her, was satisfied he had no affection for her. So that inclining to indignation, she immediately applied her self to the art of dissimulation which she was so well versed in; and putting on another countenance, how, said she to him, with a strange confidence, can you make a serious answer to what I have said, you do not perceive that I had not spoken as I have, but to discover the progress of ambition in your heart, which it seems, is such that you imagine it possible that people should report that you love me and I you. Ah *Themistus*, added she, of an understanding man as you are, have you not answered me well, nay I could not conceive you should have made me that answer, but for your punishment, know, that nobody hath said any thing to me, that I do not think any one loves you, or that you love any thing but greatness and glory.

This put *Themistus* into another disorder, but all considered, he was not a little glad to see that *Demarata* knew nothing of the affection he had for *Lindamira*; he therefore made *Demarata* the best answer he could, telling her, that never presuming to make the least doubt of what she said, she was the occasion of his confidence, or to say better, his simplicity, he craved her pardon, and so got off as well as he could out of so troublesome a business: but though *Demarata* were sufficiently Mistress of her self, when she was resolved to disguise her thoughts, yet could she not in the sequel of the discourse, avoid divers things whence *Themistus* might take occasion to suspect something. He was more satisfied as to that point an hour after, for diverse Ladies being come to the Princess, among whom came also the Prince of *Messena*, (who detained *Themistus* there, though he were desirous to be gone) they fell into a discourse of generosity, honesty and love; and it was put to the question, whether a person that were tender of his honor, might without ceasing to be such, receive any expressions of affection from the wife of a man whom he loved, and by whom he was loved. At first it was generally thought there could not be any thing so unworthy, or so opposite to honesty. But after a while, *Demarata* took occasion to make it a question whether it ought to be so generally affirmed; for in fine, said she, I know not when a woman begins to love a man, and gives him occasion to imagine as much, whether that man be not

more obliged to that Lady for her love, than to his friend for his friendship, and consequently whether that circumstance would not take off much of his crime, and make him less blameable, than if he began to love first, and should make it his main business to cajoll his friends wife. No question but he were less censurable, replies *Themistus*, though yet a virtuous man would think himself very unhappy to be in so dangerous an adventure; but when all's done, added *Lindamira*, he were still blameable enough, and must needs pass for a base and perfidious person in their judgments, who are acquainted with the true rules of honesty, for a man must not upon any pretence whatsoever, either betray or be ungrateful.

Themistus having accidentally met the eyes of *Demarata*, discovered in them a certain disturbance, wherein he thought might be read love, indignation, and shame; nor indeed was he mistaken, for *Demarata*, notwithstanding her natural dissimulation, could not hinder *Themistus* from perceiving that she had within her, whatever those three sentiments can inspire that is most cruel; and to make her affliction the more insupportable, she imagined she saw something in the eyes of *Themistus*, that signified he understood well enough what hers meant, and that he would make no answer thereto. So that night being come, she was extremely afflicted: How said she, am I so unhappy as to love, yet not to be loved again; nay I am so unfortunate, as to be in a manner satisfied, that the ungrateful man who loves me not, knows my weakness, and will not bear any part thereof. No, no, I am not able to bear with this injury, and let people say what they will, I am persuaded that the most horrid of all crimes, is that whereby a man makes no return to a woman's affection, being in such a condition as I am in. Let me then tear from my heart the unjust passion that tyrannises there; but alas! added she presently, I have loved *Themistus* from my infancy, 'tis a natural inclination which I cannot overcome, nay, which I cannot find so far guilty, as that it deserves to be condemned; for all I desire is, only to love and to be loved, without either giving or entertaining any criminal expressions thereof. In the mean time, the ambitious *Themistus*, who prefers his Masters favor before any Mistress, triumphs over my weakness, and slights me as much as I love him. But though I should die for it, I must do my self an extraordinary violence, and not thinking it enough to pass from love to indifference, I must know no mean between love and detestation, and be revenged on him that makes me unhappy, because he minds not his own happiness. Had he loved me, and afterwards betrayed me, I should not be so much incensed as I am, now that knowing I love him, he makes no return to my affection. This resentment is haply somewhat unjust, but I know not how to remedy it. Love is it self the reason of all the imaginations that proceed from it, and revenge is so natural to love, that I should not think it much to be pardoned, though people came to know the cause why I now do, or hereafter may hate *Themistus*. He must certainly have a horrid aversion for me, that he makes no return to the tenderness I have for him; he is ambitious, and I am of a quality to satisfy his ambition; I am young, I am not

unhandsome, I dispose of his Masters heart, I can ruine him when I please, and all this notwithstanding, he guesses at my sentiments; and pretends he understands them not. No, no, *Demarata*, this injury is insupportable, and thou must banish *Themistus* thy heart, or at last thrust him out of the Court.

These, Madam, were the sentiments of *Demarata*, whilst *Themistus* was sufficiently troubled on the other side, for he had but too well observed whatever *Demarata* had either done or said, and was absolutely satisfied that she loved him. Then reflecting on the inclination she had for him even in her infancy, and a hundred things she had done since his return, he was convinced of the truth, so that he was extremely afflicted, for it was easy for him to foresee that the consequences thereof might prove very fatal, as well in relation to his fortune as his love. He knew the Princess to be violent, passionate, and bold, and that she had a great influence over the Prince of *Syracuse* who still was as fond of her as on the day he married her. However, he thought it discretion not to acquaint the Princess of *Himera* that he thought himself loved by *Demarata*, nor any way endeavored to make her party good against her with the Prince, but only to avoid the opportunities of having any private discourse with her. But what he thought he did with prudence, proved prejudicial to him; for *Demarata* looking very narrowly into his actions, took notice of his carriage, and was more offended at it than before. For *Themistus*, he thought the best course he could take, was to dispose things in order to his return to the Army, either to prosecute the War when the cessation were expired, or to conclude a Peace with the Prince of *Heraclea*. But there being many rubs in his way, he was forced to have patience for some time.

In the mean time, *Demarata* made it her business to insinuate into *Perianthus*, more than she had ever done, and dissembled so well, that only *Themistus* could look into her soul. Thence he infer'd, that *Demarata*'s love would soon be turned into hatred, and was the more confirmed in it, by a discourse whereof I have gave him an account, as having made one in it. I doubt not but you remember that *Themistus* is very excellent at a paper of Verses, since I have repeated some of his to you, you are now to imagine that *Demarata* being with some few about her in her Closet, they fell to discourse about Musick, and thence they fell to talk of Painting and Verses, every one commending Poelie, Painting, or Musick, according to their several inclinations. For my part says *Demarata*, I look on these three things as such as contribute much to the entertainments of all virtuous persons, but that they are so far from being requisite in a person of quality, that he may be infinitely such, though he can neither sing, draw, or write verses. 'Tis true, Madam, replied I, these three excellent qualities are not so necessary in a person of honor, but they are requisite to make a man pleasant company, especially Musick and Poelie, and that above all things in what relates to matter of gallantry. I must needs confess replied she, that love in Musick, and love in Verse is a gallant thing, but it is very hard for a person of quality to be very excellent at either of these two qualities. Besides,

as to singing, I see no great difficulty in it, but for a person of great quality, to play the publick Poet, it shews him commonly a very strange kind of man. There is indeed Madam, replied I, abundance of difference between a person of worth, that writes Verses well, and a meer Poet. Believe me said she, there's more danger than is imagined for a man to expose himself to such an adventure, for if he makes ill Verses, 'tis a pittyful thing, if good, he shews them, is much pleased to be commended, and in a trice he becomes a Poet by profession; then you are desired to repeat your Verses, people beg copies of them; may they give you Subjects on which you must make others; you must take it as an honor you are desired to do it, and at last you are treated as a person to whom men may not well presume to speak in Prose. It must therefore needs be a troublesome thing for a person of quality to be exposed to such odd inconveniences. I grant Madam, said I, that there must be judgment to make good use of a Talent so precious, as that of Poelie, but it is not only requisite in that, but indeed in all things, for a Hector that should ever be talking of combats and quarrels would be yet much more troublesome than a great repeater of Verses. For that matter, cries out the divertive *Melifera*, I am of a different opinion, for I assure you there is not any thing more importunate than those people that make ill Verses and know not so much, yet thinking others take as much pleasure in them as they do themselves when they recite what they have done, persecute you with perpetual repetitions. For my part added she, an humor came on me the other day, to go to one of those troublesome people, to ask him whether he had not that pretty Song which had raised so much talk of *Mericia*; but I think I paid for it, I no sooner asked but he gave it me, but afterwards without any intreaty, he gave me another of his own, as ill as the other was handsome. That done, he repeated another, and so falling insensibly, whether I would or no, from one repetition to another, and from one paper of Verses to another, after he had begun with a Song, he concluded with a large serious work of above a thousand Verses, which he told me he had made an imitation of *Hesiod*, if my memory fails me not, and to recommend the work the more, he assured me that he had shewn it to very knowing persons, who had recommended it extremely. But his comparisons signified little with me, for I only gave it an ambiguous commendation, nothing at all to his advantage, if he would have understood it aright, for I was never so tired out with any thing in my life.

He you speak of, replied I, must certainly be very importunate, for he is in a word, one of those who ever lie lier to be the first to make Verses upon any accident, and who belabor themselves with equal violence upon all subjects. Give them a batel to write upon, they are ready to celebrate the Conqueror; if a City be taken, they shall do no less for him that hath taken it. If a person of any consideration die, they furnish him with Epitaphs; if a Beauty, she carries away, if you believe them, love and the graces along with her into the Tomb, though they were never acquainted with her. If some young Prince be born, they presently erect a Poetical Scheam of his Nativity; which

which promises him Conquests and Victories, whereof there will never happen any thing. If there be a marriage, they provide Epithalamium's, though not so much as invited to the wedding. If some great Ladies dog chance to dye, they promise him immortality; nay, so busie are these mercenary Poetasters, that they take it very ill there should any thing more than ordinary happen in their time, on which they should not exercise their foolery in verse. But Madam, when I speak of Poesie as a thing worthy commendation, nay necessary for the absolute accomplishment of a gallant person, I would not say that such as I have now described ought to sit on Mount *Parnassus*, no, these are only the weeds and excrescencies of a fair and fruitful Garden. There they have their growth and nourishment with the fair flowers, but to no other end but that they may be plucked up as soon as they are perceived; so that I conclude, Madam, that as far as civility permits, we should banish from the society of persons of worth and virtue, all these troublesome Poetasters, who take pains only to their own shame, and to importune those, who know them whether they will or no. I would have also banished such Poets as are over-satirical, that write by the inspirations of envy and detraction, and cannot commend any thing but what all the World blames, that is, when they commend their own works.

But however, says *Demarata*, before you tell us how you imagine a person of quality make may his advantage of Poesie, grant before hand, that there are divers who do very handsome things, who yet are not fit for a Court-conversation. I grant it, Madam, replied I, for there are some excellent men that are framed only to study, insomuch that having no great acquaintance with the world, their works are many times more acceptable than they themselves. However, I hold that there ought to be a respect for such as have worth in them, and men should laugh at their ignorance of punctilioes of compliments and fashions, instead of commending them for doing these things very well that they undertake, and are versed in. But after all, it is not thus that I expect a person of quality should make verses. Would you have it done as a person of my acquaintance does, says *Melissera*, who though he be satisfied that what he does is very handsome, makes as if he believed it little worth, and cares not what is said of it. However, something he does and communicates it, but after a slight manner, as if it were but a trifle, never speaking of it but by way of raillery. He that you speak of replied I, must certainly be a person of much worth, but this is not yet the way wherein I would have Poesie treated when a man will meddle with it; for a man should never make sport with what he hath done himself. Would you then have it, says a Lady that was in the company, as a certain person of very much worth, known to all the world, one that does very excellent things, and yet is so far from giving them away, that he will hardly shew them, not even to a small number of persons; nay 'tis with abundance of trouble that he is persuaded to it. But what end is there in doing those things, if they are not seen, replies *Demarata*? — For my part, Madam said I, I would have a person of honor do it for his own satisfaction, or for his Love, and that he should not think when he is

about them, that he labors for the multitudes. Nay, I would not have him make any publick profession of what he does, and I would have him at first hardly persuaded to acknowledge it; but afterwards when it is known, he should not make it so much a secret: and when a man hath friends that understand things of that nature, he may make these part of his diversion with them, without any affectation either to shew or conceal them; but above all things, he must have a great care not to communicate them to a sort of young men, that are ignorant and obstinate, and think that a Poet and a Fool are the same thing; for with such people a man must be short; nay sometimes uncivil, but for such as have sound understandings, and know the world well, a man needs not be so reserved, he must not only shew, but bestow such things on them. For good verses are not made that they should not be seen, and persons of quality were very unfortunate, if it were not allowable in them to have wit and to discover it, when they can do it with judgment.

However, says *Demarata*, I would not allow in a Courtier any other species of Poetry than what they call the *Gallant*. It is indeed of all the most proper for him, replied I, but Madam, since Poesie is a natural inclination, we are not to pitch on any species but what nature leads us to, for we should never do well in it. It is enough therefore, only to affirm, that a person of quality should not trouble himself with the making of Verses, if he be not naturally inclined thereto, and if he be not fortunate therein; and it is the poorest excuse in the world for a person of quality, to say that it is not his profession; for if it be excusable not to make any verses at all, it is not so if a man pretends to do it, and cannot do it well. But must not a man make bad ones, replies *Demarata*, before he comes to make good ones? right Madam, replied I, but those who shall one day be excellent at it, have I know not what, something that is ingenious and handsome amidst their imperfections, which is an infallible argument of the future excellency of him that hath made them; for which reason we must not discourage those that begin to write, provided there be more good than ill in what they do: but when all is done, it were very hard to give precise rules whereby a person of quality should make Verses, and I shall sooner have done, by saying that if he make them as *Themistus* does, he will acquit himself as a person of worth. For he is not the first person that speaks of them, when his friends say any thing of them, he is neither troubled nor over-pleased; he neither blushes at what he does, nor places his greatest honor in it: he looks on Poetry as an inviting and pleasant diversion, that heightens the gallantry, loves, nay the reputation of those that are excellent at it. He discourses thereof with such as are well read in it when reason requires; he never mentions it to those that are unacquainted therewith; he neither commends nor censures what he hath done, and looks on the Talent of Poesie, as a handsome present from nature, which he thinks he ought to improve, and such as makes him a more lovely and more accomplish'd person.

No question but *Themistus* makes excellent good verses, replies hastily *Demarata*, but I know not how he makes a shift to find them, for I am of opinion

opinion, that it is Love that teaches the art of making them well, that ambition contributes not much thereto, and that *Themistus* does what is very extraordinary, that he can make so good ones, and be so little in love as he is. *Demarata* blushed as she said this, and notwithstanding her art of dissimulation, I perceived some secret quarrel against *Themistus*. So that being come away, I went and told him what I had observed; but he guiding all his actions by discretion, would not tell me any thing of the occasion of *Demarata's* quarrel against him. However, methought he was very much troubled at what I had told him; but I thought, looking on *Demarata*, as predominant over *Perianthus*, the concernment of his fortunes made him be troubled at what I had told him.

In the mean time *Demarata*, whose heart was big with desires of revenge, and who looked on the Prince her Husband, as the only man, by whose means she might compass her design, omitted nothing, as I have already told you, to bring him more absolutely to her devotion; but to say truth, it was impossible that she should do more than she had, for his affection for her, was as violent as ever it had been, so that she was in a capacity to persuade him to any thing she desired. Inasmuch that *Themistus*, not ignorant of her power, was extremely disturbed at it. However, he imagined that the same passion that inclin'd her to ruine him, might divert her from from it, and hoped that the services he had done the State, those he was now doing, and those he might do, would give check to her violence, though he were still satisfied, that there is nothing more dangerous than a Woman who loves, and is not loved, when she hath given any expressions of affection, to one that makes no return thereto. So that, do what he could, *Themistus* was still melancholly; nay, he divers times avoided waiting on the Prince to *Demarata's*, and he pressed his departure, as much as lay in his power, though to be far from *Lindamira* was the greatest affliction in the world to him: And in fine, he gave *Perianthus* so many reasons, that he received his last Orders to depart betimes the next morning. But having a design to visit the Princess of *Himera*, after he had done all his business at *Syracuse*, it was very late e'r he got away.

As he went he met the Prince of *Messena* coming thence, he staid him for some discourse in the spacious place of the *Acbradina*, somewhat near the Altar of *Concord*, that stands in the midst of it. The Moon shined very bright, and having each of them but two slaves apiece with them, they took two turns about the place; for though *Themistus* had no great affection for the Prince of *Messena*, yet durst he not discover his jealousy, for fear of betraying his love. As they were walking, three men that were also there upon the same account, having cryed out very earnestly, 'Tis the Prince, 'tis he, drew their swords, and came to seize on the Prince of *Messena*. *Themistus*, being not to consider what he had to do upon such an occasion, rescued his Rival, no less than if he had been his best friend.

Their slaves in the mean time, having no Arms, cried out that *Themistus* was murdered, hoping that at that name, two several knots of people that were walking upon the place, would come to the relief of those that were set upon; but in

stead of doing that, they joyned with those that had given the assault. 'Tis true, they did not behave themselves as such, as would have kill'd the Prince of *Messena*, but only as people that would have carried him away; for the former who had drawn their swords, had done it only to secure themselves from him they would have taken, and to hinder *Themistus* from crossing their design. But my friend not ab'le to guess at the intentions of those he saw, fought with incredible valour, it being not in his power at that time, to observe that the Prince was set upon as he was. Upon this, the slaves that belonged to him, seeing what danger he was in, went with all speed to the Palace, whence there came so many men in Arms, that those who had made it their business to carry away the Prince of *Messena*, seeing they could not compass their design, quitted the place, and cast themselves into a Bark that waited for them in the Ports. *Themistus*, and the Prince of *Messena* pursuing them, followed by those that were come to their relief, *Themistus* advanc'd 15 paces before the rest, to seize upon one that fled. But coming near the Port, those that were in the Bark, that entertained such as were forced to fly, shot divers Arrows, whereof one unfortunately took *Themistus* quite through the Arm, and another gave him such a wound in the Leg, that he fell down. This accident so much surpriz'd those that saw it, that they that had hurt him, had by that means an opportunity to save themselves; for rowing away with all diligence, before order was given for their pursuit, and that order put in execution, they were so far, that they could not be overtaken.

There were divers judgements of this adventure, but the most common opinion was, that the old Prince of *Messena* would have gotten his Son away, that he might renew the War, by joyning with the Prince of *Heraclea*, who to that end, had demanded the cessation, which was not then expired. However it was, this adventure made a great noise in the Court; it was at first reported at the Palace, that *Themistus* was dead, inasmuch that *Perianthus* was so troubled at it, that he came to the place where the accident happened. For *Demarata*, the hatred which her love had bred, ceas'd at that instant, and she entertained that false alarm with such grief, that it happened very well for her, that there was none but *Amerintha* by, when the news was brought. But what was most strange, was, that being presently after undeceiv'd, she felt no great joy; nay, she was not far from desiring that *Themistus* had been dead, at least, she accused her self of unworthiness, for being afflicted.

In the mean time *Themistus* being carried home, whither the Prince went along with him, the Chyrurgions affirmed, that if nothing happened extraordinary, his wounds were not dangerous, but that in all likelihood the cure would be tedious. The Prince of *Messena* spoke with abundance of obligation to this illustrious wounded person, and to *Perianthus*, and they both answered him with no less generosity, though *Themistus* could not do it without some trouble. For *Lindamira* she was extremely cast down at this misfortune; yet was it some comfort to her, to understand that *Themistus's* wounds were not very dangerous: but the noise of such accidents being very swift, the Prince of *Heraclea* hearing that *Themistus*, whose valour

was

was the fear of all the enemies of the Prince of *Syracuse*, was not in a condition to reassume the command of the Army, gave over all thoughts of peace. So that news came to *Perianthus*, that he intended nothing but War, and that he would take advantage of *Themistus*'s absence, as soon as the cessation were expired.

While things stood thus, there was a certain seditious humor gotten into the people of *Syracuse*, whereby the presence of the Prince was thought but necessary. *Perianthus* was somewhat at a loss to find a man to supply *Themistus*'s place, for fear of raising any discontent, for there was no small division in the Court. But the Prince of *Messena* being a person of a gallant and generous nature, came to *Perianthus* to tell him, that having been the occasion of *Themistus*'s not being in a capacity to serve him in so dangerous a conjuncture, he desired leave to expose his life in his service. I am far, said he, from desiring the command of the Army; for being Son to a Prince, that gives you many occasions to believe, that he is not sincerely reconciled to you, I think it not just it should be given me. All I desire, is the permission to go and fight for your service, for I declare it to you, that excepting the Prince my Father, all your enemies are mine.

Perianthus very generously entertained what this young Prince said to him, and assured him, he had so great an esteem for him, that he would put all things into his hands, and that he thought it impossible he should betray him. But, added he, do you not fear the Prince your Father might be incensed against you? Ah, my Lord, replied the young Prince, when, what I do is contrary neither to the Laws of Honor, nor to those of Nature, I fear nothing, and I ever do what reason and glory advise me to. However, *Perianthus* made him no positive answer at that time, though he thought that expedient the best to avoid the grumblings of those who expected to be chosen; for the quality of Prince of *Messena* took away all matter of contestation. Neither would he for that day; speak any thing of business to *Themistus*, for that having had an ill night, because of the affliction it was to him, that he could not return to the Army, those that waited upon him, permitted not any to discourse with him. So that till such time as he might acquaint him with his design, he communicated it to the ablest of his Council, who, knowing the Lieutenant-General of the Army, to be an able and trusty person, told *Perianthus*, that they could not imagine there was any danger to give the command of it to a young Prince, who having no interest in the Army, could not abuse the command he might have thereof; that by that means he would smother the complaints of the male-contents of his Court, without exposing himself to any danger; besides the improbability there was, that a Prince in love with *Lindamira* should betray him, and that the Prince of *Messena*, having the reputation of a gallant man, would doubtless do him very good service, he being so much concern'd to do it, *Perianthus* being thus confirm'd in his design; communicated it that night to *Demarata*, who being very glad, that the command of the Army was bestow'd on a man from whom they durst not take it away, while the War lasted, because he was of a higher quality

than to obey *Themistus*, fortify'd him in the design. So that coming the next morning to acquaint *Themistus* therewith, he spoke of it, as a thing already resolv'd, asking him only, whether he did think the Prince of *Messena* would do him faithful service. Here *Themistus* was extremely at a loss, for on the one side, he saw that it concern'd the Prince his Master, as things then stood, that the Prince of *Messena* should command the Army. On the other side he saw it very much concern'd his Love, that this occasion should not make his Rival famous; and gain such credit with the Prince, that at his return, he might get the Princess of *Himera*. However, being perswaded of the virtue of his Rival, he stuck not at what he was to answer, and so generously told *Perianthus*, that he was very much satisfied, that if the Prince of *Messena* accepted of the employment, he would acquit himself with faith and courage; but that nevertheless, there might be some danger to bestow it on him, telling *Perianthus* all that policy could suggest to dissuade him. But the Prince on the other side alledging what he could to take off his reasons, added, that the business having already taken air, and the cessation being ready to expire, there was no other way to be resolv'd on. So that *Themistus* seeing there was no remedy for this inconvenience, stood out no longer, but gave *Perianthus* way.

This Prince having given that of *Messena* all necessary Orders, he prepared for his departure; but as he took his leave, he intreated *Perianthus* to promise him, that if he returned with conquest, he would do him all the service he could, in a business wherein he was infinitely concern'd. *Perianthus* promised him what he desired, without diving into his intentions, and brought him to take his leave of *Demarata*, who wished him all the glory War could give him. That being done, he came to take his leave of *Themistus*, who was extremely afflicted, that the respect he had for the Princess, permitted him not to tell the Prince of *Messena*, that he was his Rival, and not his friend as he thought. I know well, saies the Prince of *Messena*, embracing him in his bed, that I expose my self to be, haply, as unfortunate in War, as I have been in Love; but though I should not overcome those that you have, I shall think it no dishonor, for there are many degrees of glory, below that of *Themistus*. My Lord, replies he, that the Arms of the Prince of *Syracuse*, have been fortunate in my hands, I am obliged to Fortune; but if they prove such in yours, you will be obliged only to your valour and your conduct. Upon this, the Prince of *Messena* went out of his Chamber, to go to the Princess of *Himera*, who knew not well how to keep her countenance; for looking on him as a Prince that had been the innocent cause of *Themistus*'s wounds, she could not avoid a little trouble to see him, especially out of a fear she was in, that, if he should prove fortunate in the War, he might, at his return, make his Victory advantageous for his passion. However, she took leave of him with much civility: about an hour after he was gone, she received a Letter from *Themistus*, who, sick as he was, could not forbear writing to her in these terms.

THEMISTUS

THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

I Beseech you, Madam, make not the same obliging wishes for the Prince of Messina, as you did for me, when I took my leave of you to go to the Army: for as I am perswaded, that I had not been fortunate, had not it been your desire it should be so, it may well be pardoned me, if I fear he should be more fortunate than I have been; not that I wish he may be overcome, but only that I would have him owe his victory to Fortune, and not to you.

Lindamira having read this Letter, made him this answer thereto.

LINDAMIRA to THEMISTUS.

IT is clear that my wishes are fruitless to those for whom I make them, since you have been wounded; for I assure you, I wish not any thing with so much earnestness, as to see the State engaged to you for part of her glory; and to be truly free with you, I at the present send up so many addresses to heaven for your health and recovery, that you ought not to fear I have any left for other things.

This Letter dissolved much of Themistus's melancholly, but after all, when it came into his thoughts, that his Rival had a very fair opportunity to render himself famous; it was such an affliction to him, as he was not well able to buckle with. It must needs be acknowledged, that I am very unfortunate (said he to himself, as he hath told me since) for I have defeated the enemy to no other end, but that the Prince of Messina may the more easily subdue them, and that he should haply enjoy the fruits of my labours. I have further, the unhappiness to be more loved by Demarata than I would be, who having so much power with the Prince as she hath, will infallibly do me all the ill offices she can, and make me as unfortunate in ambition as in love. 'Tis true, I have this happiness, that I am not slighted by the person I love; but alas what will be the effect of the affection she hath for me, but to make me more miserable than I am? For when all is done, she confines the expressions of her affection to such narrow limits, that I dare not so much as hope ever to see my self absolutely happy. She still is guided by considerations of Prudence, State, and Glory, and because I am no Prince, and that I have sometimes been unfortunate, my Birth, Love, and Services shall signify nothing, and there's a necessity I should ever be the object of misfortune. However, since the incomparable Lindamira ordains it should be so, I must submit, nay, admire and reverence the virtue that makes me miserable.

You see Madam, how Themistus entertained himself, while Demarata was examining what resolution to take, for she could not be at rest any where. Nay, she made it her complaint, that ever since Themistus's return, she past not an hour, but she heard some discourse or other of him. While he was in the Army, the reputation of his great actions, was the general discourse; while he was in health at Syracuse, either she could not, or haply would not be without his visits; and now that he lay hurt, Perianthus spoke to her of him perpetually, nay, all that came to her, thinking they did well, were constantly bemoaning him. How, said she one morning to Amerintha, being violently transported by that exasperated passion that made her abhor what she loved, if I may so express my self, Shall Demarata, in whom the world finds something that may raise love, undergo the shame of loving, without being loved again; nay, be so base as to be troubled of a suddain at the pretended death of him who does her this affront? Must I ever see him dividing Perianthus's heart with me, and being the object of all his friendship? No, no, said she, it were too rigorous a punishment, and the best course I can take, is to banish him my presence, since I cannot my heart, who will not entertain me into his. But this must be done by circumvention, I must calumniate and impose false crimes upon Themistus, and I must cease to be what I have ever been.

But Madam, said Amerintha to her, how shall this be effected, in case you are resolved to do it, for you cannot persuade the Prince, that he holds any correspondence with the enemy, since he hath defeated him. You cannot accuse him of having enriched himself prejudicially to the Prince, from whom he many times refuses new favours, because of all men he is the most dis-interested. So that I see not what you can probably charge Themistus with, That he loves me, replies Demarata, blushing. This no doubt, is the highest supposition in the world, added this revengeful Princess, but the easiest thing in the world for me to make Perianthus believe, if I but undertake it; and since it is the only way to remove Themistus from my presence, and to be revenged of his insensibility, I must needs embrace it. Nor shall my revenge be cruel, since he shall lose no more than what fortune would not haply have bestowed on him without me. For had not I confirmed the Prince in the friendship he had for Themistus, he would not have affected him so much. But, Madam, replied Amerintha, if Perianthus ever discovers the Truth, you would ruine your self, by endeavouring to ruine Themistus. How, said she, do you imagine Friendship more powerful than Love? That Perianthus can avoid jealousy, whom I would have to be jealous, and that imagining Themistus in love with me, he can do it to my prejudice? No, no, Amerintha, that were to invert the order of things; indeed it is impossible it should be so. Besides, the resolution I take, is haply much more innocent than you conceive, for if I should not banish Themistus my presence, I could not forbear loving him, as insensible as he is, nay, haply I should not be able to conceal my affection from him. I must therefore so husband the hatred I have for him, as to make it contribute to my reputation. No question but I hate him at the present,

sent, but I am not confident I shall do as much when I see him; I must therefore, while he is a prisoner to his wounds, and cannot come to see me, make the best use I can of such precious minutes. I must flatter *Perianthus*, I must invent, I must forget all honesty, and I must do all that is requisite to punish an insensible person, that so I may no longer love a man, that neither does, or ever can love me.

Accordingly, Madam, *Demarata* being at that time absolutely resolved to have *Themistus* banished, bethought her of what ever might further her design. She therefore took very great care never to speak first of *Themistus*, especially before *Perianthus*, and to answer very coldly, when ever he spoke of him to her. She never sent to know how he did, and avoided saying, or doing any thing, whence it might be infer'd, he was in any favour with her. For some daies *Perianthus* minded not this change, but *Themistus* recovering, and very fit to admit discourse, *Perianthus* perceived that *Demarata* concerned not her self so much in *Themistus*'s welfare, as she had done some time before, when *Themistus* was like to die. However, he would not at first say any thing to her of it, for being still extremely fond of her, he was afraid of having any contestation with a person that had all the power over him that Love could give her. So that having observed this coldness for some daies. without being able to discover whence it proceeded, or knowing that *Demarata* had not sent to see how *Themistus* did, he asked *Themistus* himself, who was very much surpris'd at the question, and therefore answered not precisely thereto; for being the most reserved man in the world, he would have dyed, ere he had told *Perianthus* the true cause of *Demarata*'s change. He therefore told him, he knew not but that he was in her favour; that if he were not, it proceeded from some artifice of those who envied his good fortune; but this he told him with such an accent, that the Prince could not but judge there was something more in his mind, than he was willing to discover. He for some time pressed him to speak sincerely, but seeing *Themistus* would say no more, and loath to prejudice his health, by too much importunity, he left him, and went to the Princess *Himera*, to see if she knew of any thing that had happened between *Demarata* and *Themistus*, for having an extraordinary affection for those two persons, he was extremely troubled to see any thing of discord happened between them. But *Lindamira* not knowing any thing, and that the love of *Demarata* was the only secret *Themistus* had concealed from her, she assured him that she knew nothing that had passed between them: so that *Perianthus* returned to the Palace infinitely afflicted.

As he came along, news was brought that the Prince of *Messena* was no sooner got to the Army, but he understood that the enemies were overjoyed at the accident had happened to *Themistus*, whose valour they stood in fear of; and that, not desirous to hear of peace, out of the hope they were in, to be more fortunate in the War than they had been; they slighted the propositions thereof, and broke the cessation as soon as ever it was expired. That thereupon two parties meeting, that of the enemy had been defeated, so that *Perianthus*, who could entertain nothing of joy which

he did not communicate to *Demarata*, went and acquainted her with what he had heard. It seems then, (said she in a scoffing way, to prosecute the secret design she had) Victory is not the absolute slave of *Themistus*, since she sometimes waits on the Prince of *Messena*. This was so maliciously spoken, that *Perianthus* was absolutely satisfied, that she had entertained other thoughts of *Themistus*, inasmuch, that this putting his thoughts into a strange disturbance, he would needs guess at what it should be; but the more he thought of it, the farther he was from the truth. Being therefore no longer able to brook this uncertainty, the first time he was alone with *Demarata*, he conjured her to promise to tell him sincerely, one thing he should ask of her. Provided it do not concern *Themistus*, replied she, I promise you the knowledge of any thing I know, ask what you will. Ah, Madam, said *Perianthus* that is it I desire, 'tis concerning *Themistus* that I would know something, and therefore I beseech you, Madam, answer me not ambiguously, but tell me truly whence it comes, that your thoughts are not the same they were towards him. You have so great an affection for *Themistus*, replied the Princess, and I owe you so much respect, that to do rationally, I ought to disobey you. *Perianthus*'s curiosity increasing at this, he pressed her more than he had done, and whatever the most violent and passionate Love can suggest, or speak, *Perianthus* made use of to obtain from her what he desired.

But the Princess seeing her self upon the point of executing the design of revenge, she had carried on so craftily, felt in her heart an extraordinary agitation. Love, that had seduced her Virtue, did all that lay in its power to divert her from committing the crime, and she seemed to *Perianthus* to be so much at a loss, though she dissembled as much as she could her irresolution, that his curiosity was much increased thereby. So that urging her still more and more, she found her self in a great disturbance, and felt a certain horror to ruine the only man in the world that she could love. The desire of revenge encouraged her, and she was in so many minds, that she knew not what to resolve on. But at last imagining, that as things then stood, if she did not ruine *Themistus*, he might ruine her, ambition siding with indignation, against that little remainder of affection that ballanced the business within her, she absolutely determined and made it her main business to effect the unjust design which a violent passion had bred in her.

However, if she would not presently yield to *Perianthus*, the more to enflame the desire he had to be satisfied. For heavens sake, my Lord, said she to him, force me not to tell you what I know of *Themistus*: you love him, you think the State cannot be without him, and it is my duty to have that consideration of you, as not to acquaint you with any thing that may trouble you. Be pleased then to give me leave to disobey you, and ask me no more what *Themistus* hath done. It shall suffice, added she, if, when he is recovered, you lay your commands on him, never to see me but in your presence. But I beseech you, replied *Perianthus*, very much surpris'd, tell me what *Themistus* may have done, that should oblige you to cease loving him. Once more, I beseech you, my Lord, said she, ask me no more, nor indeed are you at the present

present (added the incensed Princess) in the condition you should be in to think him guilty, for you have so great a friendship for him, that though you were told he would deprive you of the sovereign power, you would not believe it. I must needs confess, said he, that I should not lightly believe *Themistus* guilty of an unworthy action, and would therefore intreat you to examine well, whether those who accuse him are well informed; Urge me then no more, my Lord, replied she, and ask me no more what *Themistus's* crime may be, since I am only she that of all your State, can both accuse and convince him.

Perianthus was extremely astonished at these words, for from what she had said, it might be inferred, that *Themistus* had done *Demarata* some affront. So that as jealousy soon takes root in the heart of an amorous man, especially that of a Husband, that is still in love, so he reflected on that which *Demarata* would have had him; inasmuch, that his colour changing, and he looking earnestly upon her, I beseech you, Madam, said he, put me once out of pain, and tell me clearly what you have but hinted at. And the more to oblige you to do it, added he, I will tell you the present posture of my thoughts. Know then that if *Themistus* hath laid any plot against the State, I find in my self Love enough to pardon it, if he repent him of it; but if he have wanted the respect he ought to have for you, I will never see him again. Prepare your self, then replied the Princess, never to see him while you live, for assure your self, that *Themistus* is the most presumptuous man in the world. But, my Lord, added she, you shall never know his crime more precisely, if you promise me not to make that advantage thereof that I would have you. I promise any thing, replied he, provided you tell me what I would know. I shall do it, my Lord, answered she, but you shall promise me before hand, that you will not disclose what I shall tell you, that you will not speak of it even to *Themistus*; that, to prevent that, you will banish him without seeing him, and without giving him any reason why, in case you think I have cause never to desire his sight again, and that if you have just occasion to banish him.

Perianthus, who had a curiosity as great as friendship, love, and jealousy could give him, promised *Demarata* what she would have: whereupon, this subtle Princess assuming the discourse, I know not my Lord, said she to him, whether you can remember, that while I was yet a child, a certain Aunt of *Themistus's* had the care of my education, and if your memory fails you not, *Themistus*, as young as he was, was at that time continually with me. I remember it very well, replies *Perianthus*, but see not what this may add to his charge. On the contrary, replied this crafty Princess, I tell you this, to let you understand, that I shall not make *Themistus's* crime worse than it is: for to be free with you, I believe that though I was then but ten years of age, and he but seventeen, he had at that time a violent inclination for me, nay, so great, that he would make me apprehend as well as I could, that the only reason of his departure, was to avoid the increase thereof. Howe'r it be, you know, my Lord, in what a gallant manner he returned to Court. For my part, I little thought to make any provision against his madness, I enter-

tained him with abundance of kindness, particularly, because he was presented to me by your self. Since that, perceiving that you loved him, I would not be disconformable to your sentiments, and by way of excuse said, that I had thousands of kindnesses for him, which have haply encouraged him in his boldness and extravagance. 'Tis indeed, very strange to think that an ambitious man, who was infinitely obliged to you, and was nothing without you, should be at the same time ungrateful, temerarious, and indiscreet. And yet I had so much goodness for him, that I gave him advice how to preserve your friendship; for perceiving your inclinations for him, and withal, that he was advantageous to you, I thought I could not do any thing better, than to fasten him as much as might be to you, and I remember, one day above all the rest, I spent two hours to persuade him, that it was not fit, that a person who had a Master to humour, should engage himself in love, encouraging him, as much as lay in my power, not to suffer himself to be drawn into love, for fear it might cause him to neglect your service; but to my unhappiness and his own, he made no great advantage of my advice. Nay, I remember, he made me a very ambiguous answer, which might very well give me occasion to suspect he was in love with me, if my mind had not been bent upon something else. But I would know, (saies *Perianthus*, who heard this relation with a strange impatience) at what time it was that *Themistus* had the impudence to give you any expressions of his affection. I am haply in some fault, my Lord, replies *Demarata*, with a faint mildness, that I did not give you notice from the first minute that I discovered *Themistus's* extravagance, but to deal truly with you, 'tis a thing cannot be easily expressed. Besides, that while *Themistus* spoke nothing of it, and that I only guessed at his thoughts, I was in hope he would overcome himself, Nay, I know not whether I thought my self somewhat obliged to him for the affliction I saw he suffered, and have accordingly had some pity for him. But I am sure, my thoughts all along were that I should cause a great deal of trouble, if I discovered any thing, and haply should not have been believed. But at last desirous to reduce *Themistus* to himself, and to prevent him from having the boldness to acquaint me with the sentiments I saw he had, as having done a thousand things, wherein I easily discovered them, I prudently avoided, without any bodies taking notice of it, the opportunities of speaking with him alone. Which he observing, was sad and melancholly, as you may well remember, and at last fell sick, whereat you were extremely troubled. You know, my Lord, added she, that being very sick indeed, you would needs have me to see him, wherein I was content to obey you, though with much ado, and you are not ignorant how that he grew better that very day, and sent me word that my visit had cured him, and that he came afterwards to give me thanks, as a person whose life I had saved. I remember it very well, saies *Perianthus*, but if *Themistus* never mentioned his love to you, I will banish him, yet without hating him. How my Lord, replies the Princess, do you think me one that should, upon such groundless conjectures, accuse a person so dear to you, and so considerable to the State? No, no,

Demarata

Demarata is more discreet, and less revengeful than you imagine; for were it no otherwise, I should have prudently avoided the conversation of *Themistus*, without ever troubling you with it while I lived: but my Lord, the case is much otherwise and I cannot doubt, but he hath in his heart, for me, whatever the most violent passion that is, can make that man think, who knows no other reason or interest, than that of his love, and that thinks virtue and generosity too weak to resist it. For, my Lord, as to his coming hither during the cessation, he had certainly no other end in it, than to continue the expressions of his extravagance towards me, had I given him any occasion. For you may very well judge, there was no great necessity he should leave the Army, and that a man, ambitious as he is, would not have come thence, but that some secret reason obliged him thereto.

Perianthus, hearing *Demarata* discourse in this manner, under-went such a conflict of grief and indignation, as he had not known before. What added to his disturbance was, that he could not doubt of the truth of what *Demarata* said; she never had discovered the least ill-will towards *Themistus*; he could not imagine she should have any affection for him; he thought her a good and virtuous Woman; all the things she said, had certain appearances of truth; it was not known that *Themistus* was in love with any Lady about the Court, and *Perianthus* was still so much in love with *Demarata*, that it was easy for me to imagine, that another might be in love with her also. Had *Themistus* been charged with any intelligence with the enemies of his State, he would not have believed it, but he could not doubt of what *Demarata* said, as being one he could not think guilty of such a piece of sycophancy. So that jealousy gaining ground in his heart, and there meeting with indignation, he gave over pressing *Demarata* to discover any more, and so easily granted the request she had made, that *Themistus* should be banished his Court, and he did it the sooner, for her saying, that if he did not banish him, she would leave it immediately. She also intreated him not to tell why he removed him; but my Lord, added she, that it may be done with more secrecy, a course must be taken, that the audacious *Themistus* may not tell why you banish him; for there is something that is not handsome in a report of this nature: nay, it will be easy, continued she, to assign some other cause of banishment, in the present conjuncture of affairs, for it will be thought it is for something relating to the Army, whereof he hath no longer the command.

Perianthus approving what *Demarata* said, sent immediately ordering to *Themistus*, to cause himself to be carried out of *Syracuse* the next morning, and convey himself within a set number of days to a certain place that was at a great distance, as it was assign'd him, and to continue there till further order, for this unfortunate Lover was not yet able to stand, by reason of the wounds he had received in his Leg. Yet could not *Perianthus* but feel an extraordinary disturbance in himself, as he issued out this Order. He had an infinite love and esteem for *Themistus*, he ought him his life, and the greatest part of his fame; and if Love had not dash'd out of his heart, all the obligations he had cast upon him, he would not have been so hasty in a de-

sign of that importance. But the same things which might plead for *Themistus*, were those also that incensed him the more, for that the more he had loved *Themistus*, the more he should have been loved by him, and accordingly the more reason he had to hate him.

In the mean time *Themistus* submitted to the Order, with a courage as great as his affliction. He did well comprehend that his disgrace might some way reflect on *Demarata*, but he was far from imagining she had had the unjust presumption to impose a crime upon him, which for his own satisfaction, he was but too far from being guilty of. Besides that, having had for some time, a many that envied him about the Court, he was not over-confident that *Demarata* contributed ought to his banishment, for if the bottom of his heart were examined, he thought himself obliged to her, for the affection she had for him, and at the same time that she caused him to be banished, he would have ventured his life for her, if there had been any occasion, though he loved only *Lindamira*, and could not possibly love any other. But considering himself as a Lover, and an ambitious man, and that all his designs, as well of Love as Ambition, were equally ruin'd by his disgrace, the Order he had received, troubled him extremely. However, he spoke very generously to him that brought it. You may tell the Prince, said he, that I shall obey him, but as soon as I shall be able to stand on my legs, I will come and ask him, as a recompence of all my services, only the honour to let me know what crime I am charg'd with. In the mean time, assure him, that what nature soever it may be of, I am absolutely innocent, and shall ever be his most faithful subject.

This done, *Themistus*, who knew *Perianthus*'s humour to be such, as that he was never sooner pleas'd, than when it met with compliance, made preparations how he might be carried to the place assign'd him, without making any stay about *Syracuse*. But ere he went, he writ to *Lindamira*, for he was not in a condition to see her. You may judge, Madam, how this Princess was surpris'd, and what affliction she must needs conceive at that unhappy adventure, whereof she could not imagine the cause. She was no better satisfied the next day, for *Perianthus* being unwilling to tell her, took her up a little roundly, when she would press him to discover it to her: insomuch that he grew so untoward, that he could not be quiet any where. Only while he was with *Demarata*, he was a little better, for she was so full of kindness and insinuation, and seem'd to be so much troubled, that she caus'd him the loss of a person he loved, that he endeavour'd nothing so much as to forget *Themistus*, who then suffered more than ever any Lover did; and had he not met, about the place of his abode, persons of a transcendent virtue, who took a care to comfort him in his disgrace, the great heart of *Themistus* might have haply put him upon some violent resolution. But, among others, a generous friend of the virtuous *Amalthea*, contributed much to smother the resentment of a man, who might look on his Master as an ungrateful Prince.

For my part, saies *Florina* very pleasantly, interrupting *Meleagenes*, I cannot suffer a friend of *Amalthea*'s to pass by, and not make acquaintance with him; Tell us then, if the company be pleas'd

to give way, who that friend is that hath such a remedy against ambition. For my part, saies *Clelia*, I shall be very glad your curiosity were satisfi'd, I say as much, replies *Valeria*: I leave it to you to think, says *Herminius*, whether I can refuse the acquaintance of a wise man; and you may judge your self, saies *Amilcar* to *Meleagenes*, whether, having an extraordinary veneration for *Timantes*, and all his illustrious friends (for I know, 'tis of them that you intend to speak) I shall oppose what is desired of you. On the contrary, I make it my request, that you would acquaint the Audience, with what you know of those illustrious *Solitaries*, among whom *Themistus* met with, what encouraged his virtue in so dangerous a conjuncture. The whole company approving *Amilcar's* proposition, and pressing *Meleagenes* to do what was desired of him, he re-assumed the discourse in these terms.

'Tis not without reason that you have the curiosity to know, what kind of life is led by these illustrious *Solitaries*, of whom *Amilcar* hath made mention. I shall therefore endeavour to satisfy it, for it were not possible for me to acquaint you with all that I have yet to tell you, if I should entertain you, from the beginning, with the virtue of those admirable men of whom you would have me to speak to you; yet must I needs give you a short description of the place they have made choice of for their retirement, that you may the better comprehend what a pleasant life they lead. Know then, that not far from the Sea, between *Ericium* and *Panorma*, there rises up a fertile mountain, which is cut steep down of all sides, and by reason of its extraordinary situation, passes for one of the noblest parts of our Island, which is one of the noblest in the world. But what is most remarkable, is, that when you come to the highest part thereof, you discover a pleasant Plain of twelve miles compass, which takes up the whole height thereof: and to make this place yet more extraordinary, there is an eminency in the midst of this Plain, which serves for a Cittadel to all the rest; for you may discover thence the three waies by which people come up to the mountain, which is compassed with Rocks and Precipices, as well towards the Land as Sea, that it is easie to keep the space that lies between both. There are accordingly but three waies to go to this pleasant Solitude, whereof two are very troublesome and difficult. The place is nevertheless furnished with Springs, and there is a very fair Haven at the foot of this famous Mountain, which hath a priviledge, that there was never seen upon it any venomous creature or wild beast: and the excellency of the place is such, that because men could never find out a name excellent enough for it, it hath not any one in particular; and the Haven it hath, distinguishes it from the other mountains.

This then is the place where is retired a small number of wise men, who having experienc'd the vanities of the world, will needs disengage themselves from it. But among others, *Timantes*, a particular friend of the virtuous *Amalthea*, is an incomparable person. He is tall, and of a good countenance, and hath a noble Physiognomy, such as so well discovers the freedom and sincerity of his heart, that it may be almost said, he is known before a man hath the leisure to know him. All his actions are so many expressions of the vigor and vivacity of his spirit, for he ever acts with force and agility; insomuch, that the caresses he honors his

friends with, are arguments of the earnestness of his disposition. *Timantes*, hath doubtless a very vast understanding, and besides the great advantages he hath made of study, as to what is requisite to make a man both wise and acceptable, he is born to a great genius in Poetry, and makes such Verses as *Hesiod* and *Homer* would not be ashamed to own, were they alive again.

But I shall not make what is within him, the main subject of my commendation of him, though he have such an admirable wit, that hath such fire and lustre, that he cannot but discover it upon some occasions, wherein he would not make it appear. His heart, of all that is within him, is the most noble part, as what hath such an extraordinary freedom and openness, that it might be said, that he had never so much as heard it said, there was such a thing as dissimulation in the World. He speaks truth, without any fear or evasion, he maintaineth it with courage, and makes use of anger to defend justice, when he cannot do it otherwise, and he hath a goodness that favors of the innocence of the first age,

For his humor, it is divertive enough, but without so natural, that he finds himself employment out of things most inconsiderable. He hath also a particular gift of inspiring his friends with a certain innocent joy, and teaching them the art of diverting themselves, without any prejudice to others. *Timantes* is farther a man, that of all the world is the most sensibly moved at the works of others, when they are excellent, and loves very much to do justice, where there is desert. In a word, he hates nothing so much, as what is opposite to this great virtue, and the freedom of his disposition is so contrary to all manner of Tyrannie, that he sometimes saies merrily, that he deserves no great honor for shaking off the yoke of all the passions, because it is much more easie to obey reason, than to be led away by the fantastick humors of five or six frantick passions, who would be implicitly obeyed, and yet many times require things contradictory. *Timantes* therefore having only that one Mistress to wait on, is never from her, but consults her in all things. Yet it might be said, he thinks not on her, but that though the agitation of his humor makes his body often change place, his mind is ever quiet; and that fire which enflames and animates it, makes it more active, yet not more unquiet. Farther, having got the mastery of his passions, he hath distilled them all into one, which is to him instead of all, and which he will never part with. He maintains, that friendship, in his heart, is incomparably a more violent passion than love is in other men's: and he is perswaded that no Lover loves his Mistress so well as he does his friends. Nay, he confidently holds, that Love is a defective affection, such as is to be numbred among the enjoyments of infancy, and consequently to be discarded as soon as reason takes place: whereas, on the contrary, friendship is an absolutely perfect affection, equally consistent with Virtue and Reason, and should last as long as life does. So that being fully perswaded of the perfection of friendship, he is the most earnest, and most accomplished friend in the world. Nay, though he stands dis-engaged from all things that obliged him to that, yet the obligation to his friends is effectual, and stands firm by indissoluble ties. What makes

makes his friendship most acceptable, is, that having a sincere heart, and loving without interest, he serves his friends without any fear of hazarding any thing for them; and that being naturally merrily disposed, his virtue hath nothing in it that is savage, nothing harsh, nor any thing that hinders him from having an innocent compliance for those he loves. He makes them more sensible of the tenderness of his friendship by small things, than divers others can do by great services. For not only his countenance, the accent of his speech, and the things he says demonstrate the joy he conceives to see his friends, when he hath been some time from them, but even all his actions, though he mind it not, are expressions of his affection. I shall never forget one day, that he came to a place where he was expected by ten or twelve persons whom he affected much, and they him no less; for though it seems impossible a man should in an instant acquit himself of all that civility and friendship required of him upon such an occasion, yet he came off admirably well, and what by his actions, what by his words, what by his caresses, what by his obliging earnestness, and what by his joy, he made them all understand that he was very much obliged to them, that he was glad to see them, that he loved them, that he had a hundred things to tell them, and in a word, that he had for them all the sentiments they could wish he should have. He spoke a word to one, a word to another, embrac'd two or three together, he reach'd his hand to one Lady, whispered to another, spoke aloud to them all, and it may be almost said, that he went and came without changing place, so much did he endeavor to give all that were about him satisfaction.

Thus have you a Character of *Timantes*, who for friends in his retirement, had some few virtuous men, equally excellent with himself, such as having been well acquainted with the World, had forsaken it as a place, where it was hard, as well for those that had gotten Wisdom to preserve it, as for those that had not to get it. They are therefore resolv'd to separate themselves from the commerce of other men, and have chosen this Mountain, which is as it were a lesser World divided from the greater, where they live innocently, and in a miraculous tranquillity. Not that they admit idleness, for amidst this great quiet, they all labor both in body and mind. For their morality, tis no doubt severe enough, yet it is withall full of humanity, for they have cull'd out what ever was most excellent in the Philosophers that went before them, digesting it into the Laws they now observe.

Vice hath not the least footing among them; they have among them neither Masters nor slaves; strict justice is their rule; envy they are unacquainted with; peace is their perpetual friend; and their continual employments make them glad that they have not the leisure to be idle. Some study things purely celestial, others Morality, others Poetry, and all, together things virtuous and profitable. Now these particular studies soon become general; for meeting every day at certain hours to confer together, they gave an account of all they have learnt, as also of the reflections they have made on the things they read. So that what any one hath studied, turns to the advantage of the

Society; and by that innocent contribution of Science, they become the learnedst men of their time, and withall the most virtuous; for one of their greatest Maxims, is, that men should not endeavor the attainment of those things that make them acceptable, till they have found out whatever may make them better. Besides, they profess equality among themselves, as life and death puts among all men. So that they are all skilled in some Art necessary to the Society. *Timantes* for his part, is so admirably well seen in all the secrets of Agriculture, especially whatever contributes to the beauty and goodness of Orchards, that he hath found out the way to reduce into one Garden, all the excellent fruits that all the several parts of the World affords. So that *Africk* and *Asia* have not any, which he does not make grow and ripen in that excellent part of *Europe*.

He knows which require only the Sun-rising, which his strongest rayes at noon, he knows which require a fat soyl, which a drier; he knows how to plant, and to water them seasonably; nay he corrects the nature of some fruits, by transplanting them after such a manner as that they grow milder; in a word, it might be said that the Sun hath taught them all the several degrees of heat whereby he produces indifferent Climates; fruits that are accordingly different, so to know how to make them grow and ripen in the same place, and that the same raies that nourish Orange-trees in *Sicily*, and make Palm-trees grow in *Asia*, may produce these several effects in the same ground.

Timantes hath moreover this advantage in his retirement, that no man can charge him with choosing that kind of life, because he was not able to manage great affairs; for while he was yet young, he was put into glorious and difficult employments, wherein he made equal discoveries of prudence and integrity. Whence coming to learn the inconstancy and fickleness of Fortune, and the tumultuousness of Courts, he was more fit than any other to comfort and keep up the spirits of an illustrious though unfortunate person, whom Fortune seemed desirous to forsake. He accordingly visited *Themistus* several times, during the first days of his banishment, and my illustrious friend hath told me since, that he thinks, that if *Timantes* had been acquainted with all his affliction, he had haply recovered him as well of the griping afflictions of his heart, as he did those of his mind. But knowing nothing of his love, all the remedies he gave him, were only against ambition, I beseech you, said he to him one day, be not so extreemly cast down at the exchange of your fortune; there needs no more than to be content to be unhappy, to be so no more, submit your will to that of the Gods, and you shall be beyond all pity. Were you banished for having betrayed your Country or your Master, I should advise you to be troubled at it while you live, but since you are innocent, you gain more than you have lost by losing your fortune, your misfortunes will raise pity, whereas being in favor you were the object of envy, and were you wise you would comfort your self for the loss of a happiness, which depending always upon another, was never truly yours. Believe me *Themistus*, it argues weakness in any man to build his happiness upon his interest with great ones, and it speaks

injustice in him to think himself unhappy, when he is so well reconciled to himself, that he is not chargeable with any crime. Solitude hath its satisfactions as well as the Court, and though peace and innocence make no great noise, these undisturbed pleasures are incomparably beyond those which a man must divide with an infinite number of people whom he would not be like. I know well you have a great and noble soul, but it sometimes speaks as much glory to condemn honor, as to court it. All the world is satisfied that you can conquer others, but it is not yet known whether you can overcome your self. It is no less known that you exercised moderation in your good fortune, but it is yet doubtful whether you can undergo a bad one with constancy. Make it therefore your endeavor to convince your enemies, that you deserve not your disgrace, and that notwithstanding their envy and malice, you can find your self those pleasures which they cannot disturb. For in a word, all the power of those that banish you, and all the spight of those that persecute you, cannot hinder your compliance with reason and virtue. They can never while they only force you into the Countrey, added he smiling, hinder our Gardens from affording you their flowers and fruits, our Brooks from murmuring, our Birds from singing, nor you from quietly enjoying all these innocent entertainments of solitude. And therefore, *Themistus*, since they cannot deprive you of what a wise man is satisfied with, repine not if they only take away from you a many things which can never satisfy an ambitious man.

But generous *Timantes*, replied *Themistus*, do you account it nothing to be divested of the power of obliging thousands of people, to whom now I am grown unprofitable? I must needs, replied he, have a great esteem for that inclination of well-doing, whereby you made good use of the favor you were in, but it rather concerns those that have lost you, than it does your self, to be troubled at your disgrace. For in fine, true wisdom consists in an absolute resignation of our selves to the disposal of the Gods; and in acting with equal virtue what condition soever we are in. While you were a favorite to your Prince, you were obliged to be a Patron of the unfortunate, to be liberal, and to do virtue justice; but now that you are out of favor, you are dispensed from part of those things, and all you have to do, to be glorious is to be constant. Be so then, *Themistus*, if you value my advice; for a man suffers less, when he is resolved to suffer, than when he endeavors to struggle out of a misfortune which he must of necessity endure.

This Madam, was the effect of *Timantes*'s discourse with *Themistus*, whose great heart digested it to such advantage, that he seemed not to be the least troubled at his disgrace. But to say truth, when I went to see him, and that he could speak to me without any body by, the passion whereof he complained not, persecuted him after a strange manner. His ambition was easily chain'd up by the good counsel of those wise and virtuous men; and so he minded not the raising of a faction in the State, or making a division in the Army, as he might have done if he had endeavored it, but the love he had within him, which he made the greatest secret in the World to all but to me, afforded

him not one minutes rest. When he considered that his disgrace removed him both from the presence and rank of *Lindamira*, he could not master his own thoughts, and had he not been comforted by the Letters he received from that Princess, he had certainly been overwhelmed by the excess of his affliction. What was yet very remarkable in the change of *Themistus*'s fortune, was, that even those that were the occasion of it, were as unfortunate as himself, for *Perianthus* was so troubled about it, that he could not endure to be spoken to of any thing; and for *Demarata*, she had need of all her dissimulation to smother the horrid grief she conceived thereat, as soon as the design, she had with so much policy carried on, was put in execution. Nay, she had no sooner heard that *Themistus* had obeyed, but Love, reassuming all its force, made her to consider him as a person without whom she could not live.

In the mean time, she saw not any way how she could propose to *Perianthus*, that he might be recalled, nor indeed could imagine how the Prince could consent thereto, if the necessity of his affairs did not force him to it, so that her present desires being contrary to what they were formerly she wished the Prince of *Messena* overcome, that there might be a necessity of having recourse to the valor of *Themistus*, to the end she might but see him again.

Things being in this posture, *Themistus* recovers of his wounds, so that being fully resolved to speak to the Prince, he came secretly near *Syracuse*, and lay hid at a friends house, where having understood that the Prince was to go a hunting on a certain day, with very few about him, he resolved to speak to him, though the Prince had denyed all *Themistus*'s friends the liberty so much as to see him once. He therefore got on horseback, and followed only by one slave, he went to a place where he thought the Game would come, as indeed it afterwards did, and was so fortunate, that the Prince hunting that day more to give his thoughts a little liberty, than for any pleasure, got purposely from his company, and passed near by the place where *Themistus* expected him. The Game being by that time quite out of sight, and he coming to a fresh shady place, alighted; so that *Themistus* who yet lay behind the bushes, alighted also, and came with an action full of respect and confidence together, towards *Perianthus*, whose thoughts were so employed, that he perceived him not, till such time as he could not avoid speaking to him. I beg your pardon, my Lord, said he to him, for presuming to take the liberty, to ask you what crime I have committed, for I protest to you, that I have never done, said, nor thought any thing that you can reproach me with. It argues indeed a great presumption in you to see me, replied *Perianthus*, and withall to speak as you do, Let it suffice, added he, that the services you have done me have secured your life. but pretend not to persuade me you are innocent. I see my Lord, replies *Themistus*, that the services I have had the happiness to do you, have made no great impression in your heart, since you deny me the favor of accusing me. I neither desire to be pardoned, nor yet to be recalled, but only to know what I am charged with: for I profess to you, I cannot imagine what it may be, and cannot comprehend

prehend how you can thus persecute a man that suffers the injustice you have for me, with the same patience as if it were impossible he could do any thing but suffer. And yet, my Lord, I assure you, that if I would have hearkened to the propositions have been made to me, I might have made my self guilty, and deserved my disgrace. And to shew you, my Lord, that I entertain you with no fiction, you may see by the Letters which I put into your hands, what proffers the Prince of *Heraclæa*, and the old Prince of *Messena* have made to me I had forgot to tell you, that it was indeed true that *Themistus* had refused to side with either of these two Princes.) *Perianthus* surpris'd at what *Themistus* said to him, looked on him and said nothing: so that not perceiving in his eyes that confusion which he thought he should have found there, he was very much at a loss about it, so that though he had promised *Demarata* not to tell *Themistus* why he had banished him, yet could he not forbear endeavouring to convince him of perfidiousness; how said he to him, you imagine then, because you have held no correspondance with my enemies, that you are innocent? And you think you have done nothing contrary to the respect you owe me by entertaining in your heart a mad and presumptuous passion. *Themistus* was very much amazed to hear *Perianthus* speak in that manner, for he never reflected that he could be charged with loving *Demarata*, and thought only that *Perianthus* had discovered the affection he had for the Princess his Sister, and was offended at it. Not knowing therefore what answer to make, he seem'd to be much at a loss, for he knew not whether he should deny or acknowledge his passion. So that *Perianthus* attributing the trouble of his mind, to the confusion it was to him to see his crime discovered, looked on him very earnestly, and assuming the discourse; you see said he to him, that it is much more easie for me to accuse you than you imagined. Alas, my Lord, replied *Themistus*, you should not think it strange to find me surpris'd, for without telling you whether I am in love or not, I can only truly swear, that my heart never entertained any thing at which you might take any offence; for if I love any thing, I do it with so much respect, such purity and innocence, that it were a horrid piece of injustice to charge me with a passion that is at so great a distance from all manner of crime. How, interrupted *Perianthus*, you think, because I owe you my life, that it is lawful for you to dishonour a person whose concerns I must needs make my own? Not but that when I well consider your crime, I must needs have some pitty for you, since it cannot otherwise be than that your passion was much stronger than your reason, when it made you forget your respects towards me. For to be short, *Themistus*, I declare it to you, that though I am your Sovereign, had you loved any person, I would have dy'd ere I had been your Rival, and if you had had a wife, I would never have looked on her, if I had thought it could not be done, but I must have lov'd her. But for your, your virtue and friendship have not been so scrupulous, and you have thought it lawful for you to love *Demarata*, and she must take no exceptions at it. You say, my Lord, replied roundly *Themistus*, that I have had the boldness to love *Demarata*. I do, replied *Perianthus*, and you have

in a manner confessed it your self. Ah my Lord, replies *Themistus*, if I have any love for the Princess, I am content you should put me to all torments imaginable. Ah *Themistus*, replied *Perianthus*, add not fallhood to your presumption, acknowledge your weakness, repent you of it, and go and seek cure for your extravagancy in some place so far from *Sicily*, that the name of *Demarata* may not entertain so much as in your heart the mad passion that hath seized it.

This put *Themistus* to a very sad extremity, for his own generosity would not permit him to tell the Prince that he was himself loved by *Demarata*, besides that, if he had, he would not have been credited. Nor durst he, on the other side, discover the true passion he had in his soul, which would have justified him, - for fear of displeasing *Lindamira*. However, he resolv'd to say he was in love, the better to persuade *Perianthus* that he did not love *Demarata*. Could I be persuaded, My Lord, said he, to acquaint you with the only secret which I never yet have, you would soon find, that I am far from loving *Demarata*. For, My Lord, I must confess, that I have for an admirable person, so violent a passion in my soul, that it affords me not one minutes rest, and which so fills it, that all other beauties in the world move me not. But for *Demarata*, My Lord, I swear by what ever is most sacred, that if I had surpris'd in my heart any sentiment too passionate for her, I should have plucked it out, rather than run the hazard of deserving the title of a perfidious and ungrateful person. But *Themistus*, replied *Perianthus*, whence comes it then, that *Demarata* thinks you love her? Ah, my Lord, replied he, it is impossible she should believe any such things; she so far believes it, replies *Perianthus* very innocently, that she would never be quiet till I had banished you. I am therefore as unfortunate as innocent, replies *Themistus*, for there is not any thing at such a vast distance from truth; and if there be any one that can affirm, I have either said or done any thing, whence it might be infer'd I had any love for *Demarata*, I would have you look on me no otherwise than as the basest of your subjects. So that my Lord, added *Themistus*, the Princess must needs proceed upon some light imaginations that I loved her, and misinterpret my actions, or I must think, that for some reason unknown to me, it hath been her design to ruine me in your thoughts. Might it please the Gods, replied *Perianthus*, that you were innocent, and that an over-scrupulous virtue had oblig'd *Demarata* to think you had forgot the respect you ought to her. For in a word, *Themistus*, *Demarata*, excepted, I have not had so great an affection for any one as I have had for you, and I also owe you as many obligations as a Prince can do a subject. For if my first favors have preceded your services, your services have since very much exceeded my favors; and therefore I would give half my state that you were innocent. If you speak truly, added he, you may easily in some sort justify your self, since you have no more to do than to tell me whom you are in love with; but be sure you tell me no lie, for if you do I shall easily discover it, I shall conclude you guilty, and shall never pardon you.

I must

I must needs confess my Lord, replied *Themistius*, that I am in a very great distraction, for I have confessed unawares that I was in love; and I shall not retract it. But my Lord, to tell you with whom, is a thing I cannot do, and I beseech you command me not to do it. No, no, replies hotly *Perianthus*, there is no mean, you must either speak sincerely, or be found guilty in my judgment, and leave my Dominions immediately. This put *Themistius* into an expressible disturbance; for to leave *Sicily* so as never to return thither, and never to see *Lindamira* more, he thought the most insupportable thing in the World. Thence he felt a temptation to tell *Perianthus* the truth, but considering the thing well, he saw he should not be credited; yet as wretched as his condition was, he could not affirm that *Demarata* loved him, much less discover the affection he had for the Princess of *Himera*, not only for fear of provoking him, but out of a fear he would not be much less blameable, as to *Perianthus*, for *Lindamira* than for *Demarata*. He therefore fell to intreaties, that the Prince would be satisfied with the assurances he gave him of his innocence, not to force him to discover whom he loved, and to grant him the favor to go and dye in his services; for though I have had the honor to command your Army, yet will I now fight as a private Souldier, conditionally you give me encouragement to hope that you will hearken to what ever may tend to my justification. The way I propose is so easie, says *Perianthus*, that if you will not be tryed by it, you must be guilty. For I promise you an inviolable fidelity, if you tell me whom you are in love with. In a word, do but convince me you are in love, and I shall not imagine that you have so much as thought on *Demarata*; for the posture of your fortune considered, it was not a thing to be pretended. If therefore you are innocent, be not so obstinate against your own interests I have already told you, that I would observe an inviolable fidelity towards you, and I tell you so again. Ah, My Lord, replied *Themistius* transported with grief, all this is not enough, for though I love not the Princess, yet haply am I nevertheless criminal. Ah *Themistius*, provided you do not love *Demarata*, I pardon you all other affections, even though you should love my Sister. Pardon me then, my Lord (said he, overcome with his affliction) for there is nothing so true, as that since my return into *Sicily*, I have had, whether I would or no, the most violent, the most pure, and the most eager passion for her that ever any man had. This my Lord, is the great secret which I beseech you to preserve such, so as not to communicate it to the Princess *Demarata*, or the Princess of *Himera*; unless you would have me dye with despair. That done, my Lord, punish me as a presumptuous person, I am content; but I beseech you look not on me as a base and perfidious man.

Perianthus was so glad to understand by *Themistius*'s manner of expressing himself, that he really had no love for *Demarata*, that he easily excused him for being in love with the Princess of *Himera*. He therefore very kindly embraced him; I know, said he to him, that there is a great disproportion between my Sister and you, but *Themistius*, your merit equals you with all the world, and your desires are at liberty for any thing but

the affection of *Demarata*. But you have a Rival in the head of my Army, and he made a request to me at his departure, which certainly will much trouble me: but however, I am so overjoyed, that I can afford you my friendship again, that nothing can henceforth cause me any disturbance. And yet, added he, I must return, I must humor *Demarata*, and undeceive her, by assuring her that you love her not, and that she is mistaken, upon such conjectures as an over-scrupulous virtue hath caused her to misinterpret. *Themistius* who knew the secret of *Demarata*'s heart, easily perceived that this would not reconcile her to him; but not knowing what to oppose to what *Perianthus* said to him, he recommended all to fortune. So the Prince having left him, he returned to the place of his retirement, whence *Perianthus* assured him he should soon be sent for.

Now this interview of the Prince and *Themistius*, seeming very strange to those that accompanied him a hunting, one of them came and told the Princess of it, before *Perianthus* had seen her, so that her mind was in a strange distraction, out of the fear she was in that *Themistius* had told *Perianthus* the naked truth. But when she saw him come into the Chamber with an undisturbed, free, and flattering countenance towards her, her fear was dispersed, and she was convinced that *Themistius* had been so generous as not to accuse her. So that being ashamed of her crime, she repented her self so much the more, that she had been the occasion of his banishment. In the mean time as soon as he was at liberty to speak to her looking on her very kindly, my hunting to day hath proved more fortunate to me, said he to her, than I expected, since it hath proved the occasion of my meeting *Themistius*, nay *Themistius* innocent. For he hath told me so many things, whence I infer that you have been mistaken, that I have undertaken to be his intercessor to you, and to oblige you to give me leave to send for him again. *Demarata*, whose sentiments were such at that time, that she was glad *Themistius* might be recalled, carried her self very craftily, that is, my Lord, replies she, *Themistius*'s love is cured by his ambition; and seeing his fortunes over-turned, he repents; or seems to repent him of his extravagance. And yet, added she, having observed you so much troubled at his absence, I am absolutely resolved not to meddle with any thing that concerns him, and therefore do what you please with him. *Demarata* spoke this with a certain coldness, and withal somewhat of anger, that *Perianthus* thought she was troubled at the return of *Themistius*, and therefore thinking he did very well in order to a reconciliation between them; he told her, that upon promise of secrecy, he would immediately convince her, that *Themistius* loved her not; for in fine (continued he after she had promised him what he desired) I know whom *Themistius* hath been infinitely in love with, ever since his return into *Sicily*. *Demarata* surprised at what *Perianthus* said, felt a great tempest within her. However, endeavoring what she could to dissemble her sentiments, she pretended she could not believe what *Perianthus* said, whereupon importuning him to tell what he knew, he told her at last that he was in love with *Lindamira*.

To tell you Madam, what she felt at that instant when she heard that *Themistius*, who she thought, had

had never known any love, was so much in it, were impossible for me: inasmuch, that jealousy combining with the trouble already within her, she had much ado to dissemble it. But it being not in her power to forbear considering that *Themistus* had not accused her, she stifled her thoughts, and notwithstanding the distraction within her, she betrayed no disturbance in her countenance, and durst not change sentiments while she spoke to *Perianthus*, lest he should at length discover what was in her soul. So that not saying ought positively, she stood to her former resolution, which was not to meddle with ought that concerned *Themistus*, adding withal, that if he would oblige her, he should not be recalled for some days. *Perianthus* perceiving *Demarata* inclining to peace, was very glad of it, for it confirmed him in the opinion he was of that she was angry without cause, and that conscious of it, she would comply by degrees.

He therefore left her, to go and send *Themistus* word, that he should be recalled within a few days; but *Demarata* being alone with *Amerintha*, and having related to her what had happened between *Perianthus* and *Themistus*, and between *Perianthus* and her self, what did she not say in the extremity of her affliction? It must now be granted, said she to her, that I am very unfortunate; for it is not enough to incur the shame of loving, and not being loved again; but I must withal have the misery to understand that *Themistus* is in love with another, and to know that it is impossible but he must have an aversion for me. For looking on me now as the occasion of his disgrace, he must of necessity hate me. And yet it is the pleasure of my destiny, that I should be exposed to see *Themistus* whom I cannot but affect; nay to see him in love with *Lindamira*, and favorite to the Prince, whom he may tell when he pleases, that I love him, and that I have given him some expressions thereof. But what troubles me most of all, is, that in all probability he will triumph over my weakness when he speaks with *Lindamira*, for since he loves, 'tis infallible he is belov'd.

But Madam, says *Amerintha* to her, since he hath been so discreet as not to tell it the Prince, he will keep it from the Princess of *Himera*. Ah, *Amerintha*, replied she, a Man tells his Mistress what he would not his Master: but as I have begun with imposture, so I must end with it; and if it be possible, raise a jealousy in *Lindamira*, since I cannot love in *Themistus*. Accordingly *Demarata* went the next morning to visit *Lindamira*, with whom she desired some private discourse. She no sooner saw her, but all the melancholly of her heart rose up into her face, so that *Lindamira* asking her the reason of it, *Demarata* behaved her self so subtilly, that she was forced to be intreated diverse times to tell what it was that troubled her. Woe is me, said she, when I came hither, it was my intention to disburthen my heart to you; but now that I am come I have not the power. *Lindamira* renewing her intreaties thereupon, *Demarata*, the better to compass her proposed end, told her as a great secret a meer fiction. She told her, that *Themistus* had loved her from her infancy, that at his return into *Sicily*, he had given her divers expressions of his love, but that she had slighted them so far that he durst not continue them. And he hath told me since, added this subtil Princess, that he

did all that lay in his power to fall in love with you, and that he had given you occasion to think he loved you. How, Madam, replies *Lindamira*, blushing, hath *Themistus* told you that he had given me any cause to think him in love with me? Methinks you may easily see, replies *Demarata*, that I could not have invented what I tell you, nor yet imagined it.

But this is not all I have to tell you, added she, for you are to know, that *Themistus* forgetting the respect he ought me, I, not able to endure the sight of him, prevailed with the Prince to put him out of favor. Now meeting him yesterday as he was a hunting, and speaking to him, *Themistus* hath made his peace, and persuaded him he never had any love for me: So that he hath made you the excuse of his extravagance, and therefore I am very glad, I have had the occasion to give you notice of it, that if the Prince speak to you of any such thing, you may know what answer to make him. But to deal freely with you, might I have my will, the presumptuous *Themistus* should never see the Court again. However, I beseech you, do not expose me at the same time to the indignation of the Prince and his favorite, and therefore let them not know any thing of what I have told you; and, lest a long discourse in private may raise any suspicion of me, I shall leave you as soon as you have told me how you will have me to behave my self. Your own prudence is such, Madam, replied *Lindamira* very much amaz'd, that it is not for me to give you advice. *Demarata* perceiving the Princess of *Himera* would not discover her self to her, departed with some light satisfaction; but she was no sooner gone, but *Lindamira* received a Letter from *Themistus*, wherein were these words.

THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

I will not be long e're fortune give me leave to wait on you; I shall haply seem somewhat blameable to you, but I have still the confidence, that if I am guilty, it proceeds meerly from the excess of my love.

Lindamira summing up *Demarata*'s discourse, and *Themistus*'s Letter together, knew not what to think of the discretion and fidelity of her Lover. She could not absolutely convince him of infidelity, but she thought there was some reason to charge him with indiscretion. She had not spent a quarter of an hour in reflecting on this troublesome adventure, but jealousy disturbing her reason, she concluded him both indiscreet and unfaithful; for *Themistus* having not acquainted her with any thing had past between *Demarata* and him, and that she never had observed any signs of aversion for him in the carriage of that Princess, she could not apprehend why she should impose a crime of that nature upon him. So that not knowing *Themistus* to be naturally ambitious, she began to suspect, that he loved in general, whatever was above himself. You may judge, Madam, how she was nettled at it; *Mericia*, whom she acquainted with her

her affliction, would oblige her not to condemn *Themistus* before she had heard him; but she could not forbear writing to him in a manner disobliging enough, for she only sent him these words.

I*F you are as guilty as you seem to be to my apprehension, you are for ever banished the heart of Lindamira.*

Themistus receiving this Letter, was extremely troubled, and withall much surpris'd at it; for the Prince had promised to be faithful to him, nor indeed had *Perianthus* said any thing of what *Themistus* had trusted him with to *Lindamira*, and thought that to tell it *Demarata* was to tell it no body. At last this Prince, being extremely impatient to see *Themistus*, sent for him to Court. And having to that end writen to *Timantes*, and all those illustrious *Solitaries* whom I have spoken to you of, they were troubled at his return, to a place where it was hard to preserve honor, and advised him by their Letters to reassume it, so as that he might loose it again, and to look on fortune as a fantastick Deity, whom a virtuous person honored by submitting to her. *Themistus* whose heart was burthened with a secret grief which he could not master, was in a manner as sad at his return to the Court, as he had been at his departure thence. At last he got thither, and resolv'd to overcome all obstacles that should hinder his design, or die. The Prince entertained him with the greatest kindness that could be; he met with all those Sycophants, that had forsaken him in his disgrace. *Perianthus* brought him to make a short visit to *Demarata*, out of a fear that if he did it not, the cause might haply be guessed at. That Princess receiv'd him with a certain cold civility, admirably suitable to all she had done before. That done, *Themistus* followed the Prince to his lodgings, who perceiving some disturbance in him, took him aside, and spoke to him with a very obliging countenance; I see, said he to him, that you are extremely troubled at what you made me privy to, and that you are in doubt whether I should take it well that you see my Sister. But *Themistus*, I am so glad that you do not love *Demarata*, that I leave you to your self; besides that, to be free with you, I am so well satisfied of my sisters virtue, that I am not troubled at it at all. Nor have I told her any thing of what I had from you, nor shall ever, till you think it convenient.

Themistus thinking himself infinitely obliged by this obliging carriage of the Prince towards him, gave him millions of thanks, and protested to him, his soul had never been guilty of an unworthy thought; whereupon he went to *Lindamira*, whom he found half-indisposed. At first, this Princess entertained him with an extreme coldness, which soon after turned into anger, till at last she made a thousand reproaches to him of perfidiousness, inconstancy and indiscretion. So that *Themistus* was so astonish'd, that one would have said, he had been guilty. How Madam, said he to her, when she had given over speaking? Is it thus you receive an unfortunate man that expected no joy by his return to the Court, than what proceeded from the hope of finding you the same person he had left you. To find me such as I was, replies *Lin-*

damira, you should not have come hither unfaithful, and indiscreet. Ah Madam, replied he, you charge me with too much rigor; for if I were unfaithful, you would not charge me with infidelity. What you say is so obscure, answered she, that it is apparent you are guilty, and that you have no good plea to make for your self. But to begin with your indiscretion, is it not true, that you have told the Prince my Brother, what you never ought to have told any one, which if you might have done, *Perianthus* should have been the last of all the World to hear it. *Themistus* was much surpris'd to see his Master had not kept his word with him, but at length recovering himself a little, Alas! Madam, said he to her, had you been in my place, you had said what I have; for I was in such an unfortunate posture of affairs, that I must have lost you for ever; nay expos'd my self, to the reputation of an unfaithful person in your judgment, had you known the cause of my banishment. While you only tell me things I understand not, replied she roundly, I shall not be friends with you: but in few words (added she, not giving him the leisure to speak) the truth of the business is this, that you made it no great difficulty to expose me, so to conceal your true passion, and made it your only means to keep the Prince my Brother from discovering your love to *Demarata*. You had said more truly Madam, had you said believing instead of discovering, for it is true, I would not have the Prince to think me an unworthy and ungrateful person. But I protest to you Madam, that when I confess'd to him the affection I had for you, so to hinder him from conceiving I loved *Demarata*, I did it principally out of a consideration of providing, that you should not one day suspect me to have been unfaithful: for if the Prince had believed it, he would have told you as much, and you would haply have thought I had been really such. Besides that, the Prince having said he would pardon me all things, conditionally I were not in love with *Demarata*, I must confess, I thought it concern'd me very much, he should know I had taken the boldness to direct my affections to you. But Madam, I have not told him I had the happiness of any favor from you. You have done better than you imagine, replied she, for I do not think at the present ever to do you any. But Madam, what have I done that I should be so lost to your affection, replies *Themistus*, am I unworthy of it, because I am unfortunate, and unjustly persecuted? You deserve all the aversion and all the revenge I can have for you, replied she, for pretending to love me when you loved *Demarata*. Do I love *Demarata*, replied he hastily, from whom have you it? from *Demarata* her self, answers *Lindamira*, who hates you as much as I would hate you. Ah Madam, replied he, *Demarata* is unworthy the discretion I have had for her, and since she is bent every way to ruine me, I must at least endeavor the preservation of your affection, which is the only happiness I look after, and without which I could not live. But Madam, you must hear me without prejudice, nay, you must hear me with a certain goodness; for I have conceal'd one thing from you, which I shall now have much ado to acquaint you withall, though my justification depends on it, and that I am only to impeach a person that endeavors my ruine. But all considered,

considered, Madam, I think I have not offended much against the love I have for you, in not telling you that I had taken notice that *Demarata* had some inclinations towards me; nor do I think I offend much against honour by acknowledging it now, since she hath endeavoured to destroy me in your thoughts. But *Themistius*, replied she, could *Demarata* have loved you, if you had not loved her? Alas, Madam, can you put that question to me, when you know that I have loved you a long time, without being loved? You, who cannot be ignorant that you are the absolute Mistress of my heart; you, who know well enough that I am neither base nor perfidious, and who should, methinks, be satisfied that I look not upon any thing on earth but your self? But why have you not told me before, what you do now, replies *Lindamira*? Out of a conceit, Madam, replied he, that a person of honour should never speak any thing against a woman, by whom he is loved, even though he had the greatest aversion that could be for her. So that to forbear doing what might prejudice *Demarata*, and withal cause you to esteem me the less, I have concealed the weakness of that Princess from you, which I might rationally think she had overcome.

Lindamira somewhat appeased at this, was desirous to know all that had passed between *Demarata* and *Themistius*, so that he gave her an account of the conversation he had heretofore had with that Princess, when it was her design to engage him to tell her that he was in love with her; and thence fell upon a hundred little passages he had observed at several times, to the conference he had had with the Prince the day he had met with him a hunting. *Themistius* discovered such a sincerity through all this relation, and entertained *Lindamira* with so many passionate things, that she concluded him to be innocent. But they at the same time perceived they were both equally unfortunate, in that they were exposed to the fury of a jealous and exasperated Woman, of whom *Perianthus* was still very fond. However, this reconciliation was not concluded without much kindness; yet with this resolution, that they would see one another privately as seldom as might be, the less to incense the jealous *Demarata*, whose sufferings were greater than can well be imagined.

Things standing thus, news came that the Prince of *Messena* had gained a battel, which cost *Themistius* the displeasure of being forced publicly to rejoyce at the glory of his Rival. But for *Demarata* she was extremely satisfied at it; not out of any reflection on the advantage of the State thereby, but a conceit, that after that service done, it was impossible *Perianthus* should deny the Princess of *Himera* to the Prince of *Messena*; and indeed, the end of the Campaigne approaching, he returns to *Syracuse*, where he was no sooner arrived, but *Demarata* furthering his interests, and giving him advice, he demanded *Lindamira* of the Prince of *Syracuse*. He satisfied him, that the Prince his Father would consent thereto, and pressed the business so much, that *Perianthus* was sufficiently troubled with him. However, he told the Prince of *Messena*, that *Lindamira* was at liberty to dispose of her self, and that for his consent he might assure himself of it, provided he gained hers.

Themistius durst not all this while discover his re-

sentments, out of the respects he had for his master; but withal resolved, if he perceived *Lindamira* at a loss, as to what she should do, to perish himself, or dispatch his Rival out of the way. Inasmuch that the Princess of *Himera* perceiving in him those inclinations to hatred towards the Prince of *Messena*, which he had much ado to smother, resolved to take another way, which proved effectual. Looking therefore on the Prince of *Messena*, as a person of much reason and generosity, she took him one day in a private discourse. I know, my Lord said she to him, that the marriages of persons of your condition and mine, are commonly concluded without affection; but since you would have me believe that you have some for me, you were certainly unhappy not to be loved again: and therefore I beseech you, be no longer obstinate, for I have certain particular reasons, for which I shall never love you in the manner you would have me. So that you would make me unhappy, without being happy yourself, even though I were forced to marry you, which it were not easie to do. To this the Prince of *Messena* answered her, with what ever the love he had within him could suggest, that were most likely to prevail with her, but not doing any good, he left her with abundance of affliction, seeming to be resolved to obey her, and to return home; for the Prince his Father had at length executed the Treaty, seeing the War of *Heraclæa* proved so unsuccessful. But being that night at the Palace very sad, *Demarata*, whose jealousy and indignation daily increased, asked him privately what troubled him. Whereupon the Prince having acquainted her with what had passed between the Princess of *Himera* and him, and the resolution he had taken, she was so troubled at it, that, to divert him from quitting his design, she told him she should not do so, and that *Themistius* was not a person to contest with him, for the affection of *Lindamira*. The Prince of *Messena* was much surprised at what *Demarata* said, for he had never suspected any thing of the love of *Themistius*. On the contrary, 'Twas he that had given him the name of the *Insensible Courtier*; but reflecting on things past, he remembered that *Themistius* had ever avoided his company, when he would have entertained him with his affection for *Lindamira*, so that he thence drew those consequences, which obliged him to credit what *Demarata* said, who seeming to concern her self in his interests, told him she should not so give over, adding, that *Themistius* was a presumptuous person, that had more ambition in him than love. *Demarata* in the meantime never considered that she created a jealousy in a Lovers heart, whereof she could not hinder the consequences. In a word, from that day, the Prince of *Messena* had so much ado to endure *Themistius*, that *Themistius* perceived it: for a Rival that hates, soon discovers the hatred of his enemy. So that feeling within him, something of cruelty which he could not hinder from breaking forth, he out of prudence avoided his company. But as chance would have it, meeting alone, with their slaves, upon the *Achradina*, where *Themistius* had hazarded his life for the Prince of *Messena*, they took a turn about, without saying ought to one another. Which done, the Prince of *Messena* speaking first, and falling immediately to the business, will you do me the favour *Themistius*, said he, as to answer me

me sincerely to what I ask. I engage my self, replies *Themistus*, to tell you that I cannot answer you, if you ask me a thing, which I would not, or ought not to tell you. Tell me then, replies the Prince of *Messena*, whether it be true, that a man that cannot be happy himself, doth not offend in hindring another to be so? What you say is so general, replies *Themistus*, that I cannot answer thereto; because sometimes there are those particular circumstances, which hinder the most general Rules that are to be such. Since you would have me to explain my self, replies the Prince of *Messena*, I am content, nor indeed, should I go otherwise than in plain terms, when I speak to a man upon the very place, where he had hazarded his life upon my account. I am therefore to confess, that I know of your being in love with the Princess of *Himera*; but since she will not in all likelihood, ever marry you, methinks I may, without being thought ungrateful, intreat you to tell me, whether you are loved by her: for if she loves you. I will absolutely quit my design upon her, and will be gone to morrow towards *Messena*; if she does not, I will prosecute it as I can, to bring it to some period. Since you know that I love *Lindamira*, replies *Themistus*, I shall not disavow it; but to tell you I am loved by her, is that you shall never know from me: for if I am, I were indiscreet, and unworthy to tell it without her permission; and if I am not, I should not very easily afford you the joy to know so much, since you are my Rival. But my Lord since you deal very obligingly with me, I will tell you ingeniously, that, for *Lindamira's* satisfaction, you should give over all thoughts of wedding her, for I am so well acquainted with her intentions, as to that point, that I can assure you, she will never make you happy? And where you say, my Lord, I can never be such, I know not what you ground your assertion upon; for Love and Fortune are wont to do things more extraordinary. Certain it is I am no Prince, added he, but my birth is noble enough to encourage me to aspire to any thing, and whoever hath such a heart as I have, thinks few things above him. Nay then, *Themistus*, saies the Prince of *Messena*, you are lov'd, and I have no more to do, but to think of my departure, since honor will not suffer me to be ungrateful, and that the Princess *Lindamira* loves you. I have not told you she does, replies *Themistus*, but only that she cannot make you happy. But if I one day understand, that you have been loved by her, replied this Prince angrily, I shall have a quarrel against you. You may make what quarrel you please of it, replies *Themistus* coldly, for I am ever in a capacity to satisfy those that have any quarrel against me.

The Prince of *Messena*, confirmed hereby, that *Themistus* was loved by *Lindamira*, had immediately the greatest hatred in the world for him: so that this discourse which had been begun kindly enough, grew so bitter, that the Prince of *Messena* and *Themistus* came at last to blows. The latter generously did all that lay in his power, to avoid coming to that extremity, as fore-seeing the sad consequences of that unhappy business; but the Prince of *Messena* having drawn his sword, the other could do no less than defend himself. 'Tis true, he did it with that courage, that, how valiant soever the Prince of *Messena* might be, he

made a shift to receive two great wounds, and to be disarmed, before those whom their slaves went to the Palace for, were come to separate them. You may imagine what a noise this Duel made in the Court, and what advantage *Demarata* made of it, in order to her revenge.

The news was no sooner come, but she went to the Prince, and confidently asked him, whether he would still suffer that presumptuous person in his Court, whose temerity was now come to the highest pitch. For in fine, added she, the business is out of all controversy, because if *Themistus* be in love with *Lindamira*, he further affronts you, for he ought no more to pretend to your Sisters, than your Wife. In the interim, you see he fights with a Prince, as if their contestation were, who should marry *Lindamira*. But, Madam, replied *Perianthus*, the Prince of *Messena* drew first upon *Themistus*. 'Tis true, continued she; but it is as certain that *Themistus* affronted the Prince of *Messena*, whom you are obliged to for a great victory, as well as to the other.

While they were thus engaged, *Themistus*, who was lightly wounded in the left arm, sent to the Prince to excuse what had past; and the Prince of *Messena* sent also to him, to crave pardon that he had engaged against a person he loved: so that not minding much what *Demarata* said, he visited them both; but being a little exasperated by her speeches, he spoke not to *Themistus* with his ordinary kindness, for after divers things said, concerning his fighting with the Prince of *Messena*: howe'r it may be, saies the Prince to him, you are too blame, for you know that you are not to entertain any thoughts of marrying my Sister. I know my Lord, replied he, I am not worthy that honor, but I know much better, that you had the goodness to pardon me the love I have for her, and that you have not forbidden me to have any. I have neither forbidden you, nor permitted you, replied *Perianthus*, and have only pardoned you a passion, which I thought your reason would have advised you to disengage. It hath so long advised me to it ineffectually, replied *Themistus*, that it hath at last given over. Since it is so, replies *Perianthus*, I must needs command you to do it. Ah, my Lord, replies *Themistus*, when men command things impossible, it argues they would not be obeyed. Are you, my Lord, able to cease loving *Demarata*, if there were any one in the world had a right to lay that unjust command upon you? Howe'r it be, saies the Prince, I begin to find out, that *Demarata* knows you better than I do, since your ambition hath no limits. For I now see clearly, that you pretend to marry *Lindamira*, and must needs believe, that the friendship you express towards me, and the love to her, are only the effects of an insatiable ambition, whence you equally derive your friendship, your love, nay, your valour too.

As you are my Master, replies *Themistus*, I am to suffer any thing at your hands; but if you would consider it well, you would find that the love you bear *Demarata*, will soon stifle the friendship you have had for *Themistus*. And if you do it, my Lord, added he, you will be more unjust than you conceive your self: for in fine, *Demarata* hates me without any cause. Be it so or not, think no more on *Lindamira*, saies *Perianthus*, if you would preserve my affection.

Having

Having said so, *Perianthus* went out and left *Themistus* in a strange affliction. A little after the Prince was gone, I came in, and saw the first eruptions of it. Now, my dear *Meleagenes*, said he to me, what think you of my cross fortune? All that I think to do for my self ruins me; all the services I do, raise up ungrateful persons to persecute me, my victories serve only, either to make my Rival victorious, or to strengthen the power of an ungrateful Master, who would rather hearken to a perfidious Woman, than to a faithful Subject that hath saved his life; so that to make my misery full weight, there needs no more than that *Lindamira* disclaim me. The Prince is now gone in to her, replied I, and no doubt but he will speak to her against you. Nay, I believe, continued I, that the Princess will not have the confidence to tell him that she loves you, and that she will ever continue it, though I am perswaded she is resolved to be faithful to you. What resolution the Prince will take, I know not, replies *Themistus*, but I find in my self, that if he forget the services I have done him, and will force *Lindamira* to marry my Rival, I shall forbear no extremity to make him understand himself, and to hinder *Lindamira* to be taken away from me. But why did you not let him know what *Demarata* was? said I to him (for then he had told me the truth:) Alas *Meleagenes*, replied he, do you think he could have believed me, having no proofs to give him. No, no, that had been to no purpose, but if I engage with his enemies, I shall haply make victory change sides. Yet could I not do that without much difficulty, but Love and Ambition may force an unfortunate man whom all are bent to ruine, to do strange things.

To contract therefore my relation, Madam, which is already but too long, we had no sooner heard, that *Perianthus* was gone from *Lindamira*'s, but I went to her on the behalf of *Themistus*. I found her extremely troubled, for the Prince had not only seemed very much incens'd against *Themistus*, but he had said many things to her, whence she feared he would force her to marry the Prince of *Messena*. Which she opposing as much as she could, he had ask'd her whether she would have *Themistus*, adding, That Favourites may be made of all sorts of persons, but that she should not make him a Brother-in-law, but of a person of his rank and quality. So that *Lindamira* being unwilling to make him a punctual answer, had only intreated him not to believe all that *Demarata* should say to him, because she might be pre-possessed, But the Prince being pre-possessed himself, *Lindamira* did only incense him the more, and so he returned to the Palace, where he found *Demarata* in a kind and flattering humour, such as won him so much, that she put him upon what resolutions she pleased. She perswaded him, that it extremely concerned him, as things stood, to do an action of Authority, that it might appear, *Themistus* governed not him as he pleased. That there was a fair opportunity to do it, since that bestowing *Lindamira* on the Prince of *Messena*, he would hinder that Princess from committing any folly; he would recompence a Prince that had done him good service, he would pull down the pride of *Themistus*, and bring him so much under for ever after, that he should never fasten on any new pretence of extravagance.

Demarata seconded this with whatever a person

of a great and subtil wit, experienc'd and malicious could say, that manages a revenge proceeding from Love. So that *Perianthus*, whose only imperfection was his facility for those he loved, thought of nothing but the execution of it. To that end, he had an extraordinary care of the Prince of *Messena*, little or none for *Themistus*; he went himself, and brought *Lindamira* to be lodged in the Palace, upon pretence of some design he had heard there was to carry her away; so that *Themistus* was deprived of the comfort of seeing her; for besides that, he had a slight hurt, the Prince sent him word he should not come into the Palace, till he had sent him order to that purpose. Thus was *Themistus* the most unfortunate man in the World, and *Demarata* entertained so great a joy at it, that she discovered it in all her actions. So that *Perianthus* observing it, and perceiving that she hated *Themistus*, began to be jealous again, and to be almost perswaded, that what she had said to him before was true, because he saw no other apparent occasion of her hatred. He did not therefore only do what he did violently, but also without prudence, or any reflection on the influence *Themistus* had over the Soldiery: he spoke bitterly of him, even in publique, and saying openly, that he would make it a match between the Prince of *Messena* and *Lindamira*, as soon as he was recoverd of his wound; he sent *Themistus* order to leave *Syracuse*. Nay, my friend had notice given him, that he was to be secured as soon as he were out of the City, where they durst not take him, as being much the darling of the people. Being in this condition, this desperate Lover would fain have taken leave of his Princess, and he had been confident enough, and haply cunning enough to find out the means to do it, but fearing she might forbid him the execution of any such deliqu, he was content only to send her this Letter.

The unfortunate THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

Depart, Madam, and I depart the most miserable of all men, to tell you whether I am going, I am not able, and yet I question not but I shall find out the ways to deliver you and revenge my self. I shall haply do those things which at first sight you may blame me for; but if you prove not unconstant, the event will convince you, that I shall do nothing contrary to reason. Be constant therefore, Madam, so to prevent my resentments, from reaching so far, as otherwise they might; for if I lose you, there is not any thing which I shall not endeavour to deprive them of, who should be the occasion of so great a misfortune to me.

This Letter being delivered to my Sister, who still had the liberty to see *Lindamira*, though she was kept very close, *Themistus* departed, and I

stayed at *Syracuse* to give him an account of what passed there. But instead of returning to the place where he had been before, he went to the Army, and did there against *Syracuse*, what *Brutus* did for *Rome* in *Tarquin's* Army; that is, made himself the Master of it, so far, that it was at his choice, either to bring it up against *Perianthus*, or against the Prince of *Heraclea*. 'Tis true, this Prince was so far unfurnished with Horse, that he was not in a condition to keep the field. Whence it came, that he sent to *Themistus* as soon as he understood how things went, to treat with him; but my friend, without either making any breach, or yet treating, put him off with delays, and began his march towards *Syracuse*. That which furthered the execution of his design, was, that there was no Officer but held his place from *Themistus*; for the former War having been very bloody, all the Officery in a manner was changed. Besides that, being of a very liberal and gallant disposition, the hearts of the Soldiery was at his command, and that the excessive affection *Perianthus* had for *Demarata*, was prejudicial to that Prince, and advantageous to *Themistus*.

The report of the revolt of the Army was no sooner come to *Syracuse*, but *Demarata* insulted over *Themistus* after a strange manner. Nay, she perswaded *Perianthus*, that it was fit *Lindamira* should be secured, and accordingly she was put into a Tower, on the quarter of the *Hexapila*, out of a fear, that if she remained on the *Asbradina* side, some design might be laid to carry her away by the advantage of the Sea. However, she was attended with abundance of respect, but she was withal kept very close, and strong guards about her. The Prince of *Messena*, who lay still under cure, was extremely afflicted that he had been the occasion of so much disorder, yet was it some comfort to him, that *Themistus* was not at the Court; but *Perianthus* was at his wits end almost. Not but that he is a very gallant person, but having only his guards about him, that he could trust himself to, he knew not what to resolve on: the people of *Syracuse* were discontented, and would not arm, to defend themselves against a man that had brought them peace, and whose valour was their terror; a great number of the grandees charged *Demarata* with imprudence, and *Perianthus* with facility, so that all the Prince could do, was to secure the Gates of the City. For *Lindamira*, though she well knew that *Themistus* did not what he did, but out of the affection he had for her, yet could she not forbear being very much exasperated against him, to have brought things to that extremity, without making her acquainted with his designs. 'Twas to no great purpose that I secretly gave her notice, that *Themistus's* design was only to deliver her, and to prevent her marriage with the Prince of *Messena*, she was never the more appeased, and sent me word she would never love *Themistus*, while he was in Arms against her Brother and his Country. But this I thought not fit precisely to communicate to *Themistus*, for it had afflicted him beyond measure; but at last, to shew he would be no Usurper, he sent me a Declaration, which I got handsomely scattered up and down *Syracuse*, wherein he declared, that if they would send the Prince of *Messena* back into his Country, set the Princess of *Himera* at liber-

ty, and permit her absolutely to dispose of her self as she pleased, he would lay down Arms, as soon as *Lindamira* should have expressed her Will, in such place, where she might say she was free. The people being not at all concerned in this affair, thought there had been no way but to grant *Themistus* all he desired, and divers persons stirred up by me, cried out aloud, that it were better to bestow the Princess of *Himera* on *Themistus*, than on the Prince of *Messena*. However, *Perianthus* stood out and refused all that was demanded, so that *Themistus* marched still on towards *Syracuse*. The Prince of *Messena* had sent to the Prince his Father, but he was not too hasty to succour *Perianthus*, with whom he had still rather have been in War than Alliance, though he had been forced to do otherwise. So that *Perianthus* and *Demarata* were at an extream loss what to do. Yet could not this revengeful Woman, repent her of any thing she had done; insomuch, that *Amerintha* desirous to tell her something one morning, she was so incensed against her, that she sent her away, so that this Woman exasperated at her being pack'd out of doors, for finding fault with a design that had been so unfortunate, acquainted some persons with all I have already told you, of the sentiments of *Demarata*, and among others, my Sister.

Themistus all this time drew nearer and nearer, keeping his Troops in very good order, pretending as if he would besiege *Syracuse*, if they granted him not what he desired. *Lindamira* seeing her Country in so much danger, desired a conference with the Prince. *Perianthus* came to her, and understood that her desire was, that she might have the liberty to speak to *Themistus*, or he used any hostility against the City, promising she would do all that lay in her power to make him change his resolution. *Perianthus*, who saw that all his force consisted in a raw undisciplin'd people, and not very forward to endure a Siege, granted her what she desired, for the Army was in sight. Yet was he once minded to recal the permission he had given, when he had seen *Demarata*, for that jealous Princess was almost out of her self at this interview. But *Perianthus* having suffered the thing already to take air, could not hinder it. Some were therefore sent to *Themistus*, to propose a conference between him and *Lindamira*, which, though he doubted not but she would tell him such things, as should extremely trouble him, he could not but grant. Nay, on the contrary, he conceived it would be no small satisfaction to him to see her, so that he granted all was desired of him. It was therefore resolved, that *Themistus* in the head of two hundred Horse, should come within a flight shot of the Walls, and that the Princess being in a Chariot, attended by a like number of Horse, should come with two of her Women, to a little Hill, surrounded with a Wood, which lay at the distance aforesaid from the Walls of the City; and that there the Horse of both parties, should stand at an equal distance from the Hill, where *Themistus* might entertain *Lindamira*, whose women were to stay some few paces behind, for *Themistus* would not grant that interview, if he might not have the liberty to speak to the Princess of *Himera* without witnesses.

Thus was the business carried, much to the grief of *Demarata*, and the Prince of *Messena*; whose wounds

wounds were still in a very sad posture. *Lindamira* attended by two Gentlewomen, came to the place where she was to meet *Themistus*, having dressed her self after a very negligent manner, yet may it be said, she never looked handsomer in her life. As she passed through the streets, all the people cried out to her to make up a peace, and that with the tears in their eyes; the Walls of the City were full of people, of all qualities and sexes; nay, *Demarata* her self saw her pass by through the window of her Closet, the Prince of *Messena* caused himself to be brought to that of his Chamber, to the same end, and *Perianthus* conducted her to the City Gate, entreating her most affectionately, to rescue her Countrey from destruction. In this posture went *Lindamira* to the Hill, where *Themistus* expected her. As soon as he saw her Chariot stop he alighted, and went to help her out, but *Lindamira* coldly putting him off from her, No, no, *Themistus*, said she to him, you are not in a condition to do me that inconsiderable service, and to oblige me to accept of that, you must do me one that is much greater. Whereupon, leaning upon one of her Gentlewomen, she got out of the Chariot, and going up into the little Hill, surrounded with a Wood, she rested her self against a Tree, her Women set themselves at the foot of another, at some distance, and *Themistus* placing himself over against her, looked on her with so much love, that she was forced to look towards the ground. Well Madam, saies he to her, with a very submissive action, what commands do you lay upon me? I would now see by experience, said she, whether it be true that you love me, for if you do, and consequently are tender of my life, my quiet, and my reputation, you will do as I shall advise you. Provided, you do not command me to cease loving you, replied he, that you forbid me not to endeavour your deliverance, and to destroy my Rival, I shall do any thing you desire. But *Themistus*, replied the Princess of *Himera*, cannot you conceive there are some just things, which yet ought never to be done, because they cannot be but by unjust means. I grant, added she, that my deliverance is a just action, and that it is natural for a man to wish the destruction of his Rival; but to do these two things, is it lawful for him to revolt against his Prince, to ruine his Countrey, and to incur the displeasure of his Mistress, by endeavouring to serve her? Ah, Madam, replies *Themistus*, I should be very unfortunate, if I should meet with hatred, when I do all I can to deserve Love. 'Tis no question your case at the present, replied she, for, to be short *Themistus*, I shall not flatter you, but acquaint you with the true state of my soul, without concealing, even that which you may be offended at, no more than what may humour you. I must confess then that I have loved you, and that I may be still in a capacity to love you -- Ah, Madam, interrupted *Themistus*, while you tell me of the past and future, I beseech you, let me not be ignorant of my present condition, in your inclinations. It is such, replied she, as that of a man I can either love or hate, either love beyond my life, or hate worse than death. How Madam, replied he, stepping back a little, is it possible you can hate me? It is *Themistus*, replied she, for if you obey me not, I must needs hate you. What then must I do to obey you, replied he? You

must not ruine *Syracuse*, replied she; you must be no longer an enemy to the Prince my Brother; you must put the Army into his hands, and give over all thoughts of War. I apprehend you, Madam, said he, that is, you would have me wander up and down the world, as an unfortunate exile, while you in the mean time marry the Prince of *Messena*. On the contrary, replied *Lindamira*, I shall love you eternally, and it is out of that respect, that I would not have you do a thing which would put me into a capacity, of not presuming to love you when I would; for if you conquer my Brother, and prove the destroyer of your Countrey, you may well judge, that having a respect for glory, I shall never endure to see you. Nay, I shall, on the other side, look on you as an ambitious person, that never had any affection for me, and one that is in love with his own greatness.

But Madam, replies *Themistus*, you consider not that your generosity blinds you; for as things stand now, what would you have me to be? Can I ever repose any confidence in the Princess? Can I resign you to the Prince of *Messena*, and can I hope that *Perianthus* will forget what I do, while he loves *Demarata*, that is, one that hath made him forget all my services? No, no, Madam, you consider not well what you propose to me, But that you may not imagine I have the least inclination to usurp the Supream power, I declare to you, that if I take *Syracuse*, as I hope to do, though I have no Fleet, I will send thence my Rival, I will undeceive *Perianthus*, as to what concerns *Demarata*, I will restore him his Estate, and will demand nothing but *Lindamira*, and that of her self. This, Madam, is the design that seems to you so criminal. But if it be true, that you are not a Loveless, ambitious man, replied she, why can you not do a greater action than that? You may save your Countrey instead of conquering it; you may still be a friend to your Master, and if I may presume to say it, Husband to your Mistress: Ah, Madam, to be what you say, I would run the hazard of a hundred Battels. You need only let *Syracuse* be in peace, replied she: but if you do not, assure your self, that what aversion soever I may have for the Prince of *Messena*, I will marry him as soon as I come into the City. Ah, Madam, said he, your cruelty is now excessive, that you give words so indigestible, and I know not whether they should not rather incline me to set *Syracuse* on fire, than to do what you would have me. I beseech you, Madam, use no such menace to perswade me to your Will, for if I thought it possible you could do what you say, there should not be any thing that I would stick at. But, *Themistus*, replied the Princess, what would you have a person to say, that fears nothing so much as to lose you for ever, if you put your design in execution; so that both my fear and my hope are engaged in your safety. You had said more truly if you had said, my destruction. But in fine, Madam, you never have loved me, nor ever will; for were you constant to me, instead of advising me to my ruine, you would presently go into the Army I command, whether I would bring you safely, notwithstanding your Convoy, and when you are once there, you shall dispose of *Syracuse* as you please. Ah, *Themistus*, replies *Lindamira*, I will never come into a rebellious Army. But, Madam, replied he, this Army is rebellious only

ly in order to your deliverance. Let it then cease to be such, replied she, since I am resolved not to be delivered, to the destruction of my Country; for I tell you once more, that if there be any Siege laid before *Syracuse*, I will never see you again: and on the contrary I promise you, that if you restore it to peace, as I desire you, I shall forget my own condition, to make an inseparable union between your fortunes and mine. How *Themistus*, (continued she, looking on him with an extraordinary affection, seeing he made no answer) can you deliberate on what you should answer me? and when a choice is proposed to you of being either loved or hated, can you be indifferent as to any resolution? Nay, if it be so, *Themistus*, and that neither my words nor tears can prevail any thing upon you, hear from hence the groans and complaints of a great people, that hath sometime sent up its addresses to Heaven for you, when the end of your fighting was peace. Force it not to send up imprecations against their antient Protector; and if you are wise, do not exasperate it too much, and so engage it to set *Syracuse* on fire, rather than deliver it into your hands. Do but see from hence, added she, all ye would destroy; if it be that magnificent City, it hath given you birth; if it be the inhabitants of it, you are haply obliged, as I told you, for one part of your Victories, to the vows they have made for you; if it be your Rival, he is unfortunate and wounded; is not that enough to satisfy you? If it be the Prince my Brother, he is your sovereign, and you owe him your fortune; if it be *Demarata*, she does not hate you, but because she loves you; and if it be *Lindamira*, she hath deserved you should sacrifice all things for her sake, since she hath lov'd you beyond her own glory, which advised her not to love any thing.

While the Princess of *Himera* spoke thus, *Themistus* hearkened very attentively, and looked on her, without having the least power to interrupt her, such an agitation were his thoughts in: so that the Princess perceiving him to be in some disturbance, I beseech you *Themistus*, said she, reaching forth her hand to him, stand out no longer, I know your heart is on my side, that it acknowledges its antient Mistress, and that it is no rebell as you are. Submit *Themistus*, submit, and refuse not the glory, it is to subdue your self. A man is sufficiently revenged, when he gives his enemies peace, when they are not in a condition to maintain a War against him, and it would be less satisfaction to you, to see *Syracuse* destroyed, than to obey the lawful Prince of it. Ah, Madam, (said he, kissing her hand very submissively, which she immediately snatched from him) there need not so many arguments to convince me, since that if I should hearken to Reason, I should not mind them. But, Madam, you have an absolute power over me, and you know it so well, that if I durst say it without derogating from the respect I owe you, you make use of it with injustice. For is it just, Madam, I should quit an Army where I have found refuge? No, saies *Lindamira*, but you may command it, till you have reduced the Prince of *Heraclaea*, and by a fresh victory blot out the Characters of your revolt and his, out of the spirit of

your Master, For I tell you once more, that if you do not as I would have you, I will never see you while I live again. Resolve therefore immediately, consider that I am to leave you, and that the the first words I shall hear from you, will either separate us for ever, or unite us for ever. Well, Madam, said he to her, transported by his love, what must be done to satisfy you? must I cast my self into a prison at *Syracuse*, and deliver my self to the revengeful *Demarata*? I will do it if you would have me, for, added he, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, can a man resist the person he loves, and that when she is the most accomplish'd in the world, and he the most amorous of men? No, replied *Lindamira*, you shall not do any thing of what you say, and you shall only trust your self to me, and resign your interests to my management of them. I will do so since you command it, replied he, but I shall be mistaken, if you do not one day repent it.

Upon this did *Lindamira* entertain *Themistus*, with what ever gratitude or tenderness of affection could imagine, that were most obliging; but for fear he should repent him of it, she left him, with an absolute command to remove the Army three or four miles at the present, to give the people a certain omen of peace, and an assurance, that the next day she would send him such Articles in order thereto, as he could not but accept. *Themistus* answered her with a thousand things, the most passionate that could be, yet with such a sadness as sufficiently discovered he did himself an extream violence in obeying her; but at last he continued firm in the resolution, which love had made him take, so much to the prejudice of his ambition; and when *Lindamira* took her leave, he gave her his hand, he saluted her, without being able to say any thing, but with his eyes; as her Chariot began to stir, he got on horseback, and looked after her as long as he could perceive her, and at last returned to the Army, but so sad, that it was easie to judge that the Princesses tears had overcome him. He accordingly dislodged the Army immediately, and took up his quarters four miles thence. In the mean time the Princess *Lindamira*, doing her self some violence, discovered more joy than she had; for though she was extreamly well satisfied with the absolute power she had over *Themistus*, yet could she not but stand in fear of a thousand things whereat she was afflicted. But at last, desirous to gain credit among the people, she put on a cheerful countenance, and told them as she came in, that she promised them peace, and that *Themistus* would immediately remove his Army. So that this report being scattered up and down the City, you could hear nothing but the name of *Lindamira*, and it was with much ado that her Chariot could pass through the streets, by reason of the throng.

This considered, it was not to be supposed, that she should be carried to the Tower from whence she was brought. for the people were resolved on the contrary; so that she was conducted to her own house, whether *Perianthus* came to her. For *Demarata*, she was also desirous to go thither. But I having cunningly scattered

tered diverse things against her among the people, they openly threatned to cast her into the Sea, If she withstood the peace, insomuch that she was forced to remain in the Palace, and to go and comfort her self the best she could with the Prince of *Messena*, who was in no less trouble than her self. *Perianthus* was no sooner come to *Lindamira*'s, but I gave notice to all the well-affected of any quality, to come thither also; and among others, *Anaxander* and *Meriander* came.

I shall not, Madam, give you a particular account of what *Lindamira* said to *Perianthus*, for it were impossible for me to do, it being certain that never any one spoke with so much Art as she did. She very discreetly excused *Themistus*; she said she had perswaded him without any trouble, and very prudently making the Articles her self, without seeming to do any thing, she brought the business to such a posture, that it might be said *Perianthus* was very much obliged to her, for that she would condescend to be the Victim, to appease that exasperated ambitious person. Not to abuse your patience any longer, Madam, *Meriander* being chosen to negotiate the Peace, the Articles were made and communicated to the Prince of *Messena*. He at first opposed them what he could, as did also *Demarata*; but the people coming to hear it, threatned to put them into a vessel without Oars, Pilot, or Mariners, and to expose them to the mercy of the Sea and winds; so that they were forced to submit to what they could not hinder.

Meriander was hereupon sent to *Themistus*, to whom *Lindamira* writ a Letter, to tell him that he must condescend to what was offered. Yet were there divers things proposed to him which he was very much troubled at, insomuch that *Meriander* spent three daies in journeys between *Syracuse* and the Camp, and had he not carri'd himself very discreetly and sincerely, this pretended peace had not been concluded. For *Demarata* did all she could to oppose it; the Prince of *Messena* was dissatisfi'd with it, and *Themistus* would have been glad *Lindamira* had not pressed him to it. But at last, it was concluded, that all should be forgotten on both sides; that *Themistus* should command the Army, till the War of *Heraclea* were expired; that the Princess *Lindamira* should remain, if she so pleas'd, at a strong house of her own, with a sufficient guard, and that there she might marry to whom she pleased, within the space of one year; That in case the War with the Prince of *Heraclea* were soon ended, as it was likely it would be; *Themistus* should for the space of one year, not only keep out of *Syracuse*, but out of *Sicily*, so the better to work a faithful confidence between the Prince and him. That no Officer of the Army should lose his place if he committed not some new fault that deserved it. That the Prince of *Messena* should be entreated to return to *Messena*, as soon as he were recovered; That *Themistus* should not, during his absence, be deprived of any of the employments and estate he had received from the Prince. Besides all which, *Perianthus* engaged to consent to *Lindamira*'s marriage with him, in case that Princess should be willing after the year were expired. This last Article was it that *Themistus*

bogg'd at most, as being unwilling his happiness should remain in such uncertainty. In the mean time *Demarata* endeavoured what she could to perswade *Perianthus* it should be so; besides that, *Lindamira* conceiving it would be the better for *Themistus*, that *Demarata* should not see him of a long time, purposely to cure her of her passion, commanded *Themistus* not to oppose it. So that after a many negotiations, the Treaty was concluded and executed; the Princess of *Himera* went to *Himera*, whether *Themistus* sent certain Soldiers for her guard. The Prince of *Messena*, sick as he was, caused himself to be carried out of *Syracuse*, threatening, that he should haply return thither one day, to demand the recompence of his services; and *Themistus* remained at the head of the Army against the Enemy, who having rallied together some few Troops, was defeated by him; whereupon he was forced to embrace a peace, though much against his will. But the Prince of *Heraclea* propos'd it with such advantage, that it could not be refus'd. This done, *Themistus* would needs oblige *Lindamira* to change her resolution, but ineffectually, for she would have him perform what he had promised, that he might not give ill example to the Prince, by being the first breaker of his word. So that he was forced to leave *Himera*, to depart *Sicily*, and to come and live here till the year be expired. For *Demarata*, I cannot well tell you what she said, during all these transactions, for *Amerintha* being not with her, she would not certainly confide in any other, and all I know of her is, that when we left *Sicily*, it was told us for certain, that her beauty was extremely decayed, that she was grown so froward, that she could endure no company, and that *Perianthus*'s love towards her began already to remit. In the mean time *Themistus*, through the excess of his love, is as unquiet, and as sad when he is alone, as if he had not reason to think himself happy, though I am perswaded *Lindamira* will be faithful to him, and that he will one day meet with the recompence he deserves. This, Madam, is the History of *Themistus*, who hath chosen *Rome* rather than any other place for his refuge, for that if *Demarata* persecute him too violently, after he hath married *Lindamira*, if he be so happy as to have her, *Rome* is the only place of all the world, which he would fasten on for a long retirement.

Meleagenes having finished his relation, the principal accidents of this History, were their entertainment for the rest of the day. Well then, saies *Amilcar*, speaking to *Herminius*, will you still commend obstinacy to the prejudice of inconstancy? for if *Demarata* had been one of those fantastick Women, that jump out of one act of Gallantry into another, without fastning upon any Gallant, all those people had not been put to so much trouble. If *Perianthus* had not loved his Wife so long, and that his love, according to the custom, had died eight daies after his marriage, he had been capable of more diversion; if *Themistus* and *Lindamira* had loved less, they had been more happy. You are very much too blame, to charge Constancy with so many mischiefs, replied *Herminius*, they are chargeable only upon Fortune, who is ever an enemy to Virtue.

But

But you consider not, that you commend inconstancy, before the amiable *Plotina*. Assure your self, replies that excellent Lady, I should be very much troubled if *Amilcar* were not unconstant; for in the first place, if he had not been such, I should not have been his Mistress: And, Secondly, if he were not so still, we should be weary one of another, in one daies conversation. Seriously replied *Amilcar*, I love you infinitely beyond what I did before, for speaking as you do, and the first time I shall commend you to any one, when I have told that-any-one, that she

is handsome, excellent good company, hugely witty, divertive, and gallant, and that she hath a thousand other admirable qualities, I shall seriously add, and what I am infinitely more taken with, she is almost as unconstant as my self. The whole company having laughed at the pleasant humour of *Amilcar*, they separated. *Clelia* went home, *Plotina* went to *Cassonia's*, whither she was conducted by *Amilcar*; *Meleagenes* went to find out *Themistus*, and *Herminius* to find out *Brutus*, whose thoughts were still wholly taken up with the revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*.

The end of the second Book of the third Part.

CLELIA

CLELIA.

A

Romane History.

The Third Part.

BOOK III.



Herminius being come to *Brutus*, do you not admire says he, at the strange humorsomeness of Fortune? *Tarquin*, that had been King of *Rome* for so many years, meets not with any *Romans* that will be of his party; and yet, though he is unfortunate, wicked, an exile, without wealth, he elsewhere meets with refuge and assistance, and hath got together an Army much more numerous than ours; this considered, what would you have me expect for the future? All great enterprises, replied *Herminius*, are ever difficult, and if they were not they were less glorious. It is indeed something strange, replies *Brutus*, to see wicked designs sometimes so easily prosper, and good ones to meet with so many hindrances. However it be, replies *Herminius*, it is better be unfortunate with good intentions, than happy with ill ones. Besides, methinks I have often observed it, happiness is divided, as I may so say, between the enterprise and him that undertakes it, when it is just and heroick; for though the Heroe be unfortunate, as to his person, yet his enterprise may nevertheless be happy. On the contrary, it is often seen, that though such as are unjust, are fortunate, yet all the pains they have taken, is lost as soon as they cease to be; so that I conclude, that though you should ever be unfortunate, your design would be carried on after your death, if *Rome* should be so unhappy as to lose you. It were too just, and too great to hope for any other success of it; we must hope, that notwithstanding the forces of *Tarquin*, we shall overcome him, since that upon such an occasion as this, we must account one *Roman* as good as two *Veientes*, or two *Tarquinians*. For there is a remarkable difference between those that fight for the preservation of their liberty, and the defence of their City, Wives, and Children; and those who only assist a Prince that is hated even by those who have the

greatest esteem for whatever in him that is good; and therefore I am encouraged into a confidence, that *Rome* will never be reduced to slavery again. Did I not hope it, replies *Brutus*, all I should have to do were to dye, but since to overcome, there is a necessity of fighting, and that to fight with good success, a man must be assured of the Army he commands, we must within three days have a Rendezvous in the field of *Mars*; *Valerius* and I, are already agreed upon it, and I tell you so much, to the end you may prepare your self for it. But I beseech you, my dear *Herminius*, added he, give me leave to beg this favor at your hands, that you will promise me to fight as violently to revenge *Lucretia*, as for the liberty of *Rome*, when we shall come to the work; for I am not confident of my own valor, when I am to revenge that unfortunate fair one, whose virtue was yet beyond her beauty, though this were infinitely beyond that of all others. I shall be glad to do what you would have me, replied *Herminius*, since I had as much friendship for *Lucretia*, as you had love for her. As they were thus discoursing, comes in *Valerius*, who told them that news was brought him, that the enemy would soon be upon their march; so that making what hast they could, the Muster was ordered to be the next day. Orders were issued out, that all the Centurions should have notice thereof, and that both Officers and Souldiers should be ready. And in effect the love of the Country uniting all both friends and enemies, you might see *Herminius*, *Mutius* and *Spurius*, act with equal zeal, as being embarked in the same interest; as also *Horatius* and *Othavius*, equally promoting the publick good. I put *Othavius* in a manner into the same rank with the rest, for though he was no more to be considered as Rival to *Horatius*, yet had he still an aversion for him, and not reflecting on his virtue, he could not avoid hating him, whenever he thought it was not impossible but he might Marry *Clelia*, for *Aronces*, he being one for whom he sometime had a very great friendship, and besides, was ob-

liged to, he felt that friendship growing stronger within him. To which may be added, that looking on him as at a great distance from happiness, he could not entertain any envy against him. Nay, on the contrary, he became his Protector, as to *Clelius*, *Sulpicia* and *Clelia*. Yet had he as little discourse as he could with his admirable Sister, who also for her part avoided all conversation as much as civility permitted, by reason of the melancholly she was in, that she could not hear from her dearest *Aronces*, who at that time was kept so close a Prisoner, that he had not the liberty to write. *Celeres* was also equally ill-treated, and the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were no longer in a capacity to do him any good office, which troubled them very much. For they were themselves at a loss, as to all opportunity of writing to *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whom they both loved, and were beloved by. For *Aronces*, he endured all that an unfortunate Lover could endure. He was a Prisoner to a Prince that was his Rival; he thought he had two Rivals about his Mistress, for he knew not that the pretended Prince of *Namidia* was her Brother; he thought in all probability, that *Porfenna* would engage in the interests of *Tarquin*; *Celeres* was a Prisoner; he could not see the Princes that were wont to comfort him, and he could hear no tidings from *Clelia*, so that he had only the assistance of his own courage to oppose so many misfortunes. What added to his affliction, was, to understand by those that guarded him, that *Tarquin* had a considerable Army, and that within a few days, in all likelihood, the fate of *Rome* would be decided by a Battel, before *Porfenna* had the time to declare. For had he been at liberty, he would with incredible joy have fought for his friends, for a just cause, for his Mistress, and for to smother the valor of his Rivals, by the greatness of his own. But seeing no hope of liberty, he was extremely cast down, though he seemed resolute enough to those whom *Tarquin* had set to look after him.

But for this Tyrant, and the cruel *Tullia*, they were extremely well satisfied to see they had an Army, for as it is ordinary with those, who attribute nothing to the conduct of a superiour power, to be easily persuaded that injustice may be ever prosperous, they made no question but to see *Rome* once more under their Tyranny; and when they were alone together, they debated the punishments should be inflicted on *Brutus*, *Valerius*, *Clelia*, *Lucretia's* father, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Mutius*, and divers others who expressed a particular zeal for her liberty. For *Amilcar*, for his great wit sake, they were content only to forbid him any abode in *Rome*, as they would also serve *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*. Thence they fell to dispose of the Estates of all the best Families, they promised rewards to those that served them, at their charge, who were not engaged in their interests. They proposed not only to purge the Senate, but to abolish it; and there is not any thing so tyrannical, which the desire of revenge suggested not unto them. But as for *Clelia*, they said nothing one to another of her, their designs being so different as to what concerned her, that they could not be communicated; for *Tullia's* intention was to have her put to death, so to disburthen *Tarquin's* heart of her, and *Tarquin's* to make her Queen, if he could

dispatch *Tullia* out of the way. In the mean time, having nothing to expect from *Rome*, and imagining they should never reduce it but by force, they sent for *Sextus*, on whom *Tarquin* bestowed the chief command of his Army next himself.

But while this Prince made it his only business to re-establish his Tyranny, *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and all their illustrious friends, minded nothing so much as how to oppose it. To this end, the Legions were reviewed with all the accustomed Ceremonies. The Consuls made a kind of particular sacrifice in the field of *Mars*, in order to the War, wherein were offered three several Victims consecrated to *Mars*, for it happened that the season which is by the *Romans* called *Lustrum*, was expired, and for that reason, it was requisite according to their custom, to purify the Army by that sacrifice, purposely instituted to make a review of the Soldiery from five years to five years, and to inspire them with new courage. But this being not for a simple review, only to know the number of the Soldiery, but looked on as concerning liberty and publick safety, it inspired the whole people of *Rome* with an universal curiosity, all the Ladies were present at the ceremony, which was performed in the best order in the world. Never were the Chiefs seen more magnificent, nor the Souldiers better armed. Even *Brutus* himself, notwithstanding his melancholly, conceiving it necessary to gain the respect and vows of the people by magnificent objects put on Coat-armor, such as for lustre the world could not afford the like. Yet were there some marks of mourning in his equipage; for his horse was black, his Feather black, and he had divers black twists amidst the gold, wherewith his magnificent Coat shined. All the other Chiefs were also very richly armed, and all the Soldiers had taken so much pains to make their Arms bright and clean, that the least agitation of these several bodies, making all objects shine again, the lustre was so great as could hardly be endured. And as there was not any Roman-Souldier, who made it not his design to gain reputation in this War, and to be remarkable, so had they all particular Badges, some distinguished by their several Feathers, some by the skins of stout beasts which they fastned on their Shoulders, as those of Lyons, Wolves, Tygers, and Panthers some by what they had about their heads, as burnished Leather, glittering steel, some by their large Bucklers, wherof the edges were very different. Those that had any particular inclination to some beauty, and withall something to express the posture of their thoughts and fortune. But besides the ordinary ensigns, *Brutus* had caused to be fastned under every one of them a streamer, wherein, in some of them were found these words in the vulgar language.

CONQUER OR DIE.

And in some others,

For GLORY and LIBERTY.

So to acquaint the Souldiers both with the occasion of the War and their duty.

But besides all the several Troops whereof these Legions consisted which made up the Army, there was

was a Body of those that came from *Ardea*, to which the Volunteers were that day joined, such as *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, *Amilcar*, and divers others. For *Octavius*, though he had not passed through the several offices he should have done, according to the *Roman* Discipline, as having not been brought up at *Rome*, yet was he ranked among persons of quality of his age, such as *Horatius*, *Mutius*, *Spurius*, *Herminius*, and divers others of the same condition, who were in the Catalogue of those that might be chosen for Commanders. This review was performed with so many expressions of joy in the Souldiery, that the people drew a happy presage thence, and the Army seemed so terrible when it was drawn up, that it was not easie to fear it should be vanquished. In the mean time, the two Consuls going from Band to Band, with the *Lictors*, and the *Fasces* before them, put a certain respect upon all those that saw them; and this War being extraordinary, they did one ceremony that was beyond all custom, for they made all the Army take a publick oath never to lay down Arms till *Rome* were absolutely free. So that at a certain signal given by a military harmony, which was in use in those days, all both Commanders and Souldiers drawing their Swords, and lifting them up to Heaven with a menacing action, every Centurion promised for all that were under his command, that they should dye a thousand times rather than suffer *Rome* to be enslaved again.

Having proceeded thus far, the two Consuls went to the head of the Army, while in the interim all the Ladies of quality, were in magnificent Chariots, disposed in a manner of a half moon before the Troops, in one whereof were *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Cassonia*, and *Plotina*. While all were thus busied, there appeared these three men on horseback admirably graceful, conducted by a fourth, who was also a very proper person. The former was armed like a *Roman*, the other three after the Grecian mode. Their Horses were of a dark colour, their Plumes black, and all their equipage mourning. There was upon their Bucklers without any figure these sad words,

WE COURT DEATH.

But of these three, there was one whose melancholly was much more visible, than that of the other two, though they all seemed to be sad enough. He that followed them, seemed also to be very pensive; so that this mournful company drawing all eyes after it, and raising their curiosity, it took up the thoughts of the people, the Army, the Ladies, and the two Consuls. Nay, *Clelia* whose heart was never filled with any thing but her dear *Aronces*, looked very attentively on these Strangers, not knowing but that he had made an escape out of prison, and might be among those she saw, though she could not apprehend why he should put himself into that mournful equipage, if some groundless jealousy should not put him into the humor. *Valeria* also who sat next her, looked on them no less; but passing close by the Chariot wherein she was to go towards the Consuls who expected them, she perceived that the *Roman* who conducted the three strangers, was *Æmilius*, so that her colour changed at it. *Herminius* on the other side, being in the head of the Army, knew

him to be his friend, and withall his Rival, when he was come up to the Consuls *Spurius* and *Mutius* knew him also, and *Valerius* no sooner saw him, but he knew it to be him, to whom he had promised *Valeria*, when he thought *Herminius* dead.

Æmilius coming up to the Consuls, bowed very submissively, and speaking to them, My Lords, said he, the love of my Country having brought me to *Rome*, whence another passion had banished me, I thought it good service to persuade these three illustrious, but unfortunate persons to come along with me; for since they desire nothing so much as to dye gloriously, I thought the greatest happiness they could arrive at, was to expose their lives for the safety of *Rome*. Receive them my Lords, as persons whose birth is very noble, whose valor extraordinary, and whose fortune deplorable. But since they seek neither protection nor service, but only a glorious occasion to dye, I demand on their behalf, the favor immediately to be put into the rank of those that are to fight. If your illustrious friends (replied *Brutus*, with a kind of a forced smile) only sought death, they should have gone to the Enemies Army for it, but since they also court glory in it, and that it is not impossible to find them together in a victorious Army, we receive them with joy, but with this hope, that the glory they shall gain by saving *Rome*, will take off part of their disgraces, and encourage them to live. However, added he, speaking to *Valerius*, that they may be put into a rank suitable to their quality, do you not think fit they should be put with *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, and *Amilcar*? *Valerius* approving what *Brutus* said, and the three Strangers by an action of condescension approving what *Æmilius* had said of them, they were conducted whither *Brutus* had disposed them. For *Æmilius*, though he were a *Roman*, yet he desired he might not be separated from his friends, so that he was placed with them, but as he went to his place he saw *Valeria*, whom he saluted very submissively. *Herminius*, who still followed him with his eyes, had observed that *Valerius* and *Æmilius* had had no private discourse, but thought that *Valeria* had saluted his Rival with a little too much courtesie, so that it put him into a disturbance, which lasted till the Muster was over.

On the other side *Valerius* felt an affliction growing upon him that troubled him not a little, for he loved *Æmilius* as well as he did *Herminius*, and had promised his daughter to both. However, he omitted nothing he should have done with *Brutus*, that related to the review of the Army. *Mutius* for his part was not well pleased to see another Rival in his way, and only *Spurius* out of his revengful humor, took a certain pleasure in this distraction. For *Valeria*, she gave over looking at any thing, so much was she afflicted at *Æmilius*'s return. But says *Clelia* to her, seeing what trouble she was in, I cannot conceive how you ever hated *Æmilius*. On the contrary, replied she, I have ever had a friendship for him, and have still, and thence proceeds my disturbance, for it being impossible *Herminius* and he should be good friends, if his thoughts be not otherwise than they were towards me, I see my self exposed to unhappy adventures.

While *Clelia* and *Valeria* discoursed thus, and that *Cassonia* and *Plotina* hearken to them, all the

other Ladies had a curiosity for these three strangers in mourning, who were so handsome, and withall seemed to be so melancholly. Nor was this curiosity particular to the Ladies, for all the men were equally desirous to know them, and amongst the rest *Amilcar*, who was placed just before one of these strangers. But military discipline not permitting discourse upon such occasions, he was forced to be silent, and to forbear asking who they were, that he was so desirous to be acquainted withall. At the last, the review being over, and that great body wasted away by companies and parties, *Amilcar*, to whom *Æmilius* had been named, came up to these strangers, spoke to them, and notwithstanding their melancholly, forced some little discourse out of them. I imagine (said he, to get somewhat out of them) that you are friends, and that some concernment of ambition hath made you equally unfortunate. On the contrary, replies one of the Strangers, we are Rivals, we have been a long time enemies, and nothing unites us but the equality of our misfortune, and the desire of death. If love, said he to them, furnished a man with no more pleasant desires then that, I should never either desire or obtain any thing. It is not love replies another of the Strangers, that makes us desire death, but despair. You may add some hatred to it, says the third, who had not yet spoken, for I abhor my self so much, because I cannot hate that which hath not loved me, that I cannot endure my self. For my part, says *Amilcar* I am much more happy then you are, for when one loves me, I am extreemly pleased, and when I am not loved I give over loving, and laugh at the Woman that would not love me.

These Strangers perceiving the good humor *Amilcar* was in, were troubled the more, and envied his disposition, as a wretched minded man would the treasures of a rich man. But *Æmilius* taking them to his house, they left *Amilcar*, who went to *Themistus*, with whom he spent the rest of the day at *Sulpicia's*, where they found *Clelia*, *Valerius*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina*. In the mean time, *Valeria*, preferring the publick interest before the private, what disturbance soever he conceived at *Æmilius's* return, left not *Brutus*, till he had done all those things which according to his place he ought to have done. Besides, knowing the prudence of *Herminius*, that of *Æmilius*, and their ancient Friendship, he was in hope there would not any thing amiss happen till he had spoken to them. On the other side, *Æmilius* was in a strange distraction, for having not spoken with any one since his coming to *Rome*, because of the Review of the Army, nor since his departure heard any news thence, he knew not whether *Herminius* were Married to *Valeria* or not. So that not able to continue in that cruel uncertainty, he went abroad as soon as he had brought his three Friends to his House. For having found there but one old slave, that looked to it, whom he could not ask any thing, for that as soon as he had perceived him, and opened him the Gate, he went, without saying ought to him to acquaint his friends with his return, he was forced to go to one of his ancient friends to satisfy his curiosity. But he had scarce gone twenty paces, but he met *Herminius*, he had no sooner eyed him, but he felt an extraordinary emotion within him; *Herminius* for his part was

not very quiet within; love it seems and friendship raising in their hearts an equal agitation. They saluted one the other civilly enough, besides, that having not any thing to reproach one another withall, they were persons of a greater command of themselves, than to be carried away by the impetuosity of their sentiments, in a procedure wherein love had not caused them to do any thing that might rationally injure their friendship. But at last after salutations, *Æmilius* looking attentively on *Herminius*, I was going said he to him, to inform my self of the condition of your fortune and my own, but since I have met you, it were better I asked your self, whether you are happy, and I miserable. If you are still in love with *Valeria*, replies *Herminius*, you are still unhappy, for I do not doubt but she will be so constant as to preserve her first affection. But if absence and reason have recovered you, you are happy, since it is certain she hath abundance of friendship for you, and that I am still your friend. Ah *Herminius*, cries out *Æmilius*, were you Married to *Valeria*, I might haply still act as your friend, but since you are not, I must needs tell you, that I am still your Rival, and that neither time, absence, nor reason have cured me. And yet when I came to *Rome*, it was with intention if you were married to *Valeria*, not to say any thing to her of my passion, nor yet to your self, but only to find out death in the defence of my Countrey; but since it is not so, and that *Valerius* hath kept his word with me, you must needs do me that favor to promise me that you will entertain no thoughts of Marrying *Valeria*, till the end of the War. I know you have a greater interest in her, than I have, but when all's done, I may be able to love her without any injury to you; it is impossible I should forbear loving her, and I cannot forget that I had some place in her affections when you returned, which if you had not, I had been happy. The War will haply take me out of your way, added *Æmilius*, deny me not what I desire; and if you would convince me that you be my friend, you will oblige *Valeria* to give me leave to wait on her. To deal sincerely with you, replies *Herminius*, I will tell you, that *Valerius* hath no intention to marry his Daughter while the War lasts; and since I am no Tyrant over my Mistris, she shall see you if she thinks fit. But if you would take my advice, you would not desire it; for *Valeria* is still handsome, still amiable, still constant. How ere she may be, replies *Æmilius*, I once more desire what I did before. And I make you the same answer I did before, replies *Herminius*; so that it is of *Valeria* that you are to desire the liberty to see her, and not of me. Satisfie your self that I do not oppose it, and assure your self that all a Lover can do, I shall ever do for you, as long as *Valeria* shall not love you, but if she come to affect you to my prejudice, no doubt but I shall do what ever an unfortunate Rival can do to Revenge himself. It seems then replied *Æmilius*, according to your Maxims, I am to look on you as mine enemy? By no means replied *Herminius*, for I have done nothing against you. Ah cruel friend, replies *Æmilius*, why should honor and friendship oblige me to forbear hating you?

As they were at this pass, *Valerius* passing by, embraced *Æmilius*, and carried these two Rivals to his

his house, and there spoke to them with such prudence, that he obliged them to continue friends, while the War lasted. And yet he advised *Æmilius* to give over all thoughts of *Valeria*, and pressed it so much upon him, that that unfortunate Lover desired no other comfort than a promise from *Valerius*, that he might see *Valeria* whilst the War lasted, assuring him, that if he could not be happy when that were ended, nothing should hinder him from dying an exile. But for a final favor, he would needs have *Herminius* tell him, that in case he dyed, he would give his consent that *Valeria* should marry him. So that not able to deny an unfortunate friend a comfort that could do him no prejudice, he promised him his intreaties to *Valeria* to that purpose. Accordingly when she was returned from *Sulpicia's*, and that *Valerius* had commanded her to entertain *Æmilius*, as a person she had made unfortunate, and whom to recover, she should imploy all her reason, *Herminius* gave her an account of what had past between *Valerius* *Æmilius* and himself. She being a discreet Lady, made not at that time any discovery of the agitation of her heart, but certain it is, that through an excess of affection, she took it ill that *Herminius* had consented, in case he dyed, his Rival should marry her. For *Æmilius*, she received him very civilly, yet in such a manner as gave not that unfortunate Lover any shadow of hope, so that he went away first; insomuch that some coming in that took up *Valerius* and *Sulpicia*, *Herminius* had a quarter of an hours private discourse with *Valeria*. Well, Madam said he to her, ought I not to fear that *Æmilius's* return may not prove as unfortunate to me, as mine was to him, and that though I neither dye nor prove unconstant, I may be forgotten or punished as if I were one of them. It were no easie matter to forget you, replied she, for you have but just now put me into such an indignation, that I know not whether I shall ever forget the spight you have done me. I beseech you, Madam, replied he, let me immediately know my crime, that I may repent me of it, and do you satisfaction; for I assure you, I apprehend it not. How replied she, do you think you have done me no injury by consenting, that if you dyed in the War, *Æmilius* should marry me? Ah, *Herminius*, you think you love, but do not, or at best, tis very weakly, since you might conceive it impossible I should ever be any others. And truly I need not wonder at it, for since you do not believe that I love you, so far as that I should never marry, even though you dyed, it is not strange your love to me should be so weak. But Madam, replied *Herminius*, methinks I have only guessed at the future by what is past, for since you were content to marry *Æmilius*, when you thought me dead, why should I think it impossible you might, a second time, take the same resolution? Ah, *Herminius*, replied she, had I not thought you unconstant, I had never taken it, and you know well that you told me then, that if I had had a strong affection for you, I could never have endured *Æmilius*. But I tell you now with much more reason, that if you loved me, you could not have said that to your Rival which you have.

For in fine, I must confess it to my own confusion, I have that tenderness for you which will not suffer me to think you could ever be any ones

but mine; and could I look on any woman in the world, as such as you might love, though I were not in being, I think I should not be able to forbear hating her almost as much as I should do you. There is so much obligation in your anger, replied *Herminius*, and it makes you guilty of so much kindness, that I have much ado to repent me that I have been the occasion of it. But all considered Madam, I must needs justify my self, and give you an account of my sentiments. In the first place, I declare, that I have not promised *Æmilius* that you should marry him; nay, that I have not so much as imagined you could marry him; all the promise I made him was, to intreat you to do it. And indeed Madam, were it possible you could marry any one, I would rather it should be *Æmilius* than any other, for he deserves you, he loves you, and would speak to you of me as a person for whom he hath a friendship, notwithstanding his love. It must certainly be *Herminius* cries out *Valeria*, that you know not well how to love; you are haply acquainted with an ordinary friendship, or haply an affectionate friendship; but for love, you know not the humors of it. Howe're it may be, added she, you have vexed me; and I perceive I shall not be reconciled with you this day. *Valeria* was not as good as her word, for *Herminius* entertained her with things so full of passion, that she pardoned him.

In the mean time, all the talk in *Rome* was about *Æmilius's* return, and the arrival of the three strangers, whereof one was called *Lyfidas*, another *Calimenes*, and the third *Alcimides*. But for their adventures, there was no more known at that time, than that Love put them upon desires of death, for the business of the War took up all mens thoughts so much, that people were not very forward to look after such as avoided society. For *Mutius* and *Spurius*, they were always together; yet did not this latter look on *Æmilius* as an enemy, for that considering him as a Rival to *Herminius*, and one that might do him a prejudice, he thought him a person engaged in his interests.

In this interim came news, that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had been kindly received by the Princess of *Leontum*, that she had not discovered them to be what they were, for some reasons that concerned her self; and that they had prevailed so far with her, that *Porfenna* would not declare till there had happened a battel between the *Roman Army* and that of *Tarquinius*. *Brutus* understood at the same time, that the Prince was advantageously posted near the Forrest of *Arffa* between *Veie* and the *Tiber*; so that desirous to prevent him, and to fight him beyond the River, it was resolved they should depart within two days. Then was it, that there might have been seen in *Rome*, what had not even from its foundation. For the Wars that are undertaken for liberty, are carried on with much more zeal, than those whose end is conquest or defence. There you might see Fathers encouraging their Children, when they took their leaves of them: Mothers praying for their Sons, Sisters for their Brothers, slaves for their Masters; nor did Mistresses escape those sad sentiments which love inspired them with. But among others, *Hermilia* was so afflicted, that it was impossible any one could be more; for knowing the courage of *Brutus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, and reflecting on their quality,

quality, she could not forbear imagining that she saw them with their swords drawn one against another, and fearing thereupon all the fatal effects that are the necessary consequences of battails; for she had a tender affection both for her Brother and her Servant. *Collutina* was also very sad, for the concernment she had in Prince *Tinus*. *Casonia* was no less for *Perfander*, *Valeria* for her Father and *Herminius*; the virtuous *Sivelia*, for her illustrious Son; *Raxilia* for *Brutus*, *Plotina* for *Amilcar*, and all the persons of quality of his acquaintance; and *Clelia* for her illustrious Brother *Herminius*, *Brutus*, and so many honorable persons that went to expose their lives for the publick safety. All the comfort she had, was, to consider that her dear *Aronces* would not be in the fight, and that her Eather was to remain in *Rome* with *Lucretius*, to take order for all things during the absence of the Consuls. For they had a great influence over the new elected Senate, since *Tarquin's* departure from *Rome*.

But at last, the day of their departure being come, there was nothing to be seen from the break of day till noon, but the preparations of War, and the baggage of particular persons that left *Rome*. But when *Brutus* and *Valerius* went out, there could nothing be heard through all the streets, but the Prayers of the people, that they might gain the Victory. They were both excellently well mounted, their Arms were very magnificent, and they were followed by all of the highest quality. Those were *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Emilius*, *Spurius*, *Perfander*, *Mutius*, *Amilcar*, the three strangers in Mourning, and a many others. For *Horatius* he went away last, because he would needs take his leave of *Clelia*, who had avoided him as much as lay in her power; but at last she was forced to afford him one minutes private discourse; for he had been so cautious as to bring one of his friends with him, who entertained *Sulpicia*, while he spoke to *Clelia*. I am not so presumptuous, Madam, said he to her, as to imagine you should make it your desire that I might not perish in the War, but knowing you to be too good a *Roman* not to put up your addresses to heaven for the Victory, all the favor I beg is, that it may be without exception; for if I am comprehended among that multitude, for whom you make vows, I shall hope the honour to see you again, and haply the glory of having merited, by some action of mine your esteem. Since you are a person of much gallantry, replied she, since I love my Country, and am neither cruel nor unjust, assure your self, that when I shall put up my Prayers for the Victory, you shall be included in them; but at the same time that I shall pray to the gods for the peace of *Rome*, I shall do the same for its Protectors, and consequently for you. Alas Madam, replied he, my peace depends so absolutely upon you, that the gods, omnipotent as they are, cannot give it me, without you. I beseech you interrupted *Clelia* force me not to torment you, by desiring of me more than I can do, for sadness is not a disposition for Victory. Be gone then *Horatius*, be gone, and behave your self so, that at your return your heart may know no other love than that of your Country. *Rome* does better deserve your affection than I do, since I can never afford you mine. I apprehend you Madam, I apprehend you, replies hastily *Horatius*,

you encourage me to Victory, because when she is fought, a man often meets with death; but know unmerciful as you are, that this will be more favorable to me than you are, and that I shall find incomparably much more satisfaction in dying than in living, without being beloved by the only person whom I can love.

Upon this *Horatius* left *Clelia*, and made after the Army which was now upon its march. *Brutus* and *Valerius*, who would not have any thing omitted which they ought in prudence to do, had not forgotten to send out military Tribunes with a body of Horse for their guard, to assure themselves of the Post which they had resolved to take, and to prepare it for castrametation. The Tribunes, secured by the Horse, marked out the compass of the Camp, by the help of the Pioneers they had brought with them. They took up such a tract of ground, as might conveniently receive all the Legions, taking great heed that the Cavalry should not be disposed on that side where it could not easily meet with those things that were necessary for it, and where all the Troops might not remain in order and safety. To take away all expression of Superiority, *Brutus*, established that custom, which hath in a manner been observed ever since, which is, that when there were two Consuls in one Army, it might be said there were two Camps in one, for either of the Consuls had under his particular command, all the Troops that belonged to him, as if there had been no other Troops, though the general extent of the Camp included all the Legions. According to this order the military Tribunes made two spacious squares, compassed by the same Trench. In the midst of that which lay next the enemy, was *Brutus's* Tent raised at the distance of a hundred foot from any other Tent. That done, making spacious and long streets proportionable to the number of the Officers and Souldiers, they so disposed them, that the avenues looked towards the Consuls tent, that at his first orders all might be immediately, ready to wait on him. They placed the Cavalry on the two sides opposite one to another, and the Infantry in like manner, the Centurions at the head of those they commanded, and the Tents of the Tribunes at one of the ranks which looked towards that of the Consul, that they might be ready to receive the several orders that were sent them; for some had the charge of the Magazins of the Army, others of the place where Military justice was executed, and others of the great place where all necessaries for the Souldiers were sold. They also assigned a place for the Baggage, and the Chariots, and put the Camp into such order, that every one knew presently where he was to quarter. To that end they put a particular mark at the first Tent of every street, which giving direction for whom it was assigned, the Souldiers immediately knew where there Tents were in the Camp, as well as they knew where there Houses were in *Rome*. To be short, they so disposed of all things, that the Camp was equally defensible every where, and could not be surpris'd by any external force, nor was subject to any confusion within, so excellent were they in the Art of encamping. There was a particular Post assigned for the Stranger-forces, that so there might happen no dissention between those of *Ardea*, and those

those of *Rome*. The same order being observed in *Valerius's* Quarters as was in *Brutus's*, between these two Quarters lay the Magazines of the Army I mentioned before, the place where all Military necessaries were sold, and that where justice was one. The several Troops were also so disposed, that the Cavalry might every way relieve the Infantry, so that whether you consider defence, order, accommodations, or the convenience of the Camp, nothing was omitted. So that when the Army was come up, it went into the Camp as into a City, and it came so seasonably, that *Tarquin*, who had some intentions to hinder their incamping, was forced to alter his design, and to mind only the fortification of the Post he was in himself. Infomuch, that *Brutus*, upon his arrival to the Camp, hearing there had been a little skirmish between the Horse he had sent to secure those that drew out the lines of the Trench, and a party of *Tarquin's*, would needs give a happy preface to his Army by the beginning of a Victory, and so sent the Cavalry of *Ardea*, commanded by *Persander*, to relieve those that were engaged. So that *Æmilius*, the three lovers in Mourning, and *Amilcar*, were in this first engagement, which proved wholly advantageous to the *Romans*. For they pursued the enemy to their Trenches, killed many, and brought no small number Prisoners.

But among others, the three Lovers in Mourning, gave such signal expressions of their courage, that all that saw them, acknowledged they had never seen people behave themselves so gallantly. Infomuch, that when *Amilcar* was returned to the Camp, and found *Brutus* examining the Prisoners, to find out what posture the Enemies Army was in, he gave them such extraordinary commendations, that it added much to the curiosity which some had to have an account of their adventures. For my part (says *Amilcar* to *Brutus*, speaking of these Strangers, before all that were about him) I can assure you, that these Gentlemen, who have put upon their Bucklers, that they court Death, know better how to bestow it on others, and consequently overcome, than you can well imagine; and if they always defend their lives so well, it will be long ere they meet with what they so much court. Since it is very hard replies *Brutus*, to know well how to give death, without running at the same time the hazard of receiving it, it may not haply be so long ere these excellent unfortunate men may find it, But it being a pity that such gallant per-

sons should miscarry, be it your charge, who are so great a lover of Life, to win them into a love of it, and who are guilty of so much joy, to comfort them in their misfortunes, if so be they be capable of it.

Brutus could but in a manner sigh out these words, by reason of the cruel reflection he made on such misfortunes as were inconsolable, and out of a consideration that the death of *Lucretia*, was by him to be numbred among those unhappinesses which Time cannot alleviate, nor admit any period but that of life. But Revenge being the only satisfaction he was capable of, his thoughts were wholly taken up with those things which are to be considered when a man hath a powerful enemy to overcome. To this end he went in person about the Camp, he appointed guards, gave orders to the Tribunes, that they might derive the same to the Centurions; and they to others, and according to custom, he sent every one a dart, to the three Lovers in mourning, who had done so valiantly; and a little before day, he went, forgetting the dignity of Consul, to take a view of the enemies Camp, which he perceived it was very difficult to assault. Yet had he some intentions to set upon them the next day, so to prevent them from farther fortification. But there fell such extraordinary rain for two days together, that he was forced to give over all thoughts of it; for besides that, the Souldiers would have been over-wearied to fight, he must have made his assault on a side, that lay upon a Fenne, which had been very inconvenient. So that it was impossible to do any thing, and the weather proved so ill, that the two Armies were equally forced to keep within their Trenches, without any act of hostility of either side. So that those who were not ingaged in the chiefeft places of command had no more to do but to entertain themselves in their Tents. Accordingly, while *Brutus* and *Valerius* took order for all things, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and *Persander* were gotten into *Amilcar's* Tent, whither *Æmilius* coming a little after, they all set upon him to relate the adventures of those unfortunate Lovers he had brought with him to *Rome*, whose valor had raised so much admiration, and whose melancholly so much pitty and curiosity. *Æmilius*, would at first have excused himself, but they importuned him so far, that he was forced to comply with their desires. Having therefore given order they should not be disturbed, but in case *Brutus* asked for them, he began his story thus.

The History of
ARTELISA, MELICRATES, LISIDAS,
CALIANTES, and ALCIMEDES

WERE I to relate the History of my illustrious friends, to persons unacquainted with Love, I might haply fear I should not raise compassion in their hearts; but being to speak to such as have loved, do still love, and will love, haply while they live, I hope my relation will win your pity for those whose adventures I am to give you an account of: But that you may apprehend them the better, and be satisfied with what I shall tell you, You are to know, that since I made my self a voluntary exile, I never stirred from *Eryx*, but resided there ever since. For, it being a place where there is a great resort of strangers, because of the famous Temple of *Venus* that is there, I thought I might more easily remain obscure there, than in any other place, Nay, I was in hope, that a place consecrated to the Mother of Love, would prove more fortunate to me than any other, and that the very sight of so many Lovers that came thither from all parts, would be some comfort to me, in that I thence inferr'd that I was not the only wretched man in the world. I must confess also, that an humour took me, to see whether the conversation of persons of worth and virtue, might give me any ease, and whether the sight of the most accomplished beauties of all *Sicily* could recover me. But that you may know what remedies I have found ineffectual, to the end you may afford me some of your pity, as well as my friends; I will describe the place of my banishment, and give you a representation of the principal persons that inhabit it; it being in some sort necessary you were acquainted with the Court, where the History, I am to relate to you, was acted.

Eryx is a Mountain of *Sicily*, which admits none higher than it self, but that of *Aetna*, and which is as famous for the magnificent Temple of *Venus*, that is upon the top of it, as the other for the flames it breaths out. This Mountain looks towards the Sea, on the side of *Italy*; it is situated between *Drepanum* and *Panormus*, but nearer *Panormus* than *Drepanum*. Upon the top of this Mountain there is a pleasant Plain, on which is built the famous Temple of *Venus*, whereof I shall in the sequel of my discourse, give you a particular account. Towards the midst of this Mountain, there is a great City of the same name, whereof the avenues are certainly very difficult, but the prospect so pleasant, that there is hardly a house in the City, whence you have not an admirable sight of the Countrey, For, stand where you will, you see the Sea, Brooks, Springs, Meadows, Gardens, Towns at a distance, and divers other pleasant objects: The Prince who at the present, governs that little State, hath had two Sons, whereof the elder died, after he had married an admirable person, whereof I will give you a description, that

you may the better judge of this little Court; and the younger is a very noble well-made Prince, who is fallen in love at *Agrigentum*, with a very excellent person, named *Berelisa*. But in regard he staid but a little while at *Eryx*, while I was there, I shall give you no account of him.

That then which brings so much gallantry to this Court, is, that from *Greece*, *Africk*, and *Italy*, there come continually persons of all qualities and Sexes, bringing offerings to *Venus Erycina*. Hence is it that the Temple of that Goddess is richer than all other Temples of *Sicily*; for according to the popular opinion, *Venus* receives more favourably the addresses that are made to her in that place, than even in *Cyprus* it self, where she first landed after her birth. Accordingly are there to be continually seen, the sacrifices of fortunate and unfortunate Lovers, who come either to acknowledge, or implore the assistance of the Goddess. Nay, there you may find some people without love, who fearing *Venus* should be incens'd at their insensibility, and might order her Son to punish them for it, come and offer sacrifice to appease her, intreating her to remember, that *Adonis* had been insensible, so to win her to pardon their insensibility. Upon some such account was it, that when I left *Eryx*, they expected there the Princess of *Elida*, who is called *Elismunda*, who they said, was one of the most beautiful, and most amiable persons upon earth, who was coming to the Temple of *Venus Erycina*, to beg her pardon for having raised love in so many, without taking any her self, and to entreat her, that she might spend her whole life in captivating of hearts, without ever engaging her own.

For Heavens sake, replied *Amilcar*, interrupting him, write to *Eryx*, to know whether the prayers of this unjust Beauty are granted, as also to know what kind of person she is, for I think it a rational curiosity in me, to be a little better acquainted with a Princess, who would all her life time raise love in others, without entertaining any her self.

It will not be long e'r you be satisfied, replied *Emilius*, since that one of the best-humored men in the world, that I left at *Eryx*, will be at *Rome* within fifteen daies, so that he will be able to give you a pleasant Character of her. For my own part, I have heard some say, who are well seen in things of that nature, that this Princess is undeniably one of the most accomplished persons that eye can see. But till he I speak of come to give you a draught of her, I am only to tell you, that it is not hard for you to imagine, that this great resort of strangers of both Sexes, who come to *Eryx*, meerly upon the account of Love, hath insensibly added very much to the Gallantry of the Court. And thence it comes, that the news which

which that place affords, relate for the most part to their adventures, who come to *Venus's* Temple, whereof the magnificence is extraordinary. For besides, that it is built altogether of Marble, and that the Architecture of it is very noble; there are Pictures that represent *Venus*, in an hundred several postures. There is both above and below these large Pictures, embossed Imagery, wherein are represented all the famous victories of her Son; that is, *Jupiter* in the form of a Bull, carrying away *Europa*; *Apollo* running after *Daphne*; *Hercules* spinning with *Deiania*; *Pluto* carrying away *Proserpina*; *Neptune* in love with *Thetis*; and divers other illustrious Lovers. What's yet further remarkable, is, That this Temple is in the midst of a spacious place, whereof the four sides are built with houses, for the entertainment of those that comethither, such as are furnish'd diversly, according to the qualities of the Lodgers. for there are some very magnificent, others but ordinary, but none that are not convenient, and where the perfumes do not purifie the air, for a more pleasant respiration. There is further in this Temple, continual Musick; so that it is not the least part of their care who keep it, by pleasant objects, admirable scents, ravishing consorts, to entertain most tender and affectionate dispositions in their hearts, who are come to sacrifice, and to raise them in those that have them not.

But to return to the Prince of *Eryx*, though he be not young, yet is he not so far gone in years, as that he may be called old, so that being naturally noble, his whole Court derives from his humour; but to speak truly, the Princess *Clarinta*, Widow to his eldest Son, is that which makes this little Court the most neat, the most divertive, and the most sprightly of any in the world. Nor indeed does the Princess of *Eryx* want that particular gift of inspiring wit into those that come near her, that it might be said, a man durst not be stupid where she is. I beseech you, interrupted *Amilcar*, be pleased to take the pains to give us a description of her Beauty, Wit, and Humor. What you desire, replied *Amilins*, is doubtless a harder task than you imagine, since there is something that is so delicate and so particular in the Beauty and worth of the Princess of *Clarinta*, that I think I shall not be able to find expressions proper enough to make you apprehend it. For should I tell you in general, that she is of a good stature, well made, handsome, that she hath a good countenance, and is infinitely witty, you might compare her to divers others of her sex, who might challenge much in all those qualities.

To distinguish her therefore from other Beauties, I am to acquaint you with what is particular in this admirable Woman. Know then, that she is of that comely stature, which, being much above the mean, is not yet excessive; Besides, she hath that freedom of air, an action so natural, and a deportment so noble, that a man must at first sight, conclude her to be of high birth, that she hath spent her whole life among people, that she is of a cheerful disposition, and inclined to dancing. She is fair-hair'd, yet of that fairness, that hath nothing of faintness, but suits well with beauty. For her complexion, it is so admirable, that it is not in the power of the sharpest winters, to

derogate from that fair Damask, which makes her so beautiful, and gives such a lustre to her admirable whiteness, that it ever displays such a freshness, as is never seen, but, at the uprising of *Aurora*, upon the fairest Roses of the Spring. *Clarinta* hath moreover this advantage, that the agitations of her mind never appear, to the disadvantage of her complexion. Melancholly never makes her look yellow, anger does but add a little to the damask of her Cheeks, modesty heightens her Beauty, and joy shadows her Face with a certain serenity, which becalms the disturbances even of those that come near her. For her Lips, she hath them of the noblest colour in the world, an excellent compass of Face, eyes Sky-coloured, and full of Spirit, and the cheeks so inviting, that she never smiles, but she discovers something that's inexpressible, yet not the most inconsiderable part of what is most taking in her. For her Breast, it is impossible to have one better made, or whiter, and to tell you all in few words, there cannot be seen an handsomer person, nor one that can with so much ease conquer hearts.

For her Wit, I am in doubt whether I shall be able to make you understand it, but am certain, there never was any more pleasant, more clear, more subtil, or more delicate. She hath a lively imagination, and the whole carriage of her person is so gallant, so neat, and so full of charm, that a man cannot without shame see her, and not fall in love with her. And yet she confesses her self to be subject to certain groundless vexations, which cause her to make a truce with joy, only for three or four hours. But these vexations are so inconsiderable, and so transient, that hardly any but her self is sensible of them. Her conversation is familiar, divertive, and natural; she speaks pertinently and well, nay, sometimes she hath some natural and sprightly expressions that are infinitely taking; and though she be not of those immoveable Beauties, that are guilty of no action, yet do not the pretty gestures she uses, proceed from any affectation, but are only the effects of her vivacity of spirit, liveliness of disposition, her divertive humour, and her natural inclination to do alwaies that which is handsome. To be short, she dances admirably well, so that she ravishes the eyes and hearts of all that see her, for she so accurately observes time and measure, and carries her self with that evenness, and hath I know not what, that a man cannot make intelligible, which gives her that gallantry and pleasantness of air, that all others have not.

Besides all this, *Clarinta* is very much given to reading, and what is best of all, is, that without pretending to much knowledge, she is excellently well acquainted with all that is noble, as to Science. She hath learnt the *African* language, with a miraculous facility, for there being great commerce between *Africa* and *Sicily*, the Ladies that are of any worth, are desirous to learn it. Add to all, that this Princess hath a very sweet and excellent voice; and what is yet more commendable, is, that though she sings in a passionate way, and that it may be justly said that she sings well, yet doth she is like a person of quality; that is without engaging her honour upon it, without intreaty, or affectation, but so gallantly, that it makes her more amiable, especially when she sings certain little

African Songs, which she is more taken with, than those of her own Country, because they are more passionate. *Clarinta* is also a lover of all excellent things, and all innocent pleasures, but she loves glory above her self, and what makes for her advantage, she hath so great a judgement, that she hath found out the way, without being severe, savage, or solitary, to preserve the noblest reputation in the world, and that in a great Court, where all persons of worth have access to her, and where she raises love in all those that are capable of it. 'Tis true, she never raised hope in any one of those that love her, but is so highly deserving, that despair, the most infallible remedy of that passion, does not cure those that sigh for her. In the mean time, *Clarinta* looks not on them as her Adorers, and that very sprightliness of humour which becomes her so well, and which diverts her self while she diverts others, is further serviceable to her, in that it pleasantly makes a many pass for friends, who would, if they durst, be accounted Lovers. In fine, she behaves her self with such prudence, that detraction it self hath a respect for her virtue, and hath not charged her with the least gallantry, though the world affords not a person equally gallant. Hence is it that she sometimes merrily saies, that she was never in love with any thing but her own glory, and that she is so with that, even to jealousy.

What is further admirable in this person, is, that at the age she is now of, she manages the affairs of her house, with as much prudence, as if she had all the experience that time can give to a great understanding, and what I more admire, is, that when there is a necessity, she can slight company and the Court, and divert her self in the Country, with as much enjoyment as if she had been born in the woods. And she returns thence as fair, as cheerful, and as neat, as if she had not stirr'd from *Eryx*. I had forgot to tell you that she writes as she speaks; that is, in the most pleasant and gallant-like manner that may be. Nay, what is yet further remarkable in this Princess, is, that her charms are so great, and so unavoidable, that contrary to custom, she gains the hearts of the Ladies, as well as those of the men, and that she knows as well how to inspire others with friendship as with love. Hence may it be affirmed, she hath equally subdued envy and detraction, since she is lov'd by all the beauties, and all the gallants of the Court where she is. In fine, that person only whom I love excepted, I have never seen so many attractions together, so much sprightliness, so much gallantry, so much entertainment, so much innocence, and so much virtue, and there was never any other that so well understood the art of being ever decent without affectation, subject to railery without malice, to mirth without imprudence, to glory without pride, and to virtue without severity.

Clarinta hath yet one thing very extraordinary in persons of her age and humour, for she is soon won to submit to the advice of her friends, and to believe them sometimes in things that are contrary to her own sentiments. 'Tis true she hath one, that hath known her from her infancy, a person of very great worth, so much understanding, judgement, knowledge, virtue, politeness, and who understands the world so well, that it is not

strange she should choose him from the beginning, to be the chiefest of her friends; from all which you may judge, whether such a Princess may not derive wit to the whole Court where she is. And indeed I can assure you, there is hardly any place in the world, where, proportionably to its greatness, there are so many persons of worth, as may be seen at *Eryx*. But since I cannot at the present trouble you with the descriptions of them all, I shall only tell you, that there is in that place a person of quality, called *Artelisa*, whose worth you must needs imagine to be very great, since she hath ever had a higher place in the esteem and friendship of *Clarinta*, than any other. This person is black-hair'd, hath a white and lively complexion, hath a brown eye, yet full of Beauty, and languishing, an Air mixt with gallantry and modesty, and is excellently well made; For her Wit, she hath certainly that which pleases, which charms, and that especially which can enchant hearts, by a certain sweetness that hath something in it that's fierce, which makes in her disposition such a mixture of mirth, melancholly, fierceness, and complaisance, that it is hard to forbear loving her, if a man once sees her. Accordingly hath she been more lov'd, than any other beauty ever could be, but particularly by four men, all persons of more than ordinary worth. I am confident you will agree to what I say, when I have told you that the three unfortunate persons I brought with me to *Rome*, and whose valour you have in so much admiration, are the slaves of the accomplish'd *Artelisa*, and are not miserable, but upon the account of her love. 'Tis true, you have not heard them speak enough to understand what they are, but you must needs think them persons of very much worth, when I have told you that they have an understanding equal to their courage. *Calianthes* is doubtless infinitely well furnished, but what I yet more, admire in him, is, that he is generous, liberal, magnificent, and generally obliging: For *Alcimedus*, he is commendable, not only for his courage and his wit, but because he is an eager lover, an eager friend, and a great enemy to people that are lukewarm and indifferent. Thence it is that he is of opinion, a man should earnestly desire what ever he desires, from the most inconsiderable things, even to the greatest, maintaining that a staggering Will is ever an argument of mediocrity of understanding. For this reason was *Alcimedus* in love with life, and the pleasures thereof, more than any one before this misfortune happened: and he was one that of all the world, spent his time the most pleasantly.

For *Lisidas* I can assure you, that before he fell into misfortune, there was not a pleasanter person than he; yet had he ever some little inclination to melancholly, but it was a melancholly that had in it so much sweetness, was so far from frowdness, and so fit for society, that he seemed to be sad, but only out of an over-tenderness of heart, and that he was of a more divertive disposition; it being certain that those that are professedly merry, do not many times please so much as those that are of another humour, who yet speak things that are pleasant. So I may without flattery say of *Lisidas*, that a man could not be more amiable than he was.

For

For *Melicrates*, since you have not seen him, I must needs describe him to you more particularly, for he is so much concern'd in this History, that it is but fit you knew what kind of person he is. Yet I shall only tell you in two words, that he hath a good face, that he is well made, and that he wants not any thing that might please in an instant, and had whatever might render a man acceptable while he lived. For wit, he hath as much as may be had; for valour no less than his Rivals; he is of a compliant and taking humour; he speaks well, writes gallant-like, and what more precisely distinguishes him from all other persons of worth, is, that he loves glory beyond what can be imagin'd; that he hath the most passionate soul that may be, and that he attributes more to the power of love, than most Lovers do. For he says that when a man loves a person by whom he is loved, it is not lawful for him to love any thing else but for her sake; that he must renounce all, and live only for her whom he adores; that he must submit his Will to hers; that he must consider his Mistress, as a person that hath a right to command all; and he must never consult prudence or reason, when he is to obey her.

Thus have you the sentiments of *Artelisa's* four Lovers: by all whom, she hath been so excessively belov'd, that the like was never seen. But to give you some account of the original of their loves with some order, you are to know, that *Lisidas* hath loved her, even from the Cradle, and continued it all his life with some hope: they were of equal quality, their Estates suitable thereto, and sufficient to maintain them honourably together; there was no difference between their Families; and *Artelisa*, when she had reason, was not too violently set against his love: So that it could not be but that *Lisidas* must be in some hope. *Artelisa* had lost her Father at four years of age, and her Mother being infinitely fond of her, and having not so much wit as her Daughter, it may be said that *Artelisa* was at her own disposal. Nor did she declare any less to all the world, than that she had absolutely resolv'd, not to hearken to any proposition of marriage, till she were twenty years of age, not thinking, as she said, any thing more unjust, than that Maids should marry before they had judgement enough to know what they ought either to love or hate. So that *Artelisa* being but seventeen years of age when she spoke thus, *Lisidas* as extremely amorous as he was, could do no more than serve her and hope; she in the mean time, not admitting him so much as to speak to her of his love. 'Twas to little purpose for him to tell her, that she had her full weight of reason at seventeen, for she had made so strong a resolution, not to marry too soon, that nothing could make her change her mind.

About this time, *Melicrates*, who was gone to travel into Greece, return'd to Eryx, and brought *Caliantes* along with him, whom he had made acquaintance with at *Elida*, of which Countrey he was. But being a person that was very rich, free, and young, he at his arrival at Eryx, sought out only the occasions of expence and entertainment. For *Melicrates* he was so taken with Greece, that to forget it what he could, he returned with an intention to engage himself in some love at Eryx. In this humour went *Caliantes* and he to the Prin-

cess *Clarinta*, the next day after their arrival; yet did they not see her, because she was somewhat indispos'd; but they saw *Artelisa*, who having a particular privilege there, came out of the Princess's chamber, when they were going away. Being grown very much handsomer since *Melicrates's* departure from Eryx, for he had been away three years, and *Caliantes* having never seen her, they were in a manner equally surpris'd; nay so far, that their hearts were sufficiently engaged from that first sight, for to go and wait on the Princess of Eryx the next day without any danger. *Melicrates* had no sooner perceived her, but he went to her, and told her, that he durst not presume to see her, till he had waited on the Princess, and so presented *Caliantes* to her, telling her, his intention was to do it at her own house. At last, the discourse came so about, that *Artelisa* having acquainted them, that she was to return home, they conducted her to her Chamber door; she presented them to her Mother, who knew, and had a great esteem for *Melicrates*; so that they staid till night with *Artelisa*, and two Ladies of her friends that came to see her. Inasmuch that she having an extraordinary wit, they went away both with a certain emotion, which might haply already be called Love. Nor did they keep this new passion secret from one another; on the contrary, *Melicrates* told *Caliantes*, that he was very much afraid *Artelisa* might engage him; and *Caliantes* made answer, that for his part he was engag'd already. But, added he, laughing, since I am not of Eryx, and that I intend to make no long stay here, I shall be no great hindrance to you, and therefore think it not much to afford me this pleasant entertainment while I am here. But do you take love, says *Melicrates*, to be a jesting matter? For any hurt he hath done me yet, replies *Caliantes*, laughing still, I would much rather jest with him than with a young Lion, whose claws I should stand in greater fear of, than all the darts of that Love you think so terrible. Yet as I am a person naturally very curious, I should not be much troubled to have a violent passion, were it but to see whether there be so much pleasure, and so much pain in love, as all those pretend there is who speak of love. And therefore I once more intreat you not to take it amiss, if I endeavour to raise my self to a love of *Artelisa*; but I mean a violent one, for as to a Gallant's love, I have it already. But if we become Rivals, replies *Melicrates*, we shall not haply be any longer friends. To avoid that inconvenience, replies *Caliantes*, let us now mutually promise not to fall out, though we should both fall in love in good earnest. Believe me, answered *Melicrates*, we should do better to promise not to love *Artelisa* at all, or cast lots who shall serve her. For my part, replies *Caliantes*, I will serve her, and cannot avoid it: and for my part, replies *Melicrates*, I serve her already; for in my judgement, it is a good office done her, to endeavour to hinder a stranger, so great a gallant as you are, from attempting to conquer her heart.

This brought upon the stage many other things, after which, they seriously promised not to fall out, if they became Rivals. But *Caliantes* loving to do all things with abundance of noise, was very glad of this occasion to discover his liberality, and to make a publique Declaration of Love, such

such as no man had ever made. To this end he offered a sacrifice to *Venus Erycina*, such as for the nobleness of it, might have become a Prince; for his offering was the most magnificent that could be. So that it being requisite that a man tell publicly why he sacrifices; *Caliantes* said, he gave the goddess thanks, for that she had caus'd the first beautiful person he had spoken to in *Eryx*, to raise love in him; adding, that being come only to desire it, he thought himself obliged to give the Goddess thanks, that had prevented his desires. So that the so extraordinary occasion of so gallant a sacrifice, being soon known, it was afterwards easily found out, that *Artelisa* was she that *Caliantes* had first spoken to; which she had often cast in her dish, especially at the Princess *Clarinta's*, where the entertainments were always infinitely divertive: but being look'd on as the gallantry of a magnificent person, who was no great believer of *Venus*, since he would scoff at the sacrifice he had offered her, *Artelisa* was not troubled at it, for she understood the business of raillery, as well as another.

Lisidas at first conceived no jealousy of it, nay, even *Melicerates* did not think himself obliged for that, to smother the violent inclination he had for *Artelisa*; so that he saw her as often as he could, and fell so deeply in love with her, that it was impossible for him to oppose his passion when he pleas'd himself. Nay, he flatter'd himself with happy success in his design, for he imagin'd that *Artelisa* having always seen *Lisidas*, could not possibly have any more than an indifferent affection for him; that *Caliantes* being an only Son, would soon be sent for by his friends, and that *Artelisa* would haply be sensible of the tenderness of his love; being with all this, perswaded that he knew how to love better than all other men, and that love was of greater consequence in order to be lov'd, than any thing else.

About the same time came *Alcimedes* from *Heraclea* to *Eryx*, for there being a very rich Uncle of his in that Countrey, that resolved to make him his Heir, he thought it not amiss to confirm him by his presence, in a design so advantageous to him. He being of an humour that would not permit him to be long in *Eryx*, e'r he had seen whatever were most considerable there, he went to the accomplish'd *Clarinta's*, the very next day after his arrival, where he found a many excellent Ladies, and not a few men, persons of worth and quality. For besides *Caliantes*, *Lisidas*, and *Melicerates*, there was also one called *Teramus*, a person questionless of extraordinary merit, who proved partly the occasion of *Alcimedes's* love to *Artelisa*, because it was through his means, that this fair Lady said something that encouraged him to serve her. But since you cannot have the whole pleasure of that days conversation, without being well acquainted with *Teramus*, give me leave to describe him to you, for I am confident the description will please you, and you will acknowledge that I have had reason to be so desirous to give it you.

Teramus is a person of high birth, not only of an extraordinary merit, but of a merit particular to himself; a lover of honour, honesty, and Philosophy, but the gallant-like Philosophy which banishes all the unciviliz'd virtues; who hath the art of reconciling Wisdom and Pleasures, and does

not believe but that prudence ought to be employ'd as well in the choice of pleasures, as in the management of the affairs of greatest consequence. For his person, he is somewhat above the ordinary stature; his action is negligent enough, yet such as becomes a person of quality; his hair is inclining to fair; his complexion palish, eyes black, sparkling, and full of spirit; and what's remarkable, is, that the Physiognomie, which is a thing one would imagine should never change, changes in him, according to the humour he is in, and the persons he is in company with; For if he happen accidentally into a company that is troublesome and unpleasant, he puts on a cold, cloudy, melancholly, and thoughtful countenance. On the contrary, when he is among persons that please him, the sprightliness of his imagination changes the air of his face, and his eyes betray an insinuating; crafty, pleasant, and lively smile, which multiplies the pleasure of all the ingenuous extravagancies which his imagination furnishes him with, upon whatever subject is offered. He hath certainly a very clear understanding, and there are few things excellent in point of knowledge, which he is not acquainted with. But though he hath made himself master of whatever is most excellent in books, yet may it be affirmed he hath made the world in general, especially persons of worth and gallantry, his particular study: for it is certain that he is so well acquainted with all the insinuations which love hath inspired, either into men or women; that, in point of gallantry, he might over-reach any one, and not be over-reach'd by any. He hath a sprightly imagination, a lively and delicate wit, and is exquisite in the discernment of things. He loves all persons of worth, and he writes things that have a Character so natural, so gallant, and so ingeniously pleasant, that though it be impossible to say what he says, yet cannot a man but be astonished that he hath not thought what he thinks; so that he does what is very hard to do; that is, to write things natural, yet infinitely taking.

Add to this, That *Teramus* is a person above Ambition, though he be extremely sensible of what is most nobly glorious. Not but that in the beginning of his life, the greatness of his Soul inclin'd him to make some approaches towards Fortune; but having discovered that she avoided him, he hath prudently slighted her, and would not put himself upon fruitless attempts for a thing his virtue could be without. So that looking on Ambition as a passion full of disquiet, he hath kept it from all entrance into his heart. Nor would he ever admit love there, with all those torments that attend it in the hearts of other Lovers; On the contrary, he makes use of joy in all things; 'tis out of joy that he falls in love, 'tis joy that appeases his passion, nay, 'tis joy that is his remedy against his passion; for if it happens that he must either renounce his joy, or quit a Mistress, he can sometimes without any great difficulty, be induced to do the latter.

Teramus is further sensible of all pleasures in general, and his unsatisfied soul hath endeavour'd to try what there is most pleasant in all the passions. For Musick, he is so much taken with it, that he makes it a remedy against his indispositions; for he loves harmony in all its kinds, though he prefers an excellent voice before all the other charms of Musick.

Musick. For conversation, he seems to be so cut out for it when he pleases, and he is so perfect in the art of heightning the enjoyments of it when he thinks fit, that it is not the most inconsiderable of his perfections. In a word, he makes such pleasant reflections on things, that there's nothing so serious, which he makes not divertive when he undertakes it. Yet is not his temperament altogether free from melancholly, but it is such as is suitable with greatness of mind, and not that which betrays any forwardness. 'Tis of that kind which makes a man in love with the noblest touches of Musick, that makes a man write things infinitely taking, that can unite pleasure and faintness, and makes the soul passionate, and the heart susceptible of Love. Accordingly is it the predominant passion of *Teramus*, and by which he hath dress'd up an amorous morality, which is the pleasant thing in the world,

For heavens's sake, saies *Amilcar*, what are the Maxims of it?

In the first place replies *Amilias*, he maintains, that pleasure is the soul of Love; that sighs, tears, afflictions, torments, and despair, are only fit for Songs. That there is nothing so dangerous, as to go and importune with continual complaints; and that to gain her love, a man must make it his main business to divert her, and to make her think of him whether she will or no. Yet would he not have it done by being ridiculous; for there is a vast difference between a person that makes sport without being esteemed, and him who is respected and diverts. He also maintains that a man should never make profession of being unconstant, though he ought not to be faithful to obstinacy. He acknowledges a man should be alwaies discreet, and that he should never resign up his Mistress to another, but for long and tedious loves they are without his acquaintance, and absolutely contrary to his inclination. But what is yet further particular, is, that he only deserves the praise of the satisfaction he gives her whom he loves; for he is not of those Lovers who cannot please, but by a hundred things they can make no claim to themselves. On the contrary, he pleases of himself, and that by a certain Art he hath, while he diverts the person he loves, to prejudice some others which he conceives she might love. Hence is it, that if he observe, there are some pretenders that might gain any thing upon the affections of his Mistress, he cunningly dresses up some ingenious Sateyr against them; yet without discovering himself to be their Rival, so to work in her mind a contempt of those he would ruine, before he endeavour to establish himself: and this he does so subtilly, and so pleasantly, that he forces that woman into a confidence with him, as to what relates to the imperfections of his Rivals. So that making her sport with their defects, he destroys them, and pleases her he would be in favour with; he diverts her, and establishes himself upon the ruins of those he hath destroyed. You see what a person the amiable *Teramus* is; but that you may be the better acquainted with his humour, and better apprehend what I am to tell you, I must needs shew you what he sent one day to a friend of his, who had jeaustingly intreated him to instruct him in his *Amorous Morality*, which is what you desired before.

The Amorous MORALITY of TERAMUS.

Those who have affirm'd, that to be loved, it was necessary one should love, were certainly perswaded that Justice and Love ever held a good correspondence. But to speak without flattery, they never understood the humour of Women in general, nor yet the nature of Love in particular; since it is unquestionable, that it is more ordinary for us, to love those that seem amiable to us, than to love those that love us. So that to speak rationally, at least in my judgement, to be in favour among the Ladies, it is more necessary for a man to be much a Gallant, than to be very amorous. For as great passions are ever attended by afflictions, so it is hard, they should work the effect which a Lover expects from them, since that for the most part, Love is more easily bred in joy than in grief. And indeed there is such a consonancy between Joy and Love, that it is only by it that a man can be loved, and only for it that a man should love. Thence it is, that many times these mourning and melancholly Lovers, who persecute their Mistresses with their afflictions, advantage their Rivals more than they do themselves, if so be the others have any thing of a divertive disposition. I therefore maintain, that the ensuing Maxims ought to be exactly followed, as such as I have found so much advantage by, as to advise you to make use of them. You have in them what I have discovered, by a long experience to be most certain.

I.

A man ought to love whatever seems amiable to him, provided there be some probability to find more pleasure than trouble in the conquest he proposes to himself.

II.

A man ought to have a very great care, among women, not to profess himself an unconstant man; yet ought he not on the other side, to be over-scrupulously constant; for it were much better to have a thousand loves, than to have but one that should last a man's whole life.

III.

Further, though a man must make no scruple to change a Mistress, as soon as the trouble exceeds the pleasure; yet should he not be guilty of any indiscretion towards any; for not only honour and generosity advise the contrary, but there is also something of interest that will not permit it, there being nothing so likely to make a man lose a thousand favours, as one act of indiscretion.

IV.

A Lover must, above all things, make it his business to divert and to please; but to please upon his own account, and to divert, without being himself ridiculous; for though he do not speak openly of Love to the Lady he serves, yet, if it come to be necessary for his pleasure, he puts her into a condition to be easily perswaded.

V.

A man should never acquaint his Mistress with his real secrets; for since a man that is well acquainted with the world, should never have any Mistress, unless he foresee that he shall give over loving within a short time, he ought to make his confidences among his friends of either Sex, and only direct his services, his wit, and his Songs to his Mistress. For secrets of no consideration, when a man hath not any, he must invent some; for it is not amiss, to accustom Ladies to speak low, though you entertain them with things never so trivial.

VI.

A man must do all that lies in his power, so to put himself into a condition of pleasing, as not to ruin himself, and should be so well skilled in the choice of those he loves, that they shall be satisfied to find him divertive, that he hath a good wit, and is good company; for it is not glorious for any man to owe the conquest of a Ladies heart, onely to the multitude of his slaves.

VII.

A man should take especial care he be not betrayed into the hands of his Rivals, but must, on the contrary, behave himself so circumspectly, that they may be discovered to him.

VIII.

It were also good that the Lady one loves did believe, that your heart is not so much at her devotion, but that it is possible she may lose it, if she slight you; and that she be withal perswaded, that if she refuse it, some other would accept of it.

IX.

A man must further endeavour what in him lies, to make himself perfect in all the Gallantries of the place where he is; for a fair Lady is many times as easily perswaded by examples, as by arguments.

X.

For jealousy, a man must by all means avoid having too much of it, or keeping it long; for it is much better he should bate his Mistress, than make it his business to hate his Rivals to no purpose.

XI.

A man should not make it a profession to speak kind things to all beauties; but there is no great danger for him so to behave himself towards handsome women, as to give them occasion to think, that if he loves them not, 'tis not impossible he may.

XII.

It were not also amiss, for a man to be guilty of a certain subtilty, such as may make him dreadful to those that may prejudice him; and to know how to make use of a kind of ingenious rallery, which may oblige his Mistress, by way of concurrence, to laugh at them with him.

XIII.

A man must by all means, avoid an implicate obedience, which is good for nothing but to put a poor Lover to inconveniencies, and he may well think he does his duty in obeying exactly, when she commands things that are pleasant, where there is nothing fantastick, nothing of tyrannie or injustice.

XIV.

But above all things, a man must remember, that if it be good to instruct while he diverts, it is much better for him to divert himself while he perswades; for there is nothing more unjust, than for a man to profess love to make himself unhappy, and to love so violently, as to cease to be amiable, and to be incapable of ever raising love in another.

From what I have said, it is not hard to infer, that Teramus is a person that is infinite good company, and that accordingly being at the Princess of Eryx's, with all those other persons of worth I have spoken of, the day that *A. cmedes* came thither first, the conversation that happened there, must needs be very divertive: Nor wanted there a particular subject to make it such; for the fair *Artelisa*, who had seen the Amorous Morality of *Teramus*, told him, that a person of quality of her acquaintance had answered him. I am confident, replies *Clarinta*, it must be some illustrious friend of the solitary *Merigenes*, who makes it his particular profession, to be able to love perfectly. For my part saies *Teramus*, could I imagine he would perswade me, I should be far from the curiosity of seeing his answer; but since I fear no such thing, and am fully perswaded that my reasons are the true reasons of gallantry, I would intreat the fair *Artelisa* to shew me this answer. If the Princess be so pleased, replied *Artelisa*, I am ready to satisfy you, for I have the greatest desire in the world to convert you. How witty soever this friend of *Merigenes* may be, (replied *Teramus* with a low voice) fair eyes, such as yours, are much more likely to cure me of inconstancy, than fair words, and therefore, if you would make me a Profelyte, you need no more than to look favourably on me. Had favourable looks that effect, replies *Artelisa*, you had been converted long since, and therefore let us see, whether the reasons of your friend will not make you change your opinion. Whereupon *Artelisa* takes out her Table-Book, and read out of it what you shall hear, by way of answer, Article for Article, to what *Teramus* had said.

Maximes contrary to those of TERAMUS.

Those who never knew how to love well, make no great enquiry into the nature of Love. For which reason, *Teramus*, a person otherwise infinitely excellent, hath been mistaken in the opinion he maintains, that a man, to be loved, ought rather to be a Gallant than Amorous, since it is certain, that if he had never perswaded his Mistress of the greatness of his passion, all his merit, how extraordinary soever, should never have done it: But it proceeds certainly hence, that having a great wit, and such as is capable of any thing he pleases, he hath found out the art of being exempted from sighs, complaints, and tears, and would employ in their stead, the graces, enjoyments, and laughers, to perswade his passion. But, when all is done, he hath said that he was in love, or pretends it, before he is loved, and is content to wound hearts, without any consideration, because he would never do any thing but lend his own, instead of bestowing it.

it. It is certainly madness for a man to have any love, unless he have as much as he is capable of; for the mediocrity of this passion, produces but a mediocrity of pleasures, and it is not very proper to effect illustrious conquests. No question but a man should divert the person he loves, but it is not enough to please her, if it have not some influence on her heart; so that to act rationally, he must dispose and make it pliant by joy, but he must move it by grief, and know how to make his advantages of certain occasions, wherein two or three sighs seasonably breathed out, may be more effectual than all the Songs in the World.

I.

For the multitude of Mistresses, 'tis a thing not to be endured, for to speak truly, whoever hath two, hath not any at all.

II.

For constancy, whoever would banish it out of the empire of love, destroys love it self; for it no sooner comes into a mans imagination, that a time may come wherein he shall love no more, but he ceases to love at the very instant, or to say better, hath already given over all thoughts of love, it being impossible that a heart truly amorous should imagine that it can give over loving that which to it seems the only amiable thing upon earth. On the contrary, to say truth, one of the greatest satisfactions of this passion is to imagine an eternity of love, if a man may so express himself, and to see in futuration a multitude of pleasures whereof he is not confident.

III.

For discretion, both the constant and unconstant, that are persons of quality are agreed it ought to be observed; and therefore I have not any thing to say of it, save that it is no easie matter to be always discreet, when a man is engaged in so many several interests.

IV.

No doubt but a man ought to please and divert, as I have already said, but it cannot be said it ought precisely to be done by way of raillery; for the general rule is, that a man should accommodate himself to the humor of the person beloved.

V.

Whoever can conceal what he thinks most secret from his Mistress, hath not given her his heart; for it is so far impossible for a man to love any one and not acquaint her with all even to his least thoughts, that it may be affirmed that a man does himself a certain violence when he conceals any of his sentiments from the person he loves, and deprives himself of the most sensible pleasure of love, by being incapable of that exchange of secrets, wherein there is so much satisfaction. For indeed, what are they but the mutual hostages of that eternal peace which ought to be between two amorous hearts, and infallible arguments of the love a man hath in his soul, and which he will ever continue there. For those little secrets which signifie nothing, he needs not be put to his invention for them, who loves passionately, for they spring at every moment, in their minds who know how to love.

VI.

For excessive magnificence, it ought always to be

blamed when it ruins him that is addicted thereto, yet it is certain, that nothing makes it more excusable than love, nay I durst maintain that he was the inventor of it. But when all's done, I agree with my adversary in this, that he who is magnificent, either as to retinue or cloaths, ought to make no account of it; and should endeavor to raise himself into the love of his Mistress without any assistance from such things as belong not to him.

VII.

When a man hath Rivals, the surest way to do them any prejudice, and to be better esteemed than they, is to exceed them in worth, gallantry, and love; and if after all that, the Lady be unjust, and makes an ill choice, a man may change if he please, without incurring the censure of inconstancy.

VIII.

It is certainly no small advantage that the Lady whom a man loves, should believe that the person she affects may be loved by her; but this persuasion must proceed from the great merit of him that serves her, and not from his insinuations to make her believe so much.

IX.

For the news that's abroad in the World, I question whether a person that is very amorous, can take the pains to inform himself exactly thereof, for a sincere love finds a man so much business, that it takes up his whole heart.

X.

For jealousy, it is so far impossible to love, and not be guilty of it, that whoever can regulate it in his heart, is master of his own affection, and consequently hath no great love for his Mistress.

XI.

It is also my judgment, that a man ought not to make it his profession to entertain all beauties with kind things; for when a man loves but one, he must have the less civility for all the rest. He must at last so regulate it, that it be not excessive, nor yet dangerously interpreted by the person he loves.

XII.

As for that gallant-like subtilty which some are so much taken with, and is so much feared by others, it is so hard to pitch upon a mediocrity between a dangerous raillery and simple mirth, that I would not advise those to meddle with it, on whom nature hath not bestowed, as on Teramus, that gift of insinuation, which at the same time causes a love and a fear of of him that hath it.

XIII.

For obedience, if you deprive love of it, you take away his Empire; for he that can disobey the person he loves; loves her not, and deserves not the name of Lover.

XIV.

For the last Article, I confess that he who thinks he may be always happy in loving, deserves to be accounted a mad man, if he be not one; but love being not a thing voluntary, the torments that attend it are of the same nature; Whence I infer, that Teramus hath

hath only made it his business to instruct a pleasing Gallant, and not a real Lover.

Though *Merigenes's* friends and I, interrupted *Amilcar*, are not of the same sect, since I agree with pleasant *Teramus*, yet I cannot but think him a person that is very understanding, and would fain know what manner of man he is. For my part replies *Herminius*, though I am not of your opinion, yet do I agree with you in that desire: and for my part, added *Odavius*, though I should have wished not to be of *Merigenes's* sect, yet shall I be glad to be acquainted with him. For my part says *Persander*, I am so much taken with an ardent affection, that I love all those that are of my opinion. For what concerns me, says *Horatius*, I must attribute all my unhappiness to Constancy, so far, that if I would, I should wish not to be constant; but when all's done, since it is some comfort to find persons of worth of our judgment, I shall be glad to know whether this Protector of Constancy be so excellent a person as I believe him.

Since you are all resolved replies *Æmilius*, I will describe *Merigenes* to you, he being a person so much concerned in the close of this History, that I think it some obligation to give you an account of him. Know then, that *Merigenes* is an *Asian*, of very noble birth, and virtuous inclinations. He is tall, of a good complexion, all the lineaments of his face are very well made; he is brown hair'd, hath eyes full of spirit, a noble air, teeth admirably fair, a pleasant smile, and a fortunate and prudent Physiognomy. He hath a clear understanding, considers things as he should do, and his wit and judgment hold such a correspondence, that they never act one without another. Sincerity discovers it self in all his actions; and there is a perfect sympathy between his words and thoughts. In a word, he is a great professor of honor, integrity, and generosity; he is a faithful friend, and an earnest lover; goodness he affects and professes; he is eminent for politeness, sweetness and complaisance, his conversation is familiar and pleasant; he argues smartly, is a great lover of Books, and is as well acquainted with them as a person of quality, who doth not make it his profession, should be.

For *Morality*, he is very exact in it, and if he be ask'd whence it comes that he is so excellent in it, he answers, that he is obliged for whatever there is of good in him to love. That without him, he would not be what he is, and that if he be qualified as a person of worth, he is the more obliged to a beauty, who hath raised in his heart the desire of pleasing, and the design of deserving her affection. He makes all the pleasures of humane life to consist in friendship and love; but when he loves, his love is as great as it can be. He is farther of the opinion that love smothers reason, and that a Lover ought to do, without any exception whatever the person he loves would have him.

In the mean time, though he be somewhat inclined to a tumultuous life, yet hath Philosophy raised in him a love of solitude, and he often retires into a little wilderness that he hath made himself, though there be not any thing that obliges him to that distance from the Court. 'Tis true, he hath an illustrious friend in his neighborhood, in whom he may find whatever the World thinks desirable,

since he is one that possesses all the virtues, and whose politeness and wit are suitable to his generosity. And for the place where *Merigenes* lives, it is so pleasant and delightful, that solitude was never so taking in any other place upon earth; at least it might be said, he hath an Arbor that is worth a Palace, as I shall convince you anon. So that with the assistance of a little conversation, a few Books, and abundance of love for virtue and liberty, *Merigenes* is the happiest *Solitary* that ever was, when he leaves the Court to go to his Wilderness; besides all this, he is loved by many persons of honor, insomuch that who should judge of him merely by his friends, would be soon sensible of part of his worth. He is of a sweet and compliant disposition, and there is in his humor such a just mixture of gladness and melancholly, that there issues from thence a very pleasant Temperament. For courage, *Merigenes* is so well furnished as man can be, and if his prudence did not check his ambition, he would not be so great a lover of solitude; but he makes it so much his business to master himself, that, unless it be when love pleases, he never obeys any thing but his reason.

This premised, I am now to return to the fair *Clarinta's*, where *Teramus* had no sooner understood the answer of *Merigenes's* friend, but having commended his wit, he set himself to oppose his Maxims, but in such a pleasant manner, that *Caliantes*, *Lisidas*, and *Melicrates*, who pretended all to the glory of being accounted constant to *Artelisa*, could not but be extremely pleased with it. For *Clarinta*, she did not much discover her self, but spoke in the praise of Constancy, yet without blaming a gallant inconstancy. For *Alcimedee*, his inclination leading him to be extremely earnest in any thing he desired; he sided with *Merigenes*. For my part, says *Teramus*, I am persuaded, that as we have been taught that there is a *Venus* that is wholly serious, called *Venus Urania*, and that there is another that is absolutely amorous, which is she that landed at the Island *Cyprus*, so do I believe that there are two Loves, whereof one is a froward child that is troublesome and untoward, ever crying and knows not what he would have, and the other an Infant newly awakened, that plays, laughs, dances and makes sport, and whose darts does but slightly touch their hearts whom he wounds as it were in jest. Seriously, says the Princess of *Eryx* smiling, I think *Teramus* in the right, for it were impossible there should be a people whose way of loving were so different, if they were wounded by the same God. But all considered, since it is never just to condemn a person that cannot defend himself, my opinion is, that we should go and walk in *Merigenes's* Wilderness, and conclude our conversation in his Arbor, which hath been represented to me for so excellent a thing.

The Princess of *Eryx's* proposal being approved by the whole company, it was put in execution as soon as so many Chariots could be got ready as were necessary for the Ladies, and horses for the men. But not to give you a general description of the place of *Merigenes's* retirement, I shall only entertain you with the particular rarities of the enchanted Arbor, to the end that you may follow the fair *Clarinta* thither. You are not to imagine it extraordinary

traordinary magnificent, for its greatest beauties are not within it self, and all the commendations can be given it, belong unto it, only because it discovers the noblest objects in nature. It is indeed reasonably large, of a quadrangular figure, its height suitable to its largeness, the Architecture simple, yet handsome; the plain ground of it is Ionik, the Tapistry is pleasant, and what ever it is furnished with, very convenient. But what is most admirable in this Arbor, is, that it is open three ways, and that at your entrance you discover three miraculous and different prospects, whereof the least were enough to make a Palace most delightful. For, which way soever you cast your eye, you see whatever the Country can afford that is most excellent. The windows that are opposite to the door, present you with the sight of a pleasant River, which being strait at that place, as if art had forced it into a large channell, divides a fruitful plain, beyond which are Mountains as if it were Landskip, which seem not to raise themselves but imperceptibly, for fear of over-confining the sight. But that there may be some diversity, you see certain Hamlets in the plain, as also a row of Trees, through which you see the River glistening, when either the Sun shines, or the wind blows; besides which, offers it self to the sight, a fair and spacious walk, that goes from the foot of the Mountain, on which is the retirement of *Merigenes*, to the great River, which makes a most pleasing object on that side. But what is remarkable is, that on the right and left sides of this Arbor, there are two Knots, which seem purposely made to divert those that are in it. But not to confound these two Prospects, you see above the Knot on the right hand, a valley infinitely pleasant and whereof the diversity is so great, that nothing can be compared to it, unless it be the Prospect of a place called *Carisatin*, for you see thence, besides the great River I have spoken of a Brook playing the Serpent among the Meadows and Willows, which is afterwards divided into divers little rivulets, drenching that tract of ground in the most pleasant manner that may be: you see (half covered by the mountain) certain houses scattered up and down the plain, Vineyards, Orchards, Valleys at a farther distance yet, an elbow of the great River, and several other diversities, which to discover, requires a long abode there. For the left side, you have on one side of the Knot, a magnificent House, and a Country Temple, and above it the same great River, which ceasing to be a channell, and seeming desirous to shew it self all the ways it could be seen, makes two great turns in the plain, whence it comes that you have a longer sight of it, and then seeming to run a straight line, it shews you the sterns of those Ships, whereof you had before seen the forepart, by its crossing on the right hand, and their sides by its crossing in the middle.

But what is yet very particular, is, that this River having passed through a Village, wherein there is an old Castle, whereof the Towers are but half seen by reason of the hill, seems to lose it self in a Town, which lyes at the end of the Semi-circle which it makes at that place; and beyond this Town may be seen a small corner of a plain, and divers Mountains at a farther distance, sown as it were with Woods, Villages, and Country-houses.

But to re-unite all these several Prospects, *Merigenes* hath caused to be set on that side which is not open, a great square of several glasses, which receiving the objects of these three miraculous prospects, give you an epitome of all the beauties of nature together. It was then in so noble a place, that one of the noblest Companies in the world, spent one of the fairest days that ever were, for the Sun, seeming to be concerned in point of honor to discover the beauty of this tract of ground, had so purified the air, that the objects that were at great distance, could easily be discerned. When the Princess of *Eryx* came first into the Arbor, she made a hundred exclamations at the excellency of that admirable Prospect; *Artelisa* and the other Ladies were no less amazed; *Tetramus*, for his part was much taken with it; *Alcimedes*, and the rest said no less of it; in fine, all were so pleased, that the company had not been above half an hour in the Arbor, ere any one had taken notice of an excellent Picture there was of a young Heros, which hung upon the right side. But at last *Clarinta* taking notice of it, asked *Merigenes*, whether he had caused *Adonis* to be painted in the Arms of *Mrs.* 'Tis true, replied *Merigenes*, the great Prince whose Picture you see, is no less fair than *Adonis*, and it is as true, that he hath so great a heart, as he ought to have to be justly compared to *Mrs.* I know not, added he, whether the zeal I have for *Alcander*, whose subject I have the honour to be, deceives me, but I am perswaded you never saw a handsomer man than he. For in fine, (continued he transported by a tenderness he could not forbear) have you ever seen a handsomer head, so good eyes, a better form of face, a nose better made, finer lips, a more fortunate and wiser look, a nobler stature, a more majestick air, a freer action, or so stern a countenance with so much beauty? for commonly, the handsomest men have not the most majestick air. Nay, you cannot perceive all the excellencies of this Prince, for the Painter having drawn him no lower than the knee, hath deprived you of the handsomest legs that can be seen. Besides this Prince hath received from nature, not only a well-made body, fit for all those exercises, that are either necessary, or contribute to the pleasure of a young Prince, (especially dancing, wherein, as in all the rest, he is inimitable) but he hath also a noble soul inclined to passion, humanity, and mildness. His inclinations are wholly noble, and he hath a mind capable of what ever he undertakes. He discovers much integrity and magnificence, as well as sleight in the recreations he makes use of. He is much more afraid to do those foul play that have the honour to play with him, than to receive any from them, and though he be above the Laws, yet is he, to give a great example of equity, the most willing to submit them. This Prince hath yet one quality very requisite to a young Conqueror, for he can bear the weariness of hunting, and the War with an incredible vigor, and what is infinitely commendable, he hath an extraordinary affection for the Queen his Mother; nor indeed does she deserve less, for the many virtues she is Mistress of: and he hath also much friendship for the Prince his Brother, who by thousand of excellent qualities, draws the general admiration after him, and is already become the delight of his Court, though he be but

very young. *Anaxander*, is farther an example of piety, to his whole Court, and for his courage he hath given several heroick expressions of it, as well in the Army, as in other dangerous occasions. For being to go over a bridge in a Chariot, he was nothing daunted though the bridge broke under him. In fine, he speaks as a great Prince ought to speak, that is, with understanding, judgment, and abundance of eloquence, yet without affectation or trouble; in a word, he is a person so accomplished, though he but in the nineteenth year of his age, that I believe he will blast the glory of all his predecessors. For it may be rationally hoped from the great Victories he hath already gained, that Fortune will not oppose his virtue, and that *Mars* and Love will be equally favorable to him, since he is as fit to make a gallant as a Heroe, and consequently, what by his prudence, humanity, valor, justice, and understanding, he will ever be the felicity of his people, and the glory of his time and Country.

Ah *Merigenes*, interrupted *Clarinta*, how well skilled must you needs be in loving, and how well would you draw your Mistress's picture, if you undertook it, since you have so exactly done that of your Master! 'Tis true, Madam, replied he, that I love whatever I ought to love; but all considered, I am never partial, nor give undeserved praises. That hinders not, but you have a friend, who gives dangerous advice in point of gallantry, as well as *Melicrates*, replies *Teramus*, for were it followed, Loves Empire would consist of none but unfortunate slaves, that should never have any new chains after the first they were put into. Recreations, and laughters must be banished it, and a serious kind of fair dealing taking their place, people must needs be strangely, tyred. For take away the innocent extravagance that is in love, and you take away all its satisfaction, all its gallantry, and what ever makes it inviting and agreeable. I must confess, replies *Melicrates*, that I am an enemy to those indifferent Loves which amuse people, and afterward come to nothing; and would have a man that loves to do it in good earnest, or not to meddle with it at all. But I do not acknowledge my self an enemy to laughters and entertainments, on the contrary, I am of opinion, that only a great passion can give great satisfactions. For these great satisfactions that cost a man many thousands of afflictions, replies *Teramus*, I resign them to those that have a mind to them; for those dischequered delights that admit not the least trouble, and am such a sworn enemy to all grief, that there is not any flower so inconsiderable, which I should not rather gather, than the fairest Roses in the world, conditionally it had no prickles. For my part, says *Melicrates*, I am not of your opinion, for I would gladly endure a thousand afflictions for one single pleasure. Upon this *Clarinta*, *Artelisa*, *Caliantes*, *Lisidas*, *Alcimedus*, and *Merigenes* coming into play, the conversation grew extremely pleasant. But passing insensibly from one thing to another, without agreeing upon any thing, *Clarinta* told them that she was satisfied it was impossible to terminate in one day a dispute of such consequence as that, but would be glad nevertheless, to have the judgment of the company upon two things. One was, *Whether Reason ought to be absolutely subject to Love*, the other, *Whether obedience ought to be implicite*. For

mine, says *Teramus*, it is, that Reason is no slave to Love, and all I should desire from her is, that she should not satyrise at my amorous extravagances, but mind only the prudent management of my affairs. And for obedience, added he. I would have it limited to those things that are pleasing, without any exception. For my part says *Melicrates*, I am of a contrary opinion, and maintain, that while reason is in any power, there can be no true Love. But is not reason, replies *Lisidas*, requisite so far as to discover the merit of the person one loves? Is it not employed, added *Caliantes*, to serve her sometimes in things of consequence, and can a man merit her esteem if he do not comply with reason? For me, replies *Alcimedus*, I think that if reason be not subject to love, 'tis a feeble passion: and for me, replies *Teramus*, I think a Lover without reason subject to all extravagances imaginable, if he be so unhappy as to love a fantastick person. But a person of worth, replies *Merigenes*, loves not any thing but what is amiable. According to the *Idæa* I have of love, added *Melicrates*, I am persuaded, that when a man loves truly, he hath no other reason than that of the person he loves, and consequently no other will. So that when he obeys her, he does it with as much ease as if he obeyed himself, and followed his own inclinations. For where there is a perfect love, there cannot be a diversity of Wills. Ordinary loves are not of this metal, for there are different wills and different desires, they obey with a secret repining, nay, sometimes do not obey at all. For which reason, I do not conceive it ought to be called Love, but only simple gallantry, the pure effect of a mans own pleasure. The case is otherwise with the love I speak of, for it requires a certain union of sentiments, so indivisible, that a man wills not any thing but in compliance with the person whom he loves, and by whom he is loved. Their hearts admit no difference, the division there is between them is imperceptible, and disobedience can never be found in the heart of a true lover. A man thinks himself born with that affection, so inherent does it seem to be to him that loves perfectly, and thinks he could not live a minute without loving what he loves.

Were it possible, replied *Teramus*, there could be any such lover, I should advise his Mistress, to make trial of his submission, in an hundred extravagant things, for it were a pleasant thing to see how far this blind obedience would extend. For my part, says *Artelisa*, were I to bestow my heart on any one, I must confess it should be on the most dutiful of those that should pretend to conquer it, provided he were a person of desert, for I should thence infer him to be the most amorous. He certainly that takes away obedience from love, says *Melicrates*, robs it of all that distinguishes it from ordinary friendship, and gives it the title of a passion. Friendship admits compliance, but requires not absolute submission; a friend considers of what is proposed to him, nay he may contradict and dispute it; but for a Lover, he must ever obey. For my part, replies *Alcimedus*, had I a Mistress that should command me to hazard my life a thousand times, I should do it with joy. For matter of life, replies *Teramus*, though I am not the least lover of it, I should not be much troubled to hazard it either for glory, or for love; but to think I should be content

content to do an hundred odd things, that it might come into a womans humour to desire, is what I should never do. For my part, saies *Merigenes*, I should do all things, I mean without any exception. But if the person whom I have heard you were sometime in love with, replies the Princess of *Eryx*, had commanded you to fire the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, or that of *Venus* at *Eryx*, had you done it? She would never have laid any such command on me. But in case, added *Teramus*, it was her absolute Will it should be done — no question but I had obeyed her, replied he: for as I could not disobey my self, if I earnestly desired any thing, so could I not disobey her, since I relied more on her conduct of me, than my own.

I am so much of *Merigenes*'s opinion, added *Melicrates*, that I cannot conceive how a man can be of any other. For a man must look on the Will of the person beloved, as his own, and where there is a perfect love, there is an union of interests. Liberality must be an useless virtue between two persons united by love; there is nothing to be lent, nor any thing to be given; there is no use of acknowledgements or thanks, because there is nothing so difficult which one is not obliged to do for the other. I am satisfied as to the necessity of obedience, replies *Lisidas*; but cannot imagine it should be so absolute, as to engage a man in crimes, were it only for the reputation of the person he loves, which ought to be as dear to a Lover as his own. When a man loves, as I apprehend it, replied *Melicrates*, he is not able to conceive there can be any injustice in the commands of a beloved person; for having a greater esteem for her than all the world besides, a man never disputes what she commands, and minds only the execution of it. But, admitting your own maxime, replies *Teramus*, Love will be a complice in the most horrid crimes, and greatest extravagances. It follows not, replies *Melicrates*, for I hold, that a perfect love can never be in the heart of a person that hath not virtue, nay, that a person of an ordinary spirit and virtue, cannot be capable of those Heroick affections that are above the ordinary pitch, and are marked out for the tryals of Time and Fortune. So that those that are guilty of this submission of reason which I mean, put their virtue into safer hands than others; for in fine, two discreet persons having a perfect love one for the other, would rather commit a fault alone, than advise one the other to it, and consequently there is no danger to follow my maximes. Though I should grant you what is not, replied *Teramus*, yet must you still acknowledge, that my way of loving is more divertive than yours. For thy part, saies the Princess *Clarinta*, I should not take it amiss to be obeyed, but should not much care to obey. And I think, saies *Artelisa*, that all the satisfaction of Love, as to Women, consists in a little Tyrannie. So that, saies *Alcimedes*, who was very much taken with her already, he who is the best slave would be the happiest Lover. No question of it replies *Artelisa*, and it is my humour, if I loved any one, I should put some fantastick commands upon him, purposely for the pleasure of being obeyed. Seriously, saies the Princess *Clarinta*, I think you are in the right, and am of opinion, that there is some pleasure in being fantastick out of design. Howe'r it be, saies *Teramus*, this I

am confident of, that as I shall not convert *Melicrates*, so shall he not convert me; it being haply but requisite there should be a diversity among Lovers, and that men should not be like the Nightingals, that ever wooe in the Spring, and ever almost sing the same note. 'Tis indeed all for the best, there should be some grave Lovers, some fantastick, some serious, some complaisant, some constant, and some unconstant; for were there only sincere Lovers, the world would be too much given to melancholly.

Upon this, *Merigenes* led this illustrious company to that friend of his, whom I have mentioned before, to see his excellent Garden, yet not before he had entertained them himself with a magnificent Collation. Being come into the Garden, he who was Master of it, being acquainted with the matter in dispute, took part with the juster side; but though he were a very eloquent person, yet could he not convince those that were of opinions contrary to his. So that after a pleasant conversation, every one returned according to the ordinary custom, better settled in his own persuasion than before. For in the heat of dispute, a man sometimes lights on such reasons, as he had not reflected on, whence it often happens, that a man, instead of perswading others, is perswaded himself. In the mean time, *Alcimedes* whose desires as I told you, were very earnest and violent, beginning to love *Artelisa*, was as earnest from that day, as if he had loved her all his life. So that *Artelisa*, at her return to *Eryx*, had four Lovers in her attendance.

Now *Teramus* being extremely prying into such adventures, easily discovered the secret sentiments of all these persons, and made them his sport with *Clarinta*, whose divertive humour suggested her imagination with a hundred pleasant things upon that diversity of Lovers. He did the same with *Artelisa*, nay, with all these pretended Lovers severally. For as to the solitary *Merigenes*, he continued in his delightful Wilderness, a peaceable and pleasant life, which yet wanted not its charms and satisfactions. But the poor *Lisidas*, being the most ancient servant of *Artelisa*'s, was very much troubled to see his Rivals daily increasing; but he had this comfort withal, to see that *Artelisa* treated them with a wonderful equality; for she was neither favourable, nor harsh to any of the four, but had such a general civility for them, that they loved her without hating one another, and served her with all diligence imaginable. For all remembering they had heard her say at *Merigenes*'s, that if she had any Lover, she should in all likelihood bestow her heart on the most obedient, as believing him the most amorous, they made it their business, not only to do those things she desired of them, but even to obey her very desires, if I may so say, and to guess at them so as to comply with them: so that having observed that she loved all the great Festivals, they were so many assigned daies of divertisement. Yet would she not allow them to speak openly of their passion, though she was not ignorant thereof. *Lisidas* had discovered his to her all his life time; *Calianthes* had made a publique declaration of his by a Sacrifice: *Melicrates* expressed his in all his actions, and made her sensible of it by all his words; and *Alcimedes* discovered his to so many people, that there were

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enough that told *Artelisa* of it; who being of a mild and easie nature, behaved her self so, that she every day saw all her Lovers, without any bodies taking exception at it, because she treated them as if they had not been such. She also without any trouble received Letters from them, when they had any occasion to write to her; and that you may know they were persons of no ordinary worth, I shall furnish you with some, whence you may judge of the rest, for you are not to expect I should acquaint you with all the little accidents that happened between *Artelisa* and these four Lovers. This were but requisite when a man hath but the sufferings of one Lover to relate; but to give an account of those of four, were hardly possible. I shall therefore only give you a general Idæa of the beginnings of this adventure, whereof the end will find me work enough, without troubling my self with things of little consequence. I must therefore, to observe my word, tell you, that there was never any thing so gallant seen at *Eryx*, for every day afforded new entertainment; if one Lover was at the charge of a Ball one day, another found Musick the next; the day following the third would take some occasion to give a Collation; and the fourth gave some noble prize for a race, or some other exercise of the body. Nay, *Clarinta* her self, to make it appear, as she said, that the very desire of diverting ones self, was able to cause magnificence and invention as well as Love, made one of the noblest entertainments in the world. 'Tis true, it was to celebrate the feast-day of *Venus's* birth-day, which is solemnized at *Eryx*, on one of the first daies of the Spring: yet should I not have mentioned it to you, had it not proved the occasion of a pleasant dispute between *Artelisa* and her four Lovers, as also of the writing of the Letter I have to shew you.

You are then to imagine, that *Clarinta*, knowing that the entertainments of the night speak more magnificence than those of the day, summon'd all the Ladies to her Palace, to be there much about Sun-setting. So that all being come, *Clarinta*, followed by all the beauties, by the Prince, and most of quality, went and embarked her self in a sumptuous Galley, covered all over with a magnificent Tent, such as when they were once gotten in, they could see neither the Sea nor the City. Yet was it lightsome enough under that proud Tent, for it was enlightned by fifty crystal Lamps. All the Ladies were seated on Cushions in the Stern, the men either stood or kneeled by them; and discourse was at first the only divertisement of that noble Company; for though I have not given you any particular description of the Ladies of that little Court, yet are they as beautiful and as gallant, as in any other place in the world.

In the mean time, it was no small trouble to them to guess what divertisement *Clarinta* would give them that night. The place they were in, they thought indeed pleasant enough; it was so well perfumed, that it purified the air they breathed; it was light enough, and all that was to be seen was sufficiently inviting, for the Tent was so ordered, that they could not see those that row'd. At first all spake loud enough, till at last all being silent, or speaking very low, there was no other noise heard than that of the Oars, which falling into the wa-

ter by a measur'd motion, made such as were fit only, to cause a pleasant resvery. But at last, having gone very slowly for some time, the Galley staid of a suddain; the Tent was taken up of all sides, and there was heard admirable Musick, consisting of several Consorts that answered one the other, and the company was surpris'd by the noblest object in the world. For you are to imagine, that night being now come on, they found the Galley in the midst of a great Circle, of above two hundred Barks, to each of which they had fastened above two hundred Lamps Pyramid-wise. So that that great number of Pyramids of fire, in the midst of the Sea, made the noblest object that can be imagined. Inasmuch that the Sea, receiving the impression of so many lights, seemed to be all on fire. Add to this, that the Galley lying opposite to the City, which is built upon the brow of the Mountain, and that the best prospect of *Venus's* Temple, is on that side, there was not a window which had not Torches in it. All the tops of houses were also full all along the Walls of the City, and at all the pillars of the Temple, whereof the covering was so well furnished, that it vy'd lights with the Stars. So that seeing at the same time that noble City, and that magnificent Temple, all seemingly on fire, and those two hundred Pyramids of Lamps all burning, which made such a circle about the Galley, wherein *Clarinta* and the whole Court were, it was impossible they should with cries of joy and admiration, express the pleasure they took at so delightful a surprisal.

Yet was not this all, for after the whole Assembly had been entertained awhile, with so excellent an object, they might see all about the Galley, *Tritons* with Naker-shells; *Nereides* with their long hair, and to accomplish the magnificence, they both saw and heard *Syrens*, which silencing all those several consorts that were in those inflam'd Barks, sung such amorous Verses, that the excellency of the words adding to that of the air, and the sweetness of their voices that sung, it raised in all their hearts a tenderness more than ordinary. That done, the *Tritons*, the *Nereides*, and the *Syrens*, (who were men so disguised in little Boats, that lay even with the water) departing, and lost among the Barks, the Consorts begun again, and thereupon the two hundred Pyramids of fire changed place, and made divers Figures about the Galley, and then falling into two right lines, and making as it were a spacious passage, the Princess's Galley began to set forward between the Pyramids, to make to the shore, where it landed, at a place that led into a most pleasant Garden. But as the Ladies came to Land, they were entertained at the shore by the *Tritons*, with baskets full of Naker-shells, branches of Coral, and other maritime curiosities, whereof they all took every one something.

That done, they went into the Garden, where they found a magnificent Collation in a Banqueting-house that was there, which was admirably enlightned, and compassed by an infinite number of Orange-trees, whose leaves just budding out, perfumed the air. After which, going into a Hall, whose beauty was suitable to the rest of the entertainment, the Ball, and discourse consummated the pleasant passing away of that night.

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This puts me into an imagination, interrupted *Amilcar*, that the four Lovers of *Artelisa* were very much troubled that they were not the persons concerned in this so magnificent an entertainment.

Their affliction was much greater than you imagine (replied *Æmilius*, continuing his relation :) for you are to know, that *Artelisa* being ready to come to the Princess, having dressed her self as one that would not be sorry to preserve the acquiescence she had made, her Mother fell so extremely ill, that nature and decency not permitting her to leave her in that condition, she sent one to excuse her to *Clarinta*, who would not put off the business to another time, what friendship soever she might have for *Artelisa*, because it was the day appointed for the celebration of the Festival-day of *Venus*; So that all she could do, was to express a great regret, that that excellent person participated not of the divertisement. But as soon as she was come to the Garden I spoke of, she sent to her, and word was brought her, that *Artelisa's* Mother had had only a sudden qualm, whereof she soon recovered.

In the mean time, these four Lovers behaved themselves differently in this accident; for *Melicrates*, perceiving that *Artelisa* was not at the entertainment, forbore going thither, and kept his Chamber all alone; *Caliantes* was there, and gave thousands of expressions that he was extremely weary of the solemnity: *Alcimedus* went not, but was with a friend of his, whose house looked towards the Sea; and *Lisydas* was there, not knowing but that *Artelisa* was there also: for being one of the last, he imagined that she was embark'd before him; but perceiving afterward his error, he spoke not one word during the whole solemnity. The next morning these four Lovers would needs make *Artelisa* acquainted with what had passed in their hearts, out of a design to prejudice one another. *Melicrates* sent to know how *Artelisa's* Mother and she did, sending her word that he was loath to wait on her the night before, for fear of importuning her, and that he had stayed all alone at home out of sympathy. *Lisydas* sent her word that he was extremely afflicted, that he had been engaged in a place where she was not. *Alcimedus*, that he had preferred the satisfaction of discoursing of her, with one of his friends, before that of the noblest entertainment in the world; and *Caliantes* writ her a Letter much to this effect.

CALIANTEs to the fair ARTELISA.

I Know not what your meaning may be; you are the most troublesome, the most discourteous, and the most unreasonable person in the world. You hinder a man from taking any pleasure in things, which of themselves would infinitely afford it, and you force others to think it insupportable, to be near the most accomplished Princess in the world. However, that you may not say you are absolutely deprived of all the pleasure of the entertainment, it shall

not be long e'r I come to give you an account of it, for I had no other motive of seeing it, but that I might give you a relation thereof, though I am confident, that if you had been in my place, and that I had been in yours, you would have had the cruelty to divert your self admirably well without me.

Artelisa received this Letter, and made no answer thereto, thinking it enough to send *Caliantes* word, indifferently enough, that since she was to see him, there was no necessity of any answer. The ordinary hours of visits were no sooner come, but *Melicrates* came to *Artelisa's*, whom he found in her Chamber; for though her Mother were well recovered, yet was it not thought fitting she should see any company that day? Inasmuch, that she had commanded her Daughter to entertain the Princess in her Lodgings, she having sent her notice in the morning, that she would give her a visit. As soon as *Melicrates* was come in, *Artelisa* told him that she was very sorry for him, that he had not been at the entertainment, but spoke it with a certain obliging expression, whence he perceived that she thought her self beholding to him. He was hardly sat, but *Alcimedus* enters, who after the first complements passed, told *Artelisa*, that for his own part, it troubled him not that he had not been with the Princess, but was infinitely sorry, that she was not in a condition to be there; for though I have seen this solemnity only at a window, yet am I confident it deserved to be seen by the fairest eyes in the world. As *Artelisa* was going to make him some answer, *Lisydas* enters, so that *Melicrates* and *Alcimedus* combining together to prejudice their Rival, told him that he was very happy, to be the first to give *Artelisa* a perfect account of the Princess's magnificence. I must confess, replies *Lisydas*, that I was at this solemnity, but I know some that were not there, can give a better account of it than I; for I was there and saw nothing, whereas I have heard that *Alcimedus* saw it at a distance, out of a friend's window. Ah *Lisydas*, replies *Alcimedus*, these things are better seen near than at a distance. I assure you, replied he, they are better seen at a distance than near, when those that are near, think more of what they do not see, than what they do; and that those who are at a distance, mind what they do see, more than what they do not. For my part, saies *Melicrates*, who have not seen ought, either near or at a distance, I cannot be reproached with any thing. As he said this, comes in *Caliantes*, saying, that he was extremely troubled that *Lisydas* had prevented him in giving *Artelisa* an account of the solemnity. Assure your self, replied he, that you come time enough to do that your self, for I have neither told her any thing, nor indeed am able to tell her ought; for there lay something so heavy on my heart, that that prodigious number of Lights which enlightned the Sea, could not dispell the darkness of my thoughts.

Lisydas had hardly given over speaking, but *Clarinta*, led by *Teramus*, came in, who by an excess of kindness would needs convince *Artelisa*, how great an affliction it was to her, that she had not had her part in the divertisement which the

whole

whole Court had received the night before. But indeed, said she, you are obliged to *Caliantes*, for he told me several times, that he looked on what passed, meerly to the end he might give you a faithful account of it. I beseech you, Madam, replies *Artelisa*, engage me not to think my self beholding to *Caliantes*, for the pleasure he only hath had in seeing one of the noblest things in the world; for I think my self more obliged to those that have not seen any thing at all. It must be then principally to me; Madam, replies *Lisydas*; for as to *Melicrates*, who kept his Chamber, haply more out of policy than affection, it speaks neither any great miracle, nor great obligation, that he saw nothing from a place whence he could not see any thing. But for my part, who, because you were not there, have not seen any thing of what I might have seen, and ever thought on what I saw not, there's reason I should apply to my self what you have spoken with so much kindness. I know not, says *Alcimedus*, whether the fair *Artelisa* will be unjust, but am confident, I am he whose sentiments, as to affection and tenderness, are most out of controversy, for as to *Melicrates*, who was not at the solemnity, but stayed in his Chamber, it may be questioned whether he were not indisposed, or had not some business to dispatch. For *Lisydas*, there needs no more be said, than that he was, where *Artelisa* was not, to exclude him from all comparison with me; for as to his affirming that he saw nothing, believe him who will; and for *Caliantes*, he was not in a place of diversisement, while *Artelisa* was afflicted, but made it his main business to take exact notice of all that passed, to have the further pleasure of making a relation thereof. But for my part, I have not been where all the world was, and to make it appear that I deprived not my self of that pleasure, but for *Artelisa's* sake, I passed away the night with a friend of mine, with whom I had no discourse but what was of her. All this may be true, says *Melicrates*, but to bring your expressions of affection and mine, into a just dispute, you should have taken a house that look'd not upon the Sea, and consequently seen nothing of what happened at the solemnity. But is it my fault, replies *Alcimedus*, if he, with whom I was, hath no Chamber but what looks into the Sea?—There's a Closet at your own Lodging, replies *Melicrates*, whence you might have seen no more than what I did from mine—'Tis true, replies *Alcimedus*, but since I could not be with *Artelisa*, I would needs speak of her. When a man sees so noble an object as that you saw, replies *Melicrates*, he minds not much what he saies, and for my part, who was resolved to bestow all my thoughts on *Artelisa*, I took such a place as should afford nothing to divert or distract me.

When a man loves but weakly, replies *Lisydas*, he speaks as you do, but he that loves as I do, ever thinks earnestly on what he loves, in what place soever he be; and certainly it argues a greater tenderness to be ever thinking of *Artelisa*, amidst the noblest company in the world, and in a place of pleasure, than to think of her alone, when a man cannot do any thing else. But, if what you say be true, saies *Caliantes*, and that your thoughts were so taken up with *Artelisa*, that you saw nothing of what passed, it was not tedious or wearis-

some to you; for no doubt but you thought on something that was very pleasant, and consequently past away the time better than any of the company. For instance, added he smiling, as the imaginations of Lovers are many times as far from reason and probability, as the dreams of other men, so, if you could imagine that *Artelisa* might prefer you before all your Rivals, and that you might be one day loved by her, you needed no other pleasure; and I here confidently declare, before the Princess, that for such a pleasant imagination as that, I would willingly renounce the sight of the greatest solemnities in the world, though they were as noble as that of yesterday. To speak therefore freely, *Artelisa* is more engaged to me than all of you, and particularly much more than you; for first, I had not been in that place, had not the Princess laid her commands on me to that purpose; and next, being I could not be near *Artelisa*, I was near the person, for whom, of any, she hath the greatest affection. But that I might contribute somewhat to the pleasure of the person I love, I took notice of what ever I saw, to give her an account thereof, though I could not observe things without being withal strangely wearied and troubled. Nay, I appeal to the Princess, whether she did not upbraid me with it more than once. I must needs confess I did, saies *Clarinta*; and for my part, am much at a loss to determine which of those four unfortunate persons *Artelisa* is most engag'd to. There is certainly, saies *Teramus*, some difficulty in the business, but since *Artelisa* is the most concerned in it, she must give the sentence. How, Madam, saies *Melicrates*, can you stick at any thing in this case? How, added *Alcimedus*, can this dispute turn to my disadvantage? Alas, Madam, cries out *Lisydas*, what injustice were it in you to condemn me; and how cruel were you, continued *Caliantes*, should you prefer any one before me?

To reconcile you all, said she to them, smiling, I am inclined to believe, that *Melicrates* was afraid of the fresh air of the evening; that *Alcimedus*, knowing haply what was to be seen, imagined he might see it better from a house than out of the Galley; That *Lisydas* had seen all, and would not acknowledge it; and that *Caliantes* pretended discontent and weariness, though he were very well pleased.

Artelisa had hardly said these words, but these four Lovers combining all against her, made a thousand exceptions against her sentence. For my part, saies *Clarinta* pleasantly to them, I know not how you understand her, but were I in your condition, I would not have it pronounced by *Artelisa*. For there must needs be three miserable, and there can be but one happy; since that in friendship there may be many happy places in the heart of a friend of either sex; but in gallantry, there can be but one good place in the heart of a Lover, or a Mistress. It matters not, saies *Melicrates*, I had rather run the hazard of being condemned, than be ignorant of the judgement of *Artelisa*. For my part, saies *Caliantes*, if I thought I should be condemned, I had rather continue in my ignorance of her resentment. For what concerns me, added *Lisydas*, I should be satisfied, could I but guess it; and for me, saies *Alcimedus*, I would rather she acquainted me privately with it. But

But put the case, (saies *Artelisa*, smiling on *Teramus*,) you had been a Lover of mine, what would you have done? I think, said he, I should have done somewhat which none of all these Lovers hath; for without thinking of being upbraided with a fear of the fair weather, because of the uncertainty of my health, I think I should have passed away the evening with you. But you consider not, saies *Melicrates*, that there was one sick in the House, and that she was not to be seen. My Mother's indisposition was so soon over, replies *Artelisa*, that had you sent to know, you might haply have seen me. Whence I conclude, that though *Teramus* is not to be thought the most constant Lover in the World, yet hath he better imagined what you ought to have done, than all you have been able to do, put together. But in fine, saies *Clarinta*, you must take things as they are, and since these illustrious unfortunate men will have it so, pronounce their sentence. That it may be a just one, replies *Artelisa*, I must have better evidence than I have, and therefore I order *Melicrates* to prove that he hath thought on nothing but me, when he had lock'd himself in his Closet; *Lisydas*, to make it clearly appear that he saw not any thing of what passed in the place where he was; *Alcimedus*, that his thoughts ran more upon me when he discoursed with his friend, than on what he looked on; and *Caliantes*, that his weariness proceeded not rather from the tediousness of the solemnity, than from my absence.

For my part, saies *Melicrates*, I can easily obey you, for I made Verses to express my sentiments, which shall prove what I alledged. I am much short of your happiness, replies *Lisydas*, for it is not possible for me to prove that I have not seen what I might have seen. Nor is it any easier, for me, replied *Alcimedus*, to make it appear, that I thought only of *Artelisa* while I spoke of her, when at the same time I looked on those noble Pyramids of Light, that seemed to set the Sea on fire; and for my part, replies *Caliantes*, I am as far to seek how to make good proof of what *Artelisa* would have me prove, though there be not any thing more true. If it be so, saies this Beauty, *Melicrates* is the person that must be declared to have given the greatest expressions of affection, and to punish the rest for their indifference. I condemn *Alcimedus*, not to speak of me any more, but when he is at leisure to think of me; *Lisydas*, never to go to a place where he will not take notice of what passes; and *Caliantes* to give me an exact account of all he hath seen, as soon as the Princess shall be gone hence, that thereby I may be confirmed in the opinion I am of, as to what concerns him.

But since you have inflicted punishments, (saies *Teramus*, not giving these three slighted Lovers the leisure to say any thing) methinks you should take some order that *Melicrates* be rewarded, for it belongs to justice as well to recompence as to punish: nay, it is in a manner as unjust not to recompence as not to punish; *Teramus* is certainly in the right, added *Clarinta*, and therefore I condemn you to recompence *Melicrates*, since you have given sentence in his favour. Since it is your Will, replied *Artelisa*, I condemn him to shew the Verses which he says he hath made; for since they must needs be excellent, he will be fully recompenced. Madam, if they are liked by you, and please *Teramus*, who

is so great a Critick in things of that nature. *Melicrates* made answer, it was no fair dealing, for that if the Verses proved ill, he was not recompenced, but punished. But after all excuses he was forced to obey, and to shew his Verses, which were found very amorous, and like a Gallant: so that his Rivals had the affliction to hear them commended, and to think them but indeed too good.

I shall not give you an account of all the pleasant entertainments which this proved the occasion of, for I am resolved not to tell you any thing in particular, till I come to the end of the History. I shall only tell you, that *Lisydas*, who had, from his infancy, an affection of *Artelisa*, continued it with such assiduity, that it was beyond all example; that *Alcimedus* carried away by the violence of his disposition, did for her all that a violent love could put him upon that were most difficult; for he was no less exact and vigilant than *Lisydas*, but many times much more jealous, for that at divers times he would needs fight with his Rivals all, one after another. For *Caliantes* he gave such signal expressions of his Love, that notwithstanding his inclination to magnificence, and the satisfaction he took in being liberal, he had such an aversion to leave *Eryx*, and was so absolutely desirous to marry *Artelisa*, that he would not by any means hearken to the entreaties of his friends to return into Greece. They indeed thought at first, that there needed no more to bring it home, than to send him any allowance; but he chose rather to lose all than leave *Artelisa*, insomuch, that at last his Father disinherited him for his disobedience. So that this magnificent Lover, who had been at such vast expences, was forced to subsist merely upon the generosity of the Prince of *Eryx*, who allowed him not enough, either to live honourably, or rationally to pretend to *Artelisa*. However, he continued an earnest affection towards her, and repented him not of a constancy that cost him so dear. He generously told her, that, it being not in his power to make her happy, he yet loved her without hope.

For *Alcimedus*, he gave a violent expression of his love to *Artelisa*, for having one day obliged her to tell him positively, whether he should hope or fear, and she unmercifully telling him before one of his Rivals, that he was to fear all things, and to hope nothing; he, carried away by his violent sentiments, answered her roundly, that he should find the way to rid himself of all fear, since she deprived him of hope. Whereupon this desperate Lover, going out of her Chamber, and passing by a Closet, wherein there were certain Arms that had been his Mistresses Fathers, and finding the door open, goes in, takes a ponyard, and gives himself a stab, that he fell down dead. I leave you to imagine, how much *Artelisa* was surpris'd at this accident, and what care she took to save the life of of a man that would die out of excess of Love. Chirurgeons were sent for to dress him, who found him very dangerously wounded. His Lodging being near *Artelisa's*, he was immediately carried thither, there being less danger to remove him from one place to another at that time, than if they had stayed longer. But when he had recovered himself a little, out of the weakness he was in, by reason of the loss of blood, and perceived he was in his bed, and dressed, he would,

would have torn off what they had laid to his wound. 'Tis true, those that looked to him, prevented it, and the better to effect their design, they went to *Artelisa's* mother, who obliged her daughter to send *Alcimedus* a command not to oppose the remedies were used to him, and that it was her Will that he should entertain whatever contributed to his recovery. From which command *Alcimedus* conceiving some little hope, suffered himself to be dressed, and resolved to live.

Whence it being easie to judge, that *Alcimedus* would not have killed himself, but because he was slighted: his Rivals rejoiced at it, though they were in some fear, that that great expression of his love might work somewhat upon the heart of *Artelisa*. For *Caliantes*, he, being in a very sad posture, as to fortune, was not so glad of it as *Lisydas*, who never was so much in hope as then, for he knew by the accident that had happened to *Alcimedus*, that he was not loved.

Calianta's poverty seemed to him to be an invincible obstacle, as to the compassing of his design; and *Melicrates's* affection to *Artelisa*, being of a date much latter than his, he did not fear him much. So that he lived then with a confidence full of satisfaction: For *Melicrates*, he being one that had much love, was also subject to much fear, as also to much hope, for it is only an indifference of affection, which admits not a vicissitude of hope and fear. He was therefore subject to more fear than *Lisydas*, lest this extraordinary expression of love in *Alcimedus*, might have some influence on *Artelisa*, and accordingly sought some favourable opportunity to entertain her privately, and to discover unto her the true sentiments of his soul. But this he found a hard work, for besides that, he was perpetually pester'd with Rivals: *Artelisa*, ever since the accident of *Alcimedus*, was very shie in raising any sentiment of jealousy in any of her Lovers, lest it might prove the occasion of some further unhappy adventure. So that according to the humour she was in then, she durst not in a manner be either kind or cruel. This found *Clarinta* and *Teramus* sport enough when they came to *Artelisa's*, for they were ever casting into her dish, that she never durst say either yea or nay, to any of her Lovers. For if you answer any one affirmatively, said they, the rest will kill him; and if negatively, he to whom you shall say so, will kill himself.

But not to insist on things of no consequence, that you may the better apprehend what I have yet to tell you, you are to know, that there was a man at *Eryx*, an antient enemy of the house of *Melicrates*, and of *Melicrates* in particular, with whom he could never be brought to any reconciliation; for besides that he hated him, he valued him not, and would not admit any composition of the differences between them. *Melicrates* in the mean time was so taken up with love, that he in a manner minded not the aversion he had for his enemy, though his friends often advised him to look to himself, and not to be abroad in the night without company. This hindred not, but that it came into his mind to fasten on some opportunity to speak to *Artelisa* in the night, since he could not do it in the day. He knew her chamber lay even with the Garden, that her Mother, because of her indisposition, lodg'd in another part of the house; far enough off; that the windows of that Chamber

were low, and that *Artelisa* went to bed very late. He knew further, that she loved to walk in the Moon-shine, so that it being then a season that the Moon shone all night, he corrupted a slave, who promised to open him a door to the Garden, that went out into a lone-street, which he accordingly did.

But as it ordinarily happens, that when a man hath some secret design, he meets with an hundred rubs he never foresaw, *Melicrates* was courted that day to spend the evening in divers places; two of his friends came to desire his company at supper; in so much that he had much ado to be rid of all those that came to see him. He indeed dismissed them in such a way, as gave those he denied occasion, to imagine he had some secret design; for though he denied them, yet gave he not any handsome account why he did so. Not but that he did all that lay in his power to conceal it, but it seems a Lover is less master of himself than any one. At last having sent all away, even to his own slaves, it was late e'r he came to that door of *Artelisa's* Garden, which the slave he had corrupted opened to him: which done, getting behind a hedge-row: he expected till the same slave should, with a torch, make him the sign they were agreed upon, to let him know that all were retired but *Artelisa*, and a maid that waited on her. Accordingly, *Melicrates* perceiving there was no light any where but in *Artelisa's* chamber, prepared to go thither, when he perceives that beauty coming out, with a little white vail over her head, and half undress'd, who, according to her custom, desirous of the coolness of the night, and to walk in the Moon-shine, came towards the place where he was, having with her a pretty little dog, that she made extremely much of. So that this pretty creature skipping up and down among the flowers and borders, and coming at last to the hedge, behind which *Melicrates* lay hid, stopped of a sudden, as being frightned at the scent of some body there. Nay, he bark'd a little angrily, looking back on his Mistress, then presently after, knowing *Melicrates* (who was wont to make much of him, as one that loved any that *Artelisa* was taken with) he violently jerted into the hedge-row with all that insinuation and fawning, whereby a creature of that nature is wont to express his services to those he loves. So that *Artelisa*, who thought her self alone in the Garden, was at first much surpriz'd; yet imagined it might be a young slave of her Mother's that was there. She therefore went about the hedge-row on one side, while *Melicrates* did the like on the other, to come and meet her, so that she was very much amazed to see him. One while she would have turned away from him hastily; another time she would cry out; but *Melicrates* having stayed her, and her own reason telling her, that if she cryed out, it might cause a great disturbance, which might be ill-interpreted, she thought it the best course to lay a strict command on *Melicrates*, to go his ways, for she had ever found him so obedient, that she doubted not but that he would obey her. She therefore stood still, and the rather, that knowing she might be heard from her chamber; she thought she might call people at any time, if need were. It argues a strange confidence in you, *Melicrates*, said she to him, to come at this hour into the Garden, and your love cannot be great, when you expose my reputation as you do. For if you were

were seen either coming in, or shall be seen going out; will it not give people occasion to imagine it was by my appointment to some base end. The street I came in at, replies *Melicrates*, is so little frequented, that I neither have been, nor fear I shall be seen, and the slave who hath opened me the door, is the only person that knows any thing of my design, not that I thence conceive my self absolutely innocent; but Madam, that my unhappiness is such, that it is not strange I should do something against reason. For, because I have a Rival that would needs kill himself, rather out of indignation than love; I must never speak to you alone again, and consequently must be eternally ignorant how I stand in your inclinations. To be free with you Madam, continued he; I am not able to live at this rate, and to prevent me from seeking out extraordinary ways to speak to you, tell me something that is kind, that may allay the tempest my soul is in. I have only two words to say to you, replied she, while you stay in the Garden, and those two words are, *be gone*. Ah, Madam, replied he, those two words speak too much disdain; not but that as I sometime told you in *Merigene's* Arbor, obedience is the greatest and truest mark of a real love, and consequently that I will obey you, but Madam, before I do it, give me leave to tell you, that I love you far beyond any of my Rivals; and intreat you to acknowledge though but by some sign that you believe it. For since you have declared that the greatest affection should prevail with you, I shall think my self happy enough, if you do but believe mine to be greater than any other mans whatsoever.

Whereupon, though *Artelisa* had told *Melicrates* that she had but two words to say to him, yet did she speak a many to him; yet such as he could not interpret much to his advantage; for she was in so great a disturbance to see him there, and so incens'd against him for his boldness, that she spoke very harshly to him, though she had an infinite esteem for him. In so much, that it was to no purpose for him to fall to flatteries and intreaties, but he must needs think of leaving the place. You must needs acknowledge, said she to him, that you have done very indiscreetly, not only in respect of me, but your self; for take it from me, that if ever your boldness comes to be known, I shall never look on you again, and I shall treat you so, that it shall take off all suspicion of your kind entertainment. What troubles me yet farther, added she, is, that the slave who hath let you in, thinks haply that your coming hither is with my consent. *Melicrates* gave her all the assurance he could that there was no such matter, and would have said divers other things to her, but she laid such an absolute command upon him to be gone, that he left the place immediately. *Artelisa* made fast the door after him, and returned to her Chamber in a strange disturbance. For *Melicrates*, he was not seen by any, and to prevent his own servants from seeing whence he came, lest they might imagine where he had been, he went a great way about, and came to a place where he saw a man, very richly clothed, laid along on the ground, as if he had been either dead or asleep. He comes up to him, and knowing him to be that enemy of his I told you of, he found him assassinated. He was much surpris'd at the sight; so that not desirous to be seen about the

dead person, he made what hast he could away, but he had hardly gone twenty paces, ere he meets with one of the principal Magistrates attended by a guard, accompanied by the friends of the dead party, and conducted by one of his slaves, who seeing *Melicrates*, told the Magistrate, that he being at enmity with his Master, had undoubtedly caused him to be Murthered, and was come to see whether he had been quite dead. This the slave said as confidently as if he knew it to be true: so that the friends of the murthered, pressing him that was to do them justice, to lay hold of *Melicrates*, whose hatred towards the other was sufficiently known, he did it, though he could not imagine him guilty. He asked him from whence he came; but he not willing to tell him, made answer somewhat angrily, that a single person could not well be charged with an assassinate. Ah, my Lord, says the dead persons slave, speaking to the judge, my Master was murthered by six men, and had I had but any thing of arms about me, I would have dyed in his defence. But while I was gone for help, they killed him and fled several ways.

Melicrates, being a person of exemplary virtue, people could not easily suspect him guilty; but he still refusing to tell them whence he came, there was no reason, but that according as it was desired, *Melicrates* should be secured. To take therefore a moderate course in so unhappy an emergency, he desired he might be put into the hands of a friend of his, whom he named, who should see him forth coming, which was accordingly done. In the mean time, when the charge was drawn up against *Melicrates*, the circumstances were very pregnant against him, for it was known, that he had refused to go to several places that night, that he would neither entertain, nor be entertained, by some friends of his, that he went out alone; and that he had taken a sword with him, that none of his people knew whether he was gone; and that a woman out of a window had seen him looking on the dead party. So that adding to this the inveterate hatred he had had for him, and his obstinacy in refusing to tell where he had been, from the time he had left his own house, till that he had been met in, it could not be expected, that either his virtue, or his reputation, how great soever, should exempt him from a suspicion of that murther. They desired him only to name any one man that could say he had seen him any where; but that he could not do, for he had seen only *Artelisa*, and the slave that had opened the Garden door to him. So that choosing rather to be unjustly thought guilty of a crime, than to expose the reputation of his Mistress, he answered ambiguously, and did himself more prejudice than all the other conjectures and circumstances could do. In so much, that the next day, it was news in all companies, that *Melicrates* had caused his enemy to be assassinated. At first, all the world were troubled to imagine it could be so; but the circumstances being so pregnant, and the conjectures so strong, the best friends that *Melicrates* had, were drawn into belief, that hatred had had the upper hand of his virtue.

You may easily imagine how strangely *Artelisa* was surpris'd to hear that *Melicrates* was charged with having assassinated his enemy, and that it was told her, that the strongest conjecture they had of it, was, that he would not acknowledge where he

had spent that evening. This put her into an extraordinary disturbance, for having an infinite esteem for *Melicrates*, and knowing how great an affection he had for her, she was extremely afflicted to see him accused with so much injustice, yet could she not on the other side avoid some fear, that, to clear himself he might discover the truth; for it run into her imagination, that if he should say he was alone with her in the Garden at the time the murder happened, her reputation were lost; it being unlikely the world should believe the thing precisely as it was; especially the three Rivals of *Melicrates*, who would give that adventure the most disadvantageous interpretation they could.

But while she was in this uncertainty, *Melicrates*, who stood committed to the custody of one of his friends, till something more of the business might be discovered, was not without disturbance. For being so great a Lover of Glory as he was, it was an extraordinary affliction to him, to be charged with the doing of a criminal action.

What shall I do (said he to himself, as he hath acknowledged since?) shall I eternally lye under the suspicion of having committed a crime that argues the greatest baseness that may be; rather than discover a thing that is absolutely innocent? for by acknowledging my self to be an inconsiderate person, that had had the boldness to corrupt a slave of *Artelisa's* to open me her Garden door, that so I might speak with her privately, I shall say nothing against her. But Alas! added he, can I imagine people will believe it to be as I say? No, no, I must not flatter my self, continued he, and there is no mean between these two things, I must expose either my Mistress's reputation, or my own, I must either be unjustly accused my self, or prove a means that she may be. Ah! the choice is soon decided, I am resolved; I had much rather be accused, than be the occasion of her being so. I have this confidence at least, that it is impossible she should not be pleas'd with my discretion; let us then be content, continued this unfortunate Lover, that we only know *Artelisa* to be conscious of our innocence; she amounts to as much with us as all the world beside, nay all the world could not ease us, were she once incensed against us. Let us therefore undergo our misfortune with patience, the Gods are more just than not to discover our innocence by some way which may not prejudice that of *Artelisa*, and let us endeavor for our part, to do some great action that may justify us. Whereupon, *Melicrates* resolving never to say any thing which might bring *Artelisa's* virtue into the least dispute, he found an opportunity secretly to write her a Letter, which contained these words.

MELICRATES, to ARTELISA.

I Must confess, Madam, that Caliantes hath loved you beyond Fortune, since he embraces poverty for your sake; and that Alcimedes loves you beyond his life, since he would have killed himself out of despair. But to do some thing greater than all this, you will find,

that I love you beyond Glory, though I am persuaded it ought to be looked on as a thing more precious in the account of a person of honor, than either fortune or life. In the mean time, give me leave to entertain the comfort of hoping, that while I am looked on as a criminal by all the world, I shall be accounted innocent by the divine Artelisa, to whom I infallibly offer the greatest sacrifice that can be expected from an amorous heart.

This Letter *Artelisa* took extream kindly, and accordingly answered it with abundance of obligations as you shall perceive.

ARTELISA to MELICRATES.

Y Our discretion hath made me forget your boldness, and the tender care you have of my innocence, speaks so much obligation, that if I thought your life in danger, I should be so generous as to hazard my reputation for your sake. In the mean time, assure your self, I send up my continual addresses to the gods, that they would be pleased to clear you, without any necessity I should accuse my self.

But the more they endeavored to discover of this adventure, the more obscure it seemed to be, all the world would have justified *Melicrates*, excepting his Rivals, but his silence argued so much against him, that he could not be cleared. Yet was there not evidence enough to condemn him, so that being a person of quality, and much favored by the Prince and Princess, all the friends of the deceased could obtain, was that *Melicrates* should have the City for his prison, for the space of six Months, during which time they might do what they could to find out more pregnant proofs against him. But *Melicrates* desirous by doing noble actions, to make it appear he could not be guilty of base ones, having met with two of his enemies kindred one after another, fought with them, hurt them, and disarmed them, and had all the reputation he could expect; for he in the midst of victory, used much humanity, though he fought against such as accused him unjustly.

But as men are very much subject to take all things amiss, and in the worst sense, so did these two great actions instead of justifying *Melicrates*, very much heighten the suspicion that he was guilty of the murder of his enemy, people thinking that it was his design by that means to repair the crime wherein his malice had engaged him. So that *Melicrates* knowing what men thought of him, would have fallen into despair, had he not had the satisfaction of being somewhat better treated by *Artelisa*, than he had been before. But it being hard, a Lover should receive any favor from his Mistress, but his Rivals must hear of it, when there is not between him and her one of those indissoluble affections which require a reciprocal secrecy, *Lysidar*, who was glad that *Melicrates* was under such

a cloud, out of a fear he was in of him above all the rest, came to understand that *Melicrates* had never been so much in favor with *Artelisa*, as he was then. So that not able to endure the injustice he thought she did him, he sought an opportunity to make his complaints to her of it; and accordingly, having one day found her alone in her Chamber, he began to represent unto her the long time that he had been her servant. For it was true, that he loved her as soon as ever she began to be capable of his love. Whereupon he earnestly entreated her to say something to him that should not afflict him, assuring her that she had not any Lover whose affection was as great as his. For in fine, said he to her, *Caliantes* losing his estate for your sake, hath not done any thing which I should not have as gladly done, had any occasion offered it self. For *Alcimedes*, in being desirous to kill himself out of despair, he hath done less than I should, had you put me out of all hope, for I should dye of grief, without the assistance of a poniard.

And for *Melicrates*, added he, in an accent expressing his contempt of him, I do not see why you should be so much persuaded of the greatness of his affection, unless you measure his love by his malice, and that because he knows well how to hate and revenge himself, you imagine he knows as well how to love and serve you. Ah, *Lisydas*, replies *Artelisa*, a little angrily, and withall blushing; if you would not have me blame you, insult not over an unfortunate man whom I cannot believe any way guilty. I could never have believed it, Madam, replied *Lisydas* coldly, that to gain your favor, a man must be charged with Assassins. No, he must be innocent and unfortunate, replied she, to deserve my protection; and since I conceive *Melicrates* to be both, you should not think it strange if I take his part against you. The apparent circumstances are very deceitful, Madam, replied he, if *Melicrates* be innocent. In fine, Madam, innocent or guilty it matters not; he is too happy to be so much in your favor, and I am very unhappy to be so little, after I have spent my whole life in serving you. But when all is done, though I must expect to be more slighted than I am, yet cannot I forbear telling you, that you are very much to blame for multiplying your favors on *Melicrates*, when all persons of honor have abated him part of their esteem, And therefore give me leave, Madam, to advise you for your reputation sake, to slight him, at least as much as you do me; I am content to be so much more than I have been, conditionally he be no less than I am, for I cannot endure to hear you blamed, or that you should love him.

Artelisa, perceiving by this discourse, more than by any thing before, how much she was obliged to *Melicrates*'s discretion, was exasperated against *Lisydas*, and though she was satisfied that she did not well in blaming him so much as she did, yet not thinking it fit to tell him positively, that *Melicrates* was innocent, she conceived such a displeasure at it, that she revenged her self on that miserable Lover. She therefore spoke to him disdainfully enough, in answer to which he being still obstinate to press the injury he pretended she did her self, and to entertain her with the greatness of his affection, she forbade him ever to see her

again. Be gone, said she to him, be gone, and have nothing to do with my carriage, for you are so little concerned in my affection, that it should be indifferent to you whom I love, and whom I do not. *Lisydas*, surpris'd at this sally of disdain, looked on her with amazement, and would have made her some answer, but this incensed beauty forbidding him to speak, and commanding him to leave her Chamber, he was forced to obey her; he therefore went his ways, but clouded with such a deep sadness, that he met certain Ladies upon the stairs whom he saw not, and consequently saluted not, though they were of his acquaintance, so much were his thoughts orewhelmed with grief.

From *Artelisa*'s, he went to his Chamber, where he spent both that evening and night, without eating or sleeping, or indeed so much as lying down. One while he walked softly, another very fast; sometimes he leant against the Table, sometimes lifted up his eyes to heaven, sometimes pronounced certain confused words, amongst which might be heard the names of *Artelisa*, and *Melicrates*, and sometimes he was in a deep silence, which was not interrupted but by long and mournful sighs. But in fine, not to trouble you with a description of the excessive grief of *Lisydas*, I shall only tell you, that he was three days and three nights in so great a disturbance, that a fever took him, but with such violence, that he lost the use of his reason the very first day. So that not able to make any resistance against the remedies were prescribed him, he recovered of the fever, but a Sister of his, a very lovely Lady, that looked after him, was very much surpris'd to see that he recovered not his reason with his health. It was not so much wondered at, that while the fever lasted, he was heard to speak perpetually of *Artelisa* and *Melicrates*, and all his other Rivals with a strange confusion, but when he had recovered of the fever, all were troubled to see such a change happened to a person of great worth and understanding. Yet had his extravagance something advantageous in it; and it was such as made him speak but little. He was very melancholly, said little, and when he spoke it was altogether of *Artelisa*. But though there were no great sense in what he said of her, nor yet much coherence, yet did all his discourses betray certain expressions of respect; and it was impossible to make him do or take any thing, if they did not tell him that it was *Artelisa*'s will he should.

You may easily imagine what noise this accident made, for at last it was blurted out by a slave of *Artelisa*'s, that the last day that *Lisydas* had been with her, she had slighted him extremely, and the Ladies he had met on the stairs reflected on the alteration they had perceived in his countenance. So that there was no other discourse at *Clarinta*'s but of the fatal consequences that attended those that should love *Artelisa*. For *Caliantes* had, upon that account lost all his Estate, *Alcimedes* would have killed himself, *Lisydas* had thereby lost his reason, and *Melicrates*, though it was then known, had by the same means lost his honor. In the mean time, the accident happened to *Lisydas*, raised pity in all, and particularly in *Artelisa*, who had been the occasion of it. So that the friends of this unfortunate Lover, having been with *Clarinta*

ta, to entreat her to speak to *Artelisa* to humour him, to see whether it would restore him to his reason, *Artelisa* was content. She therefore one day gave a visit to the Sister of this unhappy Lover, who had sent for her Brother to her Chamber. As soon as she came in sight, he would have gone away, remembering that she had forbidden him to see her. But she being come thither purposely to humour him, staid him, and ask'd him why he avoided her company. At these words he stay'd, he look'd on her very earnestly, and sigh'd two or three times; after which, he ask'd her with a feeble voice, whether she knew him to be *Lisydas*. I do said she to him, and I am so troubled for the harshness I used towards you, that I come purposely hither to entreat you to forget it.

This rais'd *Lisydas* to a very great joy, yet could he not express it otherwise than by his looks, for it was impossible for him to speak. He fell down on his knees, took her garment and kiss'd it, and out of a miracle of Love, three or four kind words restored his Reason to this unfortunate Lover. Accordingly from that hour, he had not that melancholly in his countenance, which extravagance puts upon those it possesses; and though he spake not, but only look'd on *Artelisa*, yet was it thence inferred, that he would recover the freedom of his thoughts. But what was most extraordinary, was, that as grief had been the occasion of his sickness, so this excess of joy, put him into a fit of the Fever, that lasted a whole day, during which time, *Artelisa* sent twice to see how he did. 'Tis true, the success of this relapse was much different from that of the first sickness; for this fit, caus'd by the agitation of an excessive joy that had surpriz'd him, dispell'd those melancholly vapors that had corrupted his Reason. In so much, that when the Fever had left him, his thoughts were absolutely free and disengaged. You may easily imagine what entreaties were made to *Artelisa*, that she should not too suddenly break off her kindness to *Lisydas*, for fear of a relapse into the same misery. So that upon these inducements, as also the entreaties of the other Rivals, who thought him a person not much to be fear'd; she so sooth'd up *Lisydas*, that in a few daies he became as gallant a man as ever he had been. 'Tis true, having the misfortune to know the accident that had happened to him, it made him so much the more unfortunate; but finding after all, *Artelisa* very kind to him, it put him into some hopes, that his late extravagance being look'd on by her, as an expression of his affection, it might contribute to his further happiness.

About this time it happened, that *Caliantes's* Father being dead, he to whom he had given his Estate, when he disinherited his Son, fell sick eight daies after, so dangerously, that he thought it concern'd him to put his affairs into some order. But being a very generous person, he returned to *Caliantes* all the Estate he had received from his Father, and added thereto his own, which was very great: so that *Caliantes* was gotten richer by one halfe, than ever he expected to have been. Upon the first arrival of this news to him, he wrote to *Artelisa* in these terms.

CALIANTEs to ARTELISA.

When I first directed my affections to you, it was with some hope that proceeded from a confidence I could make you happy; and when fortune turn'd her back upon me, I quitted my hope without any loss as to my love, out of a consideration, that not willing to make you unfortunate, I conceived I had no longer any reason to hope, without ceasing to be generous, and being guilty of a treason against true love. But now that Fortune hath been pleased to bestow much more upon me, than she had taken away from me, give me leave, Madam, to re-assume that hope, which generosity had obliged to quit, and be so favourable to me, as to believe, that no man ever knew how to love so well as I do.

No doubt but this must needs add very much to the esteem which *Artelisa* had for *Caliantes*, whose procedure was so generous: however she thought not fit to answer it otherwise, than by a civility that engaged her not to any thing. In the mean time, she treated *Melicrates* better than any of the rest, for his reputation being still under a cloud upon her account, she thought it some obligation to comfort him: yet durst she not on the other side, be too harsh to *Alcimedus*, lest he should offer himself any violence a second time; she flattered the poor *Lisydas*, and she could not treat *Caliantes* ill, because his generosity had been extraordinary.

Things standing thus, there was a certain man, that had committed a great robbery, taken; and confessed he had been one of those that had assassinated this enemy of *Melicrates*. At first it was thought he had been a lost man, and that this thief would have nam'd him for the Author of his crimes, but the world was strangely surpriz'd, to understand that *Melicrates* was not at all concerned in it, and that this horrid action had been committed by a jealous and revengeful Husband, who having discovered some familiarity between his wife and that enemy of *Melicrates*, would needs revenge himself in that manner. Whereupon he that was truly guilty, being taken as he was making his escape, and having confessed all, *Melicrates* was absolutely cleared, and recovered his former reputation, with much more luster than before. However, people were extremely to seek, why he should be so loath to discover the place he was at when this murder had been committed. But it was not long e'r it came out, for I am to tell you, that *Caliantes* spending now more highly than ever he had done; the slave, who had sometime opened the Garden-door to *Melicrates*, and whom *Artelisa* had soon after ordered to be sold, having passed through the hands of two other Masters, came at last to *Caliantes*, and revealed that secret to him, whereat this Lover was so surprized, that he could not smother the astonishment

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ment he conceived thereat. For though the slave had told him that *Artelisa* knew not of his coming into the Garden, yet would he not believe him. So that not content with his own reflections on this adventure, he told it a friend of his, and that friend another. Infomuch that soon after it came to be the general talk of this City, that what had caus'd that great silence of *Melicrates*, was, that he would not discover a secret appointment there had been between him and *Artelisa*. This beauty hearing at last what was said of her, resolv'd to tell what really pass'd, and consequently to make appear the great expression of affection she had receiv'd from *Melicrates*. *Artelisa* spoke this so freely, and *Melicrates* seconded it with such prudence, that *Artelisa* being known to be a virtuous person, all her Lovers, except *Caliantes*, believ'd the thing had pass'd as she said; nor indeed could it be much doubted of, for the Letters that had pass'd between *Artelisa* and *Melicrates*, were very pregnant proofs of it.

Upon this there arose no small difficulty, viz. to know whether of these four Lovers had made the greatest expression of Love to *Artelisa*; whether *Caliantes*, who being of a magnificent and liberal nature, was content to embrace poverty for her sake; or *Alcimedus*, who being a Lover of life and its enjoyments, would through an excess of love kill himself; or *Lisydas*, a person of great understanding, who had fallen mad through the violence of his passion; or *Melicrates*, who being a passionate lover of Glory, had consented to the loss of his own, rather than prejudice the reputation of his Mistress. *Artelisa* was just then come to the age she would be of if she married, for this adventure had lasted to the twentieth year of her age. So that her Mother and the rest of her friends, press'd her to make choice of the person she intended to marry. The Prince of *Eryx* would also have her to declare, to prevent what misfortune might happen between four persons of equal worth, with any in the world. Add to this, that these Lovers being inclin'd to do only what was just, notwithstanding their love, every one thought he had many reasons to alledge to *Artelisa*, so that their mutual hatred being smother'd by an excess of generosity, the Princess *Clarinta*, who was to arbitrate this great difference, endeavour'd to find out some expedient, whereby this adventure might come to a period without any mischief done. She therefore so manag'd the business, that these four Lovers promised to submit to *Artelisa*'s Will, so as that the unfortunate should not quarrel with him that were chosen, provided that, before hand, in the presence of persons that were able to advise, they might produce their reasons; to prove every one the greatness of his affection; for I had forgot to tell you that *Artelisa* had declar'd, that she would bestow herself on him, from whom she had received the greatest expression of love. But the Princess *Clarinta*, fearing that if they spoke themselves, they would be exasperated one against another, made them consent every one to choose a friend, to speak their reasons for them, before those that were to advise *Artelisa*. She also made them swear, that as soon as the choice were over, those that were not chosen should leave *Eryx* for six moneths, and should not so much as take their leave of *Artelisa*.

All these Articles being agreed on, the Princess assembled together all those persons whom she thought competent judges in such a case, and the four Lovers made choice of those that were to speak for them. *Teramus* was one of the first invited to this famous consistory; a person of great worth, called *Meriander*, who was come from *Syracuse* to *Eryx*, was also entreated to be there; the solitary *Merigenes* quitted his wilderness to the same end; and *Clarinta* would needs have them stay one day for an illustrious friend of hers, whom I must give you a character of: for having made you acquainted with all the persons of worth at *Eryx*, it is but just I give you the knowledge of him, I am to speak to you of, since he was one of my friends judges.

Know then that this generous friend of *Clarinta*'s is called *Anaximenes*, a person of extraordinary merit. He is well born, and comes of a House bless'd with an Estate sufficient to satisfy a wise man, and yet it may be said, it is a thousand times less than he deserves. *Anaximenes* is tall, hath an Oval countenance, a dark hair, a delicate but pale complexion, somewhat a great mouth, a well proportion'd nose, eyes black, large, and full of fire, Yet is his deportment grave enough, though his eyes do many times betray an obliging smile. For his understanding, it requires more knowledge than I have to define it well. For not to mention the great prodigality of Nature towards him in that particular, he hath improved it strangely. He hath not only learned whatever the Greeks knew, but also whatever the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians, have communicated to others. So that whatever the most learned, as well antient as modern, knew separately, he hath united in himself. Thence is it, that he is consulted upon the most obscure passages of *Hesiod* and *Homer*, and what from *Greece*, where the Disciples of the seven Wise men do yet flourish; what from *Crotone* and *Metapont*, where live those of *Pythagoras*, he constantly receives Letters from those learned persons with whom he holds correspondence. For the Tongues, he hath an admirable command of four, not reckoning his own, and writes Verses in all those four, as well as in his own natural language. He hath also writ divers pieces in Prose, full of excellent knowledge; and what ever is noble in Poësie, or curious in point of Letters, he is absolute master of.

But though *Anaximenes* be a very knowing person, and his company much courted by all the Lovers and professors of Learning; yet is it not to be imagined, that he sees no other people; no, his acquaintance spreads, not only into that of Queens, Princes, Princesses, and Ministers of State, but also into that of all the Gallants about the Court, and all the Beauties without any exception; for to speak freely, he is no less a lover of the Ladies than of the Muses; and what makes for his advantage is, that they have an infinite esteem for him, and that he never had any violent love for any one of them, but she became his very familiar friend. For when he loves he does it with violence, nay, he hath the gift of shedding passionate tears, which all Lovers have not, and he is the most generous Lover in the world. 'Tis true, he cannot endure to love all his life-time to no purpose; and what is most particular in his love, is, that sometimes an ordinary

ordinary passion cures him of a great one, that he can afterwards resume his former chains, without breaking his second, that he can cease loving, yet not hate, and that his love is many times changed into friendship.

Anaximenes is not to be numbred among those people that have friends only for themselves, for though he hath a great interest in all those that have any in the Court of *Eryx*, yet does he not make any advantage of it himself, save that of serving others. He is perpetually doing good offices for some or other, and the world affords not a person that takes greater pleasure in obliging such of any worth as are unfortunate, than he does. Nor does he think it enough to serve such with his credit, as he thinks stand in need thereof, but his own estate lies as open to his friends, as himself, and these things he does as freely, as if fortune had given him security, he should never want any thing. And for the interest he hath with great ones, he gets it not by base sycophancy; on the contrary, he speaks sincerely, and courageously to those whom he deals with; and discovers a greater heart in giving a faithful advice, than others do in those actions that make most noise. His virtue is not unciviliz'd, or scrupulous, he injures no man, nay, endeavours not the prejudice of his enemies; his behaviour is innocent, all his inclinations generous; he loves glory, yet does not admit ambition; and to define him in few words, he hath the knowledge of a *Grecian*, the heart of a *Roman*, and a soul as amorous, as if he had been born in *Africk*.

Anaximenes, being such a person as I represent him to you, was one of those that came to the Princess *Clarinta's*, on the day appointed for *Artelisa's* four Lovers, to give each of them their reasons, to prove the greatness of their affection. But that so great a difference might receive a period without the fear of any unhappy consequence, they caused the four Lovers solemnly to swear that they would exactly observe the engagement that they had made, not to raise any quarrel about the choice after it was once made, and to leave *Eryx* the same day. For my own particular, in regard I had been long there, and was a friend to all these Lovers, and much favour'd by the Princess *Clarinta*, I was one of those that were to give *Artelisa* their advice. But at last, the day being set, and *Artelisa* come to the Princess *Clarinta's* Palace, where four very understanding Ladies, chosen by her, with the consent of the four Lovers, being come, *Meriander*, *Teramus*, *Anaximenes*, *Merigenes*, three others, and my self, met them there. *Clarinta* would have the business debated in a spacious Closet, wainscotted in the roof, that had all about it many Cabinets, full of things, curious and magnificent. The Princess lay on a little Bed of State, all the Ladies sat on cushions, and the men either stood or half knelt by the Ladies, upon a large piece of Tapestry which took up half of the Closet. For the four Lovers, they were with the Prince; *Clarinta* not thinking it fit they should hear what was said against them one after another, lest it might exasperate them: Nay, they drew lots who should speak first of those that were to plead for them. So it happened, that *Alcimed's* friend should begin, *Caliantes* should be the second, *Lisidas's* next, and

Melicrates's last. *Clarinta* did further oblige those that were to speak, to address their speech to *Artelisa*, whose thoughts were then in no small disturbance. When all had taken their places, *Alcimed's* friend, who was to speak for him, was call'd, who having made a low reverence, and received *Clarinta's* order, spoke to the fair *Artelisa*, in these terms.

ALCIMEDES's Plea.

THE cause I am to defend is so just, Madam, that were I not satisfi'd, that it is impossible for a man to love without hope, I should charge the illustrious persons, whom your merit hath made your servants, with a carriage very irrational. For, Madam, can any of them compare what they have done for the discovery and expression of their affection, with that which *Alcimed's* hath? *Caliantes*, it must be confess'd, hath done a generous action, in resolving to lose his Estate rather than leave you; but when all is done, Madam, a man may imagine, if he please, his resolution to continue still at *Eryx*, proceeded from a certain confidence, that his Father could not be so rigorous as to disinherit him, merely because he was in love with one of the most excellent persons in the world. And when it was done, it was no extraordinary prudence in him to bear his misfortune with constancy, and to oblige you to think he deserved well at your hands. But, be it suppos'd, that he should be willing to lose all for your sake, yet cannot matter of fortune be compared to life, which *Alcimed's* was content to cast away out of an excess of love. For *Lisidas*, whom grief deprived of reason, I must confess, I am so much the further to seek, why he should presume to contend with *Alcimed's*, for we never recompence any actions, but the voluntary. And if that be granted, what pretence hath he to stand so much upon the misfortune that is happened to him, when it is evident that it happened to him against his will? Besides, it may haply be attributed as much to the weakness of his constitution, as to the greatness of his love; But for *Alcimed's*, when he gave himself a stab with a Ponyard, it was his desire and set purpose to do it; his Will guided his Hand, and Love forced his Will, so that the merit of his action is out of all controversy. For *Melicrates*, I must acknowledge he hath done a thing very obliging, in being content to be unjustly accus'd, rather than to give the least occasion that you should be unjustly suspected. But, all considered, this action, which at first sight seems so, is not so glorious as is imagined; for *Melicrates* having committed a fault, in coming to your Garden without your knowledge, had it been just in him to prejudice your reputation, or was it any more than fit that he should bear the burthen and punishment of his own crime? Besides, Madam, while he made you this expression of his Love, he wanted not the satisfaction of knowing himself to be innocent, and that thought him no less; nay, he might be guilty of a further persuasion, that in case you ever thought so well of him as to marry him, it would be easie for you one day to vindicate him. But for *Alcimed's*, Madam, his very resolution to die, amounts to this, that in you he placed his Estate, his Reason, his Glory, and all things, since you had no sooner forbidden him to hope, but he inferr'd he had no longer to live. But it may be objected, that *Alcimed's* is a person crush'd with the troubles of life, one that looks

on life as a thing indifferent, and is not acquainted with the enjoyments thereof. On the contrary, Madam, you know him to be a lover of life; a man born to joy, and studies all the entertainments that may be had; and yet four words, disdainfully pronounced, have caused a dissolution of all the engagements he had to cherish life, and forced him to die for your sake, in the most amorous manner that a Lover could be induced to die in. Had he dyed to do you some service, he might have found some satisfaction in dying; but to be content to dye, without the least hope of being so much as pitied, is the highest expression of affection that can be given: for it must needs be, that Alcimedes, at the very instant that he was first transported by despair, was persuaded he could not live without you, that he could never cease loving you, that it was not in the power of time to ease him, that the earth afforded not any thing could satisfy him, and that only death could mitigate the torments love had put him into. Let not then Caliantes make any further comparison between what he hath done, and what Alcimedes hath; for a man may slight the goods of Fortune out of a thousand considerations, less forcible than that of love. Let Lisidas quit his claim, since that a simple melancholly vapor, without any cause of affliction, may put a man to the loss of his Reason. And let not Melicrates boast so much of the sacrifice he hath made of his reputation, since he only engaged a thing, which he might one day recover, whereas Alcimedes hath been willing to lose for your sake, what can never be either recovered or recalled again. Let your judgement then, Madam, be given in his favour, who is the most amorous of those that adore you; and I beseech you to consider how dangerous it were to hazard a second time; the life of a person so considerable as Alcimedes.

When Alcimedes's friend had given over speaking, the whole Company fixed their eyes on Artelis, to see by her countenance, what impression this discourse had made in her heart. But there being an order made, that none should speak till the four friends of the unfortunate Lovers had given in their reasons, no body spoke, only Teramus whispered some pleasant things to Clarinda; which done, he who was to maintain the cause of Caliantes, spoke thus,

CALIANTE'S Plea.

I Must confess, Madam, that the person who hath spoken for Alcimedes, hath very pertinently urged all that could be said to weaken the pretences of Lisidas and Melicrates, inasmuch that I have not any thing to add to what he hath said against them. But I must withal make it appear to you, that he hath not spoken with the same force against Caliantes; and that he hath not so much proved the right of Alcimedes, as discovered the unjust pretences of two of his Rivals. To discover this truth, I am to let you understand, that to judge aright of the merit of an action, a man ought sometimes to consider all those that have preceded it, nay, many times those that follow it. For I lay down this as an infallible rule, that there is no man in the world so wicked, whose life affords not some one action that might give men occasion to think he might be virtuous, if there were no more known of him: as also that there are few people so innocent, in whose lives

there may not some action be found, which being stripped of all those circumstances that might render it innocent, or excusable, might not give some occasion to think them less virtuous than they are. Let not therefore Alcimedes pretend, that we ought to measure the greatness of his love by one single action of his life, and that, an action proceeding rather from indignation than love; and is more likely to argue the despair of a voluptuous person, exasperated at the loss of his pleasures, than a Lover afflicted at the cruelty of his Mistress. I shall not deny, but Alcimedes loves life, and that he discovers no less by his courting of all the enjoyments thereof, but shall not grant that he loves you as much as Caliantes does, whose affection hath appeared without interest from the first beginning thereof to the end; Alcimedes was willing enough to live for your sake, while he looked on you as a person that might prove the means of his felicity; but it no sooner came into his thoughts, that you had destroyed his pleasures, by eluding his hope, but he abhors himself, and by a violent motion, to which true passion does not contribute any thing, he would needs die, not knowing precisely why he should live no longer. Add to this, that death is not a thing so terrible as it is imagined, and it is evident from thousands of examples, that Love is not the most ordinary cause thereof, in the hearts of desperate persons. There are some that rush upon it of themselves, for fear of receiving it from the hands of their enemies; others to avoid being well treated by them; others to prevent the inconveniencies of old age; others out of a fear of abating any thing of their enjoyments; and others out of an irrational melancholly, which makes them hate life. But for Caliantes, if we consider all he hath done for you, since he fell in love with you, we shall find, that in being content to embrace poverty for your sake, he hath done the greatest and most heroic action that ever Lover did. For you know, Madam, that when he first directed his affections to you, he was prodigiously rich, and prodigiously liberal; and yet rather than want your sight, he suffers all to be taken from him, he hath no further employment for a virtue, wherein he placed his greatest satisfaction; he puts himself into a condition of asking, rather than giving; and while he does this, he declares to you, that he will love you eternally, even without any hope: for you know, that as soon as he fell into misfortune, he plainly told you, he would not be so irrational, as to be guilty of a wish to see you engaged in his fortunes. Accordingly hath he undergone his misfortune with no less constancy than love, till such time as the gods having bestowed on him more than he had lost, have put him into a condition to discover his passion to you, by re-admitting hope into his heart. Judge then, Madam, what recompence that man deserves, who hath voluntarily lost his fortune, though he could not lose it, without the loss of all the hopes of happiness, who in his misfortune hath preserved his passion without any interest, and who in his good fortune makes a new sacrifice of his heart to you. You see, Madam, that Caliantes hath done something for you more noble than to kill himself. For grief is a resentment, much more tender than indignation. You also perceive that the loss of reason is not so great an expression of love, as for a man to have employ'd his reason to do an action that speaks a great generosity, and withal, a great passion; and for what concerns Melicrates, the sacrifice he hath made of his reputation, is not so considerable as what Caliantes hath done. For Melicrates hath done nothing against anyone, when he was content to be suspected; but Caliantes not only

ly loses his fortune, but disobeys a Father, and consequently does an unjust thing, which he never had done, had he not loved you, as much as it is possible to love any one. So that, Madam, if you consider what went before, and what followed Caliantes's action, you will find that he hath expressed more love to you than all his Rivals, and consequently deserves to be preferred before them. Be not therefore dazzled with actions seemingly glorious, which truly considered, argue less true love, and less generosity than that of my friend; and I beseech you, bethink your self, whether a magnificent and liberal person, who became poor for your sake, and being grown rich again, would bestow all on you, deserves not your heart before any other.

Caliantes's Advocate had no sooner given over speaking, but he that was to plead for Lisydas, assum'd the discourse in this manner.

LISYDAS's Plea.

I Know not, Madam, whether the friendship I have for Lisydas, makes me partial, but am persuaded that none of his Rivals have so much right to your affection as he. For to speak rationally, the heart of a fair Lady can never be more justly bestow'd, than when it is bestow'd on the most unfortunate, conditionally he be the most amorous, and be otherwise a person that knows how to value her love: for I must confess, that love without desert, gives not any man a lawful right to pretend to the possession of an excellent Ladies heart. This granted, Madam, must it not be withal acknowledged, that Lisydas deserves your affection much beyond any of his Rivals? He hath loved you ever since you were a fit object of love, that is, ever since you were in the world. Nay, he hath had some ground to hope he should not be slighted; he hath seen the new victories you have gain'd without quitting that hope; and though you have not in a manner done any thing for him, yet hath he serv'd you with extraordinary respect, without any complaints or repining. But when you took away the hope he was in, you took away withal his reason, and through an excess of love, to which nothing can be compared; we find that your power over him, is equal to that of the gods, who only can give and take away their reason from them. In so much, that to make it appear, you were absolute Mistress of his destiny, You no sooner looked kindly on him, but he recovered the use of his reason; and men have seen again in Lisydas, that great and divertive mind, which hath got him the love and esteem of all that know him. To sit down quietly with the loss of an estate, there needs no more than generosity; for a man to give himself a stab with a Poniard, there needs only a minute of fury, which he repents him of a quarter of an hour after; for a man to expose his reputation, he needs do no more than set himself above what the world can say of him: but for a man to lose his reason, upon the hearing of four scornful words, argues him to be the most amorous of men, and consequently the most worthy to be loved; For all considered, this strange accident could not possibly have happened to Lisydas, any otherwise than through an excessive grief, which could proceed from no other cause, than the passion he hath for you: Be pleas'd then, Madam, to make serious reflections on the power you have over him, and thence, I beseech you, consider, what affliction it must needs be to you, if your cru-

eltry should force him to a relapse into that misfortune, out of which you have delivered him by a seeming kindness. For Caliantes, he was able to live without hope while he was poor. Alcimedes being cured of his wound, will not offer to kill himself a second time, and to prevent it, you need do no more than forbid him to do so. But for Lisydas, Madam, he must infallibly lose either his reason or his life, if you do him not justice. Make choice then of the most unfortunate, since he is the most amorous, and is a person of that worth, that he deserves you. 'Twere a horrid injustice in you, to reproach him with a misfortune, which you had been the occasion of; and it were as strange a cruelty to expose him to a relapse, after you had once recovered him. For to what end have you restored his reason, if you intend not to make him happy? Think on him, Madam, think on him, but let it be with a mixture of equity and generosity, if you would not run the hazard of being charged at the same time with injustice and inhumanity.

Whereupon Melicrates's friend advancing, and he who had spoke last, resigning his place to him, began his discourse thus;

MELICRATES's Plea.

Those things which happen seldom, Madam, do certainly require our consideration after a very particular manner, and what ordinarily happens, never causes much admiration. Hence is it I must confess, that I can without any manner of astonishment, speak of what is happened to Alcimedes, Caliantes, and Lisydas, because there are a many examples of their adventures. Divers Lovers have lost their reason, through a resentment of grief; many have loved without interest, and not a few have endeavour'd to die out of despair; but never any Lover besides Melicrates, hath been content to expose his reputation, out of a pure sentiment of Love. I beseech you, Madam, do but imagine you see Melicrates, a person infinitely respecting his reputation, full of honor and noble worth, content to be accused of an Assassinate, the basest and most horrid of all crimes, rather than give the least ground of suspicion, that you had any kindness for him, and I am confident your own heart will prove his Advocate, and will not be able to resist his Love. For were it just to stick at a thing so easie to be resolved on? for to say something of the several actions of these Lovers, according to ordinary reason, he who sacrifices his life, does an action that is more difficult, than what he does who only loses an Estate; he who loses his reason out of an excess of Love, seems to pretend to something that is more proper to demonstrate the greatness of his passion, than he that would kill himself; but he that is content to lose his honor, does unquestionless much more than he who loses his estate, than who loses his life, and than he who loses his reason. But what makes the main difference between him and his Rivals, is, that the actions whereby they pretend to discover the greatness of their love, are not purely voluntary, as Caliantes's friend hath well observed; for when the Father of that Lover disinherited him, it was far from Caliantes to desire any such thing; Alcimedes giving himself a stab with a Poniard, wanted the freedom of his Will, his fury being at that time the absolute Mistress of it, and he knew not haply what he did: and for Lisydas, 'tis
out

out of all question, he would not have chosen extravagance, to give his Mistress an assurance of his affection, had it depended merely on his Will. But for Melicrates, he willingly took upon him the shame of a lewd action out of a scrupulous sentiment of love: for in fine, without doing any thing against the respect he ought you, he might have justified himself since he needed no more than to say, that without your knowledge he is come to your house. But he very well imagining that the world would not have believed the relation he might have made of the business, chose rather, out of an unparallel'd generosity, to suffer himself to be accus'd, than to expose you to the suspicion of having given him a meeting. So that, the violent passion he hath ever had for glory, notwithstanding, he was satisfied to have only you, of the world, conscious of his innocence. Nay, he thought it indeed some satisfaction to make you so great a sacrifice, and one so particular, that I dare affirm there never was the like, as I said before. To be short, if you well consider this action, you will find it much more hard to do, than it seems to be at first sight. How hard a thing do you conceit it must needs have been to Melicrates, to lose the esteem of his Rivals, had he not infinitely loved you. You are haply surpriz'd at this manner of speaking, yet can I not but account it rational. For it is certain, that whoever hath a great and noble heart, is in a manner no less desirous of the esteem of his Rivals, than of his Mistress, though it proceeded from different sentiments. In a word, Madam, What Melicrates hath done for you, is so great, and so heroick, that it in some sort derogates from the justice of his cause, to use so many words, so weak as mine are, to maintain it. Be pleas'd then only to remember, Madam, that he having lost his reputation for your sake, you will infallibly lose yours, if you prefer any of his Rivals before him.

As soon as he who had pleaded for Melicrates, had given over speaking, the Princess Clarinta commanded him, and the other three who had apologiz'd for the other three Lovers, to withdraw. Which done, she asked the company what they thought of the business, enjoyning all those that had heard the reasons of the four Lovers, to give Artelisa faithful advice, whose thoughts no doubt were not over-quiet. For Teramus, he declar'd for him who was content to lose his Estates; Meriander for Lisydas, Anaximenes for Alcimedes, Merigenes for Melicrates, for whom I was also myself; there were some others of our side as well as the Ladies; and the business grew so hot, that it begat a new dispute amongst us, much more earnest than the other, for every one would maintain his own opinion. For my part, saies Teramus, at last, smiling, I know but one rational expedient, whereby to determine this so great a difference, and withal, to give Artelisa good counsel. All thronging together to hear what this expedient should be, 'tis this, said he, that the fair Artelisa discarding these four Lovers, should pitch upon a fifth. This advice indeed is like your self, replies Clarinta, smiling, but Artelisa, if she will be rul'd by me, will not follow it, and yet I must confess, I am very much troubled what to advise her to, for poor Caliantes, who is so generous I cannot but pity; Alcimedes, a person not so much worth, and of a disposition so violent, raises in me both a compassion and a fear for him; Lisydas I am also extremely

troubled for; Melicrates hath done an action so noble, that I shall have much ado to suffer he should be unfortunate, and if I am not mistaken, Artelisa will be as much to seek in the business as I am. I must confess it, Madam, replied she, but to speak sincerely, I am one of the most unfortunate persons in the world, to be the occasion that so many excellent persons must be unfortunate: But, it were not amiss, saies Anaximenes, after we have examined whether of these four Lovers love Artelisa best, to know of Artelisa which she loves best; for being all four very excellent persons, and pretending an equal claim to her love, I conceive that her inclination ought to be judge of this grand controversy. You speak very well, saies the Princess Clarinta, and since Artelisa, hath heard all that may fortifie or weaken her inclinations, 'tis only she that can decide this great business.

At this was that excellent Virgin extremely troubled, she reflected a little while on what she was to do, she blush'd, and discover'd in her countenance all the expressions of a violent disturbance; then at last resolving of a sudden, since I must clearly express my self, said she, and that I find more people of the side my heart is secretly inclin'd to, than of any other, I declare, That I shall think my self eternally oblig'd to Caliantes; that it is with abundance of regret I see Alcimedes unfortunate; that I am troubled for poor Lisydas; and that I make choice of Melicrates.

This sentence being pronounced, the contestation vanished, and all that was to be done, was to engage the three unfortunate Lovers to observe their words, that so no quarrel might happen between the happy and miserable. The Princess Clarinta with her ordinary prudence, went to acquaint the unfortunate with their misfortune, and Melicrates with his happiness; and this she did so ingeniously, that the respect they bore her, hindered them from breaking forth into violence before her. Caliantes seemed to be extremely afflicted, yet was it a grief that discovered divers expressions of constancy. Alcimedes betrayed more violence in his despair; and Lisydas was so overwhelmed by his, that he had not the power to speak one word: however, they desired the favour to take their leave of Artelisa, and to hear their sentence from her mouth; but the Prince and Princess made them let fall that suit, and obliging to leave Eryx, Clarinta recommended them to Merigenes, who the same day took them along with him to his Wilderness. Now to shew that an equality of misfortune does sometimes unite the most implacable enemies; These three Rivals hated one the other no longer, and Caliantes, who had been an antient friend of Melicrates's, would not see him after he had been chosen by Artelisa.

I shall not make it my business to aggravate the affliction of these three Lovers to you, and shall only tell you, that had it not been for the advice of Merigenes, and his illustrious friend, whom I told you of before, they had taken some more violent resolution than what they now have. Nor shall I give you any account of the magnificences of Artelisa's Nuptials, or the satisfaction of Melicrates; for according to the humor I then was, and still am of, I sought out the miserable rather than the happy, as such whose fortunes were more suitable to my own. I therefore thought it fitter to

embrace affliction with the unfortunate, than to enjoy my self with the fortunate, whence it came, that these three Lovers were purposely recommended to me and *Merigenes*, to have a more careful eye over them.

Now as things stood thus, the greatest news that was in *Sicily*, being of the great action *Brutus* had done, *Tarquin's* being forc'd away, *Rome's* liberty, and the War then breaking forth, I took a resolution to come and die for my Countrey, and have prevail'd with these three illustrious but unfortunate persons, to come and seek their recovery in serving *Rome*. They made me answer, that they would never seek after that which they knew they should never find, but were content to come and meet with death in *Brutus's* Army; and accordingly some few days after, we left the solitary *Merigenes* in his pleasant Wilderness, and took our way towards *Rome*, whither we came in the manner you saw.

Æmilius concluding his relation, left in the hearts of those that heard it, a violent desire to comfort those three unfortunate Lovers, whose valour had given them so much admiration, and whose misfortune so much pitty. *Amilcar* said, that he would endeavour their recovery, and that till then he had never met with any melancholly that was incurable. The reason is, replies *Octavius*, that you have ever had friends of your own humour; but for my part, I am perswaded, there are those afflictions that cannot be cured. *Horatius* was of the same opinion, as also *Hermionius* and *Æmilius*; yet all agreed, that there was not any which might not admit some alleviation. Hereupon it proving fair weather, they went all together to *Brutus's* Tent, to see if there were any Orders for them. They found *Valerius* there, and that it was to be debated how they should set upon the enemy, according to the account *Brutus* gave of them, who had taken a view of them: for this generous Consul had put it out of all debate, whether they should be assaulted or not. But as his judgement commonly concluded all consultations, whatever he propos'd was approved; and he gave out all necessary Orders for the carrying on of the assault that had been agreed upon: and that the Soldiery might be the better prepared, three hours were assigned to rest; and *Brutus* himself, though with no hope to sleep, yet cast himself on his Bed, his imaginations being then wholly taken up with the liberty of *Rome*, the revenge of *Lucretia*, and an extraordinary desire to overcome. At first these reflections permitted him not to close his eyes, but at last a weak slumber laying all his senses asleep, and chaining up his reason, left only his imagination at liberty. He had hardly closed his eyes, but represented it to him the admirable *Lucretia*, but so beautiful and so amiable, that he had never seen her so prepar'd to conquer hearts. He thought he was going towards *Lucretia*, who reaching forth her hand, said these words to him; *Thou shalt overcome, Brutus, you shall overcome; Rome shall be free, I shall be revenged, and we shall be eternally together*; At which *Brutus* conceiv'd such an excessive joy, that it awak'd him, and cruelly dispers'd that pleasant Idza, which a favourable dream had made him see. Then was he troubled his slumber had been so short; yet was not sorry he had enjoy'd, though

but for one minute, an object so delightful to him. But though there were hardly a man in *Rome* that gave less credit than *Brutus*, to good or ill presages, yet could he not but entertain some hopes of some over-coming from what had happened to him. Nay, he gave no fatal interpretation to the last words of *Lucretia*; so that not hoping to sleep any more, he called up his people, put on his Armor, and issuing out all necessary Orders, the Army went out of the Camp at the hour appointed for the assault.

But that you may the better comprehend how great an attempt this of *Brutus* was, you are precisely to know what kind of post the enemy was in. The Castle of *Arfia* was situated at the foot of those mountains of the Forrest, whence it hath its name, but extending themselves in a manner equally on both the right and left hand, they made a kind of a Crescent, in the midst whereof was a spacious Plain, which had on the one side high mountains, and on the other a fenny Wood, which made it almost inaccessible. Yet was there one place, through which it was impossible to come to *Tarquin's* Camp; but it being necessary to pass along the extremity of a Mountain that commands the whole Plain, it was a dangerous course to take; for the Plain was crossed by a little Rivulet, which having made divers turns along the Wood, falls into it, is swallowed up into it of a sudden, and then falls into the neck of a Mountain, which lies on the left hand of a Castle of *Arfia*.

Tarquin, being posted in a place so well fortifi'd by nature, had made all the advantages of it, that a great Captain could: for making Art and Nature combine together, he had added Trenches to a situation so strong of it self. So that a man well versed in matters of War, could not conceive it other than a rash attempt to force him, especially his Army being as numerous as that of *Brutus*. Besides, he had dispos'd his Camp along the little Rivulet I spoke of, behind which he had raised a Trench; and had taken such order that his Camp was inaccessible every way, what by the Rivulet that secur'd it, what by the Trench which made that yet more strong, what by the Wood, and what by the Fenn which could not be past through. The only place where they could set upon a post so fortifi'd by Art and Nature, was the high way from *Rome* to the Castle of *Arfia*, which was as I told you, pass'd by the foot of the Mountain, which seemed to be inaccessible: yet was there a necessity to master it, before they could so much as approach *Tarquin's* Camp. Nor had that Prince, who knew the consequence of it, neglected to put it into such a condition, that it could not be forc'd. To that end had he rais'd a Fort upon the descent of the Mountain, which looked towards the Plain, and had placed therein Machines, and people to manage them to defend it. From this Fort had he drawn a Line all along the Wood, up to the top of a Mountain, to a place so strong of it self, that men could not go it up. This Line was further made good by little Forts which he had raised at certain distances; and to make this Post somewhat stronger yet on that side, he fell'd a great number of Trees, which cast confusedly one upon another, and the boughs half cut off, and twining together, made a greater obstacle than a Wall could have done. There was yet another place which afforded a small

a small passage between two Mountains, but it being six or seven miles about to go to it, and to do that, there was a necessity of passing through places which *Brutus* could not possibly have any acquaintance with; and that besides, a great River fortified that place without any farther trouble. *Tarquin* thought it sufficient to fell down a many Trees to make the access the more difficult. Add to this, that the grofs of his Army lying on that side, he never feared being set upon that way. To be short, his Camp lay so advantageously, and he had so well improved what nature had offered him, that it was not without reason that he thought it inexpugnable. But *Brutus* was absolutely resolved to give him an assault; and to that end would needs in the first place attempt the line that was on the top of the Mountain, leaving the fort on the left hand, to take in the little Forts by which it was made good, for by that means mastering the ascent that commanded the other places, it would have been more easie to take in the Fort, and so come to a Battel in *Tarquin's* Camp. For *Valerius*, it was his business to set upon that great fortification of Trees, which secured the valley I told you of. So that *Brutus* was in hope that these two several assaults would oblige *Tarquin* to divide his forces, and consequently, that it would be more easie to overcome him; nay, that if he once gave way, it would be hard for him to avoid a total defeat; for that *Brutus* falling upon him from the Mountain, and *Valerius* possessing himself of the plain, he could not any way escape.

To put this so great a design in execution, *Valerius*, with the body under his command, departed earlier than *Brutus*, because he was to go a great way about, and that having resolved to make the assault at the same time, it was not thought fit *Brutus* should appear too soon before the enemy. In the mean time, this illustrious Consul issued out such orders as were necessary for those Forces that were to be engaged in the assault he was to make. *Octavius* with his party was commanded to make the first on-set; and *Mutius* commanding the same number of men, was ordered to relieve him, *Brutus* reserving two Battalions to be disposed of as need should require. For the Infantry, it consisted only of six battalions; of the first and second legion. The noblest souls, who had no particular command in this assault, were all about *Brutus*, except *Horatius* and *Spurius*, and some others that were with *Valerius*, for as to *Themistius*, *Meleagenes*, *Æmilius*, *Persander*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Caliantes*, *Alcimedus* and *Lisidas*, they were all about the first Confult. The place through which they were to go to the fight, was in a manner inaccessible; for there was a necessity of going up through a Vineyard that was digged up in divers places, and had at certain distances walls made Terrass-wise, to keep up the earth in a place so much digged up.

Yet could not all these several obstacles hinder, but the great *Brutus* was still in hope to overcome, and the image of *Lucretia* taking up all his thoughts he felt within him a certain assurance which permitted him not to hear any thing that reason suggested of the difficulty of the attempt. He therefore gave the first orders for the assault, but with such a noble and majestick countenance, that it might have been said he was confident of victory.

So that these forces with incredible violence, began that dangerous assault. They get up the Vineyard, though with abundance of difficulty, they courageously and impetuously break through the felled Trees, notwithstanding the darts of the enemies. But not able to do this great action without some disorder, by reason of the Trees, as also that the enemy made good their ground, they had much ado to rally after they had passed the felled Trees. On the other side, *Sextus*, a person of more gallantry than virtue, who commanded that place, coming up with a Body that had not been broken, gave a check to the forces of *Brutus*. Yet did they not give back, but quitting the hopes of Victory, they advanced not any farther.

In the mean time, *Brutus*, who out of the several desires of revenge, the liberty of his Countrey, and the love of Glory, would needs have a part in all that related to that dangerous attempt, comes up to see what had been the success of that first assault. But he was much surpris'd to see that his people had not forced the Trench; that *Octavius* and *Mutius* do what they could, were not able to make them advance, and that the meer respect they had for their leaders, hindred them from running away. *Brutus* much troubled at so unhappy a beginning, took a sudden and gallant resolution; yet was it a thing hard to comprehend how greater matters could be done by an equal number, than the former forces had been able to do, whereof there was not then any likelihood of making any advantage. So that looking on them as a sort of people absolutely unserviceable, it could not well be hop'd that they should force such as were stronger than themselves in number, out of so advantageous a Post. But on the other side, *Brutus* saw that if he retreated, he forsook the forces that had passed the fell'd Trees; that he lost the glory of the day; that he must expect the shame of having suffered half his forces to be destroyed without relief; and that this first ill success might hinder the revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*, as such as should dishearten his own Legions, and fill the Forces of *Tarquin* with hope and courage. So that love, hatred, revenge, and glory, quickning his resolutions in so pressing an emergency; after he had in an instant seen all I have told you, and well considered the difficulty of the attempt, and the shame of a retreat, he resolved on a sudden to take the more glorious way, imagining in that extremity, that he could not overcome such great obstacles, but meerly by the greatness of his own courage, and that it concerned his valor rather than his prudence to rescue him out of so great danger.

This resolution fixed upon, he alights, and puts himself in the head of the foot he had left. All the general Officers, all the Soldiers of fortune I have named to you, did the like, whereupon the generous Lover of *Lucretia* marched with an heroick violence strait to the enemies Trench. But he came up to it with such a noble confidence, that it made an impression in the hearts of all those that followed him, and the example of so prodigious a valor, raised so much joy in the forces that observed it, that the fear of death was to be found only among the enemies. All the Soldiery put the Victory out of all dispute, and they looked on those they were

to fight with, as people already overcome. For as soon as they saw *Brutus*, attended by his illustrious friends, courageously passing through the fell'd Trees with his sword drawn, the only strife was, who should get through first. All made such haste, that it might be said, that some great prize waited for them beyond the Trees, and so running tumultuously upon the enemies Trench, their disorder and confusion got them the Victory sooner than if they had fought discreetly. The enemy made good their ground very gallantly, but how could they long oppose the valor of a *Brutus*, attended by so many gallant persons, whom love, jealousy and despair, endued with new valor that made them invincible. So that *Tarquin's* forces not able to withstand so sharp an encounter gave back, and fought as people frightened, and such as thought their safety consisted in their flight. The night now coming on, being favorable to them, they endeavored to gain the Wood, and secure themselves there, but *Brutus* understanding that *Sextus* commanded on that side, pursued them with all the violence he could, and having killed a horseman of the enemies, he took his horse, and drove strait to the place where he thought to find *Sextus*, who was endeavoring to rally his Infantry; for things were in such a tumult, that no order could be observed. *Brutus* therefore coming up with his sword drawn towards him he thought *Tarquin's* eldest Son, he at last perceived he was not mistaken. So that fury seizing his thoughts, and the Idea of dying *Lucretia* filling his imagination, he set upon him with incredible earnestness. Ah Traitor! cried he to him, thou must at last be punished for thy crimes, and thy blood shall be the first spilt for the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Sextus* discovering by these words, that it was *Brutus* that spoke to him, put himself in a posture of defence; so that the engagement that happened between them, proved the most obstinate that can be imagined. Nay, at the first, neither of the parties were sensible of it, for *Brutus's* friends in the heat of the fight, knew not what was become of him; and *Sextus's* party being defeated, was run away, and had left him to shift for himself. So that he had no other assistance than that of his own valor to oppose that of *Brutus*, animated by the most just and most violent hatred that ever was. Whereupon *Sextus*, notwithstanding his gallantry, was wounded in three places, without so much as touching his enemy. Being in that condition, and fearing nothing so much as to come alive into the hands of that generous Roman, he did all that lay in his power to avoid it; for passing by to get behind *Brutus's* Horse, and *Brutus* endeavoring the same to him, their swords crossed, and that of *Sextus* broke: Being so disarmed, he put on his horse with all violence, so to make his escape. *Brutus* perceiving his design, would needs follow him, but being not so well horsed as *Sextus*, he could not execute his resolution; besides that, the night being come, and *Sextus* gotten into the Woods, where he found a party of his own that stood, having rallied together to make the retreat with the less confusion, *Brutus* was forced to be content with the sight of his enemies blood, and to have forced him to fly: whereupon he returned to that little Fort which he had so courageously taken in, and into which he got with the first. But

being come thither, he found himself in no less danger after he had overcome, than he had been in before to do it; for the enemy was still master of the Fort which was at the foot of the mountain, all his infantry was broken, what by the first assault which had proved ineffectual, what by that wherein he had the advantage, as having been undertaken upon the pursuit of the enemy, so that if *Tarquin* had then fallen upon him with all his Forces, the conquered might have beaten the conquerors.

This generous Roman having all his friends about him, did all a great Captain could do: for though the obscurity of the night, and the horror that attends darkness, made both parties equally afraid of surprises, yet did he not neglect any thing that could be done. To that end he commands, he acts, and with a diligence equal to his prudence and valor, he gets his foot together, makes his Horse repass the fell'd Trees, fortifies the Fort he had taken, and caused a great noise to be made by that military harmony, then in use among the Romans, purposely to let the enemy know, that he was still possessed of the ascents he had gotten, so to put them into the greater fright.

On the other side *Valerius*, a valiant and prudent man, had made his assault on the side of that fortification of Trees which defended the valley, which lay between the mountain which was near the Castle of *Arfia*, and that whence *Brutus* had forced away the enemy. But *Tarquin* never imagining he should be assaulted by that way which *Brutus* took, his main forces were towards the valley. So that *Valerius* meeting with more opposition than he expected, it was not possible for him to force the enemy. However, *Horatius* behaved himself very gallantly, all which notwithstanding, the whole day and part of the night were spent in fighting to no purpose. *Valerius* no sooner took in any Post, but the enemy forced him out of it again, insomuch, that there was one that had been gained and lost above three several times during the assault.

In the mean time, *Brutus* understanding how things stood, prepared with the day to go and facilitate the enterprise of *Valerius*, by marching along the mountains to set upon *Tarquin* in his Camp, hoping to force him to turn all his strength against him, and consequently, that being engaged on all sides, he might conceive the less hope of escape. For it was unlikely he should make his party good, being set upon two several ways with advantage when he had not been able to avoid being forced into places that seemed inaccessible. So that *Brutus* expecting with impatience to see the first rays of the Sun, discoursed of the great hopes he was in with his dear friend *Herminius*, who might well claim a great share of the glory of that day, as well as *Themistius*, *Meleagenes*, *Emilius*, *Caliantes*, *Alcimedee*, and *Lisidas*, whom their despair had not yet favored with the death they so much courted. *Oavius* and *Mutius* for their parts, did very great things, though the party they commanded did not acquit it self well at first. *Persander* and *Amilcar* had done all that gallant men could do, and *Brutus* having observed the courage of all his friends, conceived so great a hope of the Victory, that he made it unquestionable.

In the mean time *Tarquin* thought it his safest course to elude the valour of this generous *Roman*, or at least to defer his misfortune, and so he changed the place of his defeat. For being in that extremity, and perceiving he would be totally routed, if he gave his enemies the leisure to set upon him in the Post, wherein he then was, he took the advantage of the darkness to change it for another. Yet was it not his design to avoid fighting, but only to avoid an assault upon disadvantage. To that end he discamped with incredible diligence, and with such order, and so little noise, that neither *Brutus* nor *Valerius* had any notice of his removal; for he had caus'd a party of his to find *Valerius* play all the night, the better to elude him, and so made so handsome a retreat, that he left not so much as his baggage behind him. So that at the break of day, *Brutus* and *Valerius* were both equally astonished to see *Tarquin* possess'd of an eminent place at a distance, in the midst of a Plain, between two Mountains: Is it possible, O ye gods, protectors of *Rome*, cries out *Brutus*, that a Prince so laden with crimes, should be so prudent and so happy! Whereupon, without losing any further time, he marches on with his forces, finds out *Valerius*, and, the whole Army being joyn'd, makes towards the enemy, to prevent him from fortifying himself. There lay between both Armies a narrow passage, which would admit but one abreast—but *Brutus* being perswaded that the liberty of *Rome* depended on a battel, would not give *Tarquin* the leisure to put himself into such a posture, as that he could not be forc'd to fight. On the other side, *Tarquin* knowing what importance that narrow place was to him, maintained it with a strange obstinacy. The Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus*, though antient friends to the greatest part of their enemies, did things beyond ordinary valour. For *Brutus*, it cannot be imagined with what earnestness he encouraged his men, as well by words as by example, with what vigor he forced the enemy, and with what courage he was seconded by all the stoutest of his Army. *Herminius*, *Amilius*, and *Mutius*, adding the sentiments of emulation and jealousy, to those of love and glory, did all that Lovers desirous to be recommended by Fame to their Mistresses, could do, nay, all that generous *Romans* could perform. *Horatius*, out of love and despair did no less; *Amilcar* expressed abundance of valour; *Octavius*, the better to prove his birth, fought like a true *Roman*; and the three Lovers of *Artelisa*, did as much as can be imagined they could. But these fighting without minding hazard or advantage, the unfortunate *Lisidas* was killed, as they pass'd the narrow place, which *Tarquin* was at last forced to quit: so that the fierce Tyrant perceiving he could not avoid an engagement, chose rather so to act, as if he had been desirous to fight. To be short, while a party of his Horse relieved those that made good the narrow place, he had put his battel in array; so that though *Brutus* should have forced him, yet was it but necessary he kept his men from being too forward, lest that while he pursued those that retreated, *Tarquin* might set upon him in disorder. He therefore had no sooner view'd the countenance of the enemy, but giving order that the Troops should rally as soon as they were pass'd through, he array'd them in sight of the contrary

Army; but he did it with such order, that it could hardly be conceived, that those several bodies had pass'd through the narrow place, after a sharp encounter. Now was the fate of *Rome* in the power of fortune; the two Armies were in a manner equal as to number, the Commanders valiant, the Sun favour'd neither side, the wind was as impartial, and the day was so clear, that *Brutus* (such a calm was there in his mind) perceiv'd a man on horse-back upon a little mountain on the left hand, who seem'd as if he had been desirous to avoid the contrary Army, and to make what haste he could to come to his: for he shew'd him to *Herminius*, not knowing but that it was some body that was to bring him intelligence, or some Officer of *Tarquin's* that had desert'd his party. *Valerius* that day commanded the right wing, and *Brutus* the left; opposite to the former were the *Veientes*, with Prince *Titus* in the head of them; for *Sextus* by reason of his wounds came not into the fight; so that *Brutus* had to deal with the forces of *Tarquinius*, commanded by the Prince of *Pometia*. That generous Prince had done all he could to avoid having to do with the brother of the person he lov'd; but things being dispos'd otherwise, by reason of *Sextus's* wound, he was forced to come against that man, who of all the world was the dearest to *Hermilia*, excepting himself. For *Brutus* his thoughts were so taken up with revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*, that he look'd on whatever was in *Tarquin's* Army, as what he was oblig'd to destroy. Nor did he appear otherwise in the head of his men, than one whose extraordinary forwardness, seem'd to presage a victory to those that look'd on him.

The two Armies being thus in a posture of fighting, and so near one the other, that it was impossible but they must come to blows. *Brutus*, though the weather were very fair, heard a thunder-clap on his left hand, which was a happy presage to his Forces; for, according to the observations of the antient *Thuscans*, Thunder coming on the left hand of an Army ready to fight, was a sign of victory. *Brutus* therefore making his advantage of so favourable a disposition, as that he then perceived in his Forces, gave order for the charge, and march'd on, and all follow'd, so that that great body, consisting of so many different parties, being animated by the same spirit, came up without the least disorder, within a Darts cast of the enemy. *Tarquin* on the other side, being in the head of his main battel, advanced towards *Brutus*, as *Brutus* did towards him; The first cast of Darts happen'd at the same time, so that meeting together and crossing, they did less execution than if they had been cast successively. But when that shower of Darts was over, the fight began with the Cavalry, the right wing, which was *Valerius's*, engag'd with that of Prince *Titus*, and had at first very much the advantage; and that of *Brutus* with the Prince of *Pometia's*.

But *Brutus*, desirous to shew by his own example, how he should slight death that would carry a victory, advanced twenty paces before with his sword drawn, seeming by a threatening action to challenge him that was in the head of the wing that was opposite to him (though some have interpreted it otherwise.) The Prince of *Pometia* perceiving the eyes of two great Armies to be upon him,

him, turns to a friend of his that knew the affection he bore *Hermilia*, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, May it please the gods, said he to him, that if I cannot overcome without killing *Hermilia's* Brother, that I may not survive the victory. Whereupon that generous Prince being obliged to do what in point of honor he could not avoid, advanced before his forces, as *Brutus* did before his. So that they had the glory of exchanging the first blows of that bloody battel. But alas, those blows proved fatal to both, since that by a strange destiny, the wounds they gave one the other, prov'd both mortal; for at the same time that *Brutus* violently made towards the Prince of *Pompeia*, he came as eagerly towards him, and meeting together with equal impetuosity, *Brutus*, as he run his sword through his enemy, run himself upon his, so that they were both seen to fall together, whereupon follow'd a most cruel fight, between the *Tarquinius* and the *Romans*. But to shew how predominant the love of *Lucretia*, and that of his Country was in *Brutus's* heart; O ye just gods! cry'd he falling, (as one that was near him hath related since) I die satisfied, so *Rome* be free, and *Lucretia* revenged.

Herminius extremely troubled at this accident, caused the body of his illustrious friend to be brought off, to see whether he were quite dead, which perceiving he was, the indignation he conceived thereat, added very much to his ordinary valour, and made him to do things worthy immortal glory. *Æmilius* and *Mutius* did also all that persons of Worth and courage could do; but the soldiery disheartened at the death of *Brutus*, fought at first but very weakly; insomuch that soon after being unwilling to be commanded by *Octavius*, *Mutius*, *Herminius*, or any of the other Chiefs, they began to give ground, and to run away, and that with such confusion one upon another, that the stoutest were forced to go along with the disordered multitude, who despairing of victory, now that *Brutus* was dead, would by no means fight it out. It was therefore to no purpose, that *Calpurnius* and *Alcimedus* endeavoured by their example to rally them again; for having no leader they would confide in, they did only what their fear advis'd them to.

In the mean time though the enemy had lost a valiant Prince, but not so considerable among the *Tarquinius*, as *Brutus* was among the *Romans*, yet not despairing of Victory, they fought courageously; besides that, *Tarquin* hearing of the death of his Son, came in person to the place, so that the *Roman* Forces being frightned, never was there a more horrid spectacle; for the *Tarquinius* dispatched all before them, notwithstanding the opposition of *Brutus's* illustrious friends. So that though *Valerius* had had the advantage over the left wing of the enemy, yet was the battel in a fair way to be lost, as to the *Romans*, when that Horseman that *Brutus* had seen on the Mountain on the left hand, and who was come into the Plain, came with his sword drawn among the *Roman* forces. At first was it not known whether he were a friend or an enemy; but it was soon discovered; for having observed the terror the *Romans* were in, and heard a confused report of *Brutus's* death; whither run you friends, says he to the frightned Souldiers, whither run you? you must be

slaves if you turn not upon the enemy, and you shall be free if you revenge *Brutus's* death; follow me then, and do but what I shall do before you. Some that heard these words, knowing that he that spoke them was *Aronces*, whom they had seen do such great actions in the Court of *Tarquin's* Palace, when he endeavoured the deliverance of *Clelia*, made a halt, and cried out *Aronces*, *Aronces*! *Herminius*, who strived to rally the Soldiers that run away, turning about at those out-cries, perceived that it was indeed the valiant *Aronces*, who was putting himself into a posture of fighting. So that crying out with the rest, *Aronces*, *Aronces*, the name passed from mouth to mouth, among those scattered forces, who thereupon looking on that Prince as an envoy from heaven, rallied, put themselves in order, and began to fight with a strange earnestness.

Aronces, in the first place killed *Helius*, with whom he had fought before, near *Ardea*, and who was one of the chief Commanders of the enemies Army. What added to his ordinary valour, was, that he saw *Octavius* do things worthy eternal fame; so that looking on him still as his Rival, he endeavoured to exceed him as much in valour as he thought he did in love. He therefore did things beyond description, because they would seem incredible, for he carried terror with him, wherever he made them feel the weight of his Arm. What was yet further remarkable, was, that his presence might be said to have dissolv'd that enchantment that lay upon the valour of the *Romans*. For at his arrival all the Soldiers were running away, and all those that were truly valiant, endeavoured what they could to rally them together. But *Aronces* appearing, and dispelling that terror, which the death of *Brutus* had had them into, there was not a coward left among the *Romans*. *Alcimedus*, for his part, did things worthy his great heart, and his despair, but after he had given many their deaths, he receiv'd his own from two valiant *Tarquinius*, that set upon him both at the same time. 'Tis true, he was soon revenged, for *Aronces* coming to the place, killed one of them, and made the other fly. *Calpurnius* had near miscarried at the same time, but *Mutius* killed him that should have killed the other. For *Themistus*, he behaved himself very gallantly; *Meleagrus* did no less; *Amilcar* made it appear, that his courage was equal to his wit; and *Herminius* and *Æmilius*, fought as Rivals that would surpass *Mutius*, revenge *Brutus*, and deliver *Rome*. *Tarquin* on the other side managing his business, as a Prince that wanted neither Prudence nor courage, did all he could to preserve the advantage he had gotten at first over the left wing. So that *Aronces* met with no small difficulty, though the enemy had lost the greatest part of that confidence, which they had conceived at *Brutus's* death. *Valerius*, relieved by the valour of *Horatius*, *Spurius*, and divers others, lost nothing of what he had gained, yet could he not so manage his advantages, but that the Victory was still disputable. There was not any one body of either Army, that had not been engaged, so that all was full of blood, horror, and death, but especially the place where *Aronces* was, as being the most dangerous, and that where was the greatest number of both sides killed. At last, night coming on, added to the horror

horror of the day, in regard that neither side being willing to give over, till the victory were compleated, the fight continued notwithstanding the darkness. Never was there seen any thing more dismal, than the end of that bloody day; for there being no distinction between friends and enemies, there was a fearful confusion in both Armies. Both good and bad actions were equally obscured by the night, it could be no longer known who fought well, and who did not; and the *Romans*, who had been inspired with new courage at the sight of *Aronces*, lost a part of it when they could no longer discern him. Nor was it to any purpose, that some called him, to see if he would answer, for night being come on, he was not seen after, and the last place his voice had been heard in, was that, where *Othavius* being still fighting, was very dangerously wounded by a certain man, who being hurt by another, just as he discharged a blow upon him, left his sword in his Arm; so that neither *Herminius*, nor *Amilcar*, nor *Persander*, nor any of his other friends spoke to him, nor knew what was become of him. All the hope they had was, that he would be found in the Camp, when they had made their retreat, and so fought on still on their side, as *Valerius*, *Horatius*, and the rest did on theirs.

But as night naturally brings horror with it, and that the objects that appear, seem to be both magnified and multiplied, that confused voices seem more terrible and frightful; and, that no order can be observed, a certain terror equally seized both sides, So that *Valerius* and *Tarquin* giving out their several orders for a retreat, the *Romans* disengag'd as they could from the *Tarquinius* and the *Veientes*, and they in like manner got off as they could from the *Romans*. The desire of retreating being general in both parties, they both left the field to the dead that covered it, and retired with the fatal imagination of being overcome. For there fell so great a number on both sides, that Victory seemed not to be of either. The *Tarquinius* bewailed the Prince of *Pometia*, and the *Romans* *Brutus*, as the Father of the Countrey. In the mean time *Herminius*, who had taken a care of his body, had sent it to the Camp by certain Soldiers at the beginning of the fight. For *Othavius*, he had courageously caused the sword which was run through his Arm, to be drawn out by *Amilcar*, who chanced to be near him; nay, *Othavius* kept it instead of his own that had been broken; whereupon retreating with the rest, he got to the Camp, less troubled for his wounds, which yet was very dangerous, than for *Brutus's* death.

Now was it that the *Romans* were more fully sensible of the loss they had received; for there was so great a number of empty Tents, that it was easily seen the number of the dead was very great. That also of the wounded was such, that there were not people enough to dress them. *Aronces* was not to be heard of by any, which raised some suspicion he might be dead; *Horatius* was also to seek, and the death of *Brutus* was so considerable an accident, that all put together, the consternation was general. *Valerius*, who knew not for certain what posture the enemy was in, was afraid *Tarquin* might come and set upon him in his Trenches, to compleat the Victory; so that he

gave order, that the remainder of his Army, notwithstanding the weariness and the service of the day before, should be in Arms all night; and to give example to others, he went himself round about the Camp. *Brutus's* body was all this while in the Tent that was his, when living, attended by the same Victors who were wont to accompany him, and divers of his friends bewailing him. *Othavius* after he had been dress'd in his Tent, was extremely surpris'd to find that the sword *Amilcar* had taken out of his Arm, was not unknown to him, for it was one he had formerly presented *Clelius* with, and he knew had been afterwards bestowed on *Aronces*. *Amilcar* knew it also to be the same, and could not tell what to think of that accident. So that being surpris'd thereat, they talked of it as a thing they made no secret of, not knowing what to conceive of so odd an adventure, as having not heard how *Aronces* got out of *Tarquinius*, or whether it was he that had hurt *Othavius*, or what was become of him; all they knew was, that when *Othavius* was hurt, *Aronces's* voice had been heard very near him, and that afterwards no body knew whither he was gone. For *Horatius*, some reported he had been heard after the beginning of the retreat, but of that there was no great certainty, and what was out of all doubt was, that he was not to be heard of any more than *Aronces*; that *Brutus* was dead, that *Lisidas* and *Alcimedee* were so too, that *Othavius* was dangerously wounded, that a great number, both of the Officer and Soldiery was cut off, and that those that were left were very much disheartened.

In the mean time, the fear the whole Camp was in, made all think it the less difficulty to watch, there being nothing that so much hinders sleeping. *Valerius* went round the Camp, as I told you, but it was with the greatest affliction he could be capable of, whether as a generous friend, or true Roman, but by that time he came to that side of the Camp, that look'd towards the Forrest of *Arfia*, it might be about an hour before day. Then was it the Empire of Silence, and the Sky being clear, the night was fair enough and quiet enough. So that *Valerius* making a halt on a little ascent that was on that side, he hearkened attentively to hear if there were any noise in the field on the enemies side. But it was not long e'r he heard what his whole Camp, as also that of *Tarquin*, heard as well as himself, and what all posterity hath wondered at since; that is, a miraculous voice, which coming out of the bottom of the Forrest, with a shrill noise, uttered these words, very intelligibly to both Armies.

The Romans are victorious, for their enemies have lost one man more than they have, in the battle.

This voice, which both Armies took for that of the Genius of the place, fill'd their minds with a deep respect, and a sacred astonishment. There was also seen a bright and sudden lightening, issue out of the place whence it came, that enlightned the whole Horizon on the side of the Roman Camp, so that that miraculous adventure, heightning the courage of the Roman Army, all the Soldiers were so importunate to return to fight, that at the break of day *Valerius* quitted the Camp, and marched straight

straight to the place where he had left the enemy. But he found him not there, for that prodigious voice having startled *Tarquin's* Soldiers, he had been forced to discamp in all haste, and to leave his baggage behind him. So that the *Roman* Army finding the Camp forsaken, enriched it self with the spoils thereof, as victorious *Valerius* would have pursued the enemy, could he have hoped to overtake him; but thinking it better not to hazard any thing, and to make the advantage of his victory with safety, he forbore all thoughts of it. When therefore the Soldiers had burthened themselves with booty, and that he had caused all the considerable Arms to be taken away, and all the Ensigns, to make his return to *Rome* the more glorious, he gave order for the funerals of those that died in the field, among whom they found neither *Aronces* nor *Horatius*. He took also a particular care for those of *Lisidas* and *Alcimedus*, whose bodies *Calientes* desired to have, to bestow a Monument on them, wherein he pretended he would be e'r long dispos'd himself.

Valerius being returned to his own Camp, heard that *Tarquin* was retreated towards *Veia*, whereupon he sent to *Rome* the news of his Victory, intending to turn thither the next day to re-inforce his Army, and accordingly take new resolutions, as also to bring thither the body of *Brutus*. He that *Valerius* sent, being come to *Rome*, they looked in his countenance, to see whether he brought good news or bad, and when he told them that the *Roman* Army had overcome, an excessive joy spread it self through all their hearts that heard him; but when he afterwards told them, that the Victory had cost the illustrious *Brutus's* life, and that he dy'd after he had kill'd the Prince of *Pometia*, the joy was turn'd into grief, and there was such a competition between these two contrary sentiments, that it may be said, that never was victory entertained with so many tears. For *Brutus* was so generally looked on, as the deliverer of *Rome*, that if that miraculous voice, that had declared the *Roman* Army victorious, had not persuaded the people that *Brutus* would still be their protector after his death, all the satisfaction of the victory would not have appeased them for his loss. The *Roman* Ladies expressed their particular affliction for his death, for they looked on *Brutus*, not only as the deliverer of his Countrey, but also as the protector of feminine virtue, because of the revenge he had taken for the violence *Sextus* had done to the admirable *Lucretia*.

After this Envoy of *Valerius* was arrived at *Rome*, came in abundance of wounded men, so that *Clelia* soon understood that *Octavius* was hurt, and that, (as it was thought in the Camp) by *Aronces*, who had been the occasion of the recovery of the battel. She also understood at the same time, that it was not known what became of him after the fight, no more than it was of *Horatius*; so that she was extremely troubled at the accident happened to her Brother, as also that it was suspected that *Aronces* had wounded him, and that *Aronces* was not to be found, though he could not but take some comfort in the glory he had acquired, and the service he had done: For *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, as they had a tender affection for

Octavius: so were they extremely incensed against *Aronces*, and would not reflect on any thing that might either clear or excuse him. For the adventure of the sword which *Clelius* had sometime given him, and had now been taken out of *Octavius's* arm, seem'd to them a circumstance too too pregnant to be avoided, especially since *Aronces's* voice was heard near *Octavius* when he was hurt: So that he seem'd to be so exasperated against *Aronces*, that he did all he could to hinder the service he had done from being publish'd at *Rome*, and prevailed so far, that it was neither publicly mentioned in the Senate, nor did *Valerius* give the people any account of it.

But though the affliction *Clelia* conceived at these accidents, were extraordinary, yet was it not comparable to that of *Hermilia*, when it was told her, that her Lover and her Brother had kill'd one the other, as also what the Prince of *Pometia* said, as he advanced towards *Brutus*, for he whom he spoke to, being taken prisoner, had given her an account of it. *Valeria* was then with her, as also *Collatina*, who hearing that *Herminius* and *Titus* had escaped, and had acquired great fame, were in a condition to comfort their friend, though they were extremely troubled for *Brutus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, whom they infinitely esteemed. But neither their ingratitude, their friendship, nor their tears, could appease the cruel affliction of *Hermilia*. She was at first so surpris'd at that fatal news, that she could neither weep nor speak. Then she looked like one ready to die for grief: but after her first sighs and first tears had opened a passage for her voice, she uttered so many complaints, and spoke so many passionate things, that it would have wrought upon the most obdurate hearts. How, said she to her friends, can I, without dying, hear that *Brutus* hath killed the Prince of *Pometia*, and that the Prince of *Pometia* hath killed my Brother? Or can I be Mistress of my own thoughts, as things now stand, without thinking on what is base and unjust? No, no, my dear *Valeria*, added she, it is impossible it should be so, but since I have lost those two persons, who of all the world were the dearest to me, I must needs lose my glory, and be unjust, ungrateful, and unnatural. For when I reflect on the Prince of *Pometia*, and imagine him dead, I hate him that kill'd him, be he what he will. But when I also consider *Brutus*, and imagine I see him dead, after he had acquired so much Fame, the object of my hatred is changed, and I abhor him by whose means he lost his life. So that hating sometimes the one, sometimes the other, and yet having a passionate affection for both, I suffer an affliction that cannot be parallel'd. In the mean time I condemn my own tears, and at the same instant, that I think it just to weep away my life, an imagination comes into me, that I ought not to bestow my tears on either. For if I bewail *Brutus*, I bewail him that kill'd the person I had the greatest affection for, and who had no less for me: and if I bestow my tears on that unfortunate Lover, I do it on him that hath deprived me of the most illustrious Brother that ever Sister had, and for whom I had the tenderest friendship that nature and virtue can raise in the heart of a person that can love well. What shall I then do, wretch that

I am

I am? whom shall I blame, whom shall I bemoan, and on whether of the two shall I bestow most tears? You may, in my opinion, saies *Valeria*, bewail them both innocently, for they had an esteem and respect for one the other, and fortune having dispos'd them in the head of two contrary Armies, Honor obliged them to fight as if they had not. So that you must not look on them as the occasions of one anothers death; there is a great difference between Battels and single Combats, a man is not at his choice whom to kill; and therefore the only person to be hated is *Sextus*, as being the cause of the War, and so you are allowed to bemoan your illustrious Brother and Lover.

Ah! my dear *Valeria*, reply'd she sighing, 'twere in vain to torbid me, for I find, that if death do not suddenly close these eyes, they will be eternally open to tears. No question, *Valeria*, but I shall ever bewail both my illustrious Brother, and my illustrious Lover; and that I shall ever feel the saddest sentiments that can proceed from an affectionate friendship, and a passionate love, when one hath lost, in so fatal a manner, the objects of both, and cannot accordingly ever after, hope for so much as one moment of pleasure, or one minute of rest. Nay, added this afflicted Beauty, had I lost them by some other way, as that it *Spurius* had kill'd the unfortunate Prince of *Pometia* and *Tarquin*, the unfortunate *Brutus*, it were some kind of comfort to me to have a horrid aversion for those that had taken away their lives. For hatred is a passion that employs and diminishes grief. People send up their imprecations against those that are the cause of it, they endeavour to ruine them, and rejoyce at their death when it happens. But all this is forbidden me, and grief and joy cannot be innocently together in my heart. I can neither love nor hate without a secret remorse, which puts me into a confusion, and without feeling my self seiz'd by a certain fury, whereof I dare not search into the bottom of my soul for the cause, for fear I should find it to be a criminal one. In fine, nature, friendship, love and virtue, furnish me with so many several thoughts, that I think it will cost me the loss of my reason.

While *Hermilia* struggled with sentiments so sad, so passionate, and so disordered, it was resolv'd in the Senate, that *Valerius* should be received in triumph; as well to do his valour a justice, as to make the victory of the Roman Army the more remarkable, that the partisans of *Tarquin* might not weaken the relation of it, by those false reports which they scatter'd among the people. *Luccretius* and *Valerius*, as the most considerable of the Senate, omitted nothing that might contribute to the honor of *Valerius* living, or *Brutus* dead. The Consul, acquainted with the resolution of the Senate, discamp'd, and caus'd his Army to march back into Rome, in the same order that it had left it. The Lictors with the Ax and Fasces went before him, which was the first time they did it; for that honor was proper only to the first Consul; *Valerius* march'd in the midst of his Forces, a triumphal Chariot before him, whereon was the body of *Brutus*, covered with black Tapesty purfled with Gold. And to do him the greater honor, the

Body was set upon the richest spoils of the enemy; for there were seen Ensigns starting out on both sides, sumptuous Arms in divers places, and magnificent Bucklers all about. Several prisoners chain'd follow'd the Chariot of the illustrious deceas'd, it being *Valerius's* design to express thereby, that he only deserved the honor of the triumph.

But it being requisite to infuse courage into the people, *Valerius* had not any thing of mourning, either in his Arms or his Equipage. On the other side, all the people of Rome went as far as they could to meet *Valerius*; and the high way as he pass'd along, was all bordered with Tables well furnish'd, whence the people took divers things to present to the Soldiers as they pass'd by, who yet made no stay to receive them. The way was strew'd with flowers, and the Senate, in Body, met *Valerius* without the City Gates. All the streets were hung with rich Tapesty, and all the Ladies at the windows to see the solemnity pass by. But after all, notwithstanding those great demonstrations of Victory, the sight of the Chariot, wherein the body of the illustrious *Brutus* was, caus'd more tears of grief than of joy to be shed. In the mean time *Valerius*, according to the pious custom of the Romans, went to the Temple to offer to the gods, the spoils of the enemy, as it were, to acknowledge victory came from them. Which done, having caus'd the body of *Brutus* to be placed under a mourning Canopy, in the midst of the spacious place, that was before *Jupiter's* Temple, and put on a black Robe, such as were then worn in publick Mourning, he went up into the place appointed for those who had some Order to communicate to the people, and by that means, as 'tis thought at least, proved the first institutor at Rome, of that laudable custom of making Elogies on illustrious men deceas'd; a thing in use long before among the Grecians. *Valerius* therefore being compassed by the Senate, all the persons of quality in Rome, and an innumerable multitude of people, who by an awful silence seem'd to expect what he would say to them, began to speak in these terms.

BRUTUS's Funeral Oration.

I T were injustice in me, generous Romans, to enjoy the honor of the victory, without acquainting you, that it is to this illustrious deceas'd Person that you owe it, and putting you in remembrance of all he hath done for you, that so it may never out of your memory; Give me then leave to entertain you with a slight account of his Life, and so let you know after what manner you ought to bewail your Deliverer. I need say nothing to you of his illustrious birth, you know it as well as I do; nor shall

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shall I trouble you with any celebrations of the virtue of his Ancestors, for his own having exceeded theirs, it were unjust to derive his praise from the Virtues of another. But I beseech you, Romans, forget not that tedious captivity of Brutus's Reason, which is the cause of your present freedom, and that Rome shall never again be a slave to the Tyrant's Will. Remember how that he devoted his whole life, to work out your safety, that, as soon as that favourable conjuncture of time, which he had expected for so many years, was come, he employed all his understanding, and all his courage, in order to your liberty, and, without minding either his Fortune or his Life, all his endeavours have been only to make you happy, to revenge the virtuous Lucretia, to punish the infamous Sextus, and to knock off those ignominious Fetters of Slavery that we had groaned under for so long time. He hath knocked them off, Romans, and you ought eternally to look on him as your Deliverer, and have for him the same respect as you have for the illustrious Founder of Rome. Besides, you are not only obliged to him for all he hath done, to turn Tarquin out of the Throne he had usurped; all that by his prudence he hath done to unite you, since the Tyrant hath ceased to be your Master; all he hath done in the assault of the enemy's Camp, where he expressed his valour, after so glorious a manner; what he did when he wounded the infamous Sextus, the great actions he was seen to do, when he forced that dangerous narrow passage, which hindered us from being able to force Tarquin to a Battel; and lastly, what he hath done since in the head of our Forces, and in the sight of both Armies, when he killed one of the most valiant Princes in the world: but you are further obliged to him, for all we have done to gain the victory after his death, since we are only feeble imitators of his Virtue. Nay, Rome it self is obliged to him, for all the greatness, and all the glory which I foresee she will arrive to hereafter; and as long as there shall be Romans, there will be ungrateful men, if they have not such a veneration for Brutus, as, in some sort, comes near that which they have for the immortal gods. In a word, that prodigious voice, that hath declared us Conquerors, is an infallible presage to us of the interest he hath with the gods. Let us therefore bewail our illustrious Deliverer; but, generous Romans, we are not to bewail him as an ordinary person. It is not by fruitless tears that we

must express the indignation we are in for his sake, it is by multiplying our aversion against those that are the occasions of his loss; 'tis by taking a resolution to put that design in execution, which he had to exterminate the race of the Tarquins, and to dye a thousand times, rather than enter into slavery again. 'Tis thus, Romans, that we must express our affliction for the loss of a man that died so gloriously, that his Funeral Solemnity is a Triumph: for a man, I say, who, for the small time, that he durst discover his Reason, hath made it appear, that he was not only free from all Vice, but also that he had a prudence equal to his understanding, was as eminent for his courage, as his moderation; for his mildness, as his constancy; had more Virtue than all the Romans put together, and a thousand times more love for his Countrey, than he had for himself.

While Valerius spoke, the people heard him with such an awful silence, that it was easily seen that they were pleased with the praises of Brutus. He had no sooner left off speaking, but, though he had forbidden tears, there were heard so many cries, and so many complaints, and such sobbing and sighing, mixt with the acclamations they gave the actions of that illustrious deceased, and the words of Valerius, that people could not distinctly hear one another. But since it was a point of prudence not to soften the hearts of the people too much by so sad an object; they made what haste they conveniently could, to give the illustrious Brutus the last honors he could receive; and by the order of Valerius and the Senate, it was resolved a Statue should be erected to him at the publique charge, the more to immortalize his glory. And to conclude so remarkable a day, with some expressions of joy, Valerius, according to the custom, entertained the most considerable of the Senate. The next day visited Brutus's Aunt and Sister, where he found all the Roman Ladies in Mourning, which they had engaged themselves not to put off, during the space of one year, so to acknowledge, as they said, the obligation their Sex ought to Brutus, who had so well revenged the virtuous Lucretia. In a word, there was not a woman in Rome, that mourned not for the death of Brutus, as if he had been her Father. Valerius went also to visit Clelius, who was very much troubled, because of the danger of Octavius's wound, and was so much the more, if I may so say, out of an imagination that Aronces had hurt him, as conceiving him to be still his Rival. There were indeed no infallible proofs of it, but the circumstances were very pregnant, in so much that Clelius being a man of a violent nature, if Horatius had been then at Rome, would have forced Clelia to have preferred him before Aronces. Great then must needs be the affliction of that admirable Lady, for she saw her Brother in danger, she

she knew not whether *Aronces* had hurt him, was to learn whether he were living or no; she was troubled even at *Horatius*'s absence, out of a fear, lest he and *Aronces* might meet together; and no doubt but she suffered all that a person that loves truly, could suffer. Yet was her disquiet encreased three daies after, for not only *Octavius* grew

worse than he had been, but she heard that *Zenocrates* was newly arrived at *Valerius*'s, and had brought a very sad account of *Aronces*; so that she felt not only those misfortunes that had already happened to her but was also sensible of all those that might.

The End of the Third Part of CLELIA.

E e e 2

CLELIA

CLELIA.

An Excellent

NEW

ROMANCE.

The FOURTH VOLUME.

Written in *FRENCH* by the Exquisite Pen of
Monsieur de *SCUDERY*, Governor of *Nostre-*
Dame de la Garde.

Rendered into English by *G. H.*



L O N D O N;

Printed for *Dorman Newman*, and *Tho. Cockerill*, at the Kings Arms
in the *Poultry*, and at the *Atlas* in *Cornhill*, 1677.

To all who are interested in the
history of the city of New York

AND THE CITY OF NEW YORK



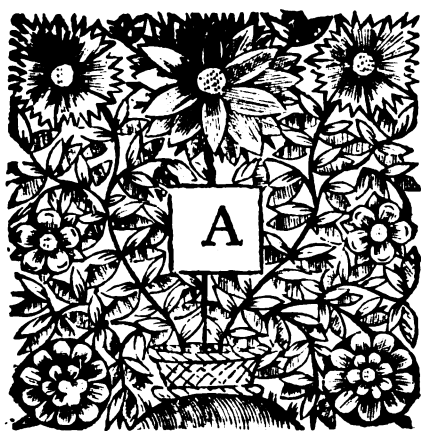
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To the Right Worshipful,
The Lady Mary S. Quintin.

M A D A M,



Amongst all the remarkable expressions, in which Learned persons have endeavour'd to sum up the excellencies of History, I know not whether the invention of any was more happy, than his, who term'd it, The Image or Picture of Life, since it faithfully represents to our eye, all the variety and circumstances of humane actions, in which our life principally consists. But Histories are like Picture, either drawn according to the resemblance of some real example, or merely made out of the invention of the Writer. To which latter, as a greater measure of skill is requir'd, so the liberty the Designer's Fancy is left to, enables him to make a more exquisite and perfect Piece, than he could do, if he were confin'd to trace out the lineaments of some proposed pattern; as it is without doubt, possible for an Artist to pourtray a Piece of more exact symmetry and shape, than ever was framed by Nature. Nor ought it to seem strange, that I in general, give the pre-eminence to these Modern fained Stories, above all true (I mean profane,) as well in reference to Profit as Delight. Those we have received from Antiquity, give us scarce more than Pourtraits halfe drawn; perhaps they represent to us a Consul, or some other great person in the Field, and possibly give us a little taste of his abilities in the Senate, but afford us very little knowledge, how generous his deportment was in conversation; and amongst his Friends, how nobly he loved or hated; and how tender a relation, or faithful friend, he shewed himself in all the diversities of adventures: All which, no question, are of great importance to the Reader's improvement and pleasure, to be handsomely describ'd.

The Piece, Madam, I humbly address to your Ladyship, was drawn by an approved Hand, the same that made Cyrus Great, and Ibrahim Illustrious; and which the most intelligent persons doubt not to commend for a Master-piece. I acknowledge it is but a part of a greater Work; yet the several Histories transiently interwoven in the Grand one, are perfect in themselves; it being the custom of this incomparable Author, contrary to that of most others, to perform more than he promises in his Title. The main design is the relation of the adventures of an excellent Lady, and I could not do her greater justice upon her arrival into England, than to recommend her to the protection of one that is

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so too : Which I have reason to be assur'd, will not be lookt upon as an expression of formal flattery, since as many as have the happiness to know you, esteem you a Lady of great goodness, prudence, and virtue ; and since your excellent accomplishments are, notwithstanding the eminency of your quality, known to more than your person. The consideration of which, principally induc'd me to make this humble dedication, upon confidence, that amongst so many perfections, you could not be averse to pardon it ; though I had together some motive of self-interest, believing the rest of the Book would be more acceptable to the Readers, when they met with your name in the beginning of it ; and that they would be more favourable to my faults, when they saw you had permitted me the honor to subscribe my self,

Madam,

Your Ladyships most

Humble Servant,

G. H.

CLELIA.

A

Romane History.

The Fourth Part.

The First BOOK.



Hillt *Clelia* augmented her sorrows, by adding the misfortunes she feared to those she already suffered; *Valerius*, who was at that time sole Consul, had in his company *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, who was newly arrived from *Clusium*, to inform him of divers important and unwelcome tidings; which when he had delivered disorderly, in gross; *Valerius* desired him to relate something more particularly. I beseech you then (replied *Zenocrates*) tell me first, whether you would have me speak of *Tarquinius*, *Porfenna*, and the Princess of the *Leontines*, before I declare what I know concerning *Aronces*, whose destiny hath without doubt, been very extraordinary. *Aronces* is so great a Prince, (said *Valerius*) and served *Rome* so signally in the Battel we lately won, and moreover, it is so highly important to us, that the King his father be not engaged in the interests of the Enemy, that I should be very glad to understand, what is become of him. For my own concern (interposed *Herminius*) the affection I have for that Prince, gives me an ardent desire of learning his condition. And for me, (added *Amilcar*) having had a longer knowledge of his rare qualities than you, I must, without question, love him more, and consequently have a greater curiosity to learn what betides him, than you can have. It being so, (replied *Zenocrates*) you may then be pleased to know, that towards the end of the Battel, when the fight continued in the darkness of the night, wherein Friends and Enemies could not distinguish one another; and the confusion was so great, that either Party thought themselves defeated. *Aronces* having notwithstanding the darkness, pursued some of the enemies, passed from the Right Wing of your Army to the left; by reason they which fled, not knowing whither they fled, by mistake, directed their way thither, supposing they were going to joyn with their own Forces. But as soon as they perceived their error, they changed the course of their Retreat. At which instant, *Aronces*, who knew not that *Sextus* was no longer in the Battel, thought he understood by the voice of one of those he pursued, that he was amongst them, upon which, his hatred inspiring him with an ardent desire of victory, he pursued them more closely than before. But being willing to associate some other to him, the better to execute his design, he began to cry out, Here, *Romans*, here; here is a Son of *Tarquinius*, that would steal away by favor of the night. These words, which *Aronces* pronounced very loud, were understood by *Horatius*, who knew not, that his Rival was escaped from his Prison, because he had not stirred from the left Wing; and that it was at the Right, where this valiant Prince had fought so long, as the day lasted. So that *Horatius*, without knowing the voice of his Rivall, in as much as it was something altered by agitation and choler; and for that *Aronces* had uttered but three or four words; hastned only whither the desire of vanquishing the son of *Tarquinius* called him. Therefore coming up to *Aronces*, without observing who he was, and seconding his valor, they both put themselves upon pursuit of them that retired; who many times making head upon those that chased them, testified, that they wholly wanted not courage. But as it hapned, unfortunately for *Aronces* and *Horatius*, they fell in with a gross of Horse of the *Veientes*; with which the pursued joining, not only stopt their course, but beset them round. Whereupon *Aronces* and *Horatius*, finding themselves in this dreadful danger, endeavored to exhort one the other, to sell their lives to the enemy at a dear rate; by which their speech discovered them, and they saw, they were more enemies among themselves, than of those whom they had pursued. Nevertheless, the desire of glory, and the sense of virtue uniting them for the present,

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they

they exploited things surpassing all belief, and more than once attempted to break through the body that encompassed them. But the horse of *Aronces* being slain, and his Sword broken with the fall, he was taken prisoner. So that *Horatius* being then alone in the midst of so many enemies, was constrained to yield to force, although he knew well, that certain death attended him, if he fell into the hands of *Tarquinius*. Thus these two Rivals saw themselves prisoners of War together, and they were immediately both committed to the custody of the same souldiers: who having seen them fighting on the same side, left them to discourse together what they pleased, without interrupting them. But I shall not detain you with a circumstantial Relation of that Converse, having several things of greater consequence to impart to you. I shall suffice to let you know, that *Horatius*, as a generous person, remembred in his addressing to *Aronces*, that he was obliged to him for his life; and that *Aronces* did not forget his accustomed generosity, when he spake to *Horatius*. Both of them having observed, by the speech of them to whom they were prisoners, that they were *Veientines*, they conceived they might not be known, since neither of them had ever been at *Veii* Nor had they lived long enough in *Italy*, although they had been there, to believe that these *Veientines* might have seen them any where else. Upon this persuation, they mutually engaged not to discover one another, and to endeavor their liberty conjointly; yet without promising to cease their mutual hatred; for there is a feud between them, which in probability cannot be terminated but with their lives. But they which had them in guard, desiring to know what they were, demanded of *Aronces*, who *Horatius* was, and of *Horatius* the same concerning *Aronces*; conceiving they might draw the truth from them better after this manner than otherwise. *Horatius* answered them, that *Aronces* was a *Sicilian*, that came to *Rome* since the War. And *Aronces* told them, that *Horatius* belonged to the forces of *Ardea*, which were come to the service of *Rome*, after *Tarquin* was constrained to raise his siege. Which accounts being not at all mistrusted, they were guarded without any extraordinary care, and were ordered to march together. For, as these *Veientines* perceived no more of their own party to come to joyn with them, they determined to make their retreat before the day should appear. Accordingly they took the way to *Veii*, towards which, all that routed-Army was disorderly retired; and they were no sooner at the foot of the Mountain, upon which that famous City is built, but they understood, that the people beholding the Army come back in disorder, and moreover, believing the defeat greater than it was, had tumultuously shut their gates, and declared, that they would not admit the Troops of *Tarquin*, but only those that had been lent him; adding boldly, that he secretly corresponded with the *Romans*, to cause them to be cut in pieces. It is true, that the chief of the *Veientines*, who understood more reason than the affrighted multitude, would have opposed this Sedition, but there was no means of calming it suddenly. So that *Tarquin* was forced to encamp at the foot of the Mountain, and in the mean while sent to negotiate with those, that had power to appease the

incensed multitude. During which, *Aronces* and *Horatius* were put together in the same Tent, where they hoped they were unknown, because as I said before, they that guarded them were *Veientines*. For although indeed, the Citizens would have admitted their own Troops; yet the Governors did not think fit to separate them from those of *Tarquin*. Thus the whole Army was encamped without the City, and continued there a day and a night, before the tumult was composed. But at length, the Inhabitants of *Veii*, being by the diligence of those that acted in favor of *Tarquin*, brought to some accomodement, they determined, in order to their security, and satisfaction of the hatred they bore so many years against the *Romans*, that *Tarquin* should deliver into their power all the Prisoners taken in the late Battel. For they were by this time made to apprehend, that the defeat was not so great as had been believed. They Articul'd also, That *Tarquin* should engage to cause other States to declare for him, and to do it within one month, if he failed, they would desert him, and comply with *Rome*, if they judged it convenient. These things being thus resolved, *Tarquin* caused all the Prisoners that were in the several quarters of his Army, to be brought before him, to the end he might himself conduct them to *Veii*, and they who had this order, went to the Tent where *Aronces* and *Horatius* were guarded, who conversed together in the most sad manner in the world: For hating one another person, and interest, and their equal generosity not permitting them to quarrel in the condition they were in; the civility of their discourse together, was attended with much forcedness, and constraint from both. I beseech you (said *Aronces* to his Rival, when he found opportunity of speaking to him, without danger of other ears) tell me in what condition was *Clelia*, at the time you departed from *Rome*, I shall not be more in her affection for this satisfaction, but only something less miserable. *Clelia* (answered *Horatius*) is always fair, always charming; and to tell you something more grateful to you, (added he, sighing) always inexorable to the most faithful and most passionate of her Lovers. My absence then (replied *Aronces*) hath changed her heart towards me; for, without doubt, she hath no Lover, whose passion can be compared to mine. Had she chosen the most amorous, and not inclined to the most noble person, (answered *Horatius*) I should possess the place in her heart which you do, and should not be under the unhappiness of being hated by my Mistress, obliged to my Rival, and to esteem him, and have an admiration of his virtue, in spite of the hatred, which the excess of my love produces in me towards him. The cruelty of my destiny (added he) necessitates me to have a new obligation to you every moment that I breathe.

For in brief, you need say no more, but that I am *Horatius*, to rid your self of a Rival. Since the hatred that *Tarquin* bears me, is known so generally throughout all *Italy*, that I should be put into the hands of the most cruel enemy that ever was, at the same instant that you should discover me. Whence it may be said, that I owe my life to you every moment. But as it is in my power to tell who you are, replied *Aronces* generously, so is it in yours

yours to do the like of me ; so that my generosity has in this case no advantage over yours ; and I do not put this obligation upon account : No, no, (*Horatius* replied with an air sufficiently stern) the matter is not equal between us ; for I should most certainly loose my life , if you should discover me ; but though I should make you known , the interest of *Tarquin* would restrain him from treating you ill. Ah *Horatius* , (cried *Aronces*) I had rather loose my life as things now stand, than behold my self again under the power of *Tarquin* ; and it would be more grievous to me to be a second time his Prisoner than to be dead ; for which reason I earnestly wish to remain a captive amongst the *Veientes*. Being in this discourse, there came a Guard to fetch and conduct them along to the other Prisoners. They demanded whither they were to be carried ; and were answered in general, to *Veien* ; upon which they rejoiced , instead of being afflicted. But when they arrived at the Tent of *Tarquin* , where there were already about an hundred prisoners, they were strangely surpris'd, especially when they beheld that fierce Tyrant come out of the Tent to see them pass by, and afterwards to conduct them to *Veien*. He had not seen *Horatius* of a long time, who was much changed , both by his Travels and his Melancholly ; so that he was not discerned in the croud of prisoners. But it being but a few days since he had seen *Aronces*, he no sooner cast his eyes upon him, but he knew him ; having been informed, in the morning, of his escape out of prison. Whereupon , making a great shout , What do I see (said he, hastily, approaching to that unhappy Prince?) Can it be, that in the midst of my defeat , I should have the satisfaction of seeing the son of *Porfenna*, in my power ? *Aronces* perceiving that it was impossible for him to be conceal'd , made up towards *Tarquin*, and by an act of unparrall'd generosity, hid his Rival as he advanced ; his great spirit not suffering him to expose the life of so valiant a person to the cruelty of the Tyrant. But as he went forward, he turned his head a short space ; and beholding *Horatius* , and speaking with a low voice, Remember, said he, what I do for you this day, if Fortune ever return you to the sight of *Clelia*. And then passing on towards *Tarquin* , who was come near him , without minding any of the other prisoners , it is but too true (said he to him) that I find my self again in your fetters ; but not to dissemble, it is not without some consolation, since my Conqueror has been conquered , and I may without vanity believe my self to have contributed something to his defeat. *Tarquin* observing with what resoluteness *Aronces* spoke this to him, was thinking to use him as a Rival and an Enemy ; but that Policy which had through his whole life given laws to all his passions, restrained his fury, and tempered his answer ; being the Son of a King (answered he) for whom I have much esteem, I interpret the peremptoriness of your language, as proceeding from your resentment of your captivity ; but to testify to you that *Porfenna* hinders me from taking notice of the words of *Aronces* , I declare to you, that I will not treat you as a person whom I have seen on the side of my Rebel-Subjects, with his Sword drawn against me ; but as the Son of a great King, to whom I am obliged, and who will assist me to punish the in-

lence of those for whom you have fought. Then without expecting an answer, he commanded that this Prince should be separated from the other Prisoners , and led into his own Tent, till farther order. After which, he marched in the head of all those Prisoners, and went directly to *Veien*, being followed by a party of his Troops, which were half *Veientes*, and half *Tarquinius*, according as it was resolv'd before. The people of that City (as the vulgar is only affected with what they see) beholding this train of Prisoners conducted by *Tarquin*, as if he had been victor, were as forward in receiving him, as they were lately insolent in renouncing and repining against him. Besides, *Tarquin* diligently causing it to be publish'd at the instant, that the Son of the King of *Latruria* was in his power, and that *Porfenna* would infallibly engage for his interest, it serv'd abundantly to appease the Inhabitants of the City. And moreover, as he is not wont to scruple provoking the gods , he caus'd it to be given out at *Veien*, by several of his agents , that the pretended voice which was said to be heard after the battel was a counterfeit, adding also many railleries upon that which this voice had utter'd, that there was one fewer dead on the side of the *Romans* than his. This by degrees brought the people to be more passionate and devoted to him, and so greatly advantag'd his affairs, that the next day his Troops were received into *Veien*. But yet, to win the hearts of the *Veientes* more, he declared that he nor his would have any share in the Prisoners, whereupon they were divided among the chief of the *Veientes*, and *Horatius* became presently a slave to some person at *Veien*, who knew not what he was. But for *Aronces*, he was conducted next morning into the City, and put into a Tower, where he was guarded carefully, and yet attended with very great respect. In the mean while *Tarquin* having been in person at the Council, propounded to send two *Veientes*, and two of his own, to *Porfenna*, to desire assistance of him, after having offer'd to him to restore *Aronces* into his hands even without any conditions ; and accordingly the business was concluded on and dispatch'd.

But before I proceed farther, I must give you an account of my travels with *Artemidorus*, you shall know therefore, that we arriv'd in the evening at *Clusium*, and without loosing time, knowing that the Princess of the *Leontines* was lodg'd in the Kings Palace, we sent a slave, that was sufficiently subtle, to deliver her a Letter from the Prince her Brother, whose hand she immediately knew. But being he intreated her to make a secret of his arrival at *Clusium* ; because if he were known to the Prince of the *Leontines*, he would be more incens'd against him for it ; she made no words of it, but only sought out ways how to give audience to that Prince, without giving suspicion of what he was. To this end, she writ to him, that he should come the next morning, and walk in a Garden of the Kings without the City, on the side that *Porfenna* causes his own Tomb to be built, which will be one of the Wonders of the World, when it's finish'd. You may imagine that we were too precise to fail at this assignation. The hour of which being come, we beheld the Princes of the *Leontines* enter the Garden, attended only with her own Ladies ; but to the end the business might be

done with more secrecy, she called but one of them to follow her, and leaving the rest in a spacious walk, came to seek us in an Alley, where she had desired *Artemidorus* to expect her. For though we had never been before in that Garden, yet she gave us such exact directions what to do, that it was impossible to mistake. I shall not hold you with a particular description of the passionateness of this interview of the Princess and *Artemidorus*, nor the circumstances of the goodness wherewith that admirable person was pleased to receive me. For the interests of *Artemidorus*, those of the Princess and mine, have no relation to those of *Rome*, I must not mis-employ my discourse in re-declaring them. But that which I can tell you for the greatest truth, is, that had we been *Romans*, we could not have spoken more zealously for the interests of *Rome* than we did. We conjured her that she would please to instruct us of the state of affairs, and assist us to hinder *Porfenna* from protecting *Tarquin*, but induce him rather to ingage on the side of *Rome*. You are not ignorant (said she,) that I am obliged to *Porfenna*, for affording me a Sanctuary in his Court, and that I have infinite obligations upon me to the Queen of *Clusium*. For which reason, I declare to you that I can never be capable to do any thing against them, though I understand by what you say, that you have an inclination to serve *Rome*; I confess likewise to you, that I have a great aversion against *Tarquin*, and that the case of *Lucretia* has rendered all the *Tarquins* detestable to all Women that have any sense of virtue. But to satisfy you in brief, I am and must be for the interests of *Porfenna*. That which we request of you (replied *Artemidorus*) is not repugnant to the interests of the King of *Clusium*, since we wish that he would embrace the juster cause. I wish it be so (returned this prudent Princess) and I promise you I shall omit nothing in reference to your contentment. The King without question does me the honor to bear me a respect, (added she) but as he does not consult me concerning the management of his State, so it is not immediately with him that I undertake to serve you. *Galerita*, I am confident hath goodness enough for me, to suffer me to speak any thing to her, and there are few persons of esteem in this Court, with whom I have not some credit. But that which I shall tell you in general, is this, that although *Porfenna* did not answer punctually to the first proposals made to him, both on the behalf of *Tarquin* and of *Rome*, but left things in suspense till he saw the success of the beginning of the War; yet I cannot but believe he will declare rather for the weakest than the strongest, and rather for an exiled, though unjust, King, than for an upstart Republick, though those that govern it be persons of great virtue. I do not tell you this (continued the Princess) but from authentick information of them that well know it to be so. Upon this, we employed all the inducements of reason we could, to confirm the Princess in the purpose she had to serve us; conjoining therewith, to mollify her more, the interest of *Aronces*, and his love, and so departed from her, after she had promised to give us occasion of seeing her every day, in some place or other, to the end we might know by her what we were desirous to be informed of. But not to be tedious in inconsiderable particulars,

you may know that *Artemidorus* and I, beheld the arrival of those Agents of *Tarquin*, and those *Veientines*, whom *Porfenna* received with all imaginable joy, when he understood by them that *Aronces* should be delivered to him as soon as he pleased. *Galerita* also was highly satisfied with the news, and the whole Court put on the face of gladness. So that (as Joy is a favorable occasion to obtain a thing that is desired) when the *Veientines* and the Envoys of *Tarquin*, demanded of *Porfenna* that he would renew the confederacy he sometimes had with the King of *Rome*, and the *Veientines*, and make a League offensive and defensive with them; he did not reject the proposition but only demanded two days to deliberate concerning this important affair. The Princess of the *Leontines* being a prudent person, and willing to serve *Aronces* according to his intention, and to comply with the requests of *Artemidorus* and me, omitted nothing which she judged effective to promote her design. First she congratulated with *Galerita* for the approaching return of *Aronces*, and then obligingly testifying to her the interest she had in all that concerned her, she came by degrees to mention the Alliance which was in hand to be renewed.

For my part (said *Galerita* to her) I confess to you, that if *Aronces* were not in the hands of *Tarquin*, I should be perplexed even to despair, at the Kings partaking in the quarrel of a Tyrant, whom the gods seem to have abandoned. But when I consider that the Prince my Son is in his power, and that he offers to deliver him freely I see not how it can be honorable or even possible to refuse what *Tarquin* desires of *Porfenna*. But Madam, (replied the Princess of the *Leontines*) it seems to me sufficiently dangerous to ingage in the weakest and unjustest side; and if the King would act without being surpris'd, he must recover the Prince his Son, out of the hands of *Tarquin*, without concerning himself in a War wherein he hath nothing to do, and whose success is doubtful. Besides that it would be more glorious to him to bear himself in the quality of being an Umpire in the interests of his Neighbors, than to take part against *Rome*, which is apparently favoured by the gods. For private persons indeed, it is oftentimes dishonorable to follow fortune, and to rank themselves always on the side of the strongest; but where the publick good is concerned, it is no shame to side with the more fortunate, when it may be done without violating the Law of Nations. So that *Porfenna* being ingaged to neither party, it seems to me, as I said before, that he need not intermeddle in a War, in which he is unconcerned. The Princess of the *Leontines* added much other discourse, which I shall forbear to repeat to you, it being enough to let you know, that though *Galerita* dissented from her at first, yet she brought her at length to be of her opinion. But this was not all; for she convinced some of the principal of that Court, that it would be an important service to *Aronces*, to hinder *Porfenna* from embracing the cause of *Tarquin*. So that considering that Prince, as he that must one day be their King, they resolved to oppose this Alliance, as much as the respect they ought to *Porfenna* would permit them. At length, *Galerita* being possessed with the sentiments, wherewith the Princess of the

Leontines

Leontines had inspired her, obliged a person of chief quality, that was her Creature, to endeavor to oppose the design of *Porfenna*. To which effect, he declared to the King all the apparent reasons, that might forward his intent? I shall not tell you particularly what they were, because they were almost the same with those I mentioned before, yet he added others with much vehemence, insisting principally upon the unfortunateness and crimes of *Tarquin*. Believe me, Sir, (said this diligent friend) it is sufficiently dangerous to undertake to protect a miserable man, that deserves his misfortunes; especially against a people accustomed to overcome, and whose virtues seems justly to entitle them to the Victory, which they gained over him. Its true, you have formerly been a Confederate of *Tarquins*, but it was as King of *Rome*, so that it may be said, you were more confederated with *Rome* than with him. Ah! *Tiburfa*, (exclaimed *Porfenna*) your counsels are alike repugnant to Generosity and to Policy. But Sir, (*Tiburfa* replied) does not Policy suggest to overthrow those, whose weakness renders that effect more easily compassable? On the contrary, (said *Porfenna*) tis more profound Statecraft, to endeavor the subversion of those, who may attain to the power of overtopping and subduing us; and for this cause it is more important, to the greatness of *Hetruria*, that *Rome* grow not up to that puissance, to be formidable to her neighbors; and tis a bad officiousness to assist to the making of Swords, that will in time cut our own throats. But though you should overcome in this War, (answered *Tiburfa*) the advantage of the victory will not redound to you, but to *Tarquin*, who shall be restored by your arms to his Throne; for knowing the greatness of your Soul, in case you be victor, your generosity will induce you to return the Scepter into his hands, and so you will always have a potent neighbor. Tis true, (replied *Porfenna*) but twill be a neighbor engaged to my interests, by his own. Besides, that when the war shall have exhausted *Rome*, both of Soldiers and Treasure, he will not be so considerably dreadful to me, as *Rome* would be, if I should desert *Tarquin*. For in truth it is no false conclusion, that as there are natural aversions between certain persons, so there is also a kind of latent hatred between Commonwealths and Monarchies. On the other side, (said *Tiburfa*) I conceive, the people do generally desire that which they have not; and commonly every private person affects to live under that sort of government, of which he has no experience, imagining it more pleasing, than that under which he was born. But you mistake me, (interposed *Porfenna*) for what I said had no relation to the multitude, but to them that manage the Government. And moreover, not to dissemble, an unfortunate King ought to excite pitty in the breast of all Kings. And since the case is, concerning Sovereign Authority, I conceive, every Sovereign ought to interest himself in behalf of him, whom prophane hands attempt to deprive of Royalty. Tis to me an inviolable Position, that a Brother is less obliged to assist his Brother, than one King to assist another, that wages War against his Subjects, that have expelled him. But *Tarquin* is a Tyrant (replied *Tiburfa*.) *Tarquin* is a violent man, (answered *Porfenna*) but fortune having given him

the possession of a Kingdom, which he enjoyed for a long time peaceably, and with much glory; It belongs not to me to judge of his right to the Throne of *Romulus*, but it does to restore him to it. And though *Tarquin* be so notorious a Criminal, yet do not you see, that he has the satisfaction of beholding the destruction of the most virtuous of all men, as a justice upon him for overturning his Throne. For tis not to be doubted, but this was the cause of *Brutus*'s death; *Collatinus* also was, without dispute, expelled *Rome* for the same reason. And if *Tarquin* has not had the advantage hitherto, tis assuredly, because the gods are pleased, a King should have the glory of rendring the Scepter into his hands. Do not you consider (added he) that if I suffer the Government of *Rome* to be changed, my State will be environed amongst several Commonwealths, who will confederate together to destroy me, upon the first occasion that fortune shall present them with. Tis better therefore to do a generous and illustrious action, since I apprehend in it both glory and advantage. Besides that, as often as I call to mind my Sons fondness, in loving a simple *Roman* Girl, and his weakness in intending to marry her without my allowance; I find a new cause to hate *Rome*. And then with what face can I demand my Son, and deny assistance to those that return him to me? No, no, *Tiburfa* (continued he) I cannot change my purpose. And according to my present sentiments, I hold it more glorious to recover, and restore a Kingdom, than to conquer one, and keep it. Therefore, no longer oppose an immutable determination but prepare your self to help me to overcome. But Sir, (answered *Tiburfa*) what will the censure of the World be, when they behold a King so accomplished in virtue, undertake the protection of Princes so vitious? Misery (replied *Porfenna*) obliterates all the vices of Kings; and when they become unhappy, the resentment of their condition, must take off all aversion of their faults; otherwise dangerous consequences would attend Sovereigns, who to speak freely, are sometimes less virtuous, than most of their Subjects. To conclude, *Tiburfa*, policy and glory incite me, to do what I have resolved upon, and therefore I conjure you, speak no more to me of it. Upon this *Tiburfa* was constrained to be silent, and to report to *Galerita*, that *Porfenna* was determined to protect *Tarquin*, and to joyn with him and the *Veientes*, in carrying on the War against *Rome*. And *Porfenna* having accordingly given a favorable answer to the Envoys of *Tarquin*, and the *Veientes*, two of them departed to carry this great news to the Tyrant, and to fetch *Aronces*. Upon whose return, *Tarquin* intending to expedite the business, immediately gave order, that *Aronces* should be safely conducted from *Veii* to *Clusium*, and commanded five hundred of the *Veientine* Cavalry to guard him thither. In the mean time, the Princess of the *Leontines* advertising us of the state of affairs, after many unprofitable contrivances of ways, to obstruct the design of *Porfenna*; it was concluded that *Artemidorus* should abide at *Clusium*, to the end he might endeavor to serve *Aronces*, when he should be arrived there; and that I should come to inform you, of what passed in that Court. But there is one thing strange, that *Porfenna*, instead of causing an apartment

ment in his Palace to be made ready, for the reception of the Prince his Son, has commanded the Garrison to be redoubled in the Castle of the Isle of *Saule*, which is in the middle of the Lake of *Thrasymene*, where *Galerita* was heretofore a long time Prisoner, intending to keep his Son there as soon as he is arrived: so that it may seem, he is like only to change his prison, and have the grief of being a captive in the same place where he was born. Its true, his life will be safe; for tis presumed, that he will be confined only; because having once departed from *Clusium*, *Porfenna* fears, lest his love should oblige him to do the like again. But in conclusion, to abridge my discourse, you may know, that the day of my departure being prefixed, I left *Clusium* accordingly to come hither. Scarce had I travelled six miles, but crossing a Wood, I met with the party of *Veientine* Horse which conducted *Aronces*, and I saw *Aronces* himself, who while something was redressing about his horses bridle, was alighted and walking in a musing manner. But when some of them came near and stooped me, I quitted my Roman speech (which I have pure enough, when I am minded to use it) and told them I was a stranger, and being of neither party was travelling through all *Italy*. This I spoke so loud, that *Aronces* hearing it, knew me, though I also somewhat disguised my voice; but because he judged by what I said, that it was not fit he should appear to know me, under the pretext of trying, whether he could still speak the Language of the Country, of which he said, he understood I was, and began to speak to me in my natural Language, which he did extreamly well. So that being assured by him, that the *Veientes* which encompassed him, were people not skilled in a strange Tongue, he told me what had happened to him. He enquired of me news concerning *Clelia*, all his friends, and *Celer*, whom he had left in prison by the *Tarquins*. After which I acquainted him with the resolutions of the King his father, at which he was much troubled. He charged me to assure you, and all his friends likewise, of the continuation of his friendship, and *Clelia* of his constancy. And then being obliged to remount his Horse, I beheld him depart with sorrow, observing an infinite discontent in his eyes, and took the way of *Rome*, where I am haply arrived, with intention of returning to the Princess of the *Leontines*, to do you all the service that I shall be able if you judge it fit. I was always of belief, (said *Valerius*) that *Porfenna* would assist *Tarquin*. And I ever thought, (added *Herminius*) that it would be a harder task to destroy that Prince than was imagined. As for me, (interposed *Amilcar*) I never trouble my self with foreseeing events too remote; for usually, fortune makes a mockery of humane providence; she brings that about, which was never thought of; and that which was confidently designed, sometimes never comes to pass at all. 'Tis better therefore to be prudently attentive to the affairs before us, and without hope or fear, to expect the future, with a resolution incapable of being shaken by any sort of accidents whatsoever. For though I deem it good, not to foresee any with perplexity; yet I account it very important, to have ones mind prepared against all adventures, that so it may be surpris'd with nothing.

To begin to put *Amilcar's* advice in practice, (answered *Valerius*) it is requisite to avoid expressing to the people, any fear of *Porfenna*, when they come to know, that he undertakes the quarrel of *Tarquin*, for which reason, we must dextrously conceal a part of the extracam sorrow, which we resent for the death of *Brutus*, and endeavor to infuse a kind of confidence into the peoples minds, which may serve to them as a presage of victory. And indeed *Valerius*, who had began to build a stately house upon the Mount *V. lia*, encreased the number of his workmen that were about it, that it might appear he did not fear the success of the War, seeing he employed himself about a business that requires plenty and peace. He contrived also, for the same reason, to institute the Plays, and the *Secular Plays*, because they were so common, but once in an Age, conceiving that such festive devices would have a good effect, both amongst the *Romans*, and amongst the enemies. *Zenocrates*, mean while leaving *Valerius*, accompanied with *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, went to visit *Sulpitia*, who was at that time with *Octavius*, where *Clelia* was also: To whom after some little time, he address'd (for *Octavius* being too sick, permitted him not to be spoken to) and represented to her all the obliging blandishments, which that Prince had encharg'd him with. He inform'd her, that *Horatius* was at *Veii*, and *Aronces* at *Clusium*, that the first of them was slave to a *Veientine*, and the other prisoner in the Isle of *Saule*. Whereby *Clelia* being a person of a most extraordinary capacity, well understood the unpleasing consequences, to which this adventure would expose her. Yet she had some consolation, that *Horatius*, was separated from her. But being endued with a rare generosity, notwithstanding the tenderness she had for *Aronces*, she thought she offended against the obligations of honor, to what *Zenocrates* related of that Prince, before she were satisfied of her doubting, whether it was he that had wounded *Octavius*. So that she changed colour, and durst scarce enquire any thing of *Zenocrates*, how ardently desirous soever she was to do so. But *Octavius*, overhearing some part of *Zenocrates's* discourse to *Clelia*, though he spoke sufficiently low, and notwithstanding his sickness taking notice of the sentiments of this virtuous Lady, No, no, Sister (said he generously with a low voice) do not fear to inform your self of *Aronces*, if the wound which I have received was given me by his hand, he is not culpable for it to *Octavius*, but it is the Prince of *Numidia* that was hurt by him; 'tis his Rival, and not your Brother: and if *Clelius* were of my opinion, he should not hate *Aronces* for it, though it should prove fatal to me. What you say is so generous and noble (cried *Herminius* that heard him) that I assure my self the gods will preserve the life of a person that retains equity in an occasion wherein it is sufficiently difficult to be equitable. *Clelia* was glad that *Herminius* had answered him, because being very discreet, it would have been something troublesome to her to have answered in a way wholly to her own content. But it behoved her to interpose something, had not *Clelius* entered into the room, whose presence altered the discourse. This afflicted Father having first demand'd of his Son how he found himself, turned to *Zenocrates*, to enquire of him what news he had brought. *Zenocrates*

zenocrates, who now understood that 'twas believed *Aronces* had wounded *Othavius*, and that *Clelius* hated him for it, without considering that if he did it, it was innocently, found himself extremely perplexed. Nevertheless, he told him what obliging speeches that Prince had commanded him to express in his ear to him and *Clelia*, that so he might intimate to him, that *Aronces* was not so conscious to himself of having done any thing against him. How *Zenocrates*? (cried *Clelius*) I will hear nothing from a man that has dyed the Sword which I had given him, in the blood of my Son, and should he have wounded him as his Rival, yet I will never see him during my life; and therefore I am glad he is not in a possibility of returning to *Rome*; for I should forbid him my house in case he should come again to the City. *Clelia* with unspeakable grief heard what her Father said; *Sulpitia*, knowing the humor of *Clelius*, presumed not to oppose him therein; and *Othavius* being turned towards the other side, after he had expressed himself so generously, heard no more what was spoken in his chamber. But that which completed the sorrow both of *Sulpitia* and *Clelia*, was, that *Clelius* no sooner understood that *Horatius* was prisoner at *Veii*, but he declared he would endeavor to deliver him by the assistance of an illustrious *Veientine*, that was one of his ancient friends. Being *Horatius* was a brave person, and, one that might be very serviceable for supporting the Liberty of *Rome*, neither *Herminius* nor *Amilcar*, nor *Zenocrates* contradicted his intention, as indeed they could not with honor do, though they were *Aronces* friends. So that there was none but *Sulpitia* and *Clelia*, who testified enough by their silence, that the liberty of *Horatius*, was not the object of their wishes. But the visit of *Zenocrates* being at length ended, he and his two friends went to spend the remainder of the day with *Valeria*, with whom they found *Collatina*, *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, for as for *Hermilia*, she was continually so afflicted, that she vouchsafed not to see any person whatsoever. *Zenocrates* addressing to *Plotina*, asked of her, what news there was since his departure. I assure you, (said she to him) I know none worthy your knowledge, but only that *Spurius* who is the most vindicative person living has lately renewed his friendship to *Valeria*, only because he hates his Rivals, and would do them all the injury he is able; at least I have heard so this day from one of his friends. But is it not he (replied *Zenocrates*) that sometimes counselled *Mutius* to become a Lover of *Valeria*? Yes (answered *Plotina*, pleasantly) but being he sees *Mutius*, does not endear himself, and cannot dispossess *Herminius* out of the heart of *Valeria*, and that *Amilius* also is more interested in her favor than he, he is so resolved to attempt that glorious adventure once again. So that *Valeria* has now four Lovers at once. In good time (said *Valeria*) who overheard this discourse of *Plotina* to *Zenocrates*, (though she spoke not very loud) but I had almost as good have four Enemies. You do well (replied *Plotina*) to make use of the word [Almost] in this occasion; for I am confident, there is at least one of the four, which you would not have to hate you. I confess it (answered she) but to speak sincerely, I account nothing more vexatious, than to be obstinately beloved by persons

that I can never affect. I know many Dames interposed *Amilcar*, (who was discoursing with *Herminius* and *Collatina*) that are not of your humor and who esteem it an extraordinary delectation to be followed by a crowd of Suppliants, for whom notwithstanding they have no particular affection. As *Herminius*, was engaging himself in this conversation, *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* came into the room, who appearing more sad than ordinary, gave occasion to *Valeria*, to enquire the cause of their discontentment. I deplore the death of so honorable a person (answered *Themistus*) that I cannot but require some lamentations of him from you, and especially from *Amilcar*, to whom he was well known at *Syracuse*. And I am confident (added he) that though you never saw but only the portraiture of him that was shewn you when you had the curiosity to know my adventures, yet you will not cease to bewail him. Oh good Gods! (cried *Amilcar*) let me not hear that *Meriander* is dead, for I should resent it most passionately. I am sorry (replied *Themistus*) that I must impart that grief to you; but it is too true that the illustrious *Meriander* is no longer amongst the living, but left the world three days since. How! (replied *Valeria*) he that had all good qualities, none bad; who was both gallant and prudent, who knew all things of excellence, loved all noble acts, passionately affected Musick, that loved the whole World, that was so acceptable in it, so sincere, so faithful a friend, so constant and so generous, does he no longer live? He does not most certainly (answered *Themistus*) and the pensive *Merigenes*, who arrived yesterday in the evening, tells me *Meriander* hath been universally bewailed, as never any before in the Court of *Syracuse*. Not one Beauty but has lamented his fate, nor man of quality, but expressed their resentment with sighs and complaints: those that excel in any good Arts do almost abandon them, since he is no longer their Protector, and in brief, all the World deplores him as a person that could alone introduce civility, virtue, and gallantry into the Court, and serve for a model to those that propose to themselves the perfection of honorable persons. I assure you, (replied *Herminius*) such as have all the rare qualities *Meriander* was owner of, cannot be sufficiently regretted; and if *Amilcar* would acquit himself well, he should compose an Epitaph worthy of his own Wit, and the merit of the illustrious Deceased. I protest to you (said *Amilcar* hastily) that I would have one made, but I must withall declare to you, that I will not be the Author; for in short, this kind of composition is the rack of good Wits, and I know nothing more difficult to make well. Yet I believe the cause why so few Epitaphs please those that read them, is, that generally praises and sadness are displeasing to almost all the World. So that all Epitaphs that are composed, being sad, and usually full of commendations, it is hard to please and gain approbation. Besides that, to speak judiciously, it being requisite that an Epitaph be short and clear, and exactly congruous to the person for whom it is intended, that it be between a plain Inscription and an Elogium, that there be some touch of Morality by the way, and that it excite tenderness and compassion, it is not much to be wondered at, that there be so few well made. Moreover, I assure you, that unless some Burlesque or Festivous

Festivous Epitaphs, I have not seen many excellent; for they are usually too plain, or too eloquent: Those that express too little, stop passengers for nothing; those that are too long, and have more words than matter, make them lose too much time; those which commend excessively, give occasion of contradiction and calumnies against the dead, and the person that commends him; and those which do not extoll at all, when they are intended of people that merit to be praised, excite generous Readers to indignation and choler.

Wherefore I conclude, that it is not fit to adventure lightly to make Epitaphs; and I cannot resolve to make one for the noble *Meriander*, though his memory be very dear to me. Then *Valeria* demanded of *Themistus*, whether *Merigenes* was sent to him by the Princess *Lindamira*. I am not so happy (answered he) but *Merigenes* being much my friend, thought meet to come and advertise me, that he understood the young Prince of *Messena* was gone into *Italy*. 'Tis true, I received news by him of *Lindamira*, which gave me great satisfaction; and had not he inform'd me of the death of the generous *Meriander*, the intelligence brought me of the voyage of the Prince of *Messena*, would not have much troubled me. But by what I understand, (said *Plotina*) you and *Merigenes* have interchanged sighs for sighs; for if he acquainted you with the death of *Meriander*, you have informed him of that of *Lisjdas* and *Alcimedea*. In truth (answered *Themistus*) he much deplored their fates. But I must tell you (interpos'd *Amilcar*) that sorrow of this nature is a thing very unprofitable, at least to the persons lamented; for to those that express it, it is honorable, making them esteemed compassionate and constant, and gains them the reputation of bearing their friendship beyond the Urne. But to speak unfeignedly, there is nothing more rare than true grief. I must confess (added *Plotina*) I am of *Amilcar's* opinion, and believe that there are feigned tears, tears of custom, and tears of decorum. For my part, (said *Amilcar*) I remember I saw a very excellent person dye at *Carthage*, who was not griev'd for by half those that lamented him. But can one lament without grief (said *Valeria*?) I could not do it, for my part (said *Collatina*.) I have seen it done more than once (replied *Amilcar*) and if you would observe the general practise of the world, you would be of the same belief with me. For when people behold the death of some one, whom they conceive themselves oblig'd to sorrow for, they bewail him, and extoll him, and make shew of going to condole with, and comfort his Relations; but in the mean while, if during the visit, some one in the company relate some pleasant story, it is listned to, paraphras'd on, and laugh'd at; after which, the mourners walk abroad, make visits, and are altogether after their ordinary manner, till beholding the particular friends or kindred of the deceased, their tears are renewed, and their sighs and melancholly acted over again. And because when this is past, he is never spoken nor thought of more; I cannot but believe that they which do things that have so little affinity with grief, can have no true grief at all. For to return to that person of great worth, whom I beheld die at *Carthage*, and who was so much regretted, I assure you I saw Women, who were

scarce known to him in his life, out of vanity, and to make it believ'd he was their great friend, that habited themselves carelessly for two or three daies, and went from house to house, asking if they did lament him; speaking of him with a certain familiarity, full of tenderness, sufficient to deceive such as had not the spirit of discernment, which is so necessary to live well in the world. And which was rare, these fair Mourners, the same day they spoke thus pitioussly, went at evening to hear Musick, and to make Collations and Revels. They pretended indeed, that they went thither only to divert their mind from their sorrow; for truly (said they, with a languishing voice) should not we see some body and constrain our selves, we should die of grief. And will not you now consent with me, that griefs are sometimes very suspicious, and seldom true; and that to speak things as they are, there is as little true Grief, as there is true friendship. The measure of the one (answer'd *Herminius*) is without doubt the measure of the other, for only their loss is much resented, who were much lov'd; but above all, there is nothing more excellent than to preserve the memory of ones friends. I intend not to speak of those mournings, which do nothing but pour forth streams of tears, which are rather an effect of the weakness of their reason that shed them, than of the excess of their regret: But I mean them that retain a long and prudent sorrow, who during their whole life, do all they are able to do for their dead friends, in the condition they are in; that is, by speaking alwaies of them with esteem, defending their past actions with zeal, serving them whom they would have serv'd, had they liv'd, loving those whom they lov'd, and never forgetting them. That which you say (replied *Plotina*) is, without doubt, very excellent; but if there are few people, that can deplore their friends in this manner, there are few friends that deserve to be lamented so. All the company assenting to the opinion of *Plotina*, she took leave of them, because it was now very late. The next day *Valerius*, in order to executing the design he had, to intimate to the people, that he did not misdoubt the success of the War; after he came out of the Senate, went to see his workmen, which he employ'd in finishing his house on the Mount *Velia*, where he dwelt already; for there was more than half of it completed. And to execute his purpose, he added half as many more to the workmen, that had hitherto laboured in his structure. So that there was seen nothing but burthened slaves along the way leading to it, going and coming continually, to carry things necessary to the builders. *Valerius* also judg'd it not fit, in the conjuncture of affairs, to motion so soon the election of a new Consul, in the place of the illustrious *Brutus*, for fear lest giving an occasion of a contest in the Senate, there might be some commotion, which might be attended with dangerous consequences, when it should come to be known, that *Porcenna* protected *Tarquin*. He advis'd with the most prudent of those, that understood affairs, and did nothing but what they counsell'd him to. But as the rules of prudence can never be infallible, when the deliberation is concerning what the people will, or will not do; the wisdom and virtue of *Valerius* were not powerful enough to hinder, but that what

what he did with the best and most innocent intention in the world, was interpreted to his disadvantage. Within five or six daies after the arrival of *Zenocrates*, the news of the return of *Aronces* to *Clusium*, and the alliance of *Tarquin* with the King of *Etruria*, was known by all the people; who, instead of taking heart from the tranquillity that appear'd in the mind of *Valerius*, and the several Orders he had given, that the forces should be in an expedite condition, began to repine very loudly. 'Tis true, some of *Tarquin's* creatures served secretly to irritate the minds of the multitude. Some said, 'twas easie to observe, that *Valerius* minded himself more than the publick good, in that he built so magnificent a House, in a time, wherein the new-born Republick stood in need that all the *Romans* should contribute a part of their Estates, towards sustaining the charge of the War. Others, That it appear'd enough, that he hated the King more than Royalty, since it appear'd he had a design of reigning like a Sovereign. In that he spoke nothing of making an election of another Consul, and that he caus'd more than ordinary diligence and haste to be us'd about a house, which might become an impregnable Citadel, when he would fortifie it, by reason of its advantageous situation. In fine, said these Mutineers, What serves it to commend *Brutus*, and yet imitate *Tarquin*? to speak of Liberty, and yet aspire to Tyranny? So that within four or five days, a great part of the people began to believe, that *Valerius* aspir'd to make himself King.

At first, all his friends did what they could to undeceive them; but the more they spoke, the less they were believed, and came themselves to be suspected of intending to be subservient to his ambition, out of hopes to be rewarded for it. Thus was the most virtuous of men suspected of intentions to betray his Countrey, and not to have expelled a Tyrant, but only to be Tyrant himself. This troublesome rumour afflicted *Valerius* very sensibly, when *Herminius* gave him notice of it; for he was not of those people, who content themselves with being virtuous, without care to appear so. Besides, should there have happened a sedition in *Rome* at that time, the safety of the Commonwealth had been greatly endangered. Part of his friends were of advice, that he should severely punish some of those, that had the boldness to suspect him so unjustly, to the end, others might be restrained by that example. The gods defend (answered *Valerius* to them that gave him this counsel) that, to secure my self from the suspicion of attempting to be a Tyrant, I should commit an action that approaches near to Tyranny; for should I do it, the people would be incens'd, I should accuse instead of justifying my self, and I should expose *Rome* to return to her late servitude. Wherefore I resolve upon another proceeding, which perhaps will succeed better. And accordingly *Valerius*, without imparting his design to any but *Herminius*, who commended him highly for taking up so generous a resolution, caus'd the people to be assembled the day following in the spacious Court, where he was wont to speak in publick, when some important affair was in hand, to which the suffrages of the people were necessary. As their minds now were ill pre-disposed, part of the multitude believ'd, that *Valerius* caus'd

ed the people to be assembled, only to make some unjust proposall to them. But when the place was full, all the Mutineers were astonish'd, when they observ'd the Consul, at his approach to the Tribunal where he was to speak, commanded the Axes, and the Fasces of Rods, which were the marks of Sovereign power, to be held downwards, intimating by this submissive action, that he acknowledged the power of the people to be above his own; a proceeding so remote from Tyranny, pleasingly astonish'd this multitude, who could not contain themselves from testifying their approbation of the fact with shouts and acclamations of joy. But at last, silence being commanded, *Valerius* beholding so favourable a beginning, lift up his eyes towards Heaven, and entering upon his Oration, with all the boldness that innocence inspires them with, who are accus'd unjustly; *I wish (said he) O Romans; it had been the pleasure of the gods, that I had undergone the destiny of Brutus in the last Battel, and obtain'd the same glory with him, of dying in defence of my Countreys Liberty, that so I might have escap'd the misfortune, of being unjustly suspected of the most horrible of all crimes, and that by them, for whose sakes I would have sacrificed my dearest blood. Is it possible, O Romans, that no virtue can be pure enough to restrain you from suspecting it? Is it possible, I say, that I, who have ever been a declared enemy of the Tyrant and Tyranny, should be accus'd of aspiring to the Sovereign Power? How? No, no; I could never have imagin'd it, but should have believ'd on the contrary, that though I had been possesst of the Capitol, it could never have been fear'd I pretended to the Royalty. But, as I perceive, all my fore-past management, and all my services, have not been able to binder you from blotting and traducing my reputation: For it seems, upon the lightest pretext in the world, you accuse me with unparall'd injustice, of the greatest of all crimes. Is it just, O ye inconsiderate Romans, (continued he) that ye should judge rather of me, by the place where I dwell, than by what I am myself? But since the matter is so, I declare to you, unjust Romans, that the house of *Valerius* shall never more cause umbrage to the City of *Rome*; and as it is easier to pull down than to build up, you shall soon see the ruines of my house to justify my innocence. The Mount *Velia* shall be free for those that please to dwell there; and to testifie yet more submission, I shall begin to rebuild at the foot of that Mountain, if you please to assigne me a place, to the end those suspicious Citizens, who accuse me so lightly, may dwell in a higher seat than my self; for I consent, that they, in whom more confidence is put, than in *Valerius*, for the liberty of his Countrey, may build their houses in the same place, where he newly demolish'd his. And accordingly while *Valerius* was speaking this, the great number of workmen which he had employ'd some daies before to build that magnificent structure, by the order of *Valerius*, pull'd it down with so speedy diligence, that it was absolutely raz'd before the day was done: And the first Consul, who had contributed so much to the liberty of *Rome*, saw himself constrained to go and lodge with one of his friends. Which great and unparallel'd deed having fully justifi'd *Valerius*, the same people that before murmur'd so much against him, conspir'd all with one voice to stile him *Publicola*, denoting by this name they gave him, his yielding and sub-*

missiveness to the people. Whence after this famous day, this Consul was no longer called *Valerius*, but the appellation of *Publicola* remain'd upon him for ever. Himself was also glad that it continued to him, in regard the people could never name him, without remembling the cause for which they term'd him so, whereby he gain'd a greater stock of credit for the good of the Commonwealth. Four or five days after, to confirm the good opinion given of him, it was proceeded to election of a new Consul; and *Spurius Lucretius*, Father of the admirable and unfortunate *Lucretia*, was chosen in the place of *Brutus*; for being much elder than *Valerius*, whom I shall hereafter call *Publicola*, this virtuous Consul was willing *Lucretius* should have the precedence, and all the honours of the Consulship. But being desirous to gain the people more powerfully, during those four or five days that he was alone, he made several Constitutions, which were very favourable and advantageous to them. He plac'd several virtuous persons in the Senate, in the room of those that were slain in the last battel. He caus'd a publick Oath to be renewed, making it Treason in any that should dare to propose the changing of the Government; He decreed that Criminals condemned, might appeal to the people; He discharged the poor from contributing to the expence of the War; He enacted, None should be entrusted in any charge, but by the consent of the people; He also caus'd the Axes to be separated from the Fasces, and moreover constituted that what he had done the last time he spoke to the people, should be a president for the future, that is, that the Fasces should be held downwards as often as the people were assembled together. Thus, in seeming to lose a part of his power, this prudent Roman augmented his authority. That which much affected the people, was, the beholding *Valerius*, and all his family, enforc'd to sojourn at the House of *Racilia*, till he had one provided of his own. The noble-minded *Sivelia* did not omit in this occasion, to offer hers to this virtuous Consul; but he wav'd the acceptance of it, by reason of *Herminius's* love to *Valeria*, and chose rather the same Lodgings which had formerly entertained the illustrious *Brutus*. Mean time, though these late transactions greatly took up those, who judg'd themselves interess'd in the good of the Re-publick, *Clelius*, in the prejudice he had against *Aronces*, fail'd not to take care for *Horatius*, and sent secretly to *Veii*, to procure his deliverance; which soon after became more easie for him to effect, by reason of the death of *Spurius Lucretius*, which happened eight daies after he was created Consul. For an Uncle of *Horatius's*, who was also of the Family of those first *Horatii*, whose Combat is so celebrated, succeeded in his place, and assisted *Clelius* much, in contriving ways to bring about his return to Rome. While matters were at this pass, *Clelia* was possessed with extream sorrow, the weakness of *Othavius* encreased; she apprehended *Aronces* going to engage on his Fathers side, which he could not avoid with honor; for he must either remain a prisoner, or become an enemy to Rome. Besides, she was almost certain, *Horatius* would return speedily; she beheld one of his Relations in Authority; her Father passionately inclin'd to his alliance; and in brief, she could foresee nothing but perplexity

and disquiet; and this brought her into a strange melancholly; yet though she was something pale, and extreamly sad, she was, notwithstanding, always the most beautiful person in the world. All the Ladies her friends, visited her very frequently, and *Valeria* among the rest, made it almost her business to comfort the afflicted Ladies; for she was almost ever with *Hermilia*, or *Collatina*, or *Clelia*. But by reason *Plotina* and *Amilcar* had a certain genius of pleasantness, which could not long consist with melancholly, the converse was always very agreeable at *Cesonia's* house, whither generally persons of quality resorted more than usual, after *Sulpitia* was become a Mourner, and *Valeria* liv'd at the house of *Racilia*. So that there was scarce a day, but *Themistius*, *Meleagenes*, *Zenocrates*, *Herminius*, *Mulius*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Amilcar*, and several others went thither, where there were also many noble and beautiful Ladies. But as the conversations which are made amongst choice persons, whose number is not over great, are the most pleasing of all, there happened one in the chamber of *Plotina* one day, which was very divertising, and pass'd only betwixt that charming Lady *Cesonia*, *Amilcar*, *Æmilius*, and *Herminius*; the cause of it was sufficiently sad, for coming to speak of *Clelia* and *Aronces*, they resent'd their conditions with compassion, and foreseeing all the mischiefs which in probability would betide them, they entertain'd themselves at first after a very melancholly manner. But *Amilcar* not being able to talk long upon sorrowful subjects, without conforming them to his own humour; It must be confess'd (said he on a sudden) that such as are capable of great passions, are far more miserable than others; and it were better to love every thing that pleases, than to confine our affection to one single object: Besides, (added he) I look upon it as an injury done to nature, to love but one thing alone in the whole Universe. But you do not remember, (answered *Plotina* smiling) that you would have me think you love me, and yet what you say, does not altogether tend to make you be lov'd. You have forgot your self (replyed he) for your maxims are not much different from mine, and 'tis rather joy that unites us than love; or, to explain my self more clearly, the joy I resent in loving you, is that which maintains the passion I have for you; besides that, to speak sincerely, I was born a little too slothful, to adventure the experience of one of those great passions, which always oblige to the performance of great matters; and without question, I am more fit for a trifling, than for an heroicall love. Methinks (said *Cesonia*) you attribute a quality to your self not very good; for I always lookt upon slothfulness as a defect. How? *Cesonia* (cried *Amilcar*) if you knew but what sweetness there is in a certain carelessness, which is the daughter of sloth, and how pleasing an employment idleness is to a man that hath some delicacy of mind, you would not speak as you do, but would conclude, that if diligence be sometimes more profitable, sloth is almost ever more agreeable. For if you consider'd it well, you would find, that they which are naturally diligent have scarce ever leisure to do nothing; because the same temperament which makes diligent, endues those that are capable of it with a certain activity, which obliges them to engage themselves into a thousand

thousand difficult matters. Such people undertake all, would be all, intermeddle with all; and so, by their incessant turmoiling, deprive themselves of that, which according to the intention of Nature, is the reward of all labours, and the end of all the actions of Life; Rest. For even Heroes, that resolve most to climb to glory, by arduous and untrodden paths, propose Rest to themselves at the end of their travels. Why therefore should any account it commendable, that being able to obtain this happy Quiet by Idleness, which is so great a pleasure, I enjoy it with tranquillity and peace? Why, I say, should I be blam'd for commending and loving, yea, preferring idleness before labor? for is there any thing so sweet as to have nothing to do, and to be able to do all what ever one pleases? I confess (said *Herminius*) 'tis very pleasing to have the power of doing all one will; but I deny, that 'tis oftentimes agreeable to do nothing. I grant indeed, that there is sometimes a kind of sweetness in the serene enjoyment of honest leisure, yet that which chiefly constitutes the pleasantness of it, is not properly idleness, but the liberty and arbitrement a man hath to do what his own inclinations lead him to. Continual labour is a thing painful, but eternal sluggishness is so tedious and troublesome a quality, that I hate nothing more. For sluggishness (replied *Amilcar*) it is as well odious to me as to you, but the idleness which I mean, I love it with all my soul; It seems to me (said *Cesonia*) there is no great difference between them. How? *Cesonia* (answered he) you seem not to consider what you speak; for a sluggard is properly a man either without virtue, or without courage, or without wit, or without address. But a gallant man idle, is a Philosopher, who does nothing, because there is nothing in the world worthy to employ him; or a man, who seeking wisdom by a different way from the common sort of men, pursues only pleasures, without intermeddling with the publick good, and a thousand affairs, which cause all the turmoil of life, and finds himself happier, in being gently seated upon a hillock, by the side of a Rivolet, and entertaining himself with some young Shepherdess, than those ambitious heads which are always active and unquiet, in the midst of all the honors which they attain by their continual labours. And if you consider all things aright, you will find, as I said before, that Rest is the end to which all actions of men are directed. For men do not fight, but to the intent they may not always fight; nor aspire to glory, but to enjoy it in quiet; they do not learn, but that they may make an end of learning; nor travel, but that they may arrive to the place whither they design: and whosoever looks not upon Rest as the chief good, is like a man that should undertake to travel eternally, without ever arriving to any place wherein to abide. Your argument is pleasantly set forth with advantage, (replied *Herminius*) but yet I hold, there can be no true sweetness in Rest, unless so far as it is judg'd a commodious estate, of being able to do what a man best pleases. For, that I may borrow the very examples used by you, do you think that those Philosophers, who put themselves in the way of discovering, that the world being wholly corrupted, hath no employment worthy to take them up, could be termed idle? Call you that doing nothing,

to have learnt to be better contented with poverty, than the ambitious are with victories; to neglect all the delights which pleasure hath invented, and to be satisfied with the converse of their Books, the melody of Birds, the purling of a Fountain, and their own innocence? As for other kind of idle people, whom only softness possesses, I confess they deserve the name which you have given them, and he that loves nothing but delights, may be said to be in continual idleness. Yet 'tis at least an idleness sufficiently sweet, (replied *Amilcar*, smiling;) But if it were allowable to be always idle, (replied *Herminius*) all men would be so; for it would be more convenient, than to seek glory by difficult ways, in which also the *Heroes* found it. Had this opinion been always approv'd, and idleness, sloth, and carelessness ranked with the virtues, we should have had neither Cities, nor Laws, nor Monarchies, nor Republicks; but all the world would have been in confusion, all men would have lived in the fields like the Herds which feed there; the Arts would never have been invented; and the same pleasure which induces you to defend the cause of idleness and sloth, would want above half the charms which allure those to it, who have the blindness to prefer it before virtue; since it is true, that men have by their pains invented or perfected very many things which serve for pleasure, as Dancing, Musick, and several others. So that if Idleness had been Mistress of the world, the world would have been in a strange confusion and ignorance; and *Amilcar* himself, who knows a hundred things which he hath learnt with very much care, would have known nothing of what he knows, nor have been the same person in the world he is; he could have scarce had any thing graceful, nor even discoursed of idleness at the rate he now does; whence I assure my self, he does not speak according to his real thoughts. 'Tis true, (answered *Amilcar*) what ever I have said, I am neither sluggish nor idle; yet, to speak unfeignedly, I could wish I had leisure to be so, and were not all my life oblig'd to study to do things, which afford me no advantage, and little pleasure. For, to tell you freely, most of the labours of men, find nothing but ingratitude in the minds of those, for whom they are undergone; and every man, from the King to the Slave, hath at least met with one ungrateful in his life. For when a Prince is just and gracious, the people are apt to infer, that he is oblig'd to be so, that they are not at all oblig'd to him for it. Most Kings, because they are born Masters of others, imagine they owe no reward to their faithful Subjects, and that Tyranny is one of the Rights of their Sovereignty. They that govern Republicks, are expos'd to the ingratitude of the people, as well as Kings; and the persons of highest employment in States of this sort, imagining those whom they govern, can never obey them with blindness enough, never trouble themselves to give them any testimonies of acknowledgement: Masters believe their slaves born to do them service without reward; and slaves on the other side, think their Masters ought to recompence them for the least matters they perform, and that they are indebted to them continually. The friends which a man obliges, knowing 'tis the engagement of friendship to serve those we love, make no esteem of any thing; and they which oblige

lige others, require on the contrary; that all should be ascribed to them. A Father, because he hath given life to his Children, conceives, that they ought to be always as dependent on him, as they were while they were but in their Cradle; and giving them no thanks for all their endeavours to please him, does nothing at all for them: and Children for their part, knowing that their birth is not the greatest obligation they can owe to their Fathers, repine even for the life which they gave them, when they do not all for them which they think they are able to do. Husbands, whose authority is established by force and custom, conceiving their wives are too happy in obeying them, give them no thanks for their complacency; and Wives, who having either Beauty or Virtue imagining their Husbands too highly prefer'd by having married them, are not oblig'd by any thing whatsoever, but for the most part are impertinent when they are fair, and insolent when they are wife. Even Lovers are ungrateful, and the most of any other. For indeed (added *Amilcar* smiling) if you took notice of all the complaints they make, you would think a thousand mighty injuries had been done them, and never the least kindness. And it oftentimes happens, that a Lover, after he has received a thousand and a thousand favours; makes afterwards a thousand and a thousand repinings, only because he is something less favourably regarded than ordinary: so that forgetting all former kindnesses, he murmurs and threatens to change his affection, and becomes perfectly ingrateful. And as for the Ladies (continued he) I could cite an hundred Sonnets, wherein the title of Ungrateful is given them. For I remember one which begins with, *Ungrateful Fair*; another with *Ungrateful Iris*; a third with, *What strange ingratitude is this of yours?* a fourth with, *The ungrateful beauty which I serve*; and another which pronounces, *All that's handsome is ungrateful*. To conclude, Ingratitude is so general a thing, that a man would almost protest against obliging any person; and for fear of doing any thing for one that may afterwards prove ungrateful, resolve to do nothing at all, but to live so as only to live, without taking care of any thing. For Ingratitude, (said *Æmilius*, who all this while had been silent) I assent to you, that there is too much of it in the world. I am of your opinion, (answered *Herminius*) but there would be much less of it, if there were no slothfulness and idleness; for they are usually supine and negligent persons, who are most ungrateful, and who are willing to be oblig'd by all the world, without obliging any body. In truth (said *Plotina*) you have all a great stock of wit, and methinks you are in the humour to day, of expressing more than ordinary; and therefore I beseech you satisfy me of two things, which I am desirous to know: First, Which is most shameful, to be a sluggard for want of wit; or for want of courage? and Secondly, to examine well all the different ingratitude the world is full of, and determine which is the greatest; for there are various kinds. For my own particular, I have a she-friend, who makes no account of the services which are done her, but forgets a thousand considerable good offices, without ever thinking of retribution; and who, because she is fair, and loves her beauty better than her

self, if I may so speak, never forgets one flattery or commendation, but will do much more for them which deceive her, provided it be in her own praise, than for those who do her real services: What you speak of (said *Cesonia*) falls out very frequently, but before speaking of ingratitude, let us discourse a little concerning these idle persons, whose idleness has divers causes. I know some who are so, only because they are careless; for they have wit enough, and testify also in some occasions, when they are forced to it, that they want no courage; and besides, it is not perceiv'd that they have any bad qualities: These people (answered *Herminius*) are culpable in the highest degree; for I know nothing more strange than to be unprofitable, both to the world and ones self, to have wit and do nothing with it, and a certain indifferent mind, which causes a man not to interest himself in any thing, to have neither ambition nor love, and to live with a negligence that renders him incapable of all great pleasures. For my own part, I should almost like it better for a man to addict himself to something, not altogether good, than not to apply himself to any thing at all. As for me (replied *Plotina*) I am of *Herminius's* mind, and I judge it more shameful to be an eternal idler, for want of having the Will to attempt something, than to do nothing for want of Will: For what reason is there to accuse a poor stupid person, who by engaging himself in action, would only manifest his stupidity? I affirm confidently, that they to whom the gods have been sparing of the riches of the mind, are happy, when they assign them an unactive life withal, so that they remain hidden in their own obscurity. This deficiency causes the same effect in them, which prudence does in others, by restraining them from appearing unbecomingly in the world. For there is none but knows, there are people which would not be spoken of, if they were not in great employments, of whom a thousand dispraises are rumour'd, because they acquit themselves ill of what they rashly undertake. Promote a hair-brain'd man to the management of State-affairs, and one faint-hearted to command an Army, and you will find it convenient there were more idle persons than there are. For idle persons injure none but themselves; but they which manage employments they are unworthy of, oftentimes overthrow the order of the world. They make war, when there is a greater necessity for peace; and contrarily, make peace, when 'tis more convenient to undertake a war: and not understanding the import of their own actions, it would be better they did nothing at all. For which reason, upon due consideration, I judge it more reasonable to censure impertinent busie-bodies, than those miserable lazy-backs who seek ease, and oftentimes do better by indulging their own quiet, than by forsaking it to become active. Let us leave them therefore in their happy idleness, (answered *Cesonia*) and I repent me of my curiosity I had to know distinctly, the different degrees of contempt I ought to allot them in my mind. I cannot leave them yet, (replied *Herminius*) but I must tell you, that the most criminal of all idle persons, are they who addict themselves to nothing, when they are oblig'd by necessity to betake themselves to the employment which fortune has given them. For though all idleness is blame-worthy, yet when a man

man addict himself to nothing, and chooses no profession, but out of choice, sloth, or incapacity, or some other reason, passes his life in so great sluggishness, that he might in a manner die, without the loss of pleasure, or benefit to any, and even without being sensible of it himself, it is sufficient to reprehend and slight him. But when we see a man, who by his birth and his own election, is instated in a great employment, which requires him to act, and he does not, he is to be hated and despised. According to my judgement (said *Amilcar*) ye have much reason for this; but yet there are people worse than those idle ones you speak of. I beseech you (interpos'd *Cesonia*) tell us who they are; for my part, I cannot comprehend there can be any such. They are those, (answered *Amilcar*) who being engag'd in a great employment, do not cease to forecast how to acquit themselves of it, that they may enjoy a certain quiet, which hath always some pleasure in it; yet having a kind of humorosity in their heads, which I cannot express, they do not the things they are obliged to, but busie themselves in matters which they might better dispense with, and neglect all their lives, and to which they have no engagement. For when I see a Priest omit the care of the Temple he ministers to, that knows nothing of the quality of Victims, and scarce the ceremonies of a Sacrifice; but yet discourses well concerning War, Musick, and Hunting, I am possess'd with the most pleasant indignation in the world; for at the same time I condemn him, I take infinite delight to mock and abuse him. When I observe a Senator with his grave aspect (which he sometimes sets off with a little constraint) ignorant of the Laws of his Countrey, and going about to play the Gallant with a Lady, who derides his bad courtship; I conclude, he will do better to keep in his Closet, than to meddle with an unsuitable indecorous Art, and neglect what is incumbent and proper to his place. On the other side, when I see a man, whose age and condition qualifies him for a Gallant, put on an awful Senatorious gravity, and dive into the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, and speak no smaller word than that of Transmigration, or Metempsychosis; I sigh, and exclaim, O gods! Why is not this man idle? So likewise when I behold a Captain, whom it behoves to be generous, and to understand his profession, that knows only the terms of the military Art he follows, and yet is well skill'd in that of Dancing, I wish he would do nothing throughout all his life. On the contrary, when I perceive a person, whose mean birth and abilities ought to withhold him from intermeddling with any thing, who yet thrusts himself into all businesses, I am as much unsatisfi'd that this man is not idle too. Now if any offer to retort unto me, that idleness is good for nothing, I may at least presume to affirm, that it does hurt to none, and that there is no comparison between idleness and ingratitude. True, (said *Herminius*) ingratitude is the vilest of all vices, and most opposite to natural equity; for it is never found so much as amongst brutes, nor even the most cruel and savage of them. Benefits and kindnesses mollifie Lions; Men alone are naturally capable of ingratitude. The most remarkable enormity of this vice, is that it is directly opposite to Justice, and overthrows all Laws of Society, which among

people endued with reason, ought to be nothing else, but a continual commerce of good offices. According to the Laws of Humanity, it behoveth to do good to whosoever stands in need of it; judge therefore, whether it be not just to do so to them, from whom benefits have been received. But there are people of such an evil heart, that when they are too much oblig'd, they decline those to whom they are engag'd, and by degrees grow to a pass not to endure them. 'Tis a strange humour in some (said *Plotina*) whom I know, that will not do any thing for those who have done all things for them, and yet render considerable services to such, as never did them the least civility. These people are much of their perverse natures, who love better to make presents than to pay their debts: But the best is, that nevertheless all the world declaims against this odious quality, and there is no ungrateful person but decries ingratitude. This proceeds (said *Herminius*) for that no person does justice to himself, and because the greatest part of men would appear what they are not. That which amazes me more (continued he) is, to observe, that this crime is so general, since 'tis the only one which is absolutely void of all pleasure. For a man who usurps the property of another, enriches himself by doing so; a Detractor has the pleasure of being easily believ'd; a Cheater has the satisfaction, of attaining to the end he designed to himself; a Vindictive person has the contentment of revenging himself, by committing acts of cruelty: but an Ingrateful man can never think of what has been done for him, without some kind of shame and regret. I assure you (answered *Plotina*) they which are arriv'd to the highest pitch of ingratitude, never think of that which has been done for them. But if they do not (replied *Herminius*) yet they have no pleasure in not thinking of it; and so you agree to what I asserted. I confess it really, (said she) for I love no contesting: But to compleat the satisfaction of my curiosity, tell me, I beseech you, which of all ingratitude is the blackest? That (answered *Amilcar*) where the obligation is greatest. That is not directly the thing I enquire, (replied *Plotina*.) What is it then (said *Cesonia*) which you demand? I would know (said this lovely Virgin) in which profession of persons, ingratitude is most odious, whether in the mind of a King, or in those of his Subjects; of a master, or a slave: amongst friends, or between a Father and his Children, or a Husband and a Wife, or a Lover and his Mistress? Ingratitude is a thing so horrible, (answered *Herminius*) that it never found an Advocate which dar'd to defend it, or to confess himself capable of it. Some acknowledge indeed, that they are ambitious, cholerick, and revengeful; but none will own that he is ungrateful: Wherefore ingratitude must be absolutely condemn'd, wherever it is found. But yet there are several degrees, (replied *Plotina*) and I think I may almost confidently adjoyn, that there is no equality in any thing under the Sun. According to my apprehension, (said *Amilcar*) Ingrateful persons may be divided into three orders; for some are so in point of Duty, others in relation to Friendship, and others in respect of Love. Those in point of Duty, are Kings, and Subjects; Fathers, and Children; Masters,

sters, and Slaves; Husbands, and Wives: Those in reference to Friendship, are Friends of both Sexes; And lastly those in relation to love, are Lovers and their Ladies. *Amilcar* hath spoken judiciously, (answered *Herminius*) it cannot be denyed; though among them, which he terms ingrateful in reference to duty, sometimes there may be some, that merit a place too among those that are so in matter of Friendship. But, speaking generally, he hath well ranked these Monsters; and it remains only to examine, which are most culpable. For my part, (said *Amilcar*) I believe they which are ungrateful in point of Duty, are the most criminal. But my opinion (said *Cesonia*) is, that their guilt is greatest, who practise ingratitude in Friendship. Mine, (said *Æmilius*) that the foulest aspect of this vice is, when it appears among the Voraries of Love. I affirm so too, (answered *Herminius*) and you only prevented me in declaring this truth. If there were a fourth part to be taken, (said *Plotina*) I would choose it: but being 'tis otherwise, I will attend what to resolve on, till you have delivered your Reasons. As for mine (said *Amilcar*, smiling) I shall soon have done it, since I have nothing else to say, but only that Love cannot be plac'd, in comparison with that kind of Duty we understand; for men, who have made Laws to teach Kings to Govern, and People to Obey, have made none to teach Gratitude in Love; and all the Morality of the goddess, ador'd in *Cyprus*, is no where to be found but in Sonnets. The same reason (answer'd *Æmilius*) which oblig'd *Numa* to make no Laws against parricides, has, without question, oblig'd all Legislators to mention almost nothing concerning Love; because, as *Numa* imagin'd, there could be no parricide, so they presum'd it impossible ingratitude should be in Love. But however it be (answer'd *Amilcar*) I am not bound to speak as the matter is, but only what I think. And therefore I say, looking upon Love as a piece of Gallantry, I do not account the ungrateful of this Order the blackest: but judge those that are ingrateful in friendship, more criminal, though less than those which are so in respect of Duty, which I spoke of. Certainly, if the consequence of Ingratitude ought to be considered, in order to determining the greatness of it, it must be granted me, that ingratitude in Love produces divertisement and pleasure in the world, instead of disturbing humane society; for usually, amorous Ingratitudes occasion the composure of very excellent Verses. As for that which happens between two friends, though it be horrible, yet at most it only causes hatred to succeed in the room of friendship, and some families to be divided. But the ingratitude of bad Kings towards their Subjects (if the respect due to them will permit such language) is the occasion of a thousand injustices; and that of People towards their Kings causes seditions, revolts, and eternal wars. The ingratitude of Fathers to Children, and Children to Fathers, extinguishes all natural sentiments; that of Husbands to Wives, and Wives to Husbands, occasions almost all criminal affections, and tragical deeds. Judge therefore whether I was mistaken, when I affirmed the ingrateful in Duty were the most dangerous. I know not whether they be the most dangerous, (answered *Cesonia*) but I maintain that one un-

grateful in friendship can never be a true honest man; and yet 'tis not impossible sometimes for one ingrateful in Duty to be so. For, to instance, there may be Kings who will give no acknowledgement of the services performed for them; who study more their own glory, than the quiet of their people, and will not be other than great Princes. Indeed, if all Kings really lov'd their Subjects, as a good Father ought to love his Children, and would take especial notice of the services which are performed for them, they would never make War, except to defend them, but peaceably permit them to till their native soil, and be induc'd by no ambition to make new acquets of Territory at the expence of their lives, who love and obey them. Perhaps there may possibly be ingratitude in Ambition, of not so black a stain, as those of friendship. All such as have began a new dominion, have been ingrateful to their Countrey: yet whilst in their climbing from mean Citizens to the height of grand Princes; Fortune justified their ingratitude, they have been placed in the same degree with *Heroes*. But as for an ingrateful friend, he hath been always ranked amongst the base and treacherous. Fathers and Children, Husbands and Wives, ingratitude is not so odious when it is found amongst them; but only because there is a great duty of mutual love incumbent upon them. For though I am of opinion, it is always fit for children to respect and obey those to whom they owe their lives; yet I hold, that when a man happens to have one of those Fathers that are too much so, and who, acting perpetually by their authority, never do any thing with tenderness, he may in some sort be excusable, if he ascribe not all imaginable acknowledgements to him; nevertheless I agree, that he ought always to honor and serve him. But there is a certain respect or decency, and an obedience proceeding from reason, very different from those which are produced by a real acknowledgement. The same I say of Fathers and Children, is also applicable to Husbands and Wives. Moreover, there is another reason, which renders ingratitude between friends more detestable, than between those I now mentioned. For Kings make no choice of their Subjects, and all Subjects do not elect their Kings; no more do Fathers choose their Children, or these their Fathers: Interest, for the most part, makes all Marriages, rather than Reason or Love. Wherefore when all these persons are defective in acknowledgements, though they deserve blame; yet 'tis in a less measure than ingrateful friends do; especially, because not loving at all, they lessen the value of the obligations they have one towards another; for conceiving their duty less, it is not strange if they dispence with a part of what they owe. As for Lovers, though their ingratitude be horrible, yet it may be alledg'd, that since we love not whom we will, we cannot be oblig'd thereunto in spite of our inclinations; and besides, as Love seises on one party first, when such possession seises on the one side, it commonly begins on the other; whence a Lover, whose interest is dis-respected, believes not himself so oblig'd as he is to the person by whom he is 'belov'd. But for friends, they are chosen by us, we are voluntarily oblig'd to them, we sue unto, and engage them, we readily admit of their services, not being

being constrained to a confederate amity, either by the Laws, or any disordered Passion; and by consequence, nature, reason, justice, virtue, and glory, exact of us a correspondent return of good offices, and when it is not in a mans power to perform that, he ought never at least, to forget the obligation he hath to his Friend, but publish and own it with delight. For my part, I confess, I cannot comprehend how there should be ingrateful friends, or how there can be any people which endure those which are so. What assurance can there be in the heart of a man, who is wanting to his friend and himself? what sentiment is able to retain him, who despises friendship, justice, and glory, and makes himself apparent to be as imprudent as false? for indeed, the ingrateful ruins his reputation amongst all people of honor, and does himself more mischief than others, though perhaps he is not sensible of it. It were not impossible, but one ingrateful to his Prince may be grateful to his friend, and his Mistress, and also to the other Relations I mentioned; but I judge, an ingrateful Friend, may be an ingrateful Subject, Father, Child, Husband, and Lover. for friendship is a thing so sacred, that who so contemns it, is capable of violating all things; Wherefore I conceive my opinion more warranted by reason than that of *Amilcars*. You are highly ingenious, (answered *Herminius*) and I confess, all you have said in favor of Friendship is admirably well discoursed, and so much the more as it serves to prove, that the most horrible of all Ingratitudes is Ingratitude in Love. Which before I undertake, I must declare, that there is no kind excusable, but all ingrateful persons merit contempt and detestation. It is not material to examine whether a man loves or hates, to know whether he ought to be grateful. For upon the reception of a benefit, he is indispensably obliged to be acknowledged for it, not only to his friends, but also to his enemies, when he accepts a good office from their hands: And besides, I am not satisfied whether a man be not obliged to gratitude, even when he refuses the services they would do him.

The word [Acknowledgment] so clearly implies the necessary obligation of him that receives a favor from any one, that none can be ignorant of it. To acknowledge a good turn, is to be always in a propensity of doing what has been done for you; and whosoever feels not in his breast a continual desire of performing that towards another which has been done to serve him, is without question secretly ingrateful, and will discover himself upon the first occasion presented him, of serving those by whom he has been obliged. But to come to the particular design I have, to make it apparent, that Ingratitude in Love is more abominable than all others, I stand not in need of very many words to do it. For though there can be no small ingratitude, yet it is certain, it may be more or less great, according as the person is more or less obliged. For if a man owes his life to a friend, he is more oblig'd to him, than if he owed to him only his Fortune; and consequently is more ingrateful to him, than if he were accountable to him for a less engagement. Which being so, what doubt can be made of the question in hand, and is there any thing that may be placed in comparison with Love? A man serves his King, his Fa-

ther, his Master, and his Friend; but a Lover gives himself to his Mistress, and a Mistress herself to her Lover; 'tis Love alone that has the power to make two hearts one. I know friendship boasts of being able to do it, but without reason. Two friends that are most intimately such, may have each his Mistress which will divide them, or at least render their friendship less considerable to them, because it will no longer afford them their greatest contentment. But when Love closely unites two persons together, whose breasts are tender, and minds intelligent, I desire all the power of Friendship to divide them. Therefore since Love is an union incomparably more strong and perfect than Friendship, and nothing can be parallel'd with the obligation we have to a person who bestows his whole heart, it is easier to conclude, that there is no ingratitude of a deeper dye, than that of a Lover towards a Mistress, or a Mistress towards a Lover. But when I mention Love, I am not to be understood of those trifling sorts of Love which wear a name they deserve not, for they who love at this rate, giving themselves only for the time which they spend in jollity, are engaged to nothing but to divert themselves as best they may, so long as they have a fancy to be seen, and loved. But I mean a certain ardent and sincere Love, founded upon esteem and virtue; in which is made a real commutation of hearts, where Desires are the same in two breasts, and seem likely to continue so eternally. For since there is nothing more precious in the world than an affection of this nature, therefore who ever is capable of Ingratitude after such a dearnefs, is the most perfidious and vile of all other ingrateful persons. Yet there is a certain interessed disposition in men, which almost generally induces them to detest one that is ungrateful, by forgetting a good office done him, in relation to his fortune; more than a criminal Lover, who extinguishes out of his mind all memorials and tokens of a great passion conferred on him. But to speak reasonably, there is nothing more unjust, nor even more inhumane, than to be capable of ingratitude towards a person, who has given all he was able, by giving his heart. For in Love, the services which are received ought to be reckoned upon as in Friendship; because when two persons love perfectly, it must be supposed they are qualified to do and suffer all things one for the other, even to the loss of life. As soon as they love, they mutually owe one another all the offices which love can prompt them to; and this community of duty they ought to make reckoning of, as much as of services performed, since there is nothing requisite more but occasion, which depends solely on fortune. By this discourse of yours (replied *Æmilius* coldly) it seems, that Gratitude in love belongs only to happy Lovers. I should be very glad it were so, (said *Plotina*, smiling) and that some distinction be made in reference to Acknowledgment; for otherwise I should be in a desperate case, if I apprehended my self obliged not to be ingrateful to three or four persons, which make semblance of loving me. There is without doubt, (answered *Herminius*) considerable distinction to be made in these sort of matters; for excepting in Love, it behoveth never to receive a good office, without an inclination of mind to repay it, and a resentment of the

the obligation. But the case is not the same in Love; and Acknowledgment, in order to being perfect, ought never to be against either Justice or Virtue. But it would be against both, if a Lady equally acknowledged the affection of four or five Lovers; for indeed Love cannot be divided. But what then shall become of the services of unhappy Lovers, (said *Æmilius*?) and why is not she accountable of ingratitude who receives and not acknowledges them? Impossibility (answered *Herminius*) gives bounds to all things, and it is easy to be understood. A Lady loves not whom she pleases, and when she loves some one, she can have no other recognisance for them which she loves not and serve her, than that which obliges her to pity them, and with them cur'd of their Love; and moreover to serve them as generous friends, when she finds occasion to do it. The Virtues are never in hostility among themselves; and one should not be truly grateful, if he were so with injustice. It is not lawful to injure one friend, in order to doing service to another; and when 'tis said, We ought to acknowledge all good offices we receive, it is meant, after such a manner as may with reason be done. Thus may a Lady not render Love for Love, without being ingrateful; and 'tis to speak strictly only reciprocal Love, that has reference to that black ingratitude which I account so monstrous, and which amazes me so much the more, in that it cannot be committed but against such a person of all the World, as one is most loved by, and most engaged to love. And now to speak of Ingratitude in general, it can never be good for any thing. Ambition may produce good effects, Love oftentimes excites to achieve great actions, Indignation serves sometimes to uphold Justice; Cruelty, as terrible as it is, may be in some sort profitable in the breasts of those who in order to saving a mans life are constrained to cut off his Arm, But Ingratitude is almost the sole thing which is good only to do mischief. On the other side gratitude, though a virtue which makes not so much noise as many others, is nevertheless compleatly heroical in the breasts of those that understand it aright; and I cannot decide whether there be not sometimes as much glory in the handsome acknowledgment of a Civility, as for a man himself to confer a favor. Whilst they were thus arguing, *Themistus* arrived, who conducted the solitary *Merigenes* to *Cassonia's* house, by whom he was received with extraordinary kindness. *Plotina* also expressed to him all the civility his quality required; *Æmilius* testified much joy to see him, having known him before at *Eryx*; *Herminius* likewise made him many caresses; and *Amilcar*, who was friend to all worthy persons, was his as soon as he saw him. To signify to him that he was not ignorant of his affairs, he demanded of him whether he were not weary of his solitude, and his rare Closet which was so excellently adorned, and inquired whether an illustrious friend of his of near habitation to him, stood yet in need of all his constancy to undergo the many vexations which attend a decaying health; and then desired that he would tell him news of the Princess of *Elis*, who was gone to *Eryx*, to implore *Venus* that she might have the privilege of kindling love in the breasts of others, yet keeping her own insensible. You ask me so many things at once (answered *Me-*

rigenes) that it is not possible for me to satisfy you suddenly. But I shall tell you, that *Rome* is a very fit place to comfort one of the Desert, that the sight of the Capitol is sufficiently pleasing to make me contentedly suffer my absence from my Closet, that the illustrious friend you speak of, is ever the most prudent and virtuous of all men, and with all the most miserable through his unhealthiness, and that the Princess of *Elis* having fallen sick at *Eryx*, is diverted into my Desert, to recover the perfect lustre of her incomparable complexion. And now I have answered all the Questions, I beseech you tell me why you ask me tidings of the fair *Elismonda*, and whether or no you know her. I know her, (replied *Amilcar*, smiling) only by the report of *Æmilius*, who never saw her; but I wish I were so happy to know her my self. For indeed I have a kind of curiosity to understand how that unjust person is compos'd, who addresses confidently to the Mother of Love, that she would empower her to inflame others with that passion, and be exempted from it her self. And because you have seen her for some days in the Desert, I conceive you will much oblige the Company by describing her. Though I have no great skill in Peinture (answered *Merigenes*) yet I shall endeavor to represent her Pourtraiture to you, in case the Ladies before whom I speak require it as well as you. For my part (said *Cassonia*) I am always very well contented, *Amilcar* should have any thing granted him that may satisfy his curiosity; for he has such an excellent faculty of using all he knows, that he can never know too much, And as for me, (said *Plotina*) the sentiment of the Princess of *Elis*, seems to me so gallant, that it gives me the same curiosity too. And I, (said *Herminius*) were it for nothing else, but because she reigns in a place where the Olympick Games, which are the famousst of all *Greece*, are celebrated should not be unwilling to have some knowledge of her. Since 'tis thus, (said *Merigenes*) I shall betake my self to content your curiosity, though I must declare to you, that the Princess of *Elis* is a person, whose Picture is not so easily to be drawn as you imagine. For whatever diligence I may bring to effect it, I am assured I shall never make it perfectly resemble her; but they who well know the fair *Elismonda*, will judge, that I have fallen short in delineating her pourtrait. But since 'tis impossible for me not to obey you, I shall tell you, that that young Princess is exactly of the stature which I would have the Mother of Love represented by, for I cannot approve of those Peinters and Sculptures, who set forth *Venus* to us in such an extraordinary size, that it cannot be imagined that *Cupid* should be her Son, who if he had a sister, it may be thought she would without doubt resemble the Princess of *Elis*. You understand by this, that *Elismonda* is not great, but from the first being of handsome persons, there was never any whose stature was better proportioned, nor more suitable to the air of her countenance and beauty, than hers; for were she somewhat taller, or a little lower, any thing more thick, or a thought more slender, she would infallibly lose some part of that which renders her so lovely, so true it is, that she is, such as is requisite for her to be, exactly shaped. *Elismonda's* hair is flaxen, and so wonderfully comely, that Art only serves to com-

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pose and place it, though perhaps a careless disorder sometimes renders it more graceful. The shape of her countenance is Oval, her nose is well and regularly proportioned, her mouth curiously framed, teeth white, complexion very clear and smooth, the air of youth diffus'd over all her face, ceruleous eyes, sweet, smiling, sprightly, and yet a little languishing; and that which makes her infinitely charming, is her pleasing and attracting Aspect, which promises nothing but goodness and tenderness. Then *Elismonda's* neck is so well made, that it appears handsome even after languishing tedious sicknesses. For her arms and hands; they leave all description beneath them, for whether it be by reason of their shape, whiteness, plumpness, or I know not what secret unexpressible charm, 'tis not possible but to forbear holding her eyes, how lovely soever, for some moments, and turn them to admire the beauty of the rarest hands and arms in the World, when the occasion of lifting up her veil, or rectifying something about her head-tire, or doing any other action, causes the discovery of their handsomeness. Another greater loveliness in the Princess of *Elis*, is the freedom of her carriage, for though she loves her self enough, yet she is far from all ostentative affectation of seeming fair, she has ever the same natural neatness, nothing favoring of fantasticalness, her dress is not over finical, nor too much neglected, and her attire never too magnificent, yet 'tis very stately, and she wears it with a singular grace, she chooses with Art such colours as are most advantageous to her, and if she have especial care in any thing, 'tis in artificial and becoming bracelets, and to be always alike neat, whether she be dress'd or not. For Wit, without question *Elismonda*, has a plenteous stock of it, especially of such as enhances the power of Beauty. She speaks gracefully, she is gentle, civil, and even flattering when she pleases, though sometimes she puts on a colder air towards certain people, whom she does not much affect. And then for her disposition, 'tis extremely even and uniform, especially towards her friends. Her temper is apparently something inclinable to melancholly, but she scarce ever discovers any in conversation, and only serves her self of it in the passionate singing of languishing airs; for *Elismonda's* voice is infinitely pleasing, wherewith she repeats Love-verses after so affecting a manner, that you would judge she felt her self the passion which the Sonnets express, and take her for the Author, by her exact reach of their sentiments, who were inspired by Love in the composition. Moreover, *Elismonda* is merry when she is in company that pleases her, yet 'tis always a modest mirth, and never ascends to those excessive wantonnesses which are discordant to seemliness. On the other side, when she thinks fit, she puts on a more serious deportment, though without disgust to any. Nor is she like those fair ones, who ever resort to all great feasts; for she loves not a croud, and very seldom goes to a Ball, notwithstanding she dances with an excellent grace. As little is she of the humor of those, who would think their beauty undervalued, if it do not every year procure them great number of Collations, Treatments, and Serenades. For *Elismonda* is contented to conquer hearts, without desiring such testimonies of affection; and excepting some praises in Verse, which

she sometimes suffers to be given her, she can never resolve to receive any thing, either from her Lovers or Friends of either sex. But *Elismonda's* heart being great and noble, she loves naturally to give, and to make, handsome Treatments at home, not to seek them from others. She has moreover a quality very rare in a person fair and young, not to speak ill of any person living in the least, piquant and dangerous railleries are displeasing to her, and 'tis against her desire if any person whatsoever be injur'd. 'Tis not to be doubted but that *Elismonda* loves praises, and though she declare she will never love any besides the Prince of *Elis*, who alone has been able to make impressions on her heart, yet she takes it not ill that she is esteem'd, admir'd, and ador'd; and if any thing of cruelty harbors in her soul, 'tis in having a general design to please, without caring to make some persons miserable, whom she never intends to render happy. Not but that she has reason to persist faithful to the Prince of *Elis*, for certainly never man was owner of more generosity and goodness than he, nor in whom all the qualities of a true person of honor may be more essentially found. He is well made of his person, has a lofty aspect, a noble heart, a just mind, a gentle nature, a tender soul, he is an ardent friend, and a more ardent lover, he is liberal, real, wise, and moderate; loves reasonable delights, and justice above all things. So that to speak according to justice, *Elismonda* has reason to make all her Lovers unhappy, though they may be pardoned for repining a little against her charms and beauty, when they suffer the tyranny of it. It's always just for one that suffers to complain (answered *Amilcar*.) True, (said *Plotina*) for I should complain of my self, had I occasioned my own mischief; and we also see Men complain more or less, according to the different degrees of affection they have for those, who cause them to suffer. But to return to *Elismonda*, if I were assur'd her vows were heard, I would forthwith prepare my self for a journey to *Eryx*. Then you are afraid of being in love, (said *Herminius* smiling.) Indeed (reply'd she) I am unwilling to entertain that passion; and for the present, I find it trouble enough, to be continually repressing the esteem which we have of honorable persons; it being hourly necessary, for our minds to be sentinels to our hearts, to observe carefully that Love enter not therinto, under the disguise of tender friendship. One thing (said *Cesonia*) I am very confident of, that some persons known to me are in Love, and never think they are so. A mistake of this kind may sometimes fall out, (answered *Amilcar*) but 'tis not possible to be always deceived so. For my part, (interpos'd *Themistus*) I know other people very opposite to those you speak of; for they believe themselves in love, when they are only possess'd with a kind of wanton folly, which scarce resembles love at all. Whilst *Themistus* was speaking thus, *Zenocrates* arriv'd, who being first made to understand the person of *Merigenes*, inform'd this noble company, that there was brought to *Valerius* a man of *Veii*, who had been taken and was found encharg'd with several important Letters. Was he coming to *Rome*, (said *Cesonia*?) *Zenocrates* made some difficulty to answer, but *Themistus*, judging it was because of the presence of *Merigenes*, engag'd for his fidelity, so that re-

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suming his discourse; he was coming to *Rome*, (said he) without question, his business being to speak with *Clelius* from a *Veientine*, called *Mamilius*, his ancient friend, they say to whom *Horatius* is slave, though they of *Veii* know not his quality. You will find (said *Herminius*) that 'twas to that very *Veientine*, *Clelius* sent secretly, to endeavor the delivery of *Horatius*. 'Tis the very same, (replied *Zenocrates*) and *Clelius* does his utmost to hinder the Consuls from using him that is taken severely. But what was his message to *Clelius*, (demanded *Herminius*.) He came to tell him (answered *Zenocrates*) that *Mamilius* assured him, that though he were of a side enemy to his, he should persevere his friend, and ever express testimonies of amity to him, as far as the interest of his party would permit. If this man be only charged with such Commissions, (replied *Herminius*) there is no cause to treat him hardly. Were there no more but this, (answered *Zenocrates*,) he would be out of danger, but Letters have been found about him from the Prince *Titus* to *Collatina* and *Hermilia*; which 'tis true, speak nothing concerning affairs of State; but there is one from *Tarquin*, to the chief Pontiff, in which that Prince, exaggerating the excessive expence he made, to testify his zeal towards the gods, when he caused the Temple of *Jupiter* to be built, seems desirous to engage him to recompence him for it, by embracing his interests, and cunningly insinuating into the minds of his people, that 'tis fit he were recalled. But amongst all those several Letters, the man had some others which intimate, that having ended his negotiating at *Rome*, he had order to go into *Greece* to the Princess of *Elis*; for there is one from the *Veientine* we spoke of to the Prince of that Country. And that which is sufficiently strange, this *Veientine* speaks to him with very much authority, and almost commands him to go in person to *Delphos*, to consult the oracle concerning the success of the War which the *Veientes* have determined to make against *Rome*. For whereas *Tarquin*, heretofore sent the Princess his sons thither, when *Brutus* accompanied them, the *Veientes* observing lately, how true the Oracle they received has been found, by *Brutus*'s becoming master of *Rome*, they would know what the event of their design would prove. And accordingly *Mamilius* writes, as I told you, to the Prince of *Elis*, to oblige him to consult that Oracle, engaging himself to make a considerable offering to the Temple of *Delphos*, in the name of his Republick. There are also in the same Letter many other things, which cannot be understood. But is this Prince of *Elis* (said *Plotina*, turning towards *Merigenes*) nothing to the Princess *Elismonda*, whose Picture you just now gave us? He is her Husband, (answered *Merigenes*) and the person I mentioned after I had described the Princess his wife; and it ought not to be wondered at, if *Mamilius* speaks to that Prince with authority, for he is his father. But how comes it to pass, (demanded *Plotina*) that the son of a *Veientine*, is Prince of *Elis*? Fortune, who is capricious, (answered *Merigenes*) does things much more astonishing than this. But yet I can assure you, that since the first made adventures of War, of Love, and of Generosity, she never made any more surprising than those which have befallen the Prince of *Elis*. And truly, it ought not to be accounted

strange, that *Mamilius* is so strongly persuaded of a Power, foreseeing things to come; for he has an example of it in the Prince his Son, which will not suffer him to doubt it. All the company hearing this discourse of *Merigenes*, had great curiosity of knowing the History of the Prince and Princess of *Elis*, but because it was already sufficiently late, and *Herminius* judged it important to let *Valerius* know, the Prince of *Elis* was Son of *Mamilius*, and moreover, was willing to go see *Valeria*, he said, 'twas requisite to refer the business to the next morning, and that *Valeria* ought to have her part in this pleasure, and accordingly the company broke up and departed. But to the end *Valerius* might be better informed of what it was fit he should know, *Themistus* accompanied *Merigenes* to the Consul, to whom he declared very important matters; For, you know (said *Merigenes* to *Valerius*) that the Family of the *Tarquins* is originally of *Corinth*; upon which account it would not be impossible, but *Mamilius* might engage the Prince his son to persuade the *Corinthians* to embrace the interests of *Tarquin*. And being the Commerce of *Corinth* into *Sicily* is great, they might afterwards engage some of the Princes of that Island, which is nearer hither than themselves, to intermeddle in this War. After which, *Merigenes* offered himself to negotiate with the Prince of *Elis*, whose virtue is so great, that he was confident he would be always on the side of Justice, assuring him, that there were also some matters in his life, which engaged him to be enemy to all Tyrants. *Valerius* thanked *Merigenes*, and without refusing the offer which he made, of treating the interests of *Rome* with the Prince of *Elis*, he entreated him to inform him, by what adventure the son of *Mamilius*, who was believed lost in a long voyage, came to be Prince of *Elis*. But *Merigenes* answering him, that the story was long, and that there was at least as much War as Love in it, *Valerius* smiling, gave commission to *Herminius*, to learn the same from *Merigenes*, since the publick affairs did not allow him leisure enough at present. Thus the History of the Princess of *Elis*, which *Merigenes* was to relate only to content the curiosity of *Cesonia*, *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, became almost a necessary affair of State. But in order to it, the next morning, after *Herminius* had been to make a visit to *Clelia* and *Octavius*, who was somewhat better to day, he went to *Valeria*'s house, where *Cesonia*, *Plotina*, *Themistus*, *Amilcar* and *Merigenes* were also met. And *Merigenes* knowing he had many things to relate, after the first civilities were over, and *Valeria*, who received him very civilly, had intreated him to begin the narration he had promised, spoke in this manner, addressing himself to *Valeria*, to whom *Plotina* had already told all that she knew concerning the Princess of *Elis*.

THE HISTORY

Of the PRINCESS

ELISMONDA.



O U will perhaps judge me very presumptuous, Madam in daring to entertain you with the adventures of your Neighbors, and tell you of things done at *Veii*, which is not far from your Gates, as if I were a *Tuscan*, and not a Native of

Asia: 'Tis true, Fortune has guided me into so many different regions, my habitation has so long been in *Sicily*, and my travels so universal all over *Italy*, that I can almost term every place my Country. To me, according to the genius I am of, all persons of honor are fellow-Citizens; and I never put real distinction between men, besides what virtue alone makes. Now Madam, I must acquaint you that the Prince of *Elis*, whose name is *Hortensius*, is of a most illustrious race. For his Family is as antient as the City wherein he was born, which is, as you know, one of the most considerable of those twelve famous Cities, which share amongst them the Dominion of all *Tuscany*. But not to detain you with unprofitable particularising all the several badges of honor which belong to that House, I shall only intimate, that it possessed the highest employments in *Veii*, and that they report that one of the Predecessors of *Hortensius*, heretofore gave that famous Statue of *Juno*, whom they call *Queen Juno*, which they have plac'd in a stately Temple erected for it. For as the *Veientines* adore the Goddess represented by it as the tutelar Deity of their City, and are naturally superstitious; so they believe if this Statue should be taken from them, their City would be destroyed. I say this Madam, to the end that remembring the nature of the *Tuscans*, you may not think strange that the Illustrious Father of *Hortensius*, has been capable of doing that which you shall understand in the sequel of my discourse. Which before I unfold to you, it is requisite you know, that that generous *Veientine*, who is called *Mamilius*, was always virtuous from his first youth, that he loved his Country eminently more than all things, and glory as much as his Country, and that as it is the custom of those of this Nation to consult their Augurs, which are the most learned of the world in the art they pretend to, he consulted the most famous that he knew concerning

the birth of his only son, *Hortensius*, whose life I am relating to you. But all he inquired of (first telling him that his son should be indued with a thousand great qualities) assured him it was the decree of fate for him to reign in the place where he should live, and that it was impossible but he should dye a Sovereign. This generous *Veientine*, instead of rejoycing was afflicted with this answer, for loving his native soil with an extream Passion, he judged himself the most unhappy of all men, in having a son, whom he feared would become Tyrant of his Country. Which perplexing thought not forsaking him, and being willing to find cause to doubt of what the Augurs of his City had told him, he went from City to City throughout all *Tuscany*, to consult all such as were in repute for skill in the art of Divinations. But the more he consulted, the more was his fear augmented, for all told him the same thing. Afterwards being not yet satisfied; he went to *Præneste* to the famous Temple of *Fortune*, which is upon the top of the Mountain, on which this City is built, to try whether the *Præneste* Lots would agree with the Augurs which he had consulted. For which (you are not ignorant) there is in that place a kind of Oracle of Chance, which seems to decide the destinies of men. But at *Præneste* too, as well as at *Veii*, this generous Father found that his Son was born to rule, and that it was necessary he should render himself absolute Master of a Sovereignty. This being so decreed; his noble Father, whose virtue caused his affliction, returned to *Veii*, and without discovering any thing of his sorrow, provided for the education of his Son in the best manner he could, if possibly by industry and the flexibility of his minority he might oppose the power of Destiny, which seemed to intend him for a Tyrant of his Country. But as the Child grew up in years, so was his inquietude augmented; by reason there ever appeared some Token of Superiority in all his actions. If he played with Children of equal age, he would be the master of them; he had a lofty aspect, lov'd not to obey his equals, and gave testimonies both of courage and wit, and lastly, was very lovely and excellently well made. *Hortensius* liv'd on this sort till the age of seven years, when being in the Temple of *Queen Juno*, where a multitude of people were assembled, because it was the day whereon they celebrated the

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Feast

feast of that goddess, He went boldly to seat himself in a Chair rais'd three steps high, which was never us'd but by the chief of the *Augurs* who was Priest; and though they endeavour'd to make him go thence, he kept himself there immoveable, till the *Augur* came thither to perform the ceremony. Whose intreaties and commands were all ineffectual to perswade him from his seat, so that he was constrain'd to pull him out forcibly. Whereupon the *Augur* observing whose Child it was, and remembring what himself had foretold concerning him, transported with zeal to his Country, turning himself towards the Statue of *Juno*, and lifting up his voice and his hands towards it, O great goddess (cry'd he) be pleas'd to avert, that this dangerous Child become not the Tyrant of a place, where men adore you with so sincere devotion. He had scarce pronounc'd this, but there arose a confusion of voices amongst the people. During which, the generous Father of *Hortensius*, who was most zealous above all the *Veientines*, of the publick safety, being enter'd into the Temple, as things were thus, and understanding what had pass'd, stept forth, and with a generosity never parallel'd, took *Hortensius* by the hand, and addressing to the Priest, with an admirable constancy, bad him, Go and make a sacrifice of his Son to his Country. 'Tis not (added he) for that I believe I ought to deprive him of a life which the gods have given him; but I shall dispose of him in such manner, that *Veii* shall never be in fear of his ambition. Soon after, this afflicted Father, making choice of a friend he had of no great wealth, but virtuous, and who had all his life a very great desire of travel, requested him he would undertake the conduct of his Son, and become a father to him. And assigning him half his wealth, he conjur'd him to go and travel about the world with his Son, to instruct him constantly in virtue, to endeavour to cause him to forget of what Country he was, to make him rather choose *Greece* to live in, than any other place in the world, and never to return into *Italy*. This man, whose name was *Gentius*, accordingly accepted the bargain propounded to him by his friend, perceiving he had taken up an unalterable purpose to banish *Hortensius*, and a few daies after went to take ship at one of the Ports of *Tuscany*. Whence his first passage was into *Sicily*, and thence to *Corinth*, where he educated *Hortensius*, till he was twenty years old, and then dyed: But for that the wealth *Hortensius's* Father had given him, had not been improv'd in his hands, but he had almost wholly spent it, either in travelling, or in causing *Hortensius* to be instructed, he left him a very small pittance, and dying suddenly, discover'd nothing to him of his fortune. For you must know, Madam, *Gentius* had us'd so much art to cause this Youth to forget of what Country he was, that he took himself to be a *Sicilian*. Not but that he still remembred *Veii*; but, being *Gentius* had told him that he was brought to that City at the age of six months, he was at a loss what to imagine; and there was so great a confusion in his memory, of what he had seen during his Childhood, that all he was able to conjecture was this, that there must needs have been something very extraordinary in his birth. Wherefore being excited with greatness of mind; he was loath to

seek what he was unwilling to find, and only consider'd with himself, what behov'd him to do at that time. He had very many friends at *Corinth*, but this was of no advantage to him; and therefore hearing there was a War lately broke out between the *Thessalonians* and the *Opuntines*, he resolv'd to go thither to try what fortune would do for him. But, as curiosity is always inherent in the Souls of brave persons, *Hortensius* in his journey into *Thessaly*, which is the fairest part of all *Macedonia*, purpos'd to go see that famous valley of *Tempe*, which is between the Mountains, *Ossa* and *Olympus*; the top of the latter of which is above all storms and tempests, and can only by night it self be depriv'd of the Sun-beams. Thus *Hortensius*, having I know not what instinct which oblig'd him to trust to his fortune, he put himself into an equipage of a man of his quality (of which he was ignorant) who travels with no great train, leaving to his destiny the care of providing means to make it subsist. Wherefore accompanied with two slaves, he went directly towards *Tempe*, which I shall not stay to describe to you, though I have some desire to do it, because it is the most pleasing place that ever I beheld, and whose pleasant prospect occasion'd the endangering of the life of *Hortensius*. Hold, I beseech you (said *Valeria*, interrupting *Merigenes*) speed not so fast, but tell us something of the delectable site of that place, which all the world commends. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I was once design'd to go on purpose from *Africa* to *Thessaly*, to have the pleasure of walking there. Let us go thither presently (said *Plotina*) for I believe if *Merigenes* describe it to us, we shall know what excellency of contrivance, nature has shewn in it, as well as if we had been there. As for me (said *Cassonia*) I never was against walking. It needs (said *Herminius*) to be of a bad humour to break this off; and therefore I conceive *Merigenes* has nothing to do but to prepare himself to make a handsome description: for I take it as granted, *Æmilius* and *Themistus* will not disgust it. Both which answering like persons who wish'd whatsoever the company desir'd, *Merigenes* pursu'd his discourse in this manner. *Tempe* is situate between the Mountains *Ossa* and *Olympus* which are two the highest of *Thessaly*, in which there are about thirty four. The length of this famous Valley is four hundred furlongs: for the breadth, it is sufficiently unequal, for in some places it is broader, and in some more contracted. In the midst of this delightful Vale, slides the River *Peneus*, which being swell'd, by the accession of four other pleasant Rivers is capable of bearing Boats of a considerable size. But that which is remarkable in it, is, that the River *Eurotas*, which *Homer* calls *Tistaretia*, and which discharges it self into the River *Peneus*, does not mingle its own waters with his. For they are distinguishable by the difference of their colour. So that, as if the River *Peneus* bare disdain to the other, having pass'd some space together without mixing their waters, it casts the River *Eurotas* on one side, and they both separate without joyning streams. But the greatest Ornament of the valley of *Tempe*, is the intertwining of Ivy about all the Trees that grow there, from their roots to the top, so that nothing is seen there but a lovely universal verdure; there is also an Herb. admirably grateful to the eye, called

called *Smilax*, which climbs along the Trees, and reflecting downwards like a wild Vine, wholly covers the Earth. Whereby, as I said before, this pleasant valley becomes green all over. There are also seen by the Rivers side, both on the right hand and left, little Woods of Myrtles and Laurels, which offer their shadow to those which pass by. And that which renders this place yet more agreeable, is, that under these shades, several little Brooks purle along, the waters of which are not only pleasant to drink, but excellent for health. There is also a great multitude of Birds which delight in this rare Desert, both by reason of the number of Trees, Thickets, and Rivers, and for the calmness and quiet which perpetually reigns there. Moreover, the River *Peneus*, after having as it were precipitated it self at the entrance of this Valley, seems to be delighted in it, and slides so slowly, that you would think his stream were asleep. Many Islands appear in his Channel, which serve to embellish both the River and the Valley. As for the people thereabouts, they believing it a place particularly agreeable to the gods, make choice of it to perform sacrifices in, imagining their vows more favourably heard from thence than elsewhere. Which occasions that they which pass through this place always find the air in it perfum'd, either by the incense of sacrifices which are continually offered there, or by the flowers which grow abundantly in this lovely Vally. The *Theſſalonians* say, that *Apollo* having slain the Serpent *Pyrho*, came thither to purifie himself by the commandment of *Jupiter*; after which he was crowned with Laurel, whereof the Banks of the River *Peneus* are plentifully beset. They report also that after his having been crown'd, he took a bough of the same Laurel, and went to *Delphos*, and put himself in possession of the Oracle there, which is so universally celebrated. In proof of this truth, they shew strangers an Altar, where they affirm he was crown'd, and took that Laurel I speak of. But however it be, all the young people of *Delphos* go, under the conduct of a Captain, every year to offer a sacrifice at *Tempe*, in memory of *Apollo*, and return home crown'd with Laurel, singing Hymns and Pæans in celebration of his glory. They pass by the way which they call *Pythia*, that is to say by *Pulagonia*, *Etha*, the *Enians*, *Melians*, *Dorians*, *Locrians*, *Herperians*; all which several Nations accompany those *Delphick* youths with very much honor, as they of *Delphos* accompany those which come to *Tempe* from more remote regions. But that which renders this Valley yet more extraordinary, is this, That all those you meet with there, behave themselves reverently, as in a place consecrated to *Apollo*, and no unpleasing object offends the eye. Moreover, those two high Mountains which are at one end of the Valley, whose steepness is gradually diminish'd as they come further distant from the mouth of the River *Peneus* where it enters into the Sea, serve to add more handsomeness to it. For the place whereby they descend into it, is stony, craggy, unequal, rustical and wild; that the Valley appears more delightful by the rudeness of the entrance. The opinion of the inhabitants of the Countrey is, that these two Mountains were separated by an Earthquake, before which time the River *Peneus* having no outlet from this place into the Sea, overflow'd the whole

Countrey. And thus you have the prospect of the famous valley of *Tempe* which *Hortensius* was desirous to see in his way to *Theſſaly*. And he accordingly contented his curiosity, being so charm'd with the delightfulness of the place, that he resolv'd to abide there three or four daies, that he might see the famous Assembly of *Delphos* I mention'd, which was to be precisely at the time of his being there. He understood also, that the Sister of the Prince of the *Messenians*, who was then at war with a neighbor Prince, was coming to offer sacrifice in the valley of *Tempe*, to implore victory for the Prince her Brother. But two days being to be staid out, *Hortensius*, who was dextrous at all sorts of exercises, and a great lover of hunting at that time, not knowing the Laws of the Countrey, betook himself to walk along the River *Peneus*, causing a Bow and Arrows to be carried by one of his slaves, with intention to make use of the same against some wild Beast, if he met any; for he was singular in the art of shooting. Going therefore one morning to walk in this manner, he perceiv'd something moving cross the reeds. And as they who love such divertisement are more curious than others in the like occasions, he drew near it, and saw it was a great Stork which had seiz'd on a Serpent. *Hortensius* being stirr'd up with the ardor of a young marks-man, who loves to shew his dexterity, took his Bow, and shot the Bird so fatally, that he deliver'd the Serpent from being devour'd by it. But he had scarce done this, when six arm'd *Theſſalians*, who were reposing in a little grove of Laurel not far from thence, came forth suddenly from the place they were in, and set upon him, endeavouring to take him: For you must know, Madam, there is a Law amongst the *Theſſalians*, which forbids the killing of Storks, upon pain of death, because *Theſſaly* being subject to be infested with a prodigious multitude of Serpents, which are a delightful food to these Fowls, they look upon them as Sacred Birds sent them by the gods to deliver them from those Serpents and Vipers. But *Hortensius*, who had never heard speak of this Law, believ'd those which set upon him to be people that intended to rob him; for understanding not their language very well, which is different from the Greek spoken at *Corinth*, he observ'd not that they call'd him impious and sacrilegious; and therefore only betook himself to his defence. Which he stood to with a very Heroick courage; for though they were six against him, and he had only one slave unarm'd on his side, yet he wounded three of those that assaulted him, and fought a long while without being able to be taken. But at length four other *Theſſalians* coming to joyn with the former, and his sword being broken, he was constrain'd to yield to the number, and render himself. Which he had no sooner done, but he found himself treated like a criminal, and was led by them to a City, which is at the foot of the Mountain *Olympus*, to the end, that upon their accusation (before him that administred justice in that place) of having seen him kill a Stork, which was eating a Serpent, he might receive sentence of death, according to the Law of the Countrey. Now it happened as they were leading him along with all the rigor superstition is able to inspire people with, representing cruelty to be zeal of Religion, they met

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a Chariot full of Ladies within a little distance from the Gates of the City, attended by several men on horseback. She who seem'd Mistress of the rest, was fair, and of a goodly aspect; having a kind of air in her face, bespeaking much goodness. This person, who was nam'd *Andronice*, and Sister to the Prince of the *Messenians*, beholding so comely a person as *Hortensius*, and so well cloath'd, led so rudely by ten men, three of which were wounded, desired them to stay a little, and give her the satisfaction of knowing what crime the person they led had committed. The *Thessalians* judging her a person of high quality, and of a commanding Beauty, told her the crime of *Hortensius*, adding that he should be cast headlong from a Rock the next morning. This they spoke more clearly than they had done when they assaulted *Hortensius*, who now understood, as well as *Andronice*, of what he was accus'd, and the danger impendent over him. Upon which understanding of his cause, addressing himself to the Princess, who seem'd so obligingly to interest her self in his fortune; I will believe, Madam, (said he; for the spake the same language with him) that the gods have sent you hither to save the life of a stranger, who knowing not the Laws of the Countrey, hath committed a crime innocently. For though I am habited in a *Grecian* garb, I am so far from being a *Thessalian*, that I was not born in any part of *Greece*. Therefore I have reason to hope you will take upon you my protection, in a Countrey where I am unknown to all. 'Tis not (added he with great resolution) for that I am much enamour'd on life, or have any great fear of death; but as I believe it a folly to despise the former too much, and a weakness to be over-apprehensive of the latter, so I believe it no disparagement to the greatness of courage, to beseech your protection; for though I know well you are not of this Countrey, nevertheless I presume, your condition and your beauty may easily gain you an interest wherever you desire it. *Hortensius* utter'd these words with so noble an air, that *Andronice's* heart was much affected with it. But the *Thessalians* perceiving this discourse might obstruct their design, interrupted it, and forced *Hortensius* to follow them, especially they who beheld their blood still flowing from the wounds which he had given them. Yet as Virtue sometimes finds admiration in the breast of the most brutish, there was one of these *Thessalians* who staid behind the rest, and approaching towards the Chariot of *Andronice*, told the Princess, that since the man was a stranger, she would do honorably to have commiseration on him, and assured her that he never met with a greater valour than his; after which, he went and joyn'd himself to his companions. In the mean while *Andronice*, who observ'd *Hortensius* had the aspect of a man of quality, and spoke well, that he was courageous and innocent, took up a firm resolution to save his life; and therefore she commanded him that drove her Chariot, to go to the same place whither those people went, which conducted the prisoner; and so she arriv'd at the house of him who was to pronounce the sentence on *Hortensius* at the very same time with him. Who causing it to be known who she was, she was received with respect, and spoke of *Hortensius's* case, before those who brought him could be heard. Whose true relation of the mat-

ter to the Judge, sensibly affected him with the misfortune of *Hortensius*; but he told her that the Law he had broken was so rigorously observed in *Thessaly*, that it was hard to save him. *Andronice* answer'd him, that the quality of a stranger mitigated the fact; But he reply'd, it was suppos'd a stranger ought to be inform'd of the customs of the place whither he goes, and that as soon as a man enters into any Countrey; he becomes subject to the Laws of the same, adding, that it belonged to the people to grant this kind of grace, because they were most concern'd in the crime; and, in sum, that all he could do, was to suspend his judgement, and refer the business to the people. *Andronice* finding him so inflexible, us'd more mollifying language to him, and did it so effectually, that he promis'd to save the life of this stranger, and to handle the matter so, that the people should consent to it. Nevertheless it behov'd *Hortensius* to lye in prison at present; but the next morning the Prince's *Andronice* acted so happily, that the people pardon'd this illustrious criminal; and as the *Thessalians* are the least intelligent amongst the *Greeks*, they made him engage to bring or send another Stork into *Thessaly*, to the end he might be reputed innocent. As soon as he was free, he went to tender his remerciements to *Andronice*, which he did with so good a grace, that she accounted her self well recompens'd for the service she had done him. But after she had impos'd silence to his acknowledgements of the favour he receiv'd, she demanded of him, of what Countrey he was, whither he was going, what design brought him into *Thessaly*, and what he sought there. For the place of my birth, Madam (said he to her) it is not permitted me to tell you it; but for the other things you ask me, I shall inform you that I came to *Tempe* only out of curiosity, and my next purpose is to go to the War in *Thessaly*, to the end I may perform some action, which may render me worthy the protection which I have receiv'd from you. Since you seek nothing but glory (answer'd she) come and seek it in the Army of the Prince of *Messenia* my Brother. It being for the happy success of his Arms that I am come into *Thessaly*, so I shall believe my vows have been heard, if I can bring him a person so courageous as you: for whereas being single you were able to keep your self from being taken by six men well appointed; and there needed ten to overcome you; when you come to be in an Army which hitherto has not been unprosperous, you will without question do things which shall be equally advantageous both to him that does them, and for whose interest they are exploited. *Hortensius* hearing these words of *Andronice*, was extremely joyful at them; for having no particular design, he was highly pleas'd in finding so commodious an occasion as this, and therefore he receiv'd this offer with joy, and assured *Andronice*, that he should esteem himself absolutely happy in hazarding the life she had preserv'd to him, in the service of the Prince her brother. Accordingly he prepar'd himself to follow her so soon as she had dispatcht the sacrifice she was determin'd to offer: And not to insist upon matters of small moment, I shall tell you in few words, that *Andronice* having perform'd what she ought to the gods, and seen all the excellencies of the Valley of *Tempe*, return'd from thence, accompanied by *Hortensius*

sensius. She had with her two persons of quality, with whom *Hortensius* soon contracted a friendship. During the journey, *Andronice* very much augmented the esteem she had conceiv'd of *Hortensius*, for she found him so full of spirit, so prudent, and so respectful, that he pleas'd her infinitely. *Hortensius* on the other side observ'd a thousand agreeable qualities in this Princess, besides her beauty, which was not mean.

But it fell out, that as they were crossing a Wood a little before Sun-set, they heard a great noise of horses, and within a moment after saw about fifty horsemen with their swords in their hands coming to surround the Chariot of *Andronice*. The Princess had scarce cast her eyes upon the people which inclos'd her, but she espied a Lover of hers, nam'd *Attalus*, whom she hated in perfection. So that not doubting but he intended to take her away, Ah *Hortensius*! (cry'd she, looking about for him) you may now render me more than the life you owe me, by hindring me from being taken away by the Traitor *Attalus*. At these words, *Hortensius*, who had already drawn his sword, went with ten or twelve other Horsemen, who attended on *Andronice*, directly towards *Attalus*, whom he easily discover'd to be master of the rest. But for that this incensed Lover sought not to fight, but only design'd to carry away his Mistress, *Hortensius* could not overcome him so soon as he would, by reason *Attalus* had contriv'd to order his followers to take *Andronice* out of her Chariot and put her into his Arms, that so he might carry her away, whilst they kept the Princesses attendants in fight. For he was determined to take sanctuary in that wood, where there stood an old Castle, of which the Master was his friend. But *Hortensius* being zealous to acquit himself to the full of what he ought *Andronice*, broke thorow those that oppos'd his passage, and having first slain one and wounded two, encountered with *Attalus*, whose valour was known to all that knew his person. There began a very sharp fight between these two Gallants, while those who accompany'd *Andronice*, defended themselves against the party of *Attalus*. By the number of which they had without question been overpower'd, if *Hortensius*, who was resolv'd either to conquer or dye, had not shew'd extraordinary courage, and made haste to dispatch the head of those people, who were twice as many as those they fought against. For the sense of glory and gratitude redoubled his natural valour, which being seconded by favour of Fortune, he wounded *Attalus* in three places, and the last pass that he made at him, running him through the body, he fell down as dead at his horses feet. Which his followers perceiving, some run to succor him, others set upon *Hortensius* to revenge their Master, and part of those who environ'd *Andronice's* Chariot, fled. But the first victory elevating the heart of *Hortensius*, advantag'd him to a second, he soon ridding himself of those who assaulted him after the fall of *Attalus*, whom some of his own carried off, whilst the attendants of *Andronice*, seconding the courage of *Hortensius*, help'd him to compleat the conquest. Thus having put to flight or slain all that had attacked them, the Chariot proceeded again forward; and *Hortensius* marching last, to the end he might be first in fighting, in case

they should be follow'd, was happy enough to come off in this adventure, without being wounded, though his cloaths were pierc'd in several places. 'Tis true, there were three of the Princesses of *Messena's* people so wounded, that it was requisite to leave them at the next village they came to. *Andronice* for more surety, would not stay at the place where she had purposed to lodge, but went on as far as the horses were able to go, that she might be as remote as possible from a place, where so cruel an adventure had befallen her. I omit to repeat to you, Madam, the Princesses discourse to *Hortensius* upon the way, and at her arrival at the place where she was to repose: for I have so many other things to tell you, that I ought not to trouble you with circumstances of no importance; and moreover, you may easily imagine, what a grateful Princess, and of much wit, might say in this occurrent, and what might be answer'd by a modest Cavalier, who still believ'd he had receiv'd more than he had return'd. But I shall tell you that *Hortensius*, who was ingenious, sought occasion to be instructed of the state of the Court whither he was going, to the end he might deport himself there with more prudence. The late accident encreased his curiosity much more; and therefore having contracted friendship with two persons of quality, who accompanied this Princess, especially with one, who was called *Eumenes*, and possess'd both Virtue and Wit, he began one evening a private Converse with him in this manner: Generous *Eumenes*, (said he, after several protestations of friendship) I beseech you, please to instruct an unhappy stranger, who already looks upon *Messena* as his Country, since he can hope to gain such a friend there as you. Being you are a person of much merit (answer'd *Eumenes*) I shall be very ready to inform you with sincerity, for the Court you are going to, is much more hard to be well understood, than you imagine; and the War in which the Prince *Melanthus* is engag'd, more troublesome than you may at present conceive it: And therefore perhaps it will not be unprofitable to you to grant you what you request. But is it not the War (said *Hortensius*) which the Prince of *Messena* is engag'd in against *Elis*, which is a Country of no great extent? Yes, answer'd *Eumenes*, but for that 'tis a Country consecrated to the gods, the design of usurping it seems criminal to almost all the Republicks of Greece, and especially to those of *Peloponnesus*, as you may know, because you liv'd a while at *Corinth*. I know it well (replied *Hortensius*) having not been so long at *Corinth*, without hearing people speak of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and the famous Temple of *Olympia*, and knowing all the privileges of that Country, which was consecrated to the gods, after the ancient War of the *Heracidae*.

I believe indeed (interpos'd *Plotina* pleasantly) *Hortensius* knew all this; but being *Valeria*, *Cesonia*, and my self knew nothing at all thereof, I beseech you make not so much speed, but tell us all you know of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia*; for the confused talk I have heard of them, makes me desirous to be better inform'd, especially, since I know it is the Country of *Elismonda*. *Valeria* and *Cesonia* testifying they had the same desires with *Plotina*, *Merigenes*, resum'd his discourse in these terms.

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That which you would know, Madam, is undoubtedly worthy of your knowledge; and, to speak truly, almost as necessary to be known by you; for understanding the sequel of this History, as it was profitable to be known by *Hortensius*, in order to his being benefited by the counsels of *Emmenes*. Nevertheless I shall omit to relate to you all which tradition tells us, concerning the original of those Nations. For the *Messenians* themselves say, they were the Subjects of *Menelaus*, son of *Atreus*, and brother of *Agamemnon*, King of *Sparta*; that afterwards the Nephews of *Helle* were their Masters; and since, a Prince of *Cyparissa*, called *Melanthus*, drove out those which reign'd, and made himself Sovereign of the Countrey, whose successors ever since have rul'd in *Messenia*. For the Prince of *Messenia*, brother of the Princess *Andronice*, is named *Melanthus*, as he was from whom he pretends to be descended; and he might reign peaceably, did not ambition excite him to rush into the War he is engag'd in, For he might well enough have been contented with the Countrey of *Messenia*, being so good and pleasant, that only *Laconia* is comparable to it: it is neither too cold in Winter, nor too hot in Summer; and the River *Pamissus*, which hastens rapidly to unite with the Sea, cuts so commodiously thorough the middle of it, that all the Inhabitants of the Countrey partake in the benefits which the River brings. This Territory is bounded on one side with the Sea, and on the other is environ'd with *Laconia*, *Arcadia*, and a small corner of Land called *Triphilia*, scited between *Pisa* and *Messenia*. But, Madam, because it is more important for you to be inform'd of the Countrey which the Prince *Melanthus* designed to usurp, than that of his own, I must be a little more large in describing to you the Principality of *Elis*, than I have been in that of *Messenia*. *Elis*, the principal City, and from whence the whole Province is denominat'd, is, notwithstanding, none of the most antient of *Peloponnesus*, for it was not in being in the daies of *Homer*; yet it is so famous for a hundred other respects, (as also are *Pisa* and *Olympia*, which lie very near together) that there is none more. As for the Princes of *Pisa*, they were heretofore very powerful; *Oenoneus* and *Pelops* his successor, who were Sovereigns thereof, are known throughout all the world for their glorious adventures. But I am not willing to trouble you with a long rehearsal of those antient Wars, which caus'd confusion in all Greece, and principally in *Peloponnesus*; I shall only unfold matters past so far, as may suffice to shew you the rise of those extraordinary privileges, which the Countreys of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia* have enjoyed for so many ages. You must know then, that after a long War of the *Heraclidae*, who had the *Aesolians* on their side, against the *Epeians*; *Pyreemenus* of *Aesolia*, who was General of the *Heraclidae*, propos'd to the Commander of the enemies, whose name was *Degmenus*, that they might conclude their differences by a single and decisive combat, in the sight of their Armies. Which being accepted and resolv'd on, the day and place was appointed; the Troops were drawn up in battalia on both sides, and the Combat was performed by *Pereemenus*, General of the *Heraclidae*, and *Degmenus* of the *Epeians*. This last came to the Encounter with no other Arms than his Bow and

Arrows, but the first brought a Sling and Stones; for they had not agreed what weapons they would use. But at last *Pyreemenus* kill'd his enemy, and therefore determin'd to possess himself of the Countrey in controversie between them, and drive out all the *Eliaens* from *Elis*. But because the vanquish'd pretended dissatisfaction of the victory of *Pyreemenus*, in regard of the inequality of their Arms, the neighbouring people interposing themselves to accomodate the matter, found out an expedient to do it, which was accepted with joy by both parties. The proposal was, That the Territory which they made War for, might be consecrated to the gods: And accordingly by the consent of both parties, and of all the neighboring people of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia*, all this lovely Countrey, and particularly the City of *Elis*, was consecrated to *Jupiter*. But the better to signify that it was under the protection of the gods, and needed not to be defended by men, it was resolv'd that it should never be wall'd about, and a declaration made, that whoever attempted to take it, should be held for a sacrilegious person; and in case it happened the *Eliaens* were oblig'd to give passage to any Forces of the neighboring Regions, they should not go through this of *Elis*, with their Arms in their hands; but on the contrary, as soon as such Troops should come to the frontier of this Countrey, they should lay aside their Arms which the *Eliaens* should transport for them in Carriages, and not render the same till they were arriv'd to the confines of their small State. On these conditions, *Pyreemenus* was invest'd in the Sovereignty of the Countrey, and took care of the Temple of *Jupiter*, with consent of all the adjacent States, who engag'd themselves by oath, never to violate the privileges accorded to *Elis*. They report also, that at this time divers ceremonies in the *Olympick Games* were renew'd, and that thence-forward the people of *Elis* became rich and happy; for while their neighbors were at war, they enjoy'd a profound peace, and enrich'd themselves by others' infelicities; so that they might have been judg'd the most happy people of all Greece, for their Countrey is the most sweet and pleasant that can be imagin'd. Two Rivers there are which extremely imbellish it; one called *Penens*, as well as that of *Tempe*, in the source of which, there is one thing very remarkable; for near the City of *Megalopolis* there are two Springs, each of which produce a River; the *Penens* I speak of is one, and the River *Eurolas* the other. But after these two Rivers have pass'd for some space, without being much separated, they both hide themselves under the earth, where finding out waies unknown to men, the one issues forth again in *Laconia*, and the other in *Elis*. But besides the River *Penens* which passes through the fair City of *Elis*, there is the River *Alpheus*, which coming out of *Arcadia*, passeth near *Pisa* and *Olympia*, on whose Banks the *Olympick Games* are celebrated, which are assuredly the most magnificent sports of all Greece. This great Festival is celebrated in a Wood of wild Olives, about three hundred furlongs from *Elis*. But this River which comes from *Arcadia*, and opens into the Sea towards the West, on the side of *Sicily*, and which is so known over all the World, for the love they say he bears to *Arethusa*, whom he hastens to find in the Island of *Ortygia*, without

without mingling his waters with those of the Sea, is not only pleasant but commodious; for being swelled up by a very great number of other Rivers, of which the most considerable are *Enipeus*, *Celadon*, and *Erimanthus*, it bears very great vessels, which serve for the commerce of the Countrey; which is so much the more pleasant, in that all the region which is inclos'd between *Achaia*, *Arcadia*, and *Messena*, is beset with a great number of small Temples, dedicated to *Diana*, *Venus*, and the Nymphs, in little Woods of Myrtle, all over embellish'd with Flowers, and irrigated with Springs and Rivulets. Almost all the great Roads have Temples dedicated to *Mercury*, and by the Sea-shore are seen many consecrated to *Neptune*. There is one also dedicated to *Pallas*, which is not very far distant from *Olympia*, near to which is the Mountain of *Philaceus*, which seems to separate *Arcadia*, and the Countrey of *Elis*; for the foot of it reaches near to *Pisa*. As for the Temple of *Jupiter*, being I shall have occasion to speak of it in another place of my story, I shall not now stay to do it, but tell you, to return where I was, that the *Eleans* after a long enjoyment of the privileges which had been granted them, were twice invaded, but always to the disadvantage of those who made war upon them. For a Son of the Prince of the *Messenians*, named *Melanthus*, whose Mother was of the race of that *Degmeus* who was overcome, designing to renew that antient War, undertook the same to his own destruction; and another going about to attempt the like was as unfortunate as he. But to return at length to the discourse of *Eumenes*, with *Hortensius*; You shall know (said he) that the present Prince of the *Messenians*, brother of the Princess *Andronice*, being born with an ambition, which will never suffer him to live in quiet, though he should have conquer'd all *Greece*, has believ'd he shall be more happy than his forefathers, and that he could not find a more favourable time to invade the Countrey of *Elis* than this, wherein he is peaceful master of his own State. The Prince his Father, who dy'd two years since, left him excessively rich, whereby he is sufficiently provided of Forces, Ships, and Ammunition for the design. He is young, gallant, sprightly, of a daring courage; and had he but something more humanity, and a little better conduct to manage the advantages which nature hath given him, he would be a very great Prince. But he hath defects so apparent to all the world, that it is not easie to determine what rank to give him. That which encourag'd him to undertake the War, was the great age of the Prince of *Elis*; who besides, had but one daughter, which is the Princess *Elismonda*, and having pass'd his whole life in peace, might be thought unfit to bear up against a War. And a greater inducement to undertake the same was, that a Prince under his dominions, a very gallant Person, and fil'd the Prince of *Cyparissa*, having been exil'd by the late Prince of *Messena*, was retir'd to the Prince of *Elis*, and according to report, was very favourably entertain'd by him. Whence, upon a jealousy that he might marry *Elismonda*, and a scorn that one of his subjects should be his neighbor, his equal, and his allie, he resolv'd to denounce war against the Prince of *Elis*: which he did with the greater confidence, for that all the States of

Peloponnesus being at that time accustomed to peace, he did not fear lest they would trouble their own quiet to intermeddle in the affairs of another, though the privileges of *Elis* requir'd all the neighboring Provinces to take Arms for its defence. And thus he accordingly took up a resolution to make the War. The Princess his Sister, who is admirably prudent above the custom of her years, did all she could, out of a sentiment of piety, to avert him from invading a Countrey so particularly under the protection of the gods. But he smilingly answering her, that in *Homer* the gods took sides as well as men, and therefore he hop'd he should not be abandon'd by all the Deities, follow'd his design, and took no other care but to accomplish it happily. About that time *Attalus*, whom you lately fought with, and who is a person of the highest quality in *Messena*, became very amorous of *Andronice*. And believing if he serv'd the Prince *Melanthus* bravely in the War, he might more easily obtain his sister, he did his utmost to signize his zeal and his courage before him; which much afflicted *Andronice*, who had ever such an aversion against *Attalus*, as virtuous persons could not disapprove: for though *Attalus* wants no heraldry, nor courage, nor magnificence, nor wit, yet he is very odious because he hath neither goodness nor generosity. But to hasten to tell what you are desirous to know: The Prince of *Messena* began the War, upon colour of that antient quarrel I mention'd to you before; for you know, Policy will never suffer the ambitious to want pretences. At first the Prince of *Elis*, who desir'd only to dye in peace, and saw himself unfurnisht of requisites to maintain a War, because a rich and unmarshall'd people is fit only to be conquer'd, us'd all possible means to enter into Treaty with the Prince of *Messena*, and sent him word, that he would have offer'd him the Princess his daughter in marriage, if the Laws of *Elis* would have permitted him to give her to a Prince who is Sovereign of another State, or one who is not able to circumscribe his ambition within the bounds of *Elis*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* us'd all possible persuasions to hinder the Father of the fair *Elismonda* from making propositions of peace so advantageous to his enemy. But this virtuous Prince being already sensible of the approaches of death, and knowing that he could not longer practise any other virtues but those of peace, omitted nothing he believ'd conducive to avert the War. But all his endeavors prov'd fruitless; for *Melanthus* made no longer negotiation about peace, than serv'd to amuse him, whilst he was preparing for the War. Whereupon, the Prince of *Elis* perceiving no means of bringing his enemy to reason, provided for his defence, with all diligence the weakness of his age was capable of. The Prince of *Cyparissa* omitted nothing for his part, which lay in his power to do in behalf of a Prince, who had given him Sanctuary in his Court, and to which the love he had for *Elismonda*, whom he passionately serv'd, oblig'd him, though he had hitherto preserv'd his affection undiscover'd to her in his own breast. The Prince of *Elis* sent to the adjacent States to summon them to defend *Elis*, in accomplishment of the Engagements their Ancestors had made to do so. But whilst all those Nations had the matter under deliberation, *Melanthus* enters into *Elis* in the

head of a considerable Army: whereby the *Eleans* saw themselves invaded, and unprovided for such an invasion, and altogether succorless. Yet the zeal of their Countrey effecting that in them, which use and skill in War does in others, they defended themselves better than was believ'd, and the Prince of *Elis*, notwithstanding his age, put himself in the head of his Army, and fought in person. He had the advantage of his enemies at the first encounter of their forces, and beat them back; but at the second, this prudent Prince was constrain'd to retire into *Elis*, to endeavour to put the young Princess his daughter into the Castle of *Pisa* (for he had lost the Princess his wife awhile before) believing *Elismonda* would be there in greater safety. For this purpose he left the Prince of *Cyparissa* with his Troops, to give stop to the enemy, whilst he made his retreat, and took order to put *Olympia* into a condition of being defended. But this Prince being old, and of a crazy health, upon his arrival to *Elis*, he fell into an extream sickness, which within two days, ended his Life and Reign. During which, the young *Elismonda*, preferring being present with a dying Father, before providing for her own security, continu'd with him till he expir'd; and afterwards this fair and generous Princess, being unwilling to leave the body of her Father to the power of the Enemies (who approach'd nearer *Elis* every day, notwithstanding the valiant resistance of the Prince of *Cyparissa*) caus'd it to be plac'd in a Chariot, and taking another for her self and a Lady of high quality, and great virtue, she left a City destitute of Walls, and took the way towards *Pisa*. But as it fell out unhappily for her, *Melanthus* who had his spies in *Elis*, being inform'd of her departure, and of the death of the Prince of *Elis*, dispatcht *Attalus* with a body of horse to go and surprise her in the way: who march'd with such diligence that he overtook this young Princess before she could reach to *Pisa*: When being destitute of a Convoy to resist him, she saw her self abandon'd by all her attendants, and constrain'd to remain in her Chariot with the Lady which accompanied her, and that with the cruel necessity of beholding the fierce *Attalus* not only become master of her liberty, but also inhumanely commanding the body of the Prince of *Elis*, to be cast into the River *Alpheus* which ran hard by, to the end the sight of that dead Prince might not excite valour in the heart of the people by exciting compassion in them towards the Conquer'd and hatred against the Conquerors. The young Princess of *Elis* hearing this cruel command, made the most passionate Treaties to him in the world, and accompany'd her words with such a flood of tears, that she obtain'd at length, that the body of the Prince her Father, should be plac'd in a little Temple, not above six or seven furlongs distant from the place where they were, and order given to him that took care of it, to perform the last offices to that virtuous Prince. This done, *Attalus* put himself upon his march to conduct *Elismonda* towards the Army of the Prince of *Messena*: but upon the way he heard there had been a fight, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* had had the worst, having understood of the death of the Prince of *Elis*, and the departure of *Elismonda*, who had sent to advertise him of it, he thought himself to retire to the same place whither the Prin-

cess was gone, judging it necessary to abandon the City of *Elis*, and only provide to defend himself in *Pisa*. And moreover, that Love inciting this Prince to go where *Elismonda* was, he had not demurr'd what he ought to do, but took way, in which it would be difficult for the Prince of *Messena* to force him to fight, by reason there were many streights in it; and having pass'd the first before, that Prince perceiv'd his retreat, there was no likelihood he could follow him. *Attalus* also understood that *Melanthus* intending to possess himself of *Elis*, for the glory of his victory, had fac'd the City, the inhabitants of which having lately lost their Prince, seen the flight of the young Princess, and learnt the defeat of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, believ'd it the best course to surrender to the Conqueror, and so hinder their City from being pillaged. And accordingly they sent Commissioners to *Melanthus*, who promis'd them all they desir'd; but kept his promise not over-carefully; for they were very evilly and barbarously treated. This intelligence caus'd *Attalus* to change his course, to the end he might not meet with the Troops of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, but rather go directly where the Prince of *Messena* was. Yet he would not carry *Elismonda* into the City of *Elis*, without first knowing the pleasure of *Melanthus*. Wherefore he stay'd four furlongs off from the City, to expect the return of one of his followers whom he sent to him for that purpose. But this Prince having by promising the inhabitants of *Elis* to use them civilly, oblig'd them to deliver a Castle into his hands, which nature alone had impregnablely fortifi'd, situate about fifteen furlongs from *Elis*, he sent order to *Attalus* to conduct the Princess thither, and to place as many men in the Castle, as was requisite to guard her safely. *Attalus* accordingly carried her to this Castle, together with that Lady of quality I told you she had chosen, and four women to attend on her, sending all the rest into *Elis*, and going thither also himself soon after, to give *Melanthus* an account of what had pass'd. Whereafter awhile, *Attalus* being a violent man, and the Prince of *Messena* not being able to endure any to resist him, at the Council of War that was held, the judgement of *Attalus* being opposite to that of *Melanthus*, each of both maintain'd his own with very great stiffness and pertinacy. The opinion of *Melanthus* was, That it was not fit to give the Prince of *Cyparissa* leisure to fortifie himself in *Pisa*, and make use of the name of the Princess *Elismonda* to continue the War; but that it were requisite to go and set upon him without losing time. *Attalus* on the other side judg'd it necessary to put *Elis* into defence before going to expose his forces to a new battel with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was too magnanimous to suffer himself to be inclos'd in *Pisa*, without having once again experienc'd the fortune of War: That his forces would be recruited by the Inhabitants of *Pisa* and *Olympia*; and in case it should happen the Prince of *Messena* had the worst, he would find that his enterprize was no advantage to him; whereas on the contrary, when he once had fortifi'd *Elis*, which was easily put into defence, in case he should be worsted in the battel, he would still be master of the City which gives name to the Countrey he intended to conquer. *Attalus*, according to his violent humour and boldness, having express'd all these reasons, added some ambiguous

guous words, which being subject to be construed in a manner injurious to *Melanthus*, offended this Prince so highly, that being transported with choler, Hold thy peace *Attalus*, (said he to him) and since you are already so weary of fighting, that you have need of rest, go and take your rest at home, and depart this very day. Whereupon *Attalus*, who believed *Melanthus* very much obliged to him for having taken *Elismonda*, answered yet more insolently than before; which farther incensing *Melanthus*, he broke up the Council, and commanded *Attalus* to depart forthwith out of *Elis*. Who being a person much hated, there was none that interceded to make his peace; and so he went away without being observed out of the City. And it was not then known to any what was become of him; but when the Princess *Andronice* took her journey to accomplish the vow she had made to go and offer a sacrifice to *Apollo*, in the same place where they report *Daphne* was heretofore Metamorphos'd into a Laurel, there was spread a rumor at *Messenia*, that he had put himself into *Pisza*, towards which, the Prince *Melanthus* was upon the way at the time we left *Messenia*, to go to *Tempe*. But now (continued *Eumenes* to *Hortensius*) you have seen that that report was false, since had it not been for your valor, he had carried away *Andronice*, as well out of revenge as love. But lastly, generous *Hortensius*, remember I conjure you, when you come to be with *Melanthus*, that I have told you this day, that he is a Prince with whom 'tis the most difficult thing in the world to be in favor long together; because he is naturally distrustful, and easily suspects another of all things which he has the power to commit. As for the Princess *Andronice*, I have nothing but honorable to say of her, and I am so strongly linked to her interests, that I exhort you as much as I can to endeavor to ingratiate your self with the Prince her Brother, to the end you may be able sometimes to moderate part of the impetuosity of his humor. I know he is a lover of novelty, that you are a person fit to please him, and the action you have lately done against *Attalus*, will soon bring you into a condition of becoming his favorite if you please, and therefore I conjure you not to resist it, unless your affairs call you elsewhere, but to ingage your self in the interests of the Princess *Andronice*. I must be the vilest of men, (answered *Hortensius*) if I could separate my self from them; but I beseech you, generous *Eumenes*, (added he) make me a promise that you will always assist me with your counsels of which I apprehend I shall have very great need. While they were in this discourse, it was told them that there was one newly arrived, sent from the Prince of *Messenia* to the Princess, who brought her news which very much afflicted her. This caused them to go immediately to wait upon her, who told them *Melanthus* had sent some to meet her in the way she was to pass, and give her notice that she should not go by the ordinary way, when she came to the Frontier, because having been disadvantaged in two Battels as he advanced towards *Pisza*, he was enforced to make speed to a place of security near *Elis*, till new forces were levied for him in *Messenia*. *Hortensius* had no sooner heard what the Princess told *Eumenes* and him, but he conjur'd her she would please to make hast to depart thence, that

so having first conducted her to *Messenia*, he might go offer his Sword to the Prince of *Melanthus*. *Andronice*, who was before resolved upon that which *Hortensius* requested, and believed she could not too speedily go as far as possible from a place, where she was in danger to have been carried away, though she were already at a good distance from it, disposed all things to set forward immediately. But, in brief, Madam, not to mispend your patience, with exact relation of the way the Princess took, it suffices that you know *Eumenes*, who was no Stranger in the Countrey, conducted her so happily, that she arrived at *Messene*, without having met any Troops of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, or incurred any dangerous adventure. As soon as she was there, *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* took leave of her, to go to the Army of *Melanthus*. But though *Andronice* gave charge to *Eumenes* to represent handsomly to the Prince her Brother, the obligation she had to *Hortensius*, yet she omitted not to give this generous *Veientine*, a Letter to the Prince of *Messenia*, which ran almost in these terms.

The Princess *Andronice*, to the Prince *Melanthus*.

When you understand that this generous Stranger who delivers you my Letter, rescued me from being carried away by the precipitous *Attalus*, and that his valor revenged you of the insolence of that ingrateful Subject, I assure my self you will receive him according to the greatness of his merit. For which reason I am not importunate with you to do so; the intention of my writing being only to tell, that I shall have an interest in all the favors which my Deliverer shall receive from you, and that if the Prayers I have made to the Gods for the prosperity of your Arms be heard, the Victory which you shall gain, will soon end the War, and speedily return you to *Messene*, where you are passionately desired by

ANDRONICE

Hortensius, received this Letter from the hands of *Andronice*, for whom he had a very high respect, very great admiration, and much gratitude and tenderness without any mixture of Love, *Andronice* on the other side esteemed him infinitely, and felt in her heart a great inclination to prefer him above all the friends she had ever had to that time not excepting *Eumenes*, to whom notwithstanding she bore a very sincere friendship. So that the parting of *Andronice* and *Hortensius* was with as much kindness as if their friendship had been of a far elder date: The Countrey of *Messenia*, being of no great extent, and only a little corner of earth between it and that of *Elis*, named *Triphylia*, by reason it was sometimes inhabited by three different sort of people, before it was united to *Elis*. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* were soon at the Camp of *Melanthus*; and they arrived there so happily to be well received, that *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* presented themselves before the Prince of *Messenia*, and the former delivered him the Letter of the Princess *Andronice*, just as he was coming

forth of the Council of War, where it had been resolved to fight the enemy the next morning, or force him to quit the Pass which he possessed. for the fresh Troops of *Messenia* had been joined to the Army of *Melanthus*, two days ago. *Hortensius* having a noble aspect, and magnificent garb, his presence easily confirmed the commendations which the Letter of the Princess *Andronice*, and *Eumenes* expressed of him. For *Melanthus*, after having read what the Princess his Sister had writ to him, and heard what *Eumenes* said to the advantage of *Hortensius*; This generous Stranger (said he, turning to *Eumenes*, and pointing towards *Hortensius*) could not arrive more opportunely for his own glory, and the benefit of my occasions, since I shall soon give him place to signalize his valor against a more worthy enemy than the insolent *Attalus*. *Hortensius* answered to this discourse with all the honorable confidence becoming a brave man; and together with all the modesty becoming an intelligent and discreet person. After which, *Melanthus* taking him aside from the Multitude lead him into a Garden which was behind the Castle, wherein the young Prince of *Elis* was guarded, for it being seated just in the middle of the several quarters of his Army, he made choice of it as most convenient to assemble a Council of War, in, though he returned back again at night to *Elis*. But he had not as yet seen *Elismunda* nor had any intention to see her at that time; besides that, this fair Captive having been sick ever since she came into his power, he thought not fit to give her the trouble of receiving a visit from him, though indeed naturally he had not so much humanity as a great Prince ought to have. For it was a kind of cruelty to hold a Council of War in the place where this fair Princess was, and to bring as it were before her eyes such a multitude destined to the ruine of her Countrey. And this was really a strange augmentation of her sorrow; for as I understood afterwards from the mouth of that Lady of quality who was then with her, and whose name was *Cleontine*, *Elismunda* stood at a window looking directly upon the bridge of a Castle, at the time when *Eumenes* and *Hortensius* arrived there. So that both of them seeming of a noble aspect, and *Hortensius*, very richly clothed, when *Elismunda* saw *Eumenes* present himself to *Melanthus*, who was in the Court of the Castle at their addressing to him, she judg'd it was some stranger that came to serve the Prince of *Messenia*. Alas! *Cleontine* (said she sighing) behold here for certain new enemies come against me, who have the appearance of brave men, and consequently give me terror enough to make me hate them. You are too just (answered *Cleontine*, who was a very discreet person and handsome enough, though past the glory of her first youth) to hate people which you know not, and they you as little. But *Cleontine*, (said *Elismunda*) do not these people know at least, though I am as unknown to them as they to me, that *Melanthus* makes an unjust War? and if they be not his Subjects, why do they not go and put themselves into the Army of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who defends an unfortunate Princess unjustly oppressed? Perhaps, Madam, (answered *Cleontine*) they which you see are subjects to *Melanthus*; and if so, they may with Justice partake in an unjust side: for in my opinion, it is not lawful for subjects to

dispencc with themselves from going to the War when their Prince is there, though they be persuaded he has the wrong cause. For I remember I had a Father who sometimes discoursed thus to a Brother of mine, when he enjoyned him to be always faithful to his Prince. Ah! *Cleontine* (replied *Elismunda*,) one of those two persons there is none of *Melanthus*'s subject, and therefore you ought at least allow me to hate him. In saying which, she pointed to *Hortensius*, whom the Prince of *Messenia* had taken apart from the rest which environed him, to lead him into the Garden I spoke of, towards which also *Elismunda* had grated windows jetting forth. But Madam, (said *Cleontine*, who only endeavored to amuse her,) He whom you would hate, is the man of the more noble air and gallant personage. That's it I hate him for, (answered she) for had I not a good opinion of him, I should wish less ill to him. But alas! (continued she sighing) I am my self very unjust; for since the Gods seem to abandon the protection of a Countrey which is consecrated to them, ought I to wonder that men should be against me? ought I not rather to think it the Will of Heaven that I should be unfortunate, and though apparently born to be happy, become the most miserable Princess in the World? for in brief, I have lost a Father who lov'd me tenderly; my Subjects look upon me almost as a Child, and since they are comforted after the death of the Prince my Father, they will assuredly make peace with the Usurper. So that my dear *Cleontine*, there is only the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who upholds my interests; though he does it not for my sake only, for he is banisht out of his own Countrey, and could not be better elsewhere. But Madam (answered *Cleontine*) you know it as well as I, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* loves you, though he has not yet discovered himself to you. I know it but too well (replied *Elismunda*) and this is it, which renders me compleatly unhappy. For if he happen to be overcome, I shall remain prisoner to *Melanthus*, and if he be Conqueror, how shall I be able to give check to his pretensions? But Madam (said *Cleontine*) the Prince of *Cyparissa* is excellently shap'd, a man of courage, spirit, and birth, and if he should restore *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia* to you, and drive back *Melanthus* into his own Countrey, and put you in a condition of seeing peaceably the next *Olympick* Games that shall be celebrated, I conceive you would have no reason to complain of fortune, though you should be obliged to marry him. I confess you have cause to speak as you do (answered *Elismunda*) but yet I am not to be blam'd for saying what I do; for to discover to you the bottom of my heart, to this hour I never saw a person I could be inclinable to marry without some strange kind of regret. I know I am of a quality in which such persons are not wont to choose; but this is it which troubles me, and perhaps renders the Prince of *Cyparissa*, less acceptable unto me. Yet I esteem him very highly, and had I a brother, I should not be displeas'd if he were perfectly such a person as he; but in the mean time should I be one day constrained to marry him out of gratitude; I should be all my life unhappy, and should have so much greater cause to complain in that I should suffer an unhappiness of which I should never complain, not even to you, my dear *Cleontine*. For in short, should my destiny

destiny bring this to pass, I forbid you from thenceforth to mention it to me as long as you live. Thus you see, Madam, in what temper *Elismonda's* mind was, whilst *Melanthus* was entertaining *Hortensius* with several matters. He constrained him, notwithstanding his modesty to relate to him the particular passages of his encounter with *Attalus*, so hereby, as *Eumenes* knew full well, that which he foretold *Hortensius*, did not fail to come to pass, to wit, his infinitely pleasing the Prince of *Messenia*, who made him an hundred obliging caresses, and to begin the testification of his gratitude, for having hindred his sister from being carried away by a man he hated, he gave him a very rich Sword, which he hath to this day, entreating him to serve himself of it, in hope it would prove more happy in his hands than it had done in his own. After which, *Melanthus* mounted on horseback went from quarter to quarter, being followed with many Officers, and *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, to give in person all orders necessary, to the end they might be better obeyed. But the morning following, *Melanthus* drew forth his forces out of their Entrenchments a little before day, and marching directly towards the Enemies, he set upon them a little before the Sun began to shew his first rayes. Were I to make this recital only to martial men, and had not a great number of things to tell you, in which Love has a greater share than War; I should describe to you all the particularities of a battel wherein victory many times changed sides, wherein death appeared in every rank, and valor was almost equally eminent in the overcome and the Conquerors, wherein the Prince of *Cyparissa* had *Melanthus* twice in his power, and wherein *Hortensius* with incredible valor gave him twice his liberty and once his life, and lastly wherein victory by the sole courage of *Hortensius* declared her self for *Melanthus*, and forced the Prince of *Cyparissa* (as courageous as he is) to quit the place and retreat in disorder. For had not the young *Hortensius* rallied those that fled the last time he rescued *Melanthus* out of the hands of those which had taken him, and cryed aloud from rank to rank that *Melanthus* was alive and free, the party of the *Messenians* had been destroyed, and this field alone had restored *Elismonda* to liberty, given her the Sovereign power, and brought her to hearken more favorably to the Prince of *Cyparissa*. But fortune disposed the event otherwise, and intended *Hortensius*, who two days before was unknown to the Prince of *Messenia*, should become his favorite, the next after this battel. For owing to him both the liberty of *Andronice* and his own, and moreover his life and victory, and the revenge of *Attalus*, he thought no measure ought to be observed in the favors which he designed him; so that he omitted no imaginable obligations towards him. He was pleased he should lodge in his Palace at *Elis*; and in one of his Tents in the Army. He gave him a magnificent train, made him one of his Council of War, and ordered there should be two Lieutenant Generals in his Army, to the end he might be one of them. So that from this day forward, *Hortensius* found he had a Court as well as the Prince; and he was become of high note in a place wherein he thought he should have been unknown. *Eumenes*, who saw Fortune, and the humor of the Prince had ren-

dered his predictions true, was privately familiar with *Hortensius*, who being truly generous, was more solicitous of living happily with *Eumenes* in his rising favor than before. But when he remembered this generous friend had told him it was very difficult to keep in long with *Melanthus*, he looked upon the divers degrees of honor, to which he had rais'd him, as possible to lead him to a place from whence he might be cast down headlong, so that not knowing whether or no he ought to rejoyce for them, he received all the favors of the Prince of *Messenia* with so great moderation, that he was infinitely more esteemed for them and less envied. In the mean while this happy success of *Melanthus's* Arms began to shake the fidelity of part of *Elismonda's* Subjects, both in *Elis*, *Pisa*, *Olympia*, and all the other Cities of that Territory. On the other side, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was advertised of it, conceived a strange sorrow for this deplorable case; for all the sentiments which are able to excite valor in the heart of a generous man, were in his. He had ambition and love for *Elismonda*, and hatred for *Melanthus*. Whereby being carried on by such violent passions, he forgot nothing of all that he believed conducive to the design he had to satisfy them, and continually contrived in his mind how to effect the same. At the same time *Melanthus*, by the Counsel of *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, wholly changed his manner of acting with the Inhabitants of *Elis*, treating them now as gently as he had done before severely; he straightly commanded all his Troops to live orderly in Campagne, he caused reverence to be shewn to the Temples, and sharply punished those of his Souldiers, who committed any insolent action, and lastly he put forth a Manifesto, wherein his Injustice was handsomely coloured over, and wherein he gave hopes of all sorts of felicity to those who would acknowledge his Power. All which things joyned together, made some impression upon the minds of the people. It hapned also that the Princess *Elismonda* fell extreemly sick at the same time, and *Hortensius* obliged *Melanthus* to have a great care of her. Who thereupon sent his Physicians to her, and yielded so exactly to whatsoever *Hortensius* counsell'd, that though this change was ascribed to the virtue of *Hortensius*, yet it also begat some favorable inclination for *Melanthus*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* understanding all these things, having first left his Army in a Pass where it was hard to be attacked, went to *Pisa* to endeavor to confirm the minds of the Citizens, and sought continually how to oppose his Enemies as well by Prudence as by Valor; to which purpose he thought it requisite to endeavor to excite compassion in the breasts of the people, and even in those of the Souldiers towards the young Prince of *Elis*. But as an amorous man easily imagins that all others are taken with that which affects him, he bethought himself of a course of which never any other but a Lover could have had the apprehension. You may please to know, Madam, that the late Prince of *Elis* who bore an extreem tenderness towards the young *Elismonda*, and was willing to gain the hearts of his Subjects to her, caused her Picture to be drawn by the skilful *Agerontus* of *Corinth*, whom he sent for on purpose, and had given her pourtraiture to almost all the persons of quality in his principality.

ry. He also caused the same to be placed in all the apartments of a very stately Castle which is at *Pisa*. Now the Prince of *Cyparissa* having first published a Manifesto also in answer to that of the Prince of *Messenia*, caused to be made secretly in fifteen days, the greatest number he could of Copies of this excellent Princess's Pourtrait, both in little, and in the full proportion. After which, by some intelligence which he had in *Elis*, and even in the Army of *Melanthus*, by reason of being born his Subject, he contrived that several pourtraitures of *Elismonda* being hidden in great baskets of fruit, Soldiers in the disguise of simple Gardiners, should carry the same to *Elis*, and to the Camp of the Prince of *Messenia*, and deliver them to those with whom he had intelligence, together with several Copies of the Manifesto which he had set forth. He also sent some to *Olympia*, and gave order the same thing should be done at *Pisa*, which he caused to be done in the places I now mentioned. So that having been successful in his design and served with fidelity, one morning there was found both in *Pisa* and *Olympia*, and in *Melanthus's* Army, and in *Elis*, and even at the Gate of the Palace wherein the Prince of *Messenia* lodg'd, several Pictures of *Elismonda*. She was drawn in a Mourning habit, (for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of *Cyparissa* amongst all the pictures of *Elismonda* which he found at *Pisa*, had chosen one to be an Original for the Copies, which had been drawn upon the death of the Princess her Mother) and besides the being fair and bright hair'd, and mourning best becoming her, it was thought fittest to draw her in that dress. Which was also otherwise suitable to her present condition, and consequently the Prince of *Cyparissa* believed this Picture would be more proper than any other to incite compassion in the hearts of those that should behold it. Besides, she having been sad the day on which it was taken, the pourtrait had a kind of lovely dejectedness in it, which seemed to implore assistance from those which beheld it, for her that was represented by it. So that they were extremely surpris'd, both in the Army of *Melanthus* and at *Elis*, upon seeing this extraordinary adventure. For some of these pictures were laid at the Gate of the principal Temples, some in the publick Piazza's, and most noted streets, and as I said before, at the Gate of *Melanthus's* Palace. A thing yet more remarkable was, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* had caused several things to be written at the bottom of these pictures, according to the divers places wherein they were to be layd. For under that which was found at the Palace Gate where *Melanthus* lodged, there were only these words;

Melanthus, behold her against whom you make War, and if you are wise, fear lest the Gods avenge her cause, and you repent of your injustice.

Under those which were taken up in the Piazza's of *Elis*, it seemed as if the Princess spoke to the people, in these words only;

Is it possible unjust Subjects, that you can endure an Usurper in a City consecrated to the Gods?

Those which were at the Gates of the Temples were underwritten as follows (as if *Elismonda* had spoken to the Gods adored there.)

Since Men abandon me, I implore of you a Sanctuary against your own enemies.

Those which were in the principal Streets, had these words;

Disloyal Subjects, can you have the heart to forsake me?

And for them which were dispersed in the Camp of *Melanthus*, they contained no more but this;

Valiant Soldiers, consider whether it will be any great glory to you to overcome a Princess, who hath nothing but tears wherewith to resist you.

But for them which were carried to *Pisa* and *Olympia*, I do not distinctly remember what was writ under them; but I know this invention which Love put into the mind of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, had many extraordinary and different successes, and that by a privilege of beauty the Picture of *Elismonda* found respect in the minds of the least faithful of her subjects, and in those of the most insolent Soldiers. But that which deserves more Remark was, that *Melanthus*, who rose very early, in the morning to go to the Camp, having been advertised there were several Pictures of *Elismonda* in divers places of the City, and one also at the Gate of his Palace, commanded it should be brought to him. He had heard reports of *Elismonda's* beauty, but had never as yet seen her; and the furniture and ornaments of the Palace where he lodged, having been removed from thence when there was a necessity of surrendering up the City, there was not left as much as one of *Elismonda's* pictures in it. Besides, his heart was so wholly taken up with ambition, that he never inquired much whether the Princess were fair or no. Hence it was that he became extremely surpris'd, when he beheld the picture of *Elismonda*. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* were both present at that time, and were also charmed at the sight; for there being but few Beauties of fair complexion in *Greece*, this of the young Princess caused in them the greater admiration. *Melanthus* without staying first to peruse the Manifesto of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, which was brought him at the same time, beheld this picture very attentively and silently. Till at length turning towards *Hortensius*, I perceive (said he) by this, I have a prisoner that is sufficiently powerful to make Captives. 'Tis true, my Lord (answered *Hortensius*) this picture is very handsome; but sometimes painters are great Flatterers, and 'tis credible, the Princess of *Elismonda* has not been injured in the draught of the picture which you see. I assure you, my Lord (interposed an *Elean* Gentleman, who sided with this Prince) the Princess *Elismonda* is nothing beholding to the painters hand, for she is fairer than he could make her Image. But presently after this the Prince

Prince of *Messenia* observing the words *I* repeated to you at the bottom of the Portraiture, he read them with an indifferent loud voice.

Melanthus, *behold her against whom you make War, and if you are wise, fear least the Gods avenge her cause, and you repent of your injustice.*

Whereupon with a pensil he took off the Table, and which he had newly made use of to trace out the platform of the Fortifications which he intended to make at *Elis*, he writ these words beneath the other, as answering to the Prince of *Cyparissa*;

I have seen her against whom I make War; but if you had been wise, you would never have suffered me to see her, since she is too handsome ever to be parted with to you.

After which, the Prince, out of an impetuous humor, would have the picture carried back, and laid in the same place whence it was taken up, imagining that they who had intelligence with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, would take notice what he had writ under it, and send it away to that Lover. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* endeavored to divert him from so doing, but without effect. In the mean time they consulted together what was requisite to be done in order to prevent, least those pictures might occasion any commotion. *Melanthus* first proposed, that course should be taken to discover who had dispersed them, that they might be severely punished, in the sight of all the Inhabitants of *Elis*. But *Hortensius* represented to him that this would rather provoke the people, whom it were better to win by gentleness. For methinks (added he) I have just now thought upon an infallible way of causing this artifice to fall upon your Enemies, and principally upon the Prince of *Cyparissa*. My dear *Hortensius* (cried *Melanthus*) I beseech you declare it presently, and tell me what is fitting for me to do. It is requisite (answered he) to get all the pictures of the Princess *Elismonda* you can possibly, and cause them to be brought to you; and then you must declare, that you will keep them carefully, very highly extolling the Princess's beauty; afterwards give her a visit in person, and send a Herald to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, to *Pisa*, and to *Olympia*, to publish that you are ready to marry the Princess *Elismonda*, to restore peace in the Countrey of *Elis*, and render it more happy than ever it was before, provided they will lay down their Arms. By this means you will infallibly raise division between the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and the forces which he commands; as also between him and the Citizens of *Pisa* and *Olympia*. For you may well think, that being a passionate servant of hers, he will never consent that you should marry her. And on the other side, 'tis easie to imagine, that those which she commands, will never be all of his opinion, but the greater number being desirous of peace, will force him to seek Sanctuary elsewhere, and quit his pretensions. *Melanthus* being very much satisfied with this project of *Hortensius*, took no other care but to put it in execu-

tion. Not that he resolved at that time to marry *Elismonda*, or believed she would easily be brought to admit the match; but the conceit of spoiling the Prince of *Cyparissa*'s stratagem, affected him with such joy, that without farther considering he betook himself to follow the Counsel of *Hortensius*. To which purpose, himself went into all the Streets of the City, attended by the whole Court, to quiet and settle the people, telling them he was intended to put an end to their troubles, by restoring peace, that the Princess *Elismonda* should shortly be set at liberty, and that the only hinderance would be in the Prince of *Cyparissa*, if tranquillity were not established throughout the whole Territory of *Elis*. To confirm these favorable expressions he did as *Hortensius* had counselled him to; for he caused all the pictures of *Elismonda* to be brought into his Chamber, and the next morning sent *Hortensius* to the Princess, to obtain of her the permission to see her, resolving nevertheless, in case she should reject this proposition, to make a great secret of it, and give out on the contrary, that she inclined to such conditions of peace. *Hortensius* accordingly went in the name of the Prince of *Messenia*, to the Castle in which this fair Princess was guarded, whose health at that time was somewhat amended, though her indisposition had left a testimony behind of it self, by a little more than ordinary paleness. It being known by those who guarded the young Princess, that she attributed much to the Counsels of *Cleontine*, *Hortensius*, who was very prudent, and lookt no farther than to serve the Prince of *Messenia*, carefully desired first to speak with her, and caused his name to be told her, and by whom he was sent. Upon which, *Cleontine* coming to him in the Antechamber of the Princess, presently perceived him to be the same person, whom she had seen in discourse with *Melanthus*, when *Elismonda* said she was resolved to hate him; and receiving him very civilly (his aspect and comportment speaking him a man of quality) she attended to hear what he had to speak to her. You will perhaps think it strange, Madam *Cleontine*, (said he to her) for a man that has not the honor to be known to you, to desire secrecie of you at the first time he sees you. But when you shall know that 'tis to serve the Princess *Elismonda*, I have confidence you will pardon me. You have so much the ay of a person of honor (answered *Cleontine*) that I am very inclinable to believe you can offer nothing but what is generous and honorable; and therefore you may please to tell me what your intent is of this address, provided you also give me the liberty to answer you what I shall believe reasonable. I shall tell you then, Madam, (said he to her) that the Prince of *Messenia* having seen divers pictures of the Princess *Elismonda*, hath an extream desire to give her a visit, and to express to her for the future, all the Testimonies of generosity, which the interest of his own glory will permit him to do. But to the end this interview may have a favorable consequence, and produce peace to the whole Countrey of *Elis*, it will be your part, discreet *Cleontine*, handsomly to dispose the Princess *Elismonda* not to receive the Prince of *Messenia* as an Usurper, but as a generous Enemy; whom she may more easily overcome by favorable respects, than the Prince of *Cyparissa* can

can ever do by valour, notwithstanding he is a person of unquestionable magnanimity. And for the rest, I beseech you not to believe that the Prince's visit can be displeasing to the fair *Elismonda*, by any thing which he may say unto her; for he has no other design, but to honour her, and to testify that he does so by all imaginable civility. When they who may command, request (answer'd *Cleontine*) and leave the liberty of a refusal, no question but they deserve to have their desire granted, if it may be done without injury to virtue; and therefore, if the Princess *Elismonda* does me the honor to believe me, she shall receive the visit of the Prince of *Messena*, according to your desire: but I fear much (added she) I shall have no small difficulty to persuade her to it. For, in brief, she is a prisoner, the Prince her Father is dead, ever since the beginning of the War. and she wears Mourning still for him, and sees not yet very well, how she shall ever be more happy. And to testify to you (pursued she, with a half-smile) how much she is sensible of all this, I could almost constrain my self to tell you that she hates you, though she does not know you. Then I have sentiments very different from hers (answer'd *Hortensius*) for I honor her infinitely, although I never saw her. But if it please you (added he) I would know for what reason she hates me before she knows me.

Cleontine designing handsomely to gain upon the mind of *Hortensius* (whose quality and reputation she understood by him that inform'd her of his desire to speak with her) told him a part of the discourse between *Elismonda* and her self, whilst *Emmenes* was presenting him to *Melanthus*. For being this pretended hatred of *Elismonda* was only occasion'd by her observing the noble and handsome aspect of *Hortensius*, she judg'd it would not be displeasing to him to know it. And indeed *Hortensius* resent'd some secret pleasure in this kind of hatred, and told *Cleontine* with much gallantry, he fear'd when *Elismonda* should see him nearer hand, she would no longer judge him worthy of her hatred. But at length *Cleontine* left him in the Anti-Chamber, and went to find *Elismonda*. And as soon as she saw her, would you think, Madam (said she to her) that the person whom you hate, because you observe him to be of a noble Air, desires to see you. and comes from the Prince of *Messena* to demand permission to make a visit to you. How? my dear *Cleontine* (answer'd she) I will see neither the one nor the other; but if I must needs see one of the two, I had rather see him whom I hate without knowing him, than him whom I shall hate all my life. But Madam (replied *Cleontine*) you are a prisoner, and in prudence you ought not to incense your Conqueror; for the more he is unjust, the more is he to be fear'd, and therefore it is requisite, prudence suppress some part of your resentment. *Elismonda* blush'd at this discourse, and hiding the design she had from *Cleontine*, for fear lest if she should tell her what she intended to tell *Hortensius*, she would not approve it, only commanded her to cause the person she spoke of to enter into her Chamber. But Madam (said she to her) be very circumspect how you receive him; for a fair Princess prisoner, is oblig'd to act with much more prudence than a captive Prince. In truth (answer'd the young Princess) I cannot answer for my self in this occa-

sion; but all I can do, is to assure you that I will, as much as possible, endeavour to constrain my self. Upon which *Cleontine* caus'd *Hortensius* to enter. *Elismonda* hapned this day to be dress'd carelessly enough, so that her bright hair hanging down below a great veil of black Cypress which cover'd her shoulders, made her seem extremely charming; Her attire though sad, had notwithstanding something of gallantry; her arms were half bare, with bracelets on them, and her hands so white, that she wanted no adorning though she were undress'd. *Hortensius* also was much surpriz'd, beholding her infinitely more charming than her picture; he observ'd the air of her countenance so gentle, and something so delicate in her beauty, that he commiserated her misfortune as soon as he saw her; and almost began to condemn in himself, the valour he had employ'd against those who fought for her interests. He saluted her very respectfully, and she receiv'd him with a civility which having not much of obligation, had also nothing at all of disdain. Though *Hortensius* had purpos'd to speak first, yet he felt a kind of reluctance and restraint within him, when he came into *Elismonda*'s presence. But at length overcoming that obstacle, of which he understood not the cause, I come to you Madam (said he to her) in the name of the Prince of *Messena*, to desire your permission he may make you a visit. The persuasion I have (answer'd she, with a cold and dejected aspect) that generous Princes should never go to see such as are miserable, unless it be to relieve them out of their unhappinesses, makes me believe the Prince of *Messena* ought not to make me a visit. For I humbly conceive, he has no purpose to restore me what he possesses of my State, and return peaceably to his own. Besides, though he should do this act of justice, he cannot restore me the Prince my Father, whose death he hath caus'd by the unjust war he made upon him. You know not, Madam (interpos'd *Cleontine*, who would moderate this resentment) what the Prince of *Messena*'s design may be. No, no, (answer'd *Elismonda*) he can have no reasonable design, and therefore it were best to save himself the trouble of coming to see me: for if it be only to perform a naked ceremony, I shall take his visit for an injury; if he have any good intention, he may please to let me first know it, that so he may be better receiv'd when he comes to visit me. Whilst *Elismonda* was speaking this, *Hortensius* beheld her attentively, and found such sweetness in hearing her speak, that he had not the power to answer her; till at length recovering from that pleasing amazement, he endeavour'd to serve the Prince faithfully that sent him, and address'd to her in these terms. When I enter'd into your Chamber, Madam, I had no other intention but that of obeying the Prince who sent me: but, within this short space I have had the honor to see you in, I have taken your interest into his; and therefore Madam, suffer me to conjure you not to refuse the Prince the favour which he desires of you, and which he may not intreat you to. Should he come to see me without my permission (reply'd she) I should perhaps be less discontented with it; for I should have the liberty of telling him whatever my just indignation suggested unto me. But if he comes hither with my consent, it will be necessary for me to disguise my

my sentiments, and hide the hatred I have of his injustice, and shew some kind of civility to a Usurper who keeps me in prison, sheds the blood of my Subjects, desolates the fairest Countrey in the world, and violates all sorts of rights without the least respect or reverence of the gods. You have so excellent a capacity (answer'd *Hortensius*) that you cannot but know, Ambition is no shameful crime; and that a Prince who is call'd an Usurper by those whose Countrey he has conquer'd, is oftentimes stiled a Conqueror, by all those who have no interests in his conquests. Therefore Madam, without blaming or excusing the Prince that sends me, or acquainting you with his design or his interests, I only tell you that yours require you not to incense a Prince to whom Fortune is favourable. You have without doubt, Madam, all that is needful to cause the Arms to fall out of the hands of the most ambitious; for which reason, constrain your self, if possible, I beseech you, and consider no inconvenience can follow upon such an enforcing of your self. I told you my dear *Cleontine* (said the Princess, looking upon that generous Lady) that this Stranger was a terrible enemy: for indeed I had resolv'd without telling you so, to refuse a visit to the Prince of *Messena*: but now I see this dangerous enemy will make me alter my determination. But yet I am desirous to know (proceeded she, turning towards him) what oblig'd such an honourable generous person as you, to take the unjust side; is it because it is more happy? No, Madam (answer'd he) but I embrac'd it out of gratitude; and therefore you would be unjust to hate me, though I am of a party opposite to yours, since honor would not permit me not to be so. After which *Hortensius* imagining it behov'd him to justify himself in the opinion of the Princess, was not unwilling to declare to her by what ways fortune had constrain'd him to be her enemy; and *Elismonda* being not loth to have cause to cease hating *Hortensius*, press'd him to inform her, how it came about that he was engag'd to serve *Melanthus*. *Hortensius* therefore recounted to her in few words, his adventure in *Thessaly*; He acknowledg'd so ingeniously that he ow'd his life to the Princess *Andronice*, he related so modestly his encounter with *Atalus*, and deliver'd all this so well and handsomely, that *Elismonda* her self told him, he had reason to be of her enemies side, and promis'd him for the future, to blame him no more for it. Yet she remained still in the same irresolution concerning what she ought to do, till *Cleontine* and *Hortensius* effected their persuasions of her, to suffer a visit from the Prince of *Messena*, on condition he would say nothing that might stir up and augment her grief. Which granted, *Hortensius* took his leave, and *Cleontine* follow'd him into the Antichamber, to exhort him to bring the Prince of *Messena* to a peace. Thus this first day begat a very great friendship between *Hortensius* and *Cleontine*. As for *Elismonda*, she so strongly touch'd his heart, that he had never felt the like from any fair person, as he did from her. For he found I know not what kind of secret agitation within himself, which did not permit him to go to *Elis*, without rendering it perceivable, that he had a great disposition to love *Elismonda*. Whence comes this commotion which I feel (said he in himself, as he was return-

ing?) and why am I so affected in behalf of a person whom I never saw but one hour? and with whom in all probabilities I ought never to have any particular friendship? The Princess *Andronice* seem'd beautiful to me at the first instant that I saw her, she also testifi'd much prudence, sav'd my life, is the cause of my fortune, and hath much more kindness for me. And yet neither her beauty, nor her wit, nor her good offices, nor her kindness, cause any agitation in my soul. I love her with a calm affection, and I consider her without having my heart disquieted; my reason is an ingredient into the tenderness I have for her; in a word, I love her as a man loves a Sister. Nevertheless I feel a commotion I know not what to make of, for *Elismonda*; it troubles and disquiets me, and almost transports me over to her side against the Prince whom I serve. But I ought (said he, after a little musing) to surmount this imaginary weakness, I ought to be faithful to the Prince whom I serve, and I ought to believe that what I feel is nothing but what I am able easily to overcome. *Hortensius*, after this wise reflection, found really some tranquillity in his mind; but when he came to *Melanthus*, and the Prince demanded of him, whether *Elismonda* were as fair as her Picture, he was upon the point of saying, No, and the next moment was ready to say, she was a thousand times more charming; but at length, taking a mean between both, he said, 'twas true, her Portraiture perfectly resembled her. After which, making a great violence upon his mind, and being willing equally to serve both *Melanthus* and *Elismonda*, he told him moreover, that the Princess deserv'd he should treat her well, that she had beauty, wit, and virtue, and that if he could really possess the Countrey of *Elis* in peace, by marrying her, he should believe him very happy. How? Ah *Hortensius* (cry'd he!) as often as any marriage is propos'd to me for reason of State, I always remember what the wise *Ithales*, whose memory is so famous throughout all Greece, and amongst all the *Asiatick* people, answer'd one day to his Mother upon the same occasion; For when in the flourishing years of his youth, she propos'd to him to marry, he told her, It was not yet time; and when she made him the same proposal some years after, he answer'd her, That the time was past. So that to imitate so wise a person in something, I answer you, dear *Hortensius*, that 'tis not yet time for me to marry, and that I had rather owe the possession of the Principality of *Elis* to my sword than to my marriage. Yet I am willing to let the people believe I have a design to match with *Elismonda*; because this will create divisions among my enemies, and infinitely despight the Prince of *Cyparissa*. But in sincere truth, I affirm, that though I should become amorous of *Elismonda*, I would never marry her by a Treaty; and I could not resolve to do it, but when I should be master of her State. For according to the humour I am of, I should not care to be Husband of the Princess of *Elis*; but on the contrary, it would be more suitable for him that is the Prince of *Elis*, to espouse *Elismonda*. But after all, Marriage is not a thing so necessarily requir'd by policy, as 'tis believ'd, especially for a Prince, who has some peculiar sentiments in his ambition; for I am not solicitous of having successors which may possess my Conquests: On the

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contrary, should Fortune make my destiny such as I wish it, I should not be sorry if after having conquer'd many states, there should be no person found after my death who could only well govern the Nations that I had subdu'd. For which reason having a mind unaffected with that specious *Chimera* which flatters the humour of those Lovers of posterity, who take pains for people that they can never know; and on the other side, equally fearing to have successors which may prove unworthy of me or surpass me; unless I alter my present resolutions, I shall pass my whole life in saying, I will marry, without effectually doing so: and if my humour become not wholly opposite to that I now am in, I shall never be possess'd with any violent Love. For it becomes a Prince (added *Melanthus*) in order to being happy and gallant, to leave all the Ladies of his Court to hope they may conquer his heart, without affecting any one particularly; it becomes him also to make a meer pleasure of Love, as men do of Musick, Hunting, Dancing, and Conversation, and not to make himself slave of some fair coy piece, who, many times, without loving the Prince, loves only the greatness which she hopes from him. *Hortensius* hearing *Melanthus* speak in this sort, conceiv'd a secret joy in himself, of which he knew not the cause. And his heart was tender: he did not contradict him, though his thoughts were different from the Prince of *Messena*; he only thought fit to answer him, That it were not to be disapprov'd, if a Prince quitted the courting Love only for the love of Glory. But, Madam, it was resolv'd at the end of this conversation, that *Melanthus* should go the day following to visit the Princess *Elismonda*, and that two days after he should send to propound to marry her, and to withdraw his forces, provided the Prince of *Cyparissia* would lay down his Arms, and depart out of the territory of *Elis*. *Eumenes* was of this privy Council; and the next morning *Melanthus* (being accompanied by him, *Hortensius*, and his ordinary Guards) went to see the fair *Elismonda*, who that she might be oblig'd to less civility and constraint upon her self, made semblance of some little indisposition. She was therefore attired in white this day, and her fair hair appear'd carelessly dishevel'd under a kind of small veil of white Tiffeny, which hung down from her head; her attire was fastned together in several places with black Ribbons, she was laid down upon her bed, and carelessly leaned on some black Cushions adorn'd with Tassels of silver; but after so lovely a manner, that if one were to paint *Diana*, when, having been at hunting with her Nymphs, she reposes her self upon a Bed of verdant grass at the foot of a Tree, she ought to be represented. *Elismonda* had both modesty and dejectedness in her countenance together; and that which added new luster to the beauty of her complexion was, that her Bed was over-shadow'd with a great Canopy of black Cypress, the corners of which being tied up with twists of silver, hung disorderly about her. *Cleontine* and the two young Ladies which attended on her, were with the Princess, when the Prince of *Messena* came to make the visit; for I had forgot to tell you, that those who remain'd with her were Virgins, and of high quality, which would not forsake her, and none of those which were ordinarily design'd to serve

her. I shall not tell you, Madam, the particulars of this conversation, having too many beside to acquaint you with; it will be enough to assure you that the fair *Elismonda* spoke nothing but what was generous, though she shew'd no incivility to *Melanthus*, for whom her aversion was so great, that it was something unjust; for she esteem'd him a much less generous person than indeed he was. Yet she forc'd her self wonderfully; but *Melanthus* was so charmed with her beauty, and observ'd so noble a spirit in her, that it seem'd he began to be then in love, though he did not cease to be ambitious. He desir'd her pardon, in that he was oblig'd by the Laws of War, to cause her to be guarded in the Castle wherein she was; he assured her she should receive all respectful service there, and that he would omit nothing that depended on him to mitigate her sorrows, till Fortune gave him opportunity to testify better to her the resolution he had to honor her all his life. *Elismonda* answer'd this discourse with words which were rather handsome upbraidings for her misfortunes, than real remerciements. But she chose her language so discreetly which she us'd, that as I said, without doing ought against the greatness of her mind, she did not incense her enemy. *Hortensius* nevertheless well perceiv'd the forcedness of her behaviour; for this fair Princess sigh'd now and then, and sometimes lift up her eyes towards heaven in so pathetic a manner, that she caus'd much commiseration in him. *Melanthus* finding many potent charms in her eyes, endeavour'd to fix his own directly upon them; which *Elismonda* avoiding as much as she could, she was constrain'd more frequently to cast her aspect towards *Hortensius*, who was discoursing softly with *Eumenes*. Whereby this generous *Veientine* could not hinder himself from being infinitely affected with the sweetness of the fair *Elismonda*'s eyes, though she look'd upon him only to avoid the wishly view of *Melanthus*. *Eumenes* taking notice, with what a gladfom attentiveness *Hortensius* consider'd the Princess; approach'd near him, and speaking low in his ear, Have a care of your self, *Hortensius* (said he to him) for if you be not cautious, you will soon become more a Captive to the Princess of *Elis*, than she is to the Prince of *Messena*. You mistake admiration and pity for Love, (answer'd *Hortensius* a little smiling.) I know what admiration and pity are (reply'd *Eumenes*) and to assure you so much, I declare to you, that they are very effective to beget Love in such a heart as yours, Since 'tis so (answer'd *Hortensius*) I thank you for the counsel you have given me, and shall endeavour to make use of it. After which, the Prince of *Messena* rose up and return'd to *Elis*. But Madam, he return'd thither in a great musing, which was perceiv'd by *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*. As they were going along talking of his reservedness, he suddenly turned about to them, and beginning to speak fiercely, 'Tis true, (said he, though without naming the Princess *Elismonda*) she is handsomer than her Picture, and moreover, more lovely than handsome, though she is fair in perfection. Than you may perhaps, My Lord, change your sentiments (answer'd *Hortensius* coldly) and believe hereafter, that Love is something more attractive than Hunting. I confess (said he to them) that I believe *Heracles* had sometimes not

not so great pleasure in Conquering, and carrying on his shoulders that furious Bore of the *Erymanthian* Forrest, as I should have in overcoming the hatred of the Princess *Elismonda* towards me; for in my judgement this hatred of hers, is as raging as that savage beast was truculent and implacable. Methinks, my Lord, (answer'd *Eumenes*) the Princess receiv'd you well. Yes, (reply'd he) when she would not vouchsafe to look upon me: but however, I will so bring it to pass, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* shall have no reason to hope ever to possess her; and though it be only to make him despair, I will make shew of being enamour'd of her, and of intending really to marry her, though I be incapable of such a resolution. If you become amorous, My Lord (answer'd *Hortensius*) you will indeed change your sentiments. Though I should come to love her (reply'd he) as much as I hate *Attalus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, yet I would never marry her, for reasons which I have told you at another time; but, in brief, to follow your counsels (added he) it is fit I send to-morrow to *Pisa*, to *Olympia*, and to the Prince of *Cyparissa's* Army, to make the Proposition we agreed upon; and to testify further, that I intend to win the mind of *Elismonda*, it is requisite that the Princess my Sister come to *Elis*, and make frequent visits to her. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* much respecting that Princess, approv'd what *Melanthus* intended, who the same evening dispatcht one of his attendants to *Andronice*, with such express order for her speedy coming to *Elis*, that she was oblig'd instantly to obey it, and begin her journey. In the mean time *Melanthus*, without losing time, sent to *Pisa* and *Olympia*, and to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was returned to his Army, to make the proposition I told you of. But, to perplex his enemy the more, he caus'd an offer to be made to him of returning to his Court, knowing well he would never accept it. He also publish'd a *Manifesto*, in answer to that of his Enemy, and declar'd his new Love which he pretended for *Elismonda*, so publickly, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* was soon advertis'd of it, and of what he had written underneath the picture of the Princess of *Elis*, and what he had said concerning her, and of the care he took of her since he had seen her. For after that first visit, he return'd thither very frequently, and sent every day; the Princess was permitted to walk in the Park of the Castle, all her Women were suffer'd to attend on her, and she was serv'd with the same magnificence, as if she had been absolute Mistress of her own Principality. But withal, at the same time her guards were redoubled; which being known to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, put him into a strange despair, in seeing those Pictures of *Elismonda*, which he believ'd might occasion a commotion in *Elis* and in the Army, produce no other effect, than raising a curiosity in *Melanthus*, of seeing the Princess, and giving him occasion to become enamour'd on her. But that which compleated his despair was, that the proposition made by *Melanthus*, was wonderfully well received, both at *Pisa* and at *Olympia*, that she understood it was very well lik'd of at *Elis*, and himself perceiv'd the Officers of his Army did not disapprove it; and his Soldiers who serv'd in a war that could not enrich them, since it was only to defend their own Countrey, declar'd open-

ly that if he were generous he would not oppose the peace. A further affliction to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, was a belief that *Elismonda* consented to the proposition made by *Melanthus*, and being weary of her prison, would have no great repugnancy to marry an enemy that would give her liberty. Alas! (said he to one of his friends, who was also one of mine, and named *Artimedes*) How unhappy am I in having been so discreet; for *Elismonda* was never inform'd by my own mouth, of the violent Love I have for her; and though I am confident she cannot be ignorant of it, yet she may make semblance, that I am her Servant, only because I would preserve the same Sanctuary for my self, which the Prince her Father afforded me. Perhaps she thinks, I fight rather by reason of the hatred I bear against *Melanthus*, than for the Love I have for her. But it is too true, I have no consideration but *Elismonda*, and without her I have no interest in any thing. Yet it shall never be said, that I will not do my utmost not to become miserable, to hinder mine enemy from becoming happy, and to effect also that that fair Princess commit not an action unworthy of her self. Hereupon the Prince of *Cyparissa* having consulted with *Artimedes* what was requisite to be done, assembled all the Officers of his Army, and spake to them with so much eloquence and courage, that he brought over a great part of them to be of his own sentiments. He laid before them the importance of the matter, the tender years of *Elismonda*, and the shame there would be in gratifying him that made an unjust War. For what more could be done (said he) in favour of a Prince that had hazarded his life a thousand times in opposing the enemies of this State, and gain'd many victories, than to give him the State that he had defended, and the Princess to whom it of right belongs? Think not but the gods will punish you severely, if you abandon the defence of a Countrey, consecrated unto them in so particular a manner. Withstand therefore such a dangerous design courageously, and know, that if the Prince of *Messena* believ'd he could take *Pisa* and *Olympia* very easily, he would never propound peace to you. 'Tis true (added he) he offers it on such shameful conditions that he seems desirous to be refus'd; and this proposition is only an Artifice to deceive the less intelligent people, who perhaps will presently murmur because the peace is refus'd. But in brief, important deliberations are not to be grounded on the murmurings of the people; for most usually a little constancy appeases them, and a little insinuation makes them change their opinions. In fine (added he) The honor of the gods, that of your Princess, and your own glory is concerned in the matter. Therefore consider well upon it, and believe not that I will ever forsake you, as long as I see in you a purpose of making a generous resistance. But withal, think not that I will ever sign a Peace which cannot be accepted but with shame. For indeed I will rather choose to become a vagabond, and fugitive from City to City, to the end of the world, than to commit any thing unworthy of my self. This Oration made a great part of the Prince of *Cyparissa's* Officers who were present at it, become of his judgement; but the rest opposed it, and declar'd that peace was a Good which could not

be bought at too high a rate, that the Prince of *Messena* was generous and fortunate, and they should be at last constrain'd to do that by force which they might now by Treaty, before the Countrey were totally destroy'd. Thus every one continuing in his sentiments, the Prince of *Cyparissa* thought he had done very much, in having brought over part of them to his side. After which he went to *Pisa* and *Olympia* to endeavour the same thing. But as 'tis more difficult to induce the inhabitants of a great City to refuse peace, then Soldiers, it was not possible for him to effect his desires. The people were ready to make an insurrection in *Pisa*; and as he was going out of the City, news was brought him that half the Officers which he had won to his mind, were fallen off from him since his departure. It remained therefore only to seek how handsomely to gain time; in order to which, being very prudent, he told them which had the greatest power, both in *Pisa* and *Olympia*, that to testify to them how much he attributed to their judgements, he consented that the proposition of *Melanthus* should not absolutely be rejected; but rather, to act with prudence, it were fit to demand a Truce for six months, during which time liberty might be had to speak with the Princess *Elismonda*, to the end her pleasure might be known. That which oblig'd the Prince of *Cyparissa* to demand his Truce, was, that in the compass of these six months, the time of the *Olympick Games* would be come: when the Prince hop'd that in that great Assembly which was to be at *Olympus* from all parts of *Greece*, he might engage the neighboring States in a League offensive and defensive, against the Usurper of *Elis*. But at last, there being much reason in what he requir'd, and the Truce seeming a good step to the Peace, he brought *Pisa* and *Olympia*, and his Army, to approve that which he propounded. But that which was rare, was, that *Melanthus* perceiving he could not obtain what he demanded, was not sorry that a Truce was insisted on; because he very much fear'd, lest if the War should continue till the time in which the *Olympick Games* were to be celebrated, and they could not, by reason of it be celebrated, this great change might awaken the adjoining States, and oblige them to engage in a War, whose success might be not fortunate unto him, if others should intermeddle in it. Yet something troubled him to suffer any to speak with the Princess *Elismonda*, but not daring to refuse it, because it would have seem'd too great an injustice, he resolv'd to give way to it, and afterwards to draw out the business in length. It was therefore concluded, that the two Armies should remain in the same places which they possess, that all actions of hostility should cease, that four of the chief persons of *Elis* might have communication with the Princess *Elismonda*, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* should have the same liberty during the *Olympick Games*, which were to be celebrated with all the accustomed magnificence, and that both parties should on either side, live as peaceably as if an absolute peace had been concluded. As soon as these things were agreed on, *Melanthus*, who was really so enamour'd on *Elismonda*, that none was more, except *Hortensius*, commanded this generous Favourite to go to the fair Princess, and tell her, that she had caus'd his Arms to fall out of his hands,

that he had accorded a Truce with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, only to spare the blood of her Subjects, to the end, she might be better dispos'd to hearken to something which he had resolv'd to tell her, as soon as he could have the happiness to kiss her hands. It may be, My Lord, (answered *Hortensius* with some commotion, upon *Melanthus*'s sending him) when you grant a Truce to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, you begin a War with your self. I acknowledge it, my dear *Hortensius* (said he to him) for I have an extream regret, that I find my self inclin'd to love *Elismonda* more than I would. But in brief, before any of her Subjects have the liberty of speaking to her, I would inform her that I am at her service: go therefore, my dear *Hortensius*, and prepare the mind of that charming Princess, in such manner that I may find her a little favourable; not only because its pleasing not to be unkindly treated, but also because I perceive if she reject me at first with disdain, her resistance will increase my passion in such sort, that I shall be the most miserable of men: I was of opinion (answer'd *Hortensius* coldly) that, Great difficulty had been more proper to extinguish love than to excite it. It is not so in such a heart as mine (answer'd *Melanthus*;) for facility almost takes from me the desire of pleasing things, and on the contrary difficulty makes me sometimes ardently desire such things as ought to be indifferent unto me. This discourse ended, *Hortensius* went to *Elismonda*, but by the way, What did he not think, and what did he not endure? Alas! (said he in his Breast) I am miserable, and destiny is cruel, in making me love a person, by whom I cannot be belov'd again, and whose servant I cannot desire to be, without betraying the fidelity which I owe to a Prince, who hath made all my fortune. But were there any other place wherein I could find any sort of establishment, and could I with honor forsake a Prince who is at War, I would fly from this charming person, whose beauty will lead me to betray my Master. I know not who I am, I am unhappy in all respects, and fortune which seems to be favourable to me in *Elis*, is yet more rigorous than any other-where, since she confers favours on me which I cannot enjoy in peace. Oh gods, into what a strange extremity do I find my self reduc'd! if I promote the War, 'tis against the person which I love; if the Truce be made, 'tis only a time of leisure, to employ me in the winning of her heart for another; if by my address I persuade her to be favourable, I render my self the most unhappy of all Lovers; if I cannot prevail with her, but she resist, it will only increase the love of that dangerous Rival, whom I am oblig'd to serve, to the prejudice of my own felicity. If I would fight against my self, I find *Elismonda*'s Beauty more powerful than my Reason; and if I yield to her charms, I am both a criminal and miserable. But besides, I am inconsiderate, and act without reason; for how dare I declare that I love *Elismonda*? what then must I do? infortunate as I am? My duty; (answer'd he suddenly, after sometime of silence.) But alas (added he sighing) how hard is this duty to be done? and how uneasy a thing it is to betray my self, that I may not betray my Master? But it must be done howsoever; honor is so great and powerful a reason in a generous heart, that perhaps I ought not to despair of

of the victory which I would gain over my self in so dangerous an occasion. *Hortensius* fixing himself in his generous sentiments, arriv'd at the Castle where *Elismonda* was, by whom he was well receiv'd: for as she lik'd his person and deportment, and knew he was no subject to *Melanthus*, she was much more contented to see him, than any other the Prince of *Messena* could have sent to her. But alas! the civility which the Princess shew'd towards him, augmenting his love, he was ready to repent himself of the resolution which he had taken. Nevertheless he persisted in his generous design, and us'd such address in his speech to the Princess *Elismonda*, for the interest of the Prince of *Messena*, as if he had not acted against himself, whatsoever he endeavor'd in his favour. He told her an hundred circumstances of the admiration which *Melanthus* had for her; and at length inform'd her that he had granted a Truce for six months, that he had sent for the Princess his Sister, to bear her company, that he intended the Victors in the *Olympick* Games should receive their Crowns from her hand; and lastly, that he was resolv'd to make her Reign more gloriously than ever she could have done, if the Prince her Father had liv'd. But *Hortensius* (answer'd *Elismonda*) if the Prince of *Messena* repents himself of his injustice, it is not needful to make a Truce, he may conclude the Peace forthwith. He hath nothing to do but to withdraw his Forces, return into his Countrey, and leave me my own. Alas! Madam (reply'd *Hortensius* to her sighing) you little know the power of your charm, if you think it possible to leave you after having seen you. But at present, Madam (proceeded he) suffer me to conjure you to receive favourably, what the Prince is purpos'd to tell you the next time he sees you, though it should happen that he tell you something which may cross your inclination; for indeed, during the six months of Truce, in which you shall enjoy almost an absolute liberty, many things may come to pass which may be advantageous to your fortune. I know not what advantage may betide me (reply'd she;) but I know well it will never come to pass, that the Prince of *Messena* can please me. And therefore, generous *Hortensius* (added this fair Princess, with the most charming sweetness in the World, apparent in her eyes) I will conjure you, that if you discover in *Melanthus*'s mind, I know not what sentiments, which I perceive you would intimate to me, that you remove them from him, if you love his quiet; for were I to be eternally his slave, I should never have any thing for him but aversion and hatred. *Hortensius* knowing the Princesses resistance would more inflame *Melanthus*'s love, imploy'd all his wit to make her change her opinion, and even perswaded *Cleontine*, that he had reason on his side. I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) consider well the condition in which you are, and you will find it concerns you extreamly, not to incense the Prince of *Messena*. I do not urge, Madam, that you should love him more than you did ever any other; for it does not belong to me to give you such counsel; but I conjure you, Madam, not to reject disdainfully the tokens of affection which the Prince will express to you. For my part (answer'd she) I believe it a very great secret not to leave any hope at first to those, to whom we have

firmly resolved to refuse eternally what they desire. 'Tis a good course, Madam (reply'd *Hortensius*) for them who have a kind of spirit which is easily repell'd; I mean, for such people, from whom difficulties take away the desire of the most agreeable things, who have only calm pleasures, and who would not be possess'd of the greatest felicity of the earth, at the purchase of one hours sighing. But 'tis not effectual to an ambitious Soul, to whom difficult enterprizes seem always more excellent than others, and who never have violent desires, but for such things as cannot be obtain'd without pains. And because, Madam, (added *Cleontine*) it becometh not to act with a Prince, whose prisoner you are, in the same manner as if you were free; (for a greater restraint is to be us'd) and since *Hortensius* seems to me compleatly generous, I shall not fear to tell you in his presence, that I believe in the like occasion you ought to give neither hope nor despair: and there is a certain kind of serious civility, which neither causes to hope nor yet dejects into despair, which is proper enough to gain time, and to hinder many troublesome consequences which disdain might produce. Therefore, Madam, rather use that natural gentleness which the gods have given you; you may lay it aside when you please; and since *Hortensius* assures you, that four considerable persons shall have the liberty of communication with you during six months, and the Prince of *Cyparissa* also during the *Olympick* Games; comply with the mind of a Prince, who is able to use more rude ways with you if he pleases. I promise you (answer'd *Elismonda*) I will do what I am able, to follow your counsels, though I dare not answer absolutely for my self. *Hortensius* hearing her speak thus, almost repented himself of having been so urgent to perswade her to gentleness: but at length, considering he could do nothing in his own behalf with innocence, but only to hinder *Melanthus*'s love from increasing to a greater ardor, he thought he had some ground of satisfaction in leaving *Elismonda* in the resolution of constraining her self, and more in being commended and intrusted by her, and observing she had some esteem for him. All which caus'd him to think, he should return less discontented than he came. But as soon as he was upon the way, and beheld *Elismonda* no longer, he found himself as unhappy as before, and rather more. For he found his passion was augmented, and it came into his mind, that perhaps *Elismonda* lov'd the Prince of *Cyparissa*. So that he perceiv'd himself possess'd, as well with jealousy as with love, if at least any separation can be made between these two passions. Alas! (said he to himself) does it belong to a miserable person that loves without hope, to be jealous? to an unhappy man, who is his Rivals confident, and serves him faithfully? 'Tis true, said he, but the Rival whom I serve is hated, and he that troubles my imagination, is perhaps belov'd. But what concerns it me, (answer'd he suddenly) whether *Elismonda* love or not, since Fate will never suffer me to make her know I love her. After which, *Hortensius* spoke no more to himself, but fell into such a profound musing, that he arriv'd at *Elis*, when he thought himself yet far from it. At his arrival he understood, it was not above an hour before, that the Princess *Andronice* entred into the City.

City. For whom having a very particular kindness, the news gave him much satisfaction. He went therefore with speed to give the Prince an account of his journey, and found him coming from the Apartment of *Andronice*. Whereby it was necessary for him to discharge his intelligence before he could see her; for this Prince was really extream amorous of *Elismonda*. *Hortensius* was now inconceivably perplex'd: for though *Melanthus* had perswaded him, that difficulty was capable to encrease his love, he was so fearful of giving him too much hope, that he was troubled to choose words wherewith to exprefs himself, and chang'd his order and manner of speaking many times involuntarily. For when he told *Melanthus* he did not find *Elismonda* had so great hatred against him, as he imagin'd, he beheld so much joy arising in his eyes, that he fear'd hope would augment his passion. But then again, to weaken the obliging sense of what he had said, he told him, he knew not whether Policy had not a great share in the civility of the Princess. With which *Melanthus* was so dejected, that *Hortensius* was forc'd to return to his first smooth language, for fear lest this passion should become too violent, both for the quiet of *Melanthus*, *Elismonda*, and himself: But at length, when the Prince had fully understood his success, he gave him liberty to go see the Princess *Andronice*, who receiv'd him with so great a goodness, that had not he been pre-possess'd with love, the testimonies of so tender a friendship would have given him almost as much pleasure as the favours of a Mistress; but in the condition his Soul was, he only half gusted whatever was advantageous to him. *Andronice* being of a lively apprehension, immediately perceiv'd *Hortensius* had something in his Breast troubled him. And being there was none present saving *Eumenes*, their common friend, she demanded the cause of it with such obliging urgency, as the sadness of a friend induces a true friend to use. What is it *Hortensius* (said she to him) which hinders you from having as much joy in seeing me, as I have in finding you? But beware you tell me not, there is nothing troubles you; rather pretend some kind of sorrow or other; and tell me rather that you are fallen in love at *Elis*, than assign no cause of a kind of sadness which I observe in your eyes, for fear least I may suspect you of dissimulation. I am altogether oblig'd, Madam, (answer'd he) with the manner of your speech; but I beseech you, do not constrain me, to search my heart for every troublesome thing that is there, for this would but augment my melancholly. Be satisfy'd therefore, Madam, in that I assure you my eyes are deceivers, if they do not tell you I am incapable of having a greater satisfaction than that which I find in the honor I have to see you. But, I beseech you, Madam, demand of me no further; for I cannot really tell you, what present oppression I have upon my mind, but 'tis true, I feel something which qualifies the pleasure I have really in the enjoyment of your presence. After which *Andronice* made him a thousand acknowledgements for the generous counsels which he had given the Prince her brother, since he came to him, desiring him to continue them; and being *Melanthus* had already discover'd to her part of his intentions, and told her in few words the state of affairs, she told him she

should be perfectly oblig'd to him, if he could bring it to pass that the War might end in the marriage of *Melanthus* and *Elismonda*, and that there might be after the *Olympick* Games, a second Festival for their Nuptials, whereby their States might be united, and tranquillity establish'd in the most delectable part of *Peloponnesus*. Fortune hath so great an influence in what you desire, Madam, (answer'd he, sighing) that you ought to expect so great an event from her rather than from me; And moreover, Madam, (proceeded he) since you are here, 'tis your address must effect what I am unable to do, and you need only have recourse to your self for that, for which you seem to await from another. *Hortensius* spoke this with so melancholly an air, that *Andronice* believ'd it was because he conceiv'd, what she desir'd was very difficult to be brought to pass. But she could not discover to him her conjecture, because the Prince her Brother came back into her Chamber, to desired her she would make a visit to the Princess *Elismonda*, as speedily as she could. But in the mean time, himself the day following went to give her one, and told her, he had caus'd the Princess *Andronice* to come to *Elis*, on purpose that she might entertain and divert her. But though he had resolv'd before to mention his love openly to her, yet he forbore to do it, and contented himself with giving her occasion to guess what he had in his mind, without positively declaring it to her. Whence it became more easie for the Princess *Elismonda*, to follow the counsel which was given her. And though she appear'd not very disdainful to *Melanthus*, yet she departed her self with such coldness, that according to the genius of his humor, he return'd much more amorous than before. Two days after, *Andronice* being accompanied by *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, made her a visit, which she receiv'd much better than that of *Melanthus*: for having heard this Princess much commended by *Hortensius*, when he related to her how she had sav'd his life, she was readily inclinable to esteem her. Besides that, foreseeing the love of *Melanthus* might occasion trouble to her, she was not sorry of gaining such a protection as this. So that this interview pass'd very agreeably on both sides. You know, Madam, (said *Andronice* to the Princess of *Elis*) that I am no partaker in the War, which the Prince my brother makes, and so you would be unjust to hate me, because I am his Sister. 'Tis true, Madam (answer'd *Elismonda* with a little smile) that you have made no War against me, but yet you are not without bearing a part in the victories of *Melanthus*, since as you know you have been as far as the famous Valley of *Tempe*, to offer Sacrifices for his conquest; so that I conclude, your prayers have done me as much mischief, as the valour of the Prince of *Messena*. When I was in *Thessaly*, (reply'd *Andronice*) I had no other design but to beseech the gods for peace: but, Madam, it appears my prayers were not well receiv'd, if I ask'd for victory; for during my journey, the Prince my Brother was not over successful. But in brief, Madam (proceeded she) since a Truce has been concluded, let us enjoy this image of peace, till we can obtain a real peace, which I foresee you may easily effect if you please. If it depended on me, it had been already made (reply'd *Elismonda*) but in my judgement, 'tis in the power of the gods

gods only to give it. But in the mean to testify to you that I am not unjust, I promise you not to look upon you as an enemy. After which, *Cleontine*, *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* all engaged in this conversation; and as the Princess of *Messenia*, is very grateful, she exaggerated to *Elismonda* the obligation which she had to *Hortensius*, for hindring her from being taken away by *Attalus*; and *Hortensius* in his turn did the like for her, extolling the generosity she shewed in saving his life without knowing him. To save your life (answered *Andronice*) I did not hazard my own, but you contrarily to rescue me from being taken away, exposed yours courageously to a danger which appeared inevitable by the inequality of number. But Madam, (replied he) not to do what I did, would have been ungrateful and dishonorable; but as for you, you might have contented your self, with having some slight compassion of a miserable stranger, without being liable to any reproach if you had done no more. Alas! *Hortensius* (said *Andronice*) I am not of your opinion; for I am persuaded they who think they do enough in pitying the unfortunate without relieving them when they may deserve no thanks for their commiseration: and for my own part, if I beheld worthy persons unhappy without intending to seek to succor them I would make shew of not perceiving, either their merit, or their unhappiness; for there is nothing more absurd, than to behold such unprofitable compassion in the breasts of those, who are able to give remedy to the misfortunes which cause it. In the mean time, the world is full of those people, who bemoan others and do not help them. But to tell you my own humor freely, I should rather choose to be some illustrious unhappy One, that were able to support the rigor of infelicity with constancy, and were known to be worthy of a better fortune; than to be one of those tender hearted persons without virtue which I spoke of, who at the same time, that themselves do nothing for the miserable whom they compassionate, yet count it strange that others do as little; and who pass their whole lives in bewailing the evils which they are sometimes able to remedy, and blame people who do but imitate their very example. Nevertheless, those people who make such a noise with their compassion, and the blame they lay upon others like themselves, think they have right to be esteemed generous, and that this unprofitable pity ought to be ranked amongst the heroical virtues. But for my part, who am not of that mind, but believe my self accessory to all the miseries which I may, and do not hinder; I should have condemned my self a thousand times of your death, if after having seen you in the hands of those *Thessalians*, so zealous for the laws of their Countrey. I had not done my utmost to save your life. What you say is very generous and just, Madam (answered *Elismonda*) and I am extremely glad to see you have so excellent sentiments; for as I am unhappy, I hope you will do all you can to hinder me from being so for the future. Doubt it not, Madam, (replied *Andronice*) for I never blame that in another which I am conscious may be reproached to my self. All that you say is so nobly spoken, and so generous (said *Cleontine*) that I think nothing can be ever be reproached unto you. All that she does is so heroical (added

Eumenes) that what she speaks is nothing comparable to it. I beseech you (said *Andronice*), praise me not so superlatively, lest I come short of making good what you say; but rather acknowledge with me that I owe more to *Hortensius* than he does to me. True (said *Elismonda*), for that matter I am of your judgment; for I had rather be left to dye, than left in the hands of a Prince, whom I should hate if he offered to carry me away. For my part (said *Hortensius*) I cannot declare my own opinion in this case; all I can do is to assure you, I believe it impossible to be more obliged to any person than I am to the Princess of *Messenia*, for she hath ratified the first good office she did me by so many others, that I cannot believe she repents of it. I owe to her (proceeded he) the honor I have in being known to you, which I put in the number of my most happy adventures. Unquestionably (said *Eumenes*) you owe very much to the Princess *Andronice*; but also owe very much to your self; for if she had not known you to be a person worthy of her friendship, she would never have given it you. *Hortensius*, unwilling to suffer himself to be commended more, sought to divert the conversation, by giving open notice that *Cleontine* was in a deep meditation, and it seemed on something not unpleasing. Upon which, the Princess of *Elis* turning towards her, demanded what it was that so deeply took up her thoughts. So small a matter (answered she) that if I could disobey you, I would not tell it you. But as I am very precise not to refuse you any thing, I confess the Princess of *Messenia* let fall something in her discourse, which makes me reflect upon the proceedings of very many women, which I know; and gives me cause of musing, upon what she well expressed, That she would never blame any person for a thing for which she might be blamed her self. For indeed Madam, if you remember, you have seen at *Pisa* a woman handsome enough, who because her hands are very ill shapen, hath brought her self into a persuasion, that 'tis no great commendation to have them otherwise. So that when she commends any fair one, she never takes notice of her hands, and only praises that in others, which she believes most handsome in her self, to the end the application may be returned to her own advantage. Thus there is found in a bad sense a practice opposite to that of the Princess *Andronice*; for whereas she blames not that in another, which she believes may be faulted in her self, this Lady praises only what she believes commendable in her self. I assure you (answered the Princess of *Messenia*) there are such women every where, and I know some at *Messene*, who because themselves have very good hair, believe sprightly eyes, a clear complexion, a handsome mouth, good teeth, and a graceful neck, not sufficient to make a fair person, if her hair be of a very common brown, and who in the commendations of others, mention no other perfections but that of comely hair. On the contrary; when occasion requires them to speak of a handsome neck, and they have not such themselves, they only say in general, such a one is of a good shape. But I am of opinion, 'tis a very reasonable thing to do render justice without taking in one's own interest. Not but that it's sometimes allowable in prudence to omit mentioning a defect we are conscious of in our selves: But notwithstanding

ing, 'tis not modesty to commend that excessively, though in another, wherein our selves have a title to the application. At least, for my own part, did I know my self conscious of procuring, or insinuating my own condemnations, I should extremely reproach my self for it. But Madam (answered *Elismonda*) you do not observe in the mean time, that you are guilty of what you decry by speaking so well, which turns much to your own commendations; Which, 'tis true, you may receive without blushing, since you deserve more than can be given you. The Princess of *Messenia* answered to this civility with a greater; and these two illustrious Ladies were so highly satisfied with one another, that this first days converse made a friendship between them. After which they both retired severally. As for *Hortensius*, the more he beheld *Elismonda*, the more ardent became his love; his reason opposed his passion in vain, which he found too strong to be surmounted; so that his only purpose was to use his best prudence to govern and conceal it, and to continue firm the resolution of serving *Melanthus*, with as much fidelity in relation to the Princess, as if he had been wholly indifferent for her. His virtue was indeed much supported by the little possibility he conceived there was to be so much as indured in his pretensions, though the Prince his Master had not been his Rival. Upon the way towards *Elis*, *Andronice*'s discourse to *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, was altogether concerning the fair *Elismonda*, and when she came to the Prince of *Messenia*, she fell into superlative expressions in favor of that Princess, which served to inflame *Melanthus* more in his affection. For 'tis usual for such as are naturally ambitious to dote, in a manner rather upon the opinion of others than their own, and they are more guided by the commendations which are given to the persons which they love, than by the knowledge which themselves have of their merit. But in fine, to contract my relation as much as I may, it was resolved the Princess of *Elis* should be accommodated with better Lodgings during the Truce, than she was at present. Yet it was not thought convenient to carry her to *Elis*, and therefore choice was made of a very fair house for her reception, situated on the bank of the River *Alpheus*, and belonging to a Lady of great Quality and Worth, with whom *Hortensius* had contracted a great friendship, because he had protected her goods and estate from the disorders of the War. This place was so much the more commodious, for that the Quarters wherein *Melanthus*'s Army lay, secured it; and it was also near the place where the *Olympick* Games were wont to be celebrated. So that all the conveniences of the safety and delight being found in it, it was determined, the Princess *Elismonda* should be conducted thither; that the Princess *Andronice* should be there with her, that a small number of Women of Quality of *Elis*, should attend on the Princess *Elismonda*, if she pleas'd, and that *Hortensius* should choose whom he pleas'd, to be responsible to him for the Government of the Castle, to the end he might be obliged to have a particular care of it; who knowing not whom to confide in, so well as *Eumenes*, he gave him order to undertake the Guard of the Castle, whether the Princess was to be removed. Eight days after the Truce concluded (all securities necessary in the like occasions, given and taken on both

sides) *Melanthus* went to visit *Elismonda*, attended with the whole Court, to whom the Princess *Andronice*, and several Ladies of Quality, were repaired early in the morning. The Prince of *Messenia*, made all protestations to *Elismonda*, which could be suggested by love and generosity to an ingenious person; and gave her the hand, to lead her to a magnificent Chariot, which he had caused to be provided for her. Into which the Princess *Andronice* accompanied her; and *Cleontine* with the other Ladies followed in other Chariots. *Melanthus*, *Hortensius*, *Eumenes*, and all the other persons of Quality mounted on Horse-back, and conveyed these Princesses to *Melisaris*, the place whither the Princess *Elismonda* was designed to go. At her arrival, the Mistress of it called *Elisante*, received this Illustrious and Noble Company, with all imaginable State. Also the Ladies were lodged in this fair house: but the Prince of *Messenia*, *Hortensius*, and all the other men, saving *Eumenes*, return'd to the Camp, till the next morning. Such as by the Treaty ought to have permission to see the Princess *Elismonda*, were admitted to her in private; but she was seen by none else but in the presence of *Andronice* and *Eumenes*; the Prince of *Cyparissa*, having the liberty granted of seeing her only during the time of the *Olympick* Games, suffer'd more than can be imagin'd. And that which was something remarkable, was, that *Hortensius*, who believed that Prince was not hated, had nevertheless a great desire to know him, to the end he might the better judge what he ought to believe, and what not. Yet there were some moments, in which he was not displeased in imagining, that perhaps he loved the Prince of *Cyparissa* in some little measure, since that might be a means to hinder her from *Melanthus*. But the next moment after, repenting of this sentiment, he was jealous and inquieted, and had a curiosity of seeing his Rival, though full of regret, of which he understood not the true reason; for he believed he had so little interest in the affection of the fair *Elismonda*, that he passed his own doom, and condemned himself. In the mean time this Princess being young, naturally affecting conversation; company, and divertisement, enjoyed this agreeable interval with great contentment. Not, but that in her inward thoughts, she resented very great discontent, in seeing that the Prince of *Messenia* pretended Love to her; because she was resolved never to make peace on condition of marrying him. But when the persons admitted to her, counselled her not to declare her self so openly while the Truce lasted, but to draw our matters in length, and to endeavor to take the benefit of the *Olympick* Games, to ingage the neighbouring States to side with her interests, she resum'd all her former pleasantness, and seem'd incomparably more charming than ordinary; which added new flames to *Melanthus* and *Hortensius*. Mean while, the time of the *Olympick* Games approaching, the Truce became generally known in other Countries, and that they should be celebrated, as was formerly accusom'd. So that an infinite number of considerable persons, came to *Elis* from all parts of *Greece*, either to bear a part themselves in the Games or at least, to be spectators of them. My curiosity hapning that time to lead me to *Sparta*, I took a resolution to go see this great Festival: but by the way thither, I fell into company with a man of

of *Corinth*, who told me he was not going to *Elis*, out of mere curiosity, but to know whether it were true, that the Favorite of the Prince of *Messenia*, were a person called *Hortensius*. For if it be so, (said he) I shall be glad to inform him of his own quality. What you say (answer'd I to this *Corinthian*) seems to me sufficiently strange; for, how can he be ignorant of his own descent, and you know it? since you are a *Greek*, and the name which you give him, is not of your own Country. This man who was naturally a lover of talk, began to tell me all that I have told you, concerning the birth of *Hortensius*; of the Predictions which were made, that he should be a Prince; of the resolution his Father had taken to banish him for ever; and in brief, all that I related of *Hortensius*, till the death of this person, to whose trust his Father had committed him. But how come you to know all these things, (said I to him, after he had given me the relation which I have repeated to you) and how comes *Hortensius* not to know them? I came to know them (answered he) by being an intimate Friend of his that was entrusted with him, who engag'd not me to acquaint him with his Fortune, unless himself should happen to dye, without first having discovered it to him. Now this man being dead whilst I was absent upon a very long Voyage, at my return to *Corinth*, I understood that *Hortensius* was gone into *Thessaly*, and I have been since told that he is a Favorite of the Prince of *Messenia*. Wherefore desiring to satisfy the will of him that brought him up, who was determined to reveal his quality to him, as soon as he saw him in some settled condition, which might in probability, take away all desire of returning into his Country; I thought my self oblig'd to go, and deliver him from that discontent, I presume he suffers, by being totally ignorant of his Birth and Fortune. And I resolve upon this the rather, for that I have a Kinswoman with the Princess of *Elis*, whose name is *Cleontine*, and is in great favor with her. This discourse of *Agenor*, seeming to me very surprising, I had a curiosity to know *Hortensius*, and being I was going to that place, only to see whatever deserved to be seen, I intreated him to oblige me so far by the interest of his Kinswoman, that I might see the Princess *Elismonda*, who was reported for a great beauty. He promised me, he would endeavor to serve me, and accordingly performed his word. I shall not trouble you with relating the circumstances, how he brought it about, since 'tis not my own History, I am recounting to you. But in brief, I was so happy, that he made me known to *Cleontine*, and *Cleontine* presented me to the Princess *Elismonda*, and the Princess *Andronice*, by whom I was civilly received; that afterwards I became a friend of *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*; who presented me to *Melanthus*, and going to *Pisa*, was civilly regarded by the Prince of *Cyparissa*. This Madam, I have told you, to the end you might give more credit to the things which remain for me to relate, and which are of greater importance. This man of *Corinth*, having discharged his intention, of discovering to *Hortensius* who he was, this generous *Veientine* was extremely joyful to understand, that his Birth was very illustrious, and not much troubled, to know that it was foretold, he was destined to Rule. For as a Lover takes all occa-

sions he can, to give himself hope, he imagin'd that perhaps he was destined to rule one day in the heart of the fair *Elismonda*. But he condemned this thought in himself, the next moment, as unjust and void of reason; and continued firm in the resolution he had taken, to serve his Master with fidelity. 'Tis true, the rigor of *Elismonda* against *Melanthus*, afforded great support to his Virtue; for had he observed any inclination in her towards him, it would have been more troublesome to him, to have continued faithful. In the mean time, a great dearthness grew between *Andronice* and *Elismonda*, notwithstanding their different interests. *Hortensius* also became particularly gracious with both of them, though he was a lover of the latter, and only a friend to the first. *Eumenes* also had a great share in the confidence of all these persons; and though none of them plainly spoke their true sentiments, yet there was a very great friendship between them. But I had forgot to tell you, that *Hortensius* being very glad it was known his Birth was illustrious, gave *Agenor* liberty to tell whence, and what he was; but intreated him to be secret in reference to those predictions, which designed him to Reign in some place, for fear lest being Favorite to the Prince, it might render him suspected. *Agenor* assured *Hortensius* he would be obsequious to his desires, but did not tell him that he had already discovered the truth to *Cleontine* and to me, intending to intreat silence from us both. But when he went to find *Cleontine*, to make this request to her, it was already too late; for she acknowledged she had communicated it to *Elismonda*. Yet she promised to request that fair Princess not to take any notice of knowing it, and accordingly made good her word. So that *Elismonda* congratulating with him that he had learnt his descent to be very illustrious, gave him no occasion to think that she understood any thing farther of him; and *Hortensius* was secure in this regard. Not that he believed these predictions would ever have any accomplishment, but he knew *Melanthus* was inclinable to inconstancy, and being extremely ambitious, matters of this nature might raise suspicions in him to his prejudice; though in his heart he only projected how to rule over his own passions, if he were able. But to tell you the truth, his love was too strong to be subdued; it grew more vigorous by the knowledge he had of his birth, and he lookt upon himself as in some sort more unfortunate. But though he lov'd infinitely, yet he continued firm in the resolution he had taken to be faithful to *Melanthus*, who for his part loved *Elismonda* as ardently as he was capable, though his passion was inferior, both to that of *Hortensius*, and to that of the Prince of *Cyparissa*. *Elismonda*, who understood the affection of two of her Lovers, bore a hatred against *Melanthus*, and an averseness towards the Prince of *Cyparissa*, but had a great inclination for *Hortensius*, whose passion she was absolutely ignorant of. For though he testified all imaginable care and respect for her, yet she interpreted all, but as his civility and generosity, and proceeding from the desire he had to please *Melanthus*, and perhaps from some kindness he might have for her; but not at all from love. As for *Hortensius*, he was jealous of the Prince of *Cyparissa* without knowing him; because he knew not

that he was not loved; and he was his Masters Rival without a Crime, and without jealousie too, because he knew well that he was hated. The Princess *Andronice* was always posselt with a violent hatred against *Attalus*, of whom no tidings could be heard, and had a great dearness for *Hortensius*. Behold therefore, Madam, the inclinations of all the persons I have mentioned, at such time as I had the happiness to be known, and not to be hated by them. But for that, whilst this interval of the Truce lasted, and especially during the *Olympick* Games, this Court which was composed of Friends and Enemies, Strangers, and Inhabitants of the Countrey, and whither were repaired the gallantest persons of *Greece*, was magnificent and splendid; I shall with your permission describe to you the delectableness of the House in which the Princess resided, and the merit of her to whom it belonged; Moreover, I shall pourtray to you some of the Ladies which added ornament to it, and in what manner they lived there, to the end you may afterwards receive more delight in understanding what passed at the *Olympick* Games, and in the strange events which followed them. *Melisaris*, therefore is situated upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, so much fam'd, both for the manner by which he makes his course, his wonderful passage under the Sea, and irruption again near *Syracuse* in *Sicily*. This place is extremely delightful, and hath peculiar excellencies, not to be found in any other. *Melisaris* as I told you stands upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, and there being only the great Road which leads to *Olympia* between the River and the house; which hath three great Courts, in each of which is a Gate looking towards the River; that in the middle, is the chief, directly facing the body of the House, at each end whereof come forth two other sides, or wings of building which form the greater Court, and reach down to the Bank of the River. The two other, which are on each side of these two wings are more commodious than magnificent. But as this House is on the one side seated on the Bank of a River, on the other it is at the foot of a Hill of great steepness which bounds the Gardens behind the House. It is situated in such sort, that being arrived at the first story of stairs, the way is thenceforth even and direct into the Garden, in the middle of which is a handsome Fountain. But though it seems this high Hill may cause some inconvenient effect, yet the Irregularity of the place hath some kind of rustick beauty which is not unpleasing. For though this Hill be sufficiently steep, yet it is all covered with Trees, which orderly rising some higher than others make a prospect, whose wildness and rudeness does not hinder it from being handsome and pleasant. Then passing from this first Garden, which is all beset with rare Fruit-Trees, into another on the left hand, which is raised higher like a Terrasse, and so out of several Orchards advanced still higher than others in manner of Terrass-work, at length there is an entrance into a large Park, which is as high as the Mountain, and full of very stately Trees. I omit to tell you that there are also many Fountains in these several Gardens, that there is a Grotto in a Mount, and several Mounts about the Park; for these make not the principal gracefulness of *Melisaris*. I forbear also to tell you, that the apart-

ments of this House are handfom and convenient, and only intimate to you that from a Balconie which is in the middle of the building, and two others at the end of each side, there is the most delectable prospect that can be imagined. For the River *Alpheus* is just before the House, and passes with a strait and even stream in this place. But that which renders this sight more agreeable, is, that there are several Islands in it, which contain handsome Meadows and Fields. They are compassed round about the shores with Willows and Lote-Trees, which yet do not hinder a Great Plain from being visible beyond them; on the farther side whereof, there arises a Mountain, on which is seated a very stately Palace, which is a wonderful ornament to the Country about: for besides that it is magnificent, there is a long Train of Woods, which reaching towards *Olympia*, Crowns all the highest Mountains which arise on this side, and inclose the Plain I speak of. On the right hand of *Melisaris* are several Villages and Temples, making the prospect yet more graceful and delectable. There is also another fair House not very remote, which appears beyond the Willows, and seems to be built only on purpose to be seen from *Melisaris*. On the side towards the right hand, the sight of the River is so much the more pleasant; for that looking upon it from the second Tarrested Garden, there appears a little Islet lying in the middle, which is joyned to a little Village by a small rustick bridge, and makes a pretty show amongst so many various and handsome objects. There is also seen from this admirable House, another place, which though extremely imbellisht by the number of rivulets that nature with the assistance of art hath scattered here and there, is much more remarkable in that it was sometimes the delight of an *Hero*, and *Heroesse*, who deserved the praises of all Nations and Ages, having heretofore, belonged to the wise *Nestor*, who by his prudence, magnanimity, eloquence and virtue, surpassed all the *Heroes* that lived before him. It was afterwards possessed by a Lady, one of his descendants, the miracle of her Sex, and whose beauty was not to be surpassed by any other, whose wit transcended the capacity of all imagination, and whose virtue was yet above her beauty and wit. But to represent to you what was yet more remarkable at *Melisaris*, be pleased to permit me to describe a place to you, wherewith I was charmed: and let me oblige you to enter into a little painted and gilded Boat, and make a short voyage upon the River. Imagine therefore, that were you to take Boat before the house of *Melisaris*, you must go first towards the left hand, having on one side one of the Islands I spoke of, and on the other a Meadow bordered about with Willows, a little Temple, several rustick Houses, and a Mountain covered with Myrtles and Laurels. After having gone some time this way, you must turn towards the right hand between two great Islands, and enter into a distinct stream of the River, which may be resembled to a covered Alley, the Banks of which have a most lovely verdure, interspersed with several sorts of flowers, and are beset with great Willows, which advancing themselves one above another, and touching with their tops, make a kind of continued Arch or Cradle, the most graceful that can be imagined. The water of this little arm

arm of the River is clear and calm, and the Sand and Pebbles visible at the bottom, the River being in this place not very deep. At the end of this Channel is a square place between the Islands, which is as it were the Center, into which terminate four other Alleys of Water, such as I now described to you, that is, their Banks are all covered with several sorts of flowers, and beset along with Trees, which make a very agreeable shade, and which being represented in the Water, amuse and delight the eyes, even when they are no longer lookt upon. Having passed this rare place where the four watry Alleys meet, there are seen others also as pleasant; for you would think you were in a Labyrinth, or Maze of waters, more admirable in its kind than those which are so famed in *Ægypt* and *Crete*. For besides, that the Banks of these several streams are green, flowry, and shady, as I said; they are also bordered about with young bull-rushes, amongst which are seen several water-flowers, which grow in the water as they do. There are also seen several innocent animals, who enjoying the tranquillity of so pleasant a place, scarce hide themselves at all; the solitude is so still and quiet. For such a profound silence reigns there, that the noise of leaves scarce ever disturbs it; the wind not being able to blow there by reason of the Hills, which encompass it on every side. And that which renders this handsome Desert yet more lovely, is, that there is on one side a place to land in one of the Islands, which is the most pleasant Meadow in the World, and another on the other, in a place belonging to the Prince of *Elis*, which presents you with a great Wood, whose Trees seem to touch the Clouds, and which by the darkness of their shadow, and the great store of thickets and coverts round about them, seem to be in a Countrey uninhabited. But to conclude, how excellent a place so ever this Desert seems, she that inhabits it renders it more illustrious by her virtue, than it is agreeable by its own handsomeness. The wife *Elisante*, whose solitude is so admirable, is a person of rare and extraordinary qualifications. She is of a discreet wit, a noble and firm Soul, a pleasant humor, high spirit, and endued with all virtuous inclinations. None of those weaknesses are to be seen in her, which are ordinarily attributed to women. She is above all gawdy and trifling gallantry, her morality is solid without rudeness, she retains the love of excellent things in her Desert; and has a kind of generosity in her deportment, which has not left her in her solitude, though she be past the period of youth. She bears an ardent kindness to all virtuous persons, and a natural aversion from all that are not such; her friendship is so firm and so tender withall, that there is a mixture in her heart of love and amity, which hath produced a third kind of affection, accompanied with the good qualities of the other two, without having their defects. But amongst her friends of both Sexes, the admirable *Amalthæa*, and the wife *Timanthus*, whose names I presume are not unknown to you, hold the chief rank in her heart; for though she inhabits in the Countrey of *Elis*, yet she is originally of *Sicily*. *Elisante* is in my judgment highly to be admired in one respect, which is, that loving society naturally, she has notwithstanding attained the art to dispense with the want

of it. And conceiving that of all pleasures those which arise from agriculture are the most innocent, she is become so perfect in this art, which is the most ancient and necessary of all others, that the wife *Timanthus* who is her master in this kind of knowledge, is not her superior in that wonderful skill, which consists in well ordering of Land, and improving the advantages of seasons, and which affords the most considerable delights of the Countrey to those who understand how to use the same as well as *Elisante*. Moreover, in the prudent management wherewith she accompanies her industrious cares about her Gardens, Meadows, Woods, and Flocks, she finds all the pleasures of profit, employment, and glory, this prudent retirement having such a loveliness in all respects, that the virtuous *Elisante* cannot be too much commended for it. She hath many illustrious friends, writes handsomely, and speaks with a certain vivacity, declaring both the accuteness and firmness of her mind. Then in reference to her Children, the desire of seeing them virtuous has ever been the most ardent of all such as she is capable of. In a word, *Elisante* is the Soul of her Desert, which as pleasant as it is, is indebted to her for a great part of its lustre and loveliness. But the better to give you the description of the little Court of the two Princesses I was speaking of, it is necessary for me to pourtray forth to you two Persons, which made the principal ornament of it; one of which is named *Chrysilia*, and the other *Claricia*. The first is unquestionably one of the most lovely women, and the other one of the most charming Virgins in the world. *Chrysilia* is a person so amiable, that should she design to have her self loved by all the World, nothing could resist her. But since your silence seems to command me to draw you a picture of her without colours, and such in which words alone give the air that makes resemblance, and a little imagination animates; you may please to know, that *Chrysilia* is not tall of stature, nor yet of their size, who are accounted little; for if she sees some taller than her self, she also sees others not so tall, and her stature is beyond exception well proportioned to the air of her whole person. Her hair is the fairest black in the world, that is, the most bright and resplendent; so that as her head is very gracefully tied, the neglected Rings which fall carelessly upon her cheeks or necks make the most pleasing show possible, with her mixt complexion of Lilly and Carnation, which is beyond all suspicion of artifice, and makes her seem both sprightly and pleasing. As for the form of her countenance, 'tis neither round nor Oval, but being between both, cannot well be defined but by saying, It has the perfections of each. *Chrysilia*'s eyes are not large, but so sweet, so black, lively, and full of spirit, and glittering, that their beams are almost inevitable. She sometimes moves them in a certain negligent manner that pleases infinitely, and on the contrary, sometimes expresses such a pretty haughtiness in them, that makes her rather to be lov'd than feared. Moreover, *Chrysilia*'s mouth is extremely graceful, and not like theirs whose lips seem shaped after so close a manner, that one would think they had never smil'd in their lives. She hath little sprightly glances, which speak liveliness, love, and cheerfulness, and her beauty has several charms, which are not sud-

denly, discovered at once, but appear more or less according to the temper of her mind, and the people with whom she converses. Yet *Cbryfilia's* aspect is extremely graceful at the first view, though she has the happiness to deserve more than she promises. She has also white and small teeth, a neck admirably well shap'd, handsome arms, and fair hands. But to pass from the charms of her beauty, to those of her wit, I am to tell you she is infinitely ingenious, that she usually less discovers her self to be so, than she really is, though she always speaks very exactly, and never any thing but what is absolutely pertinent, and likewise agreeable. But having no ambition to be universally praised, she is not solicitous to lay open the whole beauty of her mind to all sorts of people. So that sometimes she gives her self up to such a reservedness, when she happens in places where the persons do not please her, that if she be constrained to speak, the words fall from her mouth so carelessly, that you would think she were desirous not to be understood, for fear any should return her an answer, so faintly does she pronounce the last syllables of all her words. But on the other side, when *Cbryfilia* is with persons whose conversation pleases her, her serious air is cleared up, and a cheerful grace appears in all that she does: She speaks alike handsomely upon all subjects, and there is elegance, judgment, and all things which she expresses. She has a subtle way of raillery, and reasons exquisitely upon all occasions; in a word, she hath wit sufficient, that were her beauty less, she would notwithstanding be infinitely charming. Moreover, her heart is capable of great tenderness: but having a delicate spirit, which is not too hasty in making a choice, and being naturally slow to abandon her self to friendship and intimacy, she is sometimes reproacht for not being sufficiently endearing to her friends. But her Soul is noble, and which makes her yet more amiable, not haughty or ambitious of any thing. She writes also extremely handsomely, though she does not make semblance of understanding so much as what handsome-writing is; to conclude, she is unquestionably so amiable, as I said before, that she may justly assure her self of being loved by whomsoever she pleases.

As for my part (interposed *Plotina*) I love her already, and I would not have you tell me, there was yet another more lovely than she with the Princess of *Elis*, and the Princess of *Messenia*, for I shall not accord with your opinion. Fear not, Madam, (answered *Merigenes*) that I will ever make my self a Judge between two amiable persons; 'tis enough for me that I make you their pictures, and leave you the liberty to follow your own inclinations. For indeed never any decision ought to be made between two beautiful and accomplished Ladies. That which pleases one does not another; and there is a certain humerousness (of which I am to learn the reason) which sometimes apprehends defects with approbation, and finds pleasingness in things which are not taking. However it be in that respect (said *Amilcar*) I have great impatience to know *Claricia*. I beseech you (interrupted *Plotina* agreeably, speaking to *Merigenes*) if *Claricia* be a gallant Lady, forbear to draw her pourtrait, for if she happen to please *Amilcar*, the first time we chance to quarrel, he will fall to

love her, and go to *Elis* to find her; therefore if you apprehend *Claricia* may make some impression upon his heart, draw a curtain in this part of your Story, least by representing her picture I may have occasion to be jealous. Since you are a person (replied *Amilcar*) to whom of all the world jealousy would be least troublesome, and who could best bear it, I should not be very unwilling to excite that passion in you, after having been constant half my life; and therefore I intreat *Merigenes* to begin forthwith the draught of *Claricia's* picture. And I also (added *Valeria*) joyn my requests to those of *Amilcar's*; to which the rest of the company assenting, *Merigenes* pursued his Story in these words.

The lovely *Claricia* is unquestionably one of the most charming persons in the world, and whose wit and humor have a particular genius; but before I engage my self in describing the same to you, I am obliged to speak something concerning her beauty. *Claricia* therefore is of an extreme handsome stature, and of an agreeable proportion, capable of pleasing all the world by a certain free and natural air, which renders her infinitely graceful. Her hair is of the fairest Chest-nut-colour that ever was seen, her visage round, complexion lively, mouth handsome, lips very ruddy, with a little dimple in her chin, extremely becoming, her eyes are black, sparkling, full of life, and the air of her countenance cheerful, pretty and sprightly. Together with all these advantages *Claricia* has also that of a very graceful presence, which is not always found in those that are debonaire. *Claricia's* wit is undoubtedly excellent, and that in a peculiar way, of which few persons are capable; for it is pleasant, diverting, and compliable to all sorts of people, and chiefly to those of the vulgar rank. She speaks freely, and is much inclinable to laughter; she makes great mirth of a trifle, and loves to raise innocent quarrels amongst her friends; yet her raillery hath never any thing disgusting in it, she loves all kind of delights, writes very gallantly, never is discontented without cause, but is constantly sweet and complacent. She loves walking, conversation, handsome novels, jollities and diversions of all sorts whatsoever. But in this temper of debonairity, it must be confessed that this sprightly Lady hath all the good qualifications of those which are melancholick and ingenious too; for she has a tender and sensible heart, she is ready to weep with her afflicted friends, she knows how to renounce pleasures when friendship requires it, she is faithful to her friends, and capable of secrecy and confidence, she never makes a feud with any person whoever; she is generous and constant in her sentiments; and in a word, is so amiable, that she is loved by the most honorable persons of the Court of both sexes; yea, even such as do not agree with her in reference to condition, humor, genius, interests, all acknowledge, that *Claricia* is infinitely charming, that she is indued with wit, real goodness, and a thousand qualities worthy of the highest esteem.

I beseech you, generous *Merigenes* (interrupted *Plotina*) proceed no farther, for I find jealousy begin to seize me; Envy I know it cannot be having never been possessed with any, and I had rather a hundred times be jealous than envious, though neither of these two qualities be very suitable

ble to one of honorable sentiments, as also not very pleasing, or commodious. But however, it be, proceed forthwith to tell us how they lived there during the Truce, which was concluded only to give the Gallants leisure to attend their love.

I shall obey you, fair *Plotina* (answered *Meriges*, without giving *Amilcar* leisure to speak) and in the first place you may please to know that within a few days *Melanthus* being accompanied by all his Court went to *Melisaria*; that the two Princesses were there also, and that *Chryslia*, *Claricia*, and three other Ladies of eminent beauty were with them, besides several others which went thither too, so that the conversation was every day very agreeable at the Princess of *Elis*'s Lodgings; that in fair weather they walked abroad sometimes in the terraced Gardens I told you of, other times they went in Coaches by the River-side on the way leading to *Olympia*, and that all this fair company frequently were in little painted and gilded Boats, amongst those Islets and close Alleys of water I described to you; sometimes when the Sun was down walk't in the Meadows of the greater Islands, Sometimes landed to walk under those great and shady Trees, which are on the borders of the Forests beyond those Islands, being for the most part diverted with Musick upon the water. So that during the Truce they may seem to have enjoyed all the pleasures of peace, especially after it had been published that the *Olympick Games* were to be celebrated within fifteen days. For this news caused a continual arrival of Illustrious Strangers from all parts of *Greece*. There were some of *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Thebes*, *Delpbos*, *Sparta*, *Argos*, *Megalopolis*, and *Meſſene*; others came from all parts of *Macedonia*, and especially from *Thessaly*. I saw there some of those people that inhabit at the foot of the famous Mountain *Pindus*, others that dwell on Mount *Parnassus*, and others near Mount *Helicon*, and that of *Thymettus*. There were some also that came from the streights of *Thermopyli*, and others from Countreys so remote, that their Language was not understood. So that of all sorts of people that resorted thither, there being none but had a curiosity to see the Princess of *Elis*, every day brought some new strangers, who were worthy persons, and contributed to the pleasures of the society. For though *Elismonda* was unhappy, yet she was young and fair, and feared least melancholly might be injurious to her beauty. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered if she gave herself to divertisement, notwithstanding the condition she was in; nor was any thing omitted that might afford her contentment, *Melanthus*, *Andronice*, *Hortensius*, *Cleontine*, *Chryslia*, *Claricia*, *Eumenes*, and generally all that came to her, employing all their care thereunto. At other times, those four persons of high quality, who had the liberty to speak to her concerning her affairs, entertained her agreeably with the design they had of making some League during the *Olympick Games*. The Prince of *Cyparissia* also, who had found out a means to write to her, gave her great hopes of the same; whence, though she had no affection for that Prince; yet she was well enough pleased with his Letters, because he presumed not to make the least mention of his love to her; and all these considerations rendered her more capable to re-

ceive with pleasure the divertisements which were intended to her. She came even insensibly to have a very tender kindness for *Hortensius*, and was highly glad to understand that he was of an illustrious descent, and that so many predictions designed him for Empire, because she imagined they might perhaps be accomplished in the principality of *Messenia*. But as she was one day discovering her thoughts to *Cleontine*, this Lady, who was not so well satisfied as *Elismonda* of the Infallibility of Predictions, recited several Oracles to her which had not been well understood: And believe me Madam (said this discreet person to her) I conceive 'tis a very great temerity in men to endeavor to penetrate into the secret counsel of the gods, who give us to understand by the obscurity of their answers, that they are unwilling to have them understood. For these Governors of the World might speak clearly, if they pleased we should be benefited by their Oracles. But there is so great a darkness in futurity (added she) that I will never undertake to pry into it. And besides, what advantage is it to anticipate the misfortunes which must befall us, by the knowledge we desire to have of them, or at least by the fear which such unprofitable curiosity produces to us, which can never render men either more wise, or more happy. The gods have given us prudence to conduct our selves, and also that of our friends to counsel us, when our own is dubious concerning any resolution we desire to take: let us not therefore be industrious to torment our selves by seeking to know things which we shall know soon enough if they be designed to befall us. But *Cleontine* (answered *Elismonda*) I have no curiosity in reference to what concerns myself, but I cannot refrain from musing on the fate of *Hortensius*, finding some probability that he may come to rule. For without taking notice of the Predictions concerning him, Fortune has placed him in so great credit with the Prince of *Meſſenia*, that there seems scarce above one step more to advance him to absolute dominion. Alas! Madam (replied *Cleontine*) that step is greater than you apprehend; and there is always a vast difference between a Prince and his Favorite. And besides, *Hortensius* is so generous, that it cannot be feared he should ever commit an action contrary to virtue. But may it not fall out (said *Elismonda* blushing without knowing why) that the Prince of *Messenia* may die in the War, and the Princess *Andronice*, who knows how greatly he is beloved by the people, may marry him? She has both a great esteem, and dearness for him, and moreover is obliged to him; so that I cannot but think *Hortensius* may possibly one day come to be a Prince. Well Madam, (answered *Cleontine*) I am of opinion if *Hortensius* reign not one day in the heart of some fair person, and perhaps in yours, he will never reign in any place; for as for what you say may come to pass there is not much appearance that it should ever happen. *Melanthus*, as you see, is enamoured on you, and therefore I conceive he will use all means to end the War by your Mariage; and if during the *Olympick Games*, the League you are told of, which is your last hope, cannot be effected; I am persuaded your subjects will constrain you to procure their peace by yielding up your self to him that makes War against you. Ah! *Cle-*

ontine

antine (reply'd *Elismonda* passionately) I had rather continue my whole life in prison, than ever marry the Prince of *Messena*. Time perhaps will make you change your resolution (answer'd *Cleantine* :) but as far as I perceive (added she smiling) you do not think it impossible, but that *Hortensius* may reign in your heart, since you answer me nothing concerning that. I assure you (said she) I really believe it would be more easie for me to begin to love *Hortensius*, than to cease hating *Melanthus*, though he be very well accomplish'd. But in brief, he has been the cause of my Fathers death, has made War against me, is violent and capricious ; and there is something in my heart which makes me so averse from him, that though he had never done me any of these mischiefs, I could never affect him. You see, Madam, what sentiments the fair *Elismonda* had a little before the *Olympick Games*, which were this year celebrated with all the magnificence, that two amorous Princes could add to them ; but though *Hortensius* were not a declared Lover, yet he did not omit to contribute as much thereunto, as his Rivals. 'Tis true, he was so discontented in the bottom of his heart, that he was much troubled to constrain himself ; for he lov'd *Elismonda* with the greatest ardency possible, and yet was resolv'd to continue faithful to his Master. An augmentation to his grief was, his perceiving the most obliging deportment of *Elismonda* towards him ; and when he was not in his hours of jealousy of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, he believ'd it perhaps not impossible for him to be countenanc'd, did not fortune and his virtue place obstacles to his Love. That which tormented him most was, that he wish'd *Elismonda* could have understood his passion for her, without his doing any thing contrary to the fidelity which he ought to *Melanthus*. Nevertheless he reproacht this thought to himself as a Crime, though he were unable to be free from it ; and this consideration tormented him more than the other. Things being at this pass, preparations were made for the offering of a solemn sacrifice in the famous Temple of *Jupiter*, which is at *Olympia*, before the commencement of the *Olympick Games*. At first there was some contestation about it ; for *Melanthus* pretended it belong'd to him to offer it as Conqueror ; and the Prince of *Cyparissa* had the same pretension, as Commander of the Forces of the Princess of *Elia* : but at length an expedient was found to satisfy both, which was, that *Elismonda* should offer it. Yet *Hortensius* was the person to whom *Melanthus* committed the care of the magnificence of the sacrifice ; which I shall forbear to describe particularly to you, as also that proud Temple of *Jupiter*, in which is seen a great Statue of Gold, which *Cypsellus* Prince of *Corinth* gave to it, together with divers other rich offerings. I shall tell you therefore, that this day being the first, in which the Prince of *Cyparissa* had the liberty of seeing the Princess *Elismonda*, he came very early to the Temple that he might see her when she arriv'd there : for so was it concluded by the Treaty, though *Melanthus* affected not that Prince upon several accounts. Now was the curiosity of *Hortensius* satisfy'd, who desir'd to see this Rival that was unknown to him ; but it was to his further torment : for the Prince of *Cyparissa* appear'd so

comely a person to *Hortensius*, he found him so generous when he discours'd with him, he was so magnificent, and moreover, seem'd so amorous of *Elismonda*, that he could not hinder himself from hating him, and looking upon him with as great hatred as if he had been assur'd he was happy. But making use of the same reason, which assist'd him to conceal his passion for *Elismonda*, he overcame himself so much, as to dissemble the hatred which he bore to the Prince of *Cyparissa*. I wish, Madam, I were here able only to describe to you the great number of honourable persons which were present at this sacrifice, and the multitude of people I beheld there ; that so I might the better make you comprehend the infinite number of applauses that were made of the beauty of the Princesses, and particularly of that of *Elismonda*, whose lustre partly blemish'd the glory of the other fair ones. In brief, I can assure you, that though these be three other sorts of famous Games in *Greece*, yet never was there seen so much of the world together, either at those which are celebrated in the Forrest of *Nemaa*, or at those of *Apollo Pythius*, near *Delphos*, or at those which are called the *Isthmick Games*, near *Corinth*, as were seen about the Temple of *Olympia* : I say, about the Temple, Madam ; because, though that be very large and spacious, yet it could not contain the hundredth part of those who came to be present at this sacrifice. But this multitude ought not to be wondred at, for the *Olympick Games* are so antient, that they deserve some particular respect, only for their Antiquity. Their original is so remote, that it is dubious ; some attributing their institution to *Hercules*, who, they say, first celebrated them in honor of *Jupiter*, to which others not agreeing, maintain the same to be more antient than his times. However, they are of great antiquity, and were this year most magnificent. After the sacrifice, the Princesses and the Ladies who follow'd them, enter'd all into stately open Chariots, accompanied by the Princes, and all the men of quality on horseback, to take one turn along the course where the *Olympick Games* are celebrated : for 'tis the custom for those who offer the sacrifice, to go thither to see whether it be in a fit condition for the several sorts of Combats and Races, which are to be perform'd upon it. And as this place is the fairest in the world, so it may be said, that this promenade was the goodliest appearance that could be seen. For, Madam before the proud Temple of *Jupiter* is a great Grove of wild Olive-trees, which, by reason of their great age, make a greater shade than the ordinary Trees of that sort, which serves to refresh those that have run in the Carrier of the *Olympick Games*. This Carrier is so much the more goodly, in that it lies between four great rows of Trees along the River *Alpheus*, that at one end of it there is a large place like a semi-circle, in which stands an Altar with Statues, and at the other a Pyramid of white Marble, supported on four great Globes of red Marble, upon the point of which Pyramid (which serves for a Limit or Goal to those who run) is a Statue of *Jupiter* unarm'd, whose Eagle holds a Crown of Olive in his beak. So that the prospect of the City of *Olympia* from this place, the Mount *Philaenus* which is behind it, the Temple of *Jupiter*, of which the Dome is very magnificent, the grove of

of Olive trees, a large place, in the middle of which is a stately Fountain, and that fair long Carrer built on each side with trees along the River *Alphus*, makes it the goodliest sight in the world; especially when all these places are fill'd with as great number of fair Ladies and handsome persons as I saw there on the day I am speaking of. After this, they return'd to the house of the virtuous *Elisante*, whither the Prince of *Cyparissa*, according to the liberty permitted him went also, after having saluted *Melanthus*, who return'd him only four or five words, which he had determin'd of before. But the Princess of *Elis* shew'd him greater kindness; for being oblig'd to him, it behov'd her, though unwilling to give him thanks for having hazarded his life for her service, and for his readiness to hazard it again, in case the War should re-commence. On the other side, the Prince observ'd her so transcendently beautiful this day, that his passion assum'd new force, which he was unable absolutely to hide; and it was so easie to understand by his aspect, his joy, his admiration, and by all his words and actions, that he was amorous of *Elismonda*, that there was none whose notice it escap'd. *Melanthus* in the mean while had become desperate seeing him desperate, seeing him so amorous, if the Princess *Andronice* had not assur'd him that *Elismonda* did not love him. And I beseech, you my dear Sister (said he to her with a low voice) to calm my inquietudes, make an unfaithful Lover of the Prince of *Cyparissa*. He is already a rebellious Vassal (added he:) and I have a great confidence, that if you please you may bring it to pass, to deliver me from this dangerous Rival. You seem, my Lord, answer'd she, to have too mean an opinion of *Elismonda's* beauty, as you have too high of mine, if you believe it possible for me to withdraw a Lover from her: and besides, what would you have me do (continued she agreeably) after I have solicited him from her? You should love him (reply'd he) to do *Atalus* a great spight and me a great service. But, would you that I should love a Prince whom you hate, (demanded she.) Since I hate him (answer'd *Melanthus*) and fear least *Elismonda* love him, he must needs be a person of merit; and moreover, according to the sentiments I have at present, if the Prince of *Cyparissa* lov'd *Elismonda* no longer, I should also have no longer hatred against him, and I engage to love him, provided he love you. *Hortensius* at this time came to them to tell *Melanthus* something requisite for him to be inform'd of; so that *Andronice* conceiving some pleasantness in the proposition that Love induc'd the Prince of *Messena* to make to her, she told it smilingly to *Hortensius*, who at first gusting some pleasure to himself in this thought was very urgent with her to attempt to effect what the Prince *Melanthus* propounded to her, ~~you~~ speak in such manner as if he had had no other regard, than to the satisfaction of that Prince. But the next moment considering that if the Prince of *Cyparissa* should change his love, *Elismonda* might become more inclinable to listen to *Melanthus*, he repented in his mind of the request he had made: till at length the sense of honor overpowering all other considerations, he continued his instance agreeably to *Andronice*, that she would make the Prince of *Cyparissa* her lover. I assure you (answer'd she) that I should find my self much trou-

bled to excite love in a new breast; judge then how I shall be able to do it in one prepossess'd with a great passion for one of the fairest persons of the world. At least (said *Melanthus*) treat him the most handsomely and obligingly you can, to the end he may not have the leisure to speak to *Elismonda*, and I the better opportunity of addressing to her. I shall obey you then (answer'd she) and in order thereunto I shall return to the Princess of *Elis*. And accordingly, Madam, she went to propose to the fair *Elismonda* to go and walk in that great Grove I told you was beyond those Islands, which make those fair watry close Alleys I describ'd to you. To which *Elismonda* consenting all this noble company enter'd into twelve little Boats. Where *Andronice* in design to serve the Prince her Brother, acted with such address that the Prince of *Cyparissa* was constrain'd to enter with her into a Boat, which she took for her self; for *Melanthus* giving the hand to the Princess of *Elis*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* was engag'd to wait upon the Princess *Andronice*. So that in the Boat of *Elismonda*, there were with her only *Cleontine*, the charming *Claricia*, two other Ladies, *Melanthus*, *Hortensius*, and my self; and in that of *Andronice*, the virtuous *Elisante*, the amiable *Chrysilia*, three other eminent Ladies, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and *Erismenes*: the ten other Boats were fill'd with all the other Ladies, and men of quality that were there. All these little Boats were adorn'd with little Canopies tuck'd up, which did not hinder the Ladies that fill'd them from being seen, who were seated upon rich and magnificent Cushions. But at length this little Fleet wafting gently along, arriv'd beyond the Islands where the Ladies design'd to walk on foot under those great Trees, the thickness of whose umbrage makes a solitary, but the most delightful place in the world. For no houses being within view, it seem'd a kind of pleasant Desert, no other living creatures being seen there but Birds and wild beasts. When all this fair company was landed, and had walk'd awhile, they were very much surpris'd with a magnificent Collation, presented there upon several Tables in the midst of so great a solitude. All that were present began to extoll the Prince of *Messena*, for his unexpected gallantry; but he modestly diverted the commendation from himself to *Hortensius*, whose contrivance it was, and to whom he had given the care of making it a secret. *Elismonda*, to whom it seem'd a surprising piece of generosity, was glad she had occasion to ascribe the acknowledgement of it to another than *Melanthus*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* was of the same sentiment, jealousy effecting that in his mind, which hatred did in that of *Elismonda*: so that they both were forward in civil expressions to *Hortensius*: the Princess of *Elis* not imagining that the commend'd a Lover; nor the Prince of *Cyparissa* a Rival. But it hapned at the end of the Collation, when they began to walk again, that the Princess *Elismonda* unadvertingly let fall a little Case, in which was her own Picture, which she intended to give the next morning to the Princess *Andronice*, who requested it of her. My self being sufficiently near her, took it up, with a purpose to render it to her immediately; but *Elismonda* having gone a little distance from me, and the Case being opened with the fall, I had the leisure to behold her Picture, which

which I found perfectly resembling her. Viewing of it thus attentively, the lovely *Claricia*, who observ'd what I was doing, came to me, and began highly to extoll the portrait. The fair *Chrysilia* likewise approaching us, did the same; and our forwardness in commending it was so loud, that *Elismonda*, who was led by the Prince *Melanthus*, looking back, perceiv'd the little Case we were viewing was hers. But for that she would avoid giving occasion to *Melanthus*, to fall upon the subject of her praises, if he should have seen the Picture, instead of commanding it to be restor'd to her, she only desir'd *Cleontine* to take care of it, to the end, it might be returnd to her when the company had seen it sufficiently. Upon which, proceeding in her walk, all that were present came to behold it, till it pass'd through the hands of the whole company, excepting the Prince of *Cyparissa*, whom *Andronice* entertain'd very diligently to please the Prince her Brother. For, being extreamly desirous of peace, and not discerning any more compendious and sure way to effect it; than by the marriage of *Melanthus* and *Elismonda*, she conceiv'd a great obligation upon her self to promote their love with her utmost endeavors. *Melanthus*, whose mind was taken up how to discourse of his passion to *Elismonda*, was not at liberty for any other matter; besides that, the Prince of *Cyparissa* having not long since occasion'd him the possession of so many Pictures of *Elismonda*, the sight of one in her presence could not take off his mind. But as for *Hortensius*, whose passion was no less ardent, and who wanted the satisfaction of hoping it would ever be known he was a Lover, when he beheld *Chrysilia*, *Claricia*, and my self, attentively viewing this portrait, he approach'd to us, and joyn'd his praises with ours. And *Elisante* also with *Agenor*, who were discoursing together, coming to see this Picture which I had already sufficiently beheld, I desir'd *Cleontine* she would please to remember the charge the Princess of *Elis* had laid upon her concerning it. After which I betook my self to walk with *Chrysilia* and *Claricia*, without further thoughts of the Picture. But soon after *Elismonda* desiring to be freed of the particular conversation of *Melanthus*, and calling *Cleontine*, *Chrysilia*, and *Claricia* to her, the first of them desir'd those in whose hands the Picture was, that when they had sufficiently lookt upon it, they would deliver it to *Eumenes*, that he might render it to herself. But it happened that the Picture being left in the hands of *Hortensius*, *Eumenes*, who was not very solicitous about it, went to speak to some Ladies that call'd him; for the liberty in such conversations as these, being very arbitrary, every one follow'd his own inclination. Whilst this fair company was thus dispers'd into several little parties, *Hortensius*, whose mind was possess'd with a thousand different thoughts, walk'd for some time alone, and that so carelessly, that he was gone a good distance from the rest before he took notice of his own solitude, when opening the little Picture Case, he felt such a violent desire in himself to keep it, and so to serve himself of it, that it might be an occasion of making the Princess *Elismonda* understand, there was one in the world enamour'd on her, that had never discover'd so much, that a thought coming into his mind he might make this advantage of it; he was not able to resist the

temptation, but began forthwith to bethink himself how he might bring it about. He instantly perceiv'd all the consequences that could ensue upon his project, and in a moment seeking all the remedies to the inconveniencies which he foresaw, believ'd he had found them; and so only consider'd how he might effect his design. But in order to make it more intelligible to you, you must know that *Hortensius* writ two hands so different, that it could never be imagin'd they could both proceed from the same person. The cause of which was this, for that he to whose trust his Father had committed him at his departure from *Veei*, having learnt Greek in *Sicily* from one of *Pythagoras*'s Disciples, had at first himself taught him to write Greek; and afterwards going to live at *Corinth*, put him to a Master, who had perfectly made him change his Character. Now *Hortensius* conceiving he might both keep the Picture, inform *Elismonda* that she had a conceal'd Lover, and raise a jealousy in his Rivals if they understood the matter, and satisfy himself, took the picture handsomely out of the Case in which it was, and with a pastel which he always caried with him, writ four Verses in it, which he compos'd immediately, and I shall repeat to you by and by, and that in the Character which he had almost wholly dis-us'd; after which he return'd, and rejoyn'd himself with the company. He undertook this discourse the more confidently, for that night was drawing on, and therefore he believ'd that the picture would not be much enquir'd after, before he deliver'd it to *Eumenes*, and he to *Cleontine*, and *Cleontine* to *Elismonda*; whereby perhaps the Princess might not perceive the artifice that was put upon her before the next morning. However *Hortensius*, who had a great confidence in *Eumenes*, sought him out, and requested him to cause the picture Case, which he deliver'd him, to be render'd into the hands of *Cleontine*, without her knowing that it had been any time in his: which was very easie for him to do, by reason of the great number of persons which had taken the picture from one another to view it. *Hortensius* gave this charge to *Eumenes* with such earnestness, that he perceiv'd well it was not seasonable to enquire the reason which induc'd him to desire this of him; for he clos'd his hand in delivering the Case to him, and presently left him, to go and mingle with the rest of the company, who began now to draw towards the Boats, *Eumenes* was nevertheless resolv'd not to deliver this Case, without at least endeavouring to conjecture what had oblig'd *Hortensius* to speak to him in that manner; but *Elismonda* at the same time remembering herself of her Picture, call'd for it to *Cleontine*; upon which, *Cleontine* went to *Eumenes* to require the same from him. I assure you (said he, perceiving he saw it in his hands) that I much repent me of having accepted the Commission you gave me of taking charge of it; for since you went from me, I knew not what was become of it for an hour together, and 'tis but a moment ago that I believ'd it was lost; but at length a man whom I knew not, deliver'd it to me to restore it to you. *Elismonda* over-hearing these words of *Eumenes* to *Cleontine*, was in fear lest her picture might have been spoil'd, and taking the Case hastily, she told the Princess of *Andronice*, that it was for her interest that she was so anxious about it. For I have had

had a design (continued she) to give you this picture, which is retriev'd after an hours loss. While *Elismonda* was speaking this, *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and *Hortensius* stood about her, and beheld how she opened the Case with precipitation: But though there was not much day-light left, yet she soon spied that her picture was gone, and read these four Verses in the vacant place.

*My theft no Crime, but Justice is,
First injur'd on your part:
I'll then return your Picture back,
When you restore my heart.*

As *Elismonda* is incapable to repress the first motions which she resents upon any surprizing occasion, she could not conceal her astonishment, but declar'd the loss of her Picture to all the company. You may easily judge what a strange adventure this seem'd, and how much *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* were amaz'd at it. The Prince of *Messena* was also very much discontented at the loss, and *Elismonda* seem'd to be in such trouble for it, that it was sufficiently apparent she did not conjecture who had bereav'd her of her picture, and made the Verses which she found written in the place of it, the Character being wholly unknown to her. As for *Hortensius*, he carried himself so cautiously, that he was not suspected in the least. In the mean while the day being at an end, it was requisite for them to think of taking Boat. But *Melanthus* being excited by a jealous apprehension, to find out who it was had taken away *Elismonda's* picture, and written the four Verses, commanded that all the persons of quality that were in that place, should not depart from him when they were landed, but follow him into *Elisante's* house. For, (said he with a low voice to *Hortensius*) the presumptuous person that took away the picture, also made and writ the Verses we see here at the same time, and therefore it must of necessity be some one amongst us; so that when the Princess is return'd back, it will be a good way for her to command all that were of our company to write something in her presence, to the end, every ones hand may be compar'd with the Character of the Verses. By this means, we shall come to discover who 'tis has been so rash to commit such a bold extravagance: for if he write, he will be infallibly convicted; and if he refuse to write, his detraction will be an evidence against him; if he follow us not to *Elisante's* house, his absence will speak him guilty; and if he go about to counterfeit another hand, the fraud will be apparent. I could if I were so pleas'd, cause a search to be made for this lost picture, but there are so many persons of quality present, that it cannot be done without disgust to the innocent; and moreover, it is so little, that it may easily escape the search, and the course would so prove ineffectual. *Hortensius* approving the intention of *Melanthus*, the Prince communicated the same secretly to the fair *Elismonda* and *Andronice*, who liking the expedient made haste to return to their Boats in the same order that they came. But by the prudent care of *Hortensius*, who nevertheless ascrib'd all the honor to *Melanthus*, they return'd in the most magnificent manner imaginable: for while this fair company were walking in the great Grove beyond the

Island, Lamps were plac'd upon all the Willows which grew upon the banks; so that all these cover'd Alleys being illuminated by two rows of Lamps, the light multiplying it self in the water, irradiated the stream with Golden beams, which in some places resembling fluctuating flames, by reason of the agitation of the Water, made a shew, than which nothing could be imagin'd more resplendent and delightful, especially at such places where those Channels cross'd one another. For on what side soever they cast their eyes, these natural Canopies being enlightned by the Lamps, which reflected from either Bank upon the Water, caus'd a kind of admiration accompanied with pleasure, surpassing all expression. Which was further encreas'd by the hearing of a rare concert of voices on the right hand, as this little Fleet was passing between the two great Islands, and on the other side a concert of Instruments answering them. I cannot suddenly call to mind the verses which were sung there in praise of the Princess *Elismonda*, but I remember the invention was extream handsome; for it was feign'd that the River *Alpheus* boasted of being more glorious, by carrying *Elismonda* on its stream, than the Sea ought to be for the birth of the Mother of Love; all that I am able to tell you of it, is, that there was a Song, of which all the Couplets ended with this Verse,

If it be not Venus, 'tis Arethusa.

And another, which equally suited to *Melanthus* and *Hortensius*, and ended thus,

*Go my hearts Envoy, tender sighs make haste,
And mix your breath with gentle Zephyr's blast.
Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,
Whisper unto her, 'tis for her I dye.*

But having at length ended so agreeable a voyage, the fair company landed before *Elisante's* house, into which, according to the order of the Prince of *Messena*, all the persons of quality that had been of this Promenade, accompanied the Princesses. As soon as they came into a great Hall, *Melanthus* caus'd all the men to stand round a Jasper Table, near which were the two Princesses, and behind them *Elisante*, *Cleontine*, *Chrysilia*, and *Claricia*. The Prince of *Messena* having caus'd writing Tables to be brought, expected the commands of *Elismonda*; who to execute what was resolv'd on, told the whole company, and the Prince also, that it was requir'd every one should write something in those Tablets: Whereupon *Melanthus* beginning first, only to shew example to the rest, writ these words, which signify'd the impetuosity of his humor;

Whosoever my Rival be, I shall hate him.

And next the Prince of *Cyparissa* writ that which follows, in spite of the Menace of *Melanthus*;

*The crime in question is so singular, that I
wish I were the Author of it.*

After whom, *Hortensius* making use of the Character he generally serv'd himself with, which was

not the same with that in which he had writ the four Verses, subscrib'd these words;

He must be very amorous and confident that has committed such a prank.

Eumenes next taking up the style, writ these words;

Whoever the Criminal be, he deserves to be pardon'd, provided he do not discover himself.

After him, I was call'd to the Tablet, and writ only these words;

Being incapable to love without hope, I care not for being the Criminal that is sought after.

I should be too tedious, if I should tell you all that was writen afterwards, by the several honorable persons that were present; besides that, there were many of them who only write their own names, or that of *Elismonda*. But, in conclusion, it was found, that none of all these hands resembled that in which the four Verses were written; and which was strange, the Character which *Hortensius* writ at this time, was less like that of the Verses, than any of all the rest, though he was the person that had written them; for that in the Picture Cafe was a very small hand, and the other which was his ordinary way of writing, sufficiently great. So that all the company, excepting *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, were in a strange perplexity. But perhaps (said *Andronice*) 'tis a trick of some of the Ladies, or possibly some of these noble Personages may have caus'd one of them to write the Verses; for there are some Women whose hand is not distinguishable from that of men. To omit no inquiry then, (said the Prince of *Cyparissa*) it is requisite that all the Ladies present write too, as well as the men. *Elismonda* approving what *Andronice* said, all the Ladies writ also, together with the Princess *Andronice*; but when it came to the fair *Claricia*, she thought to amuse the company, and being of a debonaire and pleasant humor, she look'd upon the four Verses as they lay upon the Table, and subtilly endeavour'd to imitate the hand. Upon which, *Elismonda* immediately perceiving some imperfect resemblance between the two Characters, believ'd it was she that had plaid this prank, and conceiv'd the difference there seem'd between them, proceeded only from her endeavouring to disguise her own. And this caus'd a very pleasant contest for about a quarter of an hour: till at length upon viewing the writing more curiously, and *Claricia's* sincere protestation, and writing without counterfeiting, none could imagine the least conjecture of the truth. Thus being wholly at a loss, there was such a pleasant confusion among them, that they all beheld one another with amazement. If *Eumenes* had been suspected by the Prince of *Messena*, he might have question'd him whether he knew not something more concerning this accident than he had declar'd; but he had no suspicion at all of him; and moreover, none of the persons of quality that had been at the walk in the Grove, were found mis-

sing from the company. Whence *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* concluded they had a Rival in the same place they were in, whom yet they could not discover. *Elismonda*, for her particular, had so great a curiosity to know who had taken her Picture, that she could not conceal it; but though this curiosity of hers was reasonable, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* were something dissatisfy'd, because it seem'd to them, she appear'd not sufficiently in choler for the loss. As for *Hortensius*, he was very glad to perceive how desirous she was of knowing who this hidden Lover should be: but his generosity coming to the assistance of his reason, he would rather have dy'd than that *Melanthus* should have known he had *Elismonda's* Picture, and it may be he would not that the Princess of *Elis* should have understood it with certainty. But he ardently wish'd, she would at least have suspected him a little in the secrecy of her thoughts, without discovering it to any person. There were also some moments in which he accus'd himself of folly; for having taken such an odd course for consolation to his infelicity. But at last the excess of his passion made him apprehend some kind of pleasure in thinking *Elismonda* understood she had another Lover beside the Prince of *Messena* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*; and he was not very sorry for the perplexity and inquietude he occasion'd to those two Princes, though he was resolv'd always to serve the first of them faithfully. In the mean time, this adventure was so cruelly tormenting to *Melanthus*, and rais'd in him a curiosity so full of jealousy, that he made it his chief business afterwards to observe diligently the deportment of all the honourable personages that had been in that days entertainment. For though he believ'd none of them could pretend to the possession of *Elismonda*, yet he bore no small hatred to this unknown Rival, and discover'd as much to *Hortensius*, not imagining that the object of his hatred and his friendship, were united in one and the same person. For being *Hortensius* serv'd his interests faithfully in his Courtship of *Elismonda*, he found no cause to suspect him. That which caus'd *Hortensius* to act in this manner, with the less scruple, was, that he apprehended reasons of State might require *Elismonda* to marry *Melanthus*. But though he acquitted himself with fidelity of whatsoever trust that Prince repos'd in him, in order to the success of his design; yet he was glad to see that according to all appearances, the Princess would never be brought to comply with his desires; and he accounted himself happy in knowing she had both esteem and friendship for him, and seeing himself equally endear'd to two Princesses so accomplish'd as *Elismonda* & *Andronice*. But when *Eumenes*, after they were retir'd in private, spoke to him of the adventure of the Picture, he reprov'd him friendly; And, What intended you to your self (said he to him seriously) in exposing your self and me also to danger? Had I believ'd I should have brought you into danger (answer'd *Hortensius*) I would never have committed this odd prank. And since, my dear *Eumenes* (continued he) you know the secret of my heart, and have understood I lov'd *Elismonda* before my self, having discover'd it before I knew I did so, you may easily conjecture how unhappy I am, who have taken so strange a course for my consolation. But,

But I beseech you do not suspect me of intending ever to betray my Master. No, *Eumenes*, I will betray my own love for his interest, and rather lose my life than commit an unworthiness. If the War did not detain me here, and I could with honor forsake my Prince so long as he has his sword in his hand, I should undoubtedly do it, rather than be engag'd in such a difficulty as doing service to a Rival with his Mistress. But for that this cannot be, I shall serve him faithfully in the pretensions he hath to *Elismonda*, in spite of all the passion I have for her. If this Princess's rigor towards *Melanthus* ceases, I confess ingenuously, I find not my soul firm enough to be a witness of his felicity; but as soon as I should see him in a condition of being happy, I should betake myself to wander about the world, as the most unfortunate of men. I should together forsake my Master and my Mistress, and my Fortune; and giving over all care of my Love, go seek my death, without discovering the cause of it to any other but your self. But if *Elismonda* continue firm in her resolution of not marrying *Melanthus*, I shall then endeavour to do the Princess's service with him, to the utmost of my power, lest he changing his Love into hatred, treat her rigorously; and I shall adore her all my life in secret, without knowing what course to take with my passion. Thus, my dear *Eumenes* (continued he) you see the naked sentiments of my Soul, which I intreat you not to endeavour to alter; for I well know your reason will not be able to do that, to which my own has been ineffectual. Whilst *Hortensius* was reasoning in this manner with *Eumenes*, *Elismonda* being retir'd at night, call'd *Cleontine* into her Closet, and began to speak to her about the adventure of her Picture, seeking to conjecture who might have had such boldness to detain it. For my part (said *Cleontine* to her) I love not to seek that which I cannot find; but I would only know, Who you would be contented were the thief. But, *Cleontine* (answer'd she smiling) if I were to wish any thing, I would wish this accident had never fallen out. I have told you, Madam, already (reply'd *Cleontine*) that I care not to have such an unprofitable curiosity; and so you may judge I as little affect a wish or desire, that serves to no purpose. Therefore take matters in the state they are in, and do me the favour to tell me, whether you would have this prank committed by *Melanthus*, or by the Prince of *Cyparissa*, or by *Hortensius*, or by some other. I hate the first too much (answer'd *Elismonda*) and I have too great an aversion from the second, to wish him guilty of this subtle deceit; and perhaps I love the third too well to desire he were my Lover. For indeed I would not that *Hortensius* were unhappy; and he must assuredly be so, in case he loves me. If he could know what you say concerning him, Madam (reply'd *Cleontine*) he were not much to be pitted. I assure you (said the Princess blushing) that though I am not over well skill'd in love, I believe that friendship is no great consolation to a Lover. You speak so well what you are minded (answer'd *Cleontine*, smiling) that I believe you understand more in Love than you imagine. Alas *Cleontine*! (reply'd she, smiling also) who do you think should have taught me? He that teaches Nightingals to sing so well in the Spring (an-

swer'd she) may perhaps have taught you to speak after the manner you do. However it be (reply'd *Elismonda*) I find it sufficient that I am *Melanthus*'s prisoner, without engaging my heart to be no longer free at all; but I have a confidence 'tis still my own, and will be so for ever. This, Madam, was the conversation of *Elismonda* and *Cleontine*. But the next morning when the Prince of *Messina*, and the Prince of *Cyparissa* were busied in the choice of Judges, which were to preside at the *Olympick* Games, *Hortensius* being desirous to gain a glory absolutely uninteress'd, would not concern himself in the affair. And therefore he went to spend part of the afternoon with the Princess *Elismonda*, who had then no other company but *Cleontine*, the other Ladies being gone to the apartment of the Princess *Andronice*, or that of the virtuous *Elisante*, with intention to come back soon after to the Princess of *Elis*. Now the adventure of the preceding day being yet too fresh to be silenc'd, *Elismonda*, after the first civilities, ask'd *Hortensius*, Who he suspected to have taken away her picture, and made those four Verses, For, in brief, (said she pleasantly, retorting them upon the instant)

*Knew I what Criminal hand it was
Did this injurious part;
If he'd restore my Picture back,
I'd render him his heart.*

Ah! Madam (answer'd *Hortensius*) did I know that unhappy person who loves you, without daring to discover himself, I think I should conceal him from you, after what you have said; for I look upon him as sufficiently punish'd for the boldness he has to love you, and to love you assuredly with very little hope, without besides endangering him to be constrain'd to take back his heart, and restore you your picture. And moreover, Madam (continued he) because there is no appearance this Lover can do any prejudice to the Prince whom I serve, I conceive the compassion I have of him is not criminal. I assure you (answer'd she hastily) Whoever that Unknown be, he is more in favor with me, than the Prince *Melanthus* can ever be, in quality of a Lover. But, Madam, said he, would you be contented that Unknown knew what you say concerning him? What I have said, (answer'd she) being rather an effect of my hatred against *Melanthus*, than kindness towards him, I should not much care if he did. But, truly if I knew who he were, it would be another case, and I should keep my self to the four Verses, which I retorted but now almost, without thinking what I was saying. *Hortensius* fearing to speak more of the matter than she was willing, handsomly chang'd the discourse, and demanded of the Princess, why she hated a Prince so resolutely, who had ceas'd being her enemy, and was become her Lover, who treated her so respectfully, and with whom also she liv'd in terms of great civility. As for the civility I have for him, answer'd she, he owes it to my prudence, to the counsel of *Cleontine*, and to yours: but for my hatred, it proceeds from his injustice. For if he repent of what he has done, why does he not return into *Messina*? why does he not restore me to my liberty, and put *Elis* into my power, and

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leave me in peace? But Madam, (reply'd *Hortensius*, who in the bottom of his heart, gave her thanks for this her rigor) if you speak at this rate while you are in the power of the Prince of *Messena*, how would you speak if you were free? And you seem not to consider, that the interest of his Love is a more powerful inducement to make War upon you, retain his conquests, and keep you under guard, than his ambition it self. Ah *Hortensius* (said *Elismonda*, without answering to what he had spoken) as often as I think how insensibly you have engag'd me to bear a friendship towards you, and consider, that at the end of the truce you will become my enemy, and draw your sword against those that defend my interest, I am even ready to die, under the necessary desire of hating you, as well as *Melanthus*. But Madam (answer'd *Hortensius*) I shall never be your enemy. 'Tis Fortune apparently, that hath cast me into the interests contrary to yours; but nevertheless, I shall not forbear to assure you, that I make a vow to honor you all my life, and to respect you in a manner so full of zeal, that even when I shall be in the Army of your enemies, I shall have more thoughts of veneration for you, than all your Subjects and Friends too, can ever be capable of. *Hortensius* spoke these words with so passionate an air, without designing to do so, that *Elismonda* blusht at them; and *Cleontine*, who had all this while been silent, seeing the Princess a little perplex'd what to answer, interpos'd, and without dissembling, Madam, said he, you may be said to be happy in your enemies; for *Melanthus* treats you, as if you were not such, and *Hortensius* expresses as much dearness to you, as if he had been born your Subject, and always your Friend. *Hortensius* was going to answer *Cleontine*, when *Andronice*, accompanied with the fair *Chryslia*, the lovely *Claricia*, *Eumenes*, and my self, enter'd into the Princess of *Elis*'s chamber, and interrupted that conversation to begin another more general, yet very agreeable: for you must know there had been born a contest between the Princess *Andronice*, *Chryslia*, *Claricia*, and me, which could not be determin'd: So that it was agreed to refer the same to the judgement of the Princess of *Elis*, *Cleontine*, and *Hortensius*, who we knew were with her. *Andronice* was no sooner in the chamber of the fair *Elismonda*, but she told her, there was a great dispute between *Claricia* and me. I conceive (answer'd the Princess) those two persons minds are sufficiently concordant; but because I cannot doubt of what you say, be pleas'd to tell me the subject of their contestation. Though the Princess of *Messena* (said *Claricia*) be an impartial person, and speaks very equitably without prejudice against me, yet I should be desirous to tell you the cause of their dispute my self. For indeed (proceeded she saying) she may perhaps make some small distinction between a very accomplish'd man, and one of the contrary Sex, not wholly uningenious, which would not be to my advantage. It would be requisite to have more merit than I dare own (answer'd I) to induce the Princess of *Messena* to do you an injustice. However it be (said *Andronice*) I am willing that *Claricia* tell the Princess *Elismonda* the subject of her dispute. Be pleas'd then to know, Madam (said *Claricia* pleasantly) that the *Olympick Games* being now as universal a mat-

ter of discourse, as great cold in winter, or great heat in summer, I began to speak concerning them as others do; for since 'tis the custom, it ought to be follow'd. But for that I conceiv'd a little pleasantness alwaies enliven's conversation, I said, upon occasion of the *Olympick Games*, that not doubting but there were very many Lovers, amongst those who aspire to win the prize, I pity them for the inquietude they would be possess'd with, by their anxious incertainty of victory. This leading me to speak concerning hope and fear, it was contented that of these two passions, hope afforded more joy than fear does sadness. Upon which, the difference was examin'd between a hope proceeding from Ambition, and a hope proceeding from Love, to know which was the most sweet and pleasing. But after some debate it was concluded, that these two sorts of hope were more or less sweet, according to the inclination of the persons possess'd by them, and that an ambitious man, was more delighted with the hope of making a great Fortune, than with that of being lov'd by his Mistress; but that one without ambition, and very amorous, was more pleas'd with hoping to be lov'd, than with hoping to be rich. It was also agreed, that a Lover without ambition, who hopes to be lov'd again,resents a sweeter delectation: and an ambitious person without Love, a pleasure more unquiet and less charming. But passing easily from one thing to another, we came at length to enquire which gives the greatest pleasure, either the remembrance of favours past, or the hope of favours to come; and this was the point, upon which *Merigenes* and I could not agree. For I confess, the remembrance of any thing that has been offensive, is troublesome to me, and that of a past delight gives me nothing but regret, because I no longer taste the pleasure of it. As for hope, it flatters and charms me; and to such as know how to use it aright, it gives a satisfaction in hoping pleasures which never come to effect; judge therefore what a lover must do in comparison with me, who have no other object of my hope, but some delightful entertainment of walking, a conversation that pleases me, Musick, a Collation, or some other like divertisement. For my part, (said the Princess *Elismonda*) I declare my self for Hope. You give your judgement too soon for an equitable person (answer'd I) for you have not yet heard my reasons. If after I have heard them (reply'd *Elismonda*) you make me change my opinion, you will have the greater glory: therefore I desire you to declare all you have to say in defence of your sentiment, and I also request the whole company to pronounce their judgements upon the question. I desire your excuse, Madam, (said *Hortensius*) I never had any delightful passage in my whole life to remember; at present also I have no hope, nor ever shall, and therefore I am unfit to speak in this case. How can you know (demanded *Claricia*) that you shall never hope for any thing while you live? If it be so (added the Princess *Andronice*) *Hortensius* believes he shall never love during his life; or else he must place his affections so high, that he cannot think Love will ever render justice to his merit. *Hortensius* blusht at the discourse of the Princess of *Messena*, which *Elismonda* observing, blusht likewise, without knowing what reason caus'd her to do

do so. However it be, (answer'd *Hortensius* recollecting himself a little) I shall not decline telling you what I imagine, though I have experienced neither of these two sentiments, and love has never given me but desires without hope, fear, and sadness. I thought (said the charming *Chryfilia*, with a modest but admirable graceful smile) it was not possible to have desires without hope. For my part, (answered I immediately) I am of opinion, we may desire things we hope not for, though ordinarily desires and hopes are inseparable. But that which I undertake to defend, is, that nothing is so sweet as the remembrance of a favor received from a person whom we love; for to distinguish things aright, when I speak in this manner, I am not to be understood of a limited and finite love. Since indeed, though the memory of all pleasures has ever something of sweetness in it, yet this kind of delectation has nothing in it of life and piquantness, nothing that moves the Soul, and nothing that transports the heart. But when the mind is possessed with the remembrance of a favor received, and that may still be received, I hold that if a Lover does not resent more joy in remembering it, than when he did but barely hope it, he loves not with a sufficient ardency. But do not you observe (answered *Claricia*,) that according to your own words, 'tis the hope of the future that makes you resent the pleasure of what is past, since you say your self, that when you can no longer enjoy the same favor which you call to mind, you have not the same transport of joy as when you have in your memory a thing which is arrived to you, and which may still be continued hereafter? But that which causes this to be so, (replied I) is, that as Life capacitates the body with sense, so Love animates the Soul and the mind, and gives it as it were another life, which causes us to apprehend all things with a quicker sense, so that we may affirm a man to have a paralytical Soul (as I may so speak) when he is absolutely devoid of Love; since 'tis most true, he has but a half sense of things which a Lover perfectly apprehends. For my part (said *Hortensius*) as ignorant as I am, by my own experience both of the pleasures arriving from hope of the future, and of these which are gusted in the remembrance of what is past, I accord with the opinion of *Merrigenes*, that a Lover who finds more pleasure in hoping a good, than he does afterwards in remembering the good which he has already possessed, is absolutely deficient in Love. For otherwise, 'tis as much positively to affirm, that he has found less than he expected, than he fancied a satisfaction to himself which he has not met with, that the possession of what he desired has lessened the passion which lead him to desire it; and that he loves that better which he has not, than that which he enjoys. But in my opinion, in a perfect affection a favor obtained by a Lover, ought to be more dear and agreeable to him, than while he only desired it, and the remembrance more sweet, than the hope. Nor is it necessary, that he have a possibility of obtaining the same favor a second time, 'tis sufficient that he has a perpetual interest in the heart of her that granted it to him, to make the memory of it agreeable. For I believe that a man who has the happiness to be loved where he loves, and to have

received some dear testimonies of that affection, may boldly defy Fortune, since he is secured of a Megazin of pleasures, which he may enjoy when he pleases, upon which she has no power. Hope, as sweet as it is, promises nothing but doubtfully; pleasures to come, are uncertain, present fruitious, may be disturbed by a thousand accidents; but pleasures past, are truly our own. We enjoy them in all places; the prison it self cannot hinder a Lover, from recalling some of those happy moments, which making a powerful impression in the memory, are eternally indelible. These innocent delights are tasted even in the presence of Rivals; and to speak the verity of the thing, the remembrance of pleasures multiplies them, and in multiplying them cherishes the Love that produces them, and augments the felicity of him that loves, since the greatest pleasure of this passion, consists principally in loving. I grant you, (said *Claricia*) that the remembrance of pleasures multiplies them, but you must also acknowledge with me, that hope encreases them; that the Idea of a favor is a thing that appears somewhat greater than the favor it self, and that a Lover who hopes, and has a little of imagination, fancies some great pleasure in entertaining his Mistress solely to himself, than she can bless him with when he comes to entertain her.

I once knew a man who after having loved an amiable person for a long time, took up a conceit of obtaining the favor of her, to give him a private audience. He was a sufficient long time before he could oblige her to it, till at length when she had promised it him, and there needed no more, but to find out means for a converse with freedom, he began to enjoy all the sweetness of hope; for you may well judge that a Lady who condescends to an assignation of this nature, does not hate him to whom she grants it. But at last, it was resolved this Lover should meet his Mistress in a Garden, in a close walk, and by the side of a Fountain, where there were seats of green moss; he was two days entertaining himself with this sweet hope, during which he enjoyed a thousand pleasures. He imagined a hundred things to tell this fair person whom he loved, and made himself the pleasingst answers in the world; he believed the two hours this audience was to last, would be infinitely too narrow a time for him to express all his thoughts. And yet afterwards I brought him to confess, that when he was with his Mistress, he scarce knew what to say to her, and their discourse was very sparing and barren. But lovely *Claricia* (answered *Emmenes*, who had not yet spoken) if this Lover was truly such, his silence was far better than his words, and the confusion of his mind abundantly more sweet than all the order of his discourses could have been. I shall not scruple to affirm, in preference of that sweetness which the remembrance of favors affords, that not only this kind of pleasure is a more perfect one than that of hope, which is oftentimes diminished by fear; but that sometimes the remembrance of a favor that is something particular, gives a more real contentment than the favor it self, at the very time it is received. For a Lover, who after a long severe treatment, comes of a sudden to understand from the mouth of his Mistress that he is loved by her, and to receive

receive some kind testimony of that affection, will resent a joy so surprising, that his Soul not being able to support it, he cannot but imperfectly embrace it. Transport in Love, is a thing that so confounds the sentiments of the heart, and so disorders the imagination and reason, that we sometimes apprehend things which we see not; and indeed we may think an amorous Transport has something of distemper or madness in it, which through the excess of Love that causes it, takes away a part of the sweetness that fills the heart of a Lover. And to tell you all I think, I am of opinion, that as there are sorrows which we feel more sensibly sometime after we have began to endure them, than when they afflict us first; so there are also pleasures, of which we are more sensible by the remembrance we have of them than in the first perception. For great sorrows, and great joys, oftentimes intercept and suspend the use of reason, and even the use of sense too. As for hope, (added he,) I look upon it as some young giddy headed girl, that believes all that is said to her, provided it sooth her up, that has only imagination and no judgment, which is diverted with chimera's, which takes true for false, and false for true, which upon slight probabilities, foresees a multitude of pleasures that are impossible; and lastly, to a passion which though it be bold to promise it self all in the future, does not cease to be timorous, and abandons the heart of a Lover to fear, and a misdoubting of the least concerns. A Lover thus qualified knows not whether he ought to smile or weep, and incertainty, which is the faithful companion of hope, oftentimes disturbs the joy which that gives him. You have well made this Picture, *Eumenes* (cried the fair *Elismonda*) like a person that understood the nature of hope experimentally. 'Tis true, (replied *Chrysilia*) 'tis very agreeable, and I think this pourtrait well resembles hope. Alas! (said *Claricia*) I fear it resembles it but too well, and that the company believes *Merigenes* has the advantage in our dispute. Yet I conceive, were I minded to speak all I think, I could make him acknowledge, that hope may be considered as the Spring time of Love: and that as the season is more delightful than Autumn, although it have nothing but Flowers and the latter fruits; so it will be no error to maintain, that the hope of a favor is more sweet than the remembrance of one past can possibly be. For if fear sometimes diminishes its pleasure; desire redoubles and enlivens it, and I am so perswaded of what I say, that though I should want reasons to make good my opinion, yet I should not change my judgment, because I should conceive the disadvantage would be in the greatness of their wit, against whom I contend, and the meanness of my own, not in the justness of their cause. As *Claricia* was speaking this, the prudent *Elisante* came to tell the Princess, that the Judges were at length chosen which were to preside at the *Olympick Games*, and that it was concluded the Princess *Elismonda* should be the person, by whose hands the Victors heads should be crowned with the Olive wreaths. For 'tis remarkable in all the several Games of Greece, that the desire only of glory animates all that go thither. The reward of those that carry the prize at the *Olympick Games*, is, as I told you, only a

Crown of Olive; that in the *Isthmick Games*, of Pine, in those of *Nemea*, one of Smalage, and in those that are celebrated near *Delphos*, Fruits consecrated to *Apollo*. 'Tis true, there are signal privileges for them that carry the prize at the *Olympick Games* three years together: for he that gains this glory, has a Statue erected to him, and at *Sparta*, a man that has overcome but once, has the honor to fight in the first rank, in the head of the Battallion, and in sight of the King. So that glory being that which excites all those to encounter who go to the *Olympick Games*, it may be undoubtedly affirmed, there are seen the bravest persons of the World. I forgot to tell you Madam, another remarkable thing; which is, that while the *Olympick Games* are celebrated, all the several Nations of Greece have liberty to resort thither, Friends and Enemies are equally admitted; no person during that time can be arrested for any crime passed, none may revenge himself of an injury, or disturb the ceremony by committing any violence, unless upon such as do disturb it; for in this case, such persons are punished as offend irreverently during a ceremony that relates to Religion. As for the exercises of these Games, they are of several sorts, and in every one the Victor is crowned, but I shall omit to tell you of the Racing, Wrestling, and some others, and content my self only to inform you of the Races of Horses and Chariots; the description of which, is more proper to be made to Ladies than all the other exercises, which are extremely violent. But I must acquaint you, Madam, in the first place, with a ceremony which is observed after the Combattants are chosen, and to that end, you must know, that the next morning after this conversation concerning Hope, the Princesses came again before the Temple of *Jupiter*, where this ceremony is performed. I conceive you remember I told you, there is there a Grove of wild Olive trees, and a large vacant place in the middle of it, where there stands a magnificent Fountain. On the day designed to match the Combattants, scaffolds are erected, where the Judges sit on one side, and the Ladies on the right hand of them; and in the middle is a half circle, where all the Combattants stand, having their faces towards the Temple, and being attired with all possible magnificence. About this place are Lifts or rails erected to hinder the confusion of the people; at the foot of the Scaffold of the Judges, are the Heralds, who order the ceremony. Now, imagine, Madam, all things in this posture, and conceive *Elismonda*, *Andronice*, *Cleontine*, *Chrysilia*, *Claricia*, and all the other Ladies richly drest, upon a stately Scaffold, covered with a great Pavilion, fastned to great Trees, and tucked up on the sides, Represent to your self also, that you saw the goodliest Men in the World, most magnificently cloathed, and standing in that half-circle without any order of condition. For *Melanthus*, who after the example of *Hercules*, would be one of the number of the Combattants, stood near a *Laconian*, who only of all the company was meanly habited; The Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was another, stood near a man of *Athens*, who was of no great quality; and *Horrensus* above *Melanthus*, on the other side of the *Laconian* I spoke of. For my part, being not born in a Countrey where these Games are in use, I was of the number of spectators.

spectators. All the Combattants being thus ranged, they made a prayer to *Jupiter*, but though it be the custom to look towards the Temple of that god, yet *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius*, did not observe the ceremony exactly, for in making the Prayer, they all three turned a little towards the fair *Elismonda*, as if to demand Victory from her. It seemed as if *Melanthus* prayed to be chosen by lot, to combat against the Prince of *Cyparissa*, for he beheld him with sufficient fierceness, after the ending of the Prayer, which is but of little length. As for *Hortensius*, he desired of the gods he might not encounter with *Melanthus*, lest being his servant, he might be obliged to restrain part of his dexterity, or lest being amorous he might be constrained to overcome his Master in presence of his Mistress: for this ceremony hath this hardness in it, that friends are necessitated to dispute the Prize one against another, whether they be willing or not. But observe how Fortune decided it, They now no longer make use of leaves of Laurel to draw lots with, as they did in the time of *Hercules*. One of the Heralds therefore took an Urn, into which he put as many little Balls as there were Combattants, each of which was marked with a Greek letter, every pair with the same letter, saving one, which was markt with a particular letter, for the number of the Combattants being odd, it could not be followed. After all these little Balls were put into an Urn, the Herald presented it to all the Combatants, one after another, who every one took out a Ball without looking into the Urn or upon the Ball, till every one had chosen. After which they advanc'd in order towards the Judges, and each of them delivered their Balls. And as they who hapned to have the same letters, advanc'd, the Judges put them one by another, and separated them from their Companions. It fell out so, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius* had the same letter, and were destined to dispute the prize of the Victory. *Hortensius* was highly joyed he had such an illustrious Enemy, and that he was not matcht with *Melanthus*. But when he saw that Prince had hapned on the single letter, he was as much perplexed; for you must know, that according to the Laws of the *Olympick Games*, he that has that letter, which is not follow'd, because the number of the Combattants is odd, must wait to combat against the Victor of all the rest; which is no small advantage to him. Thus *Hortensius* saw himself endangered to be overcome by the Prince of *Cyparissa*, or in case he were not, to dispute the Victory against his Master and his Rival together. But the order of Combat could not be changed and it behoved him to dissemble what he thought, and to make a compliment to his enemy, according to the custom. Which being done, a warlike harmony was heard, which made the ayr echo from all parts. After which, all the Combatants being conducted by the Heralds, and marching two and two, passed before the Scaffold of the Princesses, whom they saluted very respectfully. *Melanthus* marcht alone after the rest, without being able to conjecture who might hap to be the person, against whom he should be to dispute the Victory, not knowing which of them might prove the most dextrous and happy. When the Combattants had passed before that Scaffold,

being preceded by the Heralds, the Judges followed them to the Temple, whither the Princesses also went, to be present at the Sacrifice that was offered in the name of all those that were to combat. This ceremony ended, every one retired, to the end to prepare themselves to celebrate the Games three days after. During which space, they who had Mistresses there, did all they could to obtain some favor from them, believing it would conduce to make them carry the victory. In order to which, during this little interval, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, spoke more of their passion to *Elismonda*, than they had ever done before. But *Hortensius*, who durst not mention his, did notwithstanding all he could to obtain favors of friendship, since he presumed not to desire any of another nature; and accordingly pleading for *Melanthus*, he obtained for himself what he could not for that Prince. For as he was urging *Elismonda* that she ought in reason to give the Prince of *Messenia* something, which he might wear the day of that great Festival; As for *Melanthus* (said she to him) I give him the chains which he made me wear, provided he take them off me; but for you (said the Princess) I will give you a Scarfe, to the end to let you see, I grant that to a generous Friend, which I refuse to unacceptable Lovers. *Hortensius* was unquestionably ravish'd with this success: but for that *Melanthus* probably would be offended at it, he employed all his intreaties to oblige her to do the like for him, but without effect. Nevertheless, *Hortensius* to mollifie the mind of the Prince of *Messenia*, told him that the Princess of *Elis* had without doubt refused to do it out of policy, and that he had more share in the favor which he had received than himself; and to comfort him yet more, he assured him that *Elismonda* would not grant the Prince of *Cyparissa* what she had refused to him. In brief, Madam, *Hortensius* acted with such address, that he repressed part of *Melanthus's* resentment. Indeed this Prince had another inquietude this day, that greatly discontented him. Which the better to declare the occasion of, I must inform you, that during those three days which were allotted the Combattants to prepare themselves, it was lawful for them to substitute another in their place if they pleased, in case they found themselves indisposed, or some urgent affair befell them, or that they changed their minds. And for these reasons, the *Olympick Games* are seldom celebrated without some change or other. According to this custom, it was known, that a Stranger was come thither, who offered great civilities to that *Laconian* I told you was so meanly clad, if he would yield his room to him; and it was reported the *Laconian* absolutely refused to resign it, although he was very poor. But it seemed this must be some man of quality, since he offered the *Laconian* so advantageous a bargain. The Lovers surmis'd this adventure to concern them; and *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* imagined, that he who made this Proposal, was that unknown who had taken away *Elismonda's* picture. But my Lord, (said *Andronice* to *Melanthus*) he who took away that Picture, was infallibly at the walk where you were, and 'tis probable he who makes such offers to the *Laconian*, is some Stranger that happens to arrive here, and will not make himself known; unless he

he be one of the Combattants. As there were some persons whom I knew not, at that walk, (answered *Melanthus*) how is it possible for me to know, but there may be persons of greater quality than they appear? And therefore I have a conceit, he that makes this proposal is that Unknown, who will not discover himself till the prize is to be contended for; and I will endeavor my self to persuade the *Laconian*, to the end I may know this reserv'd Rival. And accordingly he sent to enquire him out, and out of a capricious jealousy, which *Hortensius* did not withstand, he added to the offers made him by the Stranger all that he thought capable to mollifie the most ambitious mind, without being able to make him change his resolution. But what great advantage (said *Melanthus* to him) do you apprehend from getting a Crown of Olive, in the condition you are in? The glory of fighting in the first rank, (answered he) and in the sight of the King whom I am to serve in the War; and being a Native of a City where glory is preferred above Riches, I affect such a Crown of Olive more than all your Gold. But perhaps (replied *Melanthus*) you will not win it, and by resigning your place you will become rich. The pusillanimity I should be guilty of in yielding my place (answered he) would make me die with shame; and therefore I had much rather die poor, than commit any thing unworthy of my self. Then at least, tell us (said *Melanthus*) what you know concerning him that is so importunate with you to resign your place. I know no more of him (answered he) but that he is a person of quality, who newly arrived on the other side of the River *Alpheus*, upon the Frontier of *Arcadia*, and will not discover himself unless he make one in the Combat. This discourse of the *Laconian* augmented *Melanthus*'s curiosity, and he was pleased with his constancy, though he was sorry he could not move him from it; so that *Hortensius* minding *Melanthus* to make him a Present, he readily consented to it. But when he told the *Laconian* his intention; The gods forbid, (answered he with a very noble air) that I should accept a thing which would be unprofitable to me, from the hand of a Prince, to whom I refuse one that would be well pleasing to him; and indeed it was impossible to make him change his resolution. This generosity of the *Laconian*, and the urgency of the unknown person that desired to Combat, made the discourse of the rest of the day. But the next morning it was known that one of the Combattants, whose Mistress was sick at *Pisa*, had received a Letter from her, which absolutely commanded him to quit his place to the Master of him that delivered it, which was the unknown person; and Love accordingly effected that upon the mind of this Lover, which all the offers of Fortune could not work upon that of the generous *Laconian*. 'Tis true, he quitted it only for the race with horses; for being one of great activity, he aspired to all the Crowns of the *Olympick* Games. But *Hortensius*, who had continually greater love to *Elismonda*, and fidelity to *Melanthus*, after having deliberated of the matter in his mind, resolved if he were Victor of all the rest, to suffer himself to be overcome by his Master, believing a man that had been Victor of many others, might without shame suffer himself to be overcome by a

great Prince, and by a Prince to whom he owed all his fortune. A sentiment of Love a while encountered with his generosity; but at length he continued firm to his determination. As for *Elismonda*, when she was alone with *Cleontine*, she wished *Hortensius* might carry the glory of all the *Olympick* Games, that so (said she) *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* may not have the joy to be Crowned by my hand. *Andronice*, on the contrary, what ever friendship she had for *Hortensius*, wisht *Melanthus* might become victorious, and all the Ladies who had Lovers among those that aspired to the victory, made vows in secret contrary to those of the Princesses. But at length, Madam, not to weary you unprofitably in recounting to you the particularities of the *Olympick* Games which last for some days, I shall tell you nothing of what past the four first, because the Ladies use not to be there; and 'tis only on the day of the Chariot-races, which is the last, that all the Victors are Crowned: besides that, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, to preserve some State, were only in this last days exercises, which are the noblest of all. *Hortensius* also could not be in those of the preceding days, because he was matcht with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was not. This last famous day being come, each of the pretenders offered a sacrifice in the morning upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, along the Course. But that which surpris'd them was, that, seeing preparations for a sacrifice, they knew not who was to offer; for there stood a magnificent and admirably contriv'd Chariot, near the place where the sacrifice was prepared, but there was no person in it. Upon inquiry from those that belonged to it, it was known that this Chariot was the Strangers, to whom a Lover had quitted his place out of obedience to his Mistress. In fine, Madam, this day so famous throughout all *Greece*, was more remarkable than ordinary, by that which hapned afterwards, as you shall presently understand. To tell you in order all that passed in it, you may please to know, that all the several sacrifices being made, except that of the Unknown, all the Scaffolds erected under the umbrage of the Trees, growing on each side the Course, which is upon the Bank of the River, were filled with an incredible multitude of Spectators of all sorts and conditions. Those of the Judges and Princesses being prepared to receive them, and all the rails beset with people, and the adjacent places thronged with multitudes that came to see and could not; all those of the pretenders that had offered their sacrifices, came and ranked themselves at the end of the Carriere with their Chariots, in a large place designed for that purpose, expecting the hour for the race to begin; to the end the great number of spectators who were assembled in this place, might have the satisfaction of beholding those the longer that were to run. And indeed, nothing can be imagined more delectable than to see the great number of goodly persons magnificently attired, every one according to the mode of his Countrey, with stately Chariots painted and gilded, and adorned with several Impresses according to the different interests of the masters of them. But that which rendered this object more pleasant, was, that all these Chariots were drawn by the handsomest horses in the World. Those of *Melanthus* were of the goodliest

left black that ever were seen; those of the Prince of *Cyparissa* were bright bay with black Manes, those of *Hortensius* were grisley; and those of the generous *Laconian*, white; so that this variety of handsome horses contributed still more to the splendor and gallantry of the day. Those of the rest of the Chariots, if you please, I shall omit; because it is not important, and my memory has not retained them very exactly. But at length, when the Musick which is us'd to animate those which are to run, began to be heard, and all the spectators were rais'd to a sudden expectation of the races, there was seen a Boat coming from the other side of the River *Alpheus*, and in it a man very magnificently attired. At the same time the Judges being ascended upon their Scaffold, and the Princesses accompanied by all the Ladies upon theirs, they all took notice of this Boat; and seeing it coming towards the place where the empty Chariot stood, it was not doubted but the person in it was he that was to possess the room of the departed Lover. This rais'd an universal curiosity in the minds of all the Spectators, and consequently they waited for him, though it was before intended to begin the Games forthwith. When he was in the middle of the River, those who had prepared a sacrifice for him, offered it, to the end to lose no time; and as soon as he came ashore, he mounted into his Chariot. All this time, *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius* had an extream curiosity to know who this Stranger was, though *Hortensius* less than the two others. *Elismonda* and *Andronice* were also very desirous to see this Unknown; and all the other Ladies no less: and generally the whole multitude had no other object in their thoughts but this Stranger. This universal curiosity was yet more augmented when they beheld him nearer, because they saw they could not discover him by reason of a kind of Vizard he had disguised himself with, such as the famous *Thespis* used in his Comedies at that time; but all the rest had their countenances uncovered. This unknown was of a very handsome stature; and fierce action, and he had something in his gesture which spoke him to want no boldness; his Chariot was rich; his Horses were grey, dappled with white specks, and his attire very magnificent. But that which made him be more wondered at was, that when his Chariot was according to custom to pass between the *Pyramide*, which serves for a Bound or Goal to the Racers in the *Olympick* Games, and the Scaffolds of the Judges and Princesses, and so to go along the Course; and range himself at the other end, among these that were to run, this Unknown stop'd before that of the Princesses to salute them respectfully, and suffered a Banrol that was fastned to a Javelin, which he held, to wave in the wind, in which were written these two Verses in a great Character.

*Since that your Beauty once has Conquer'd me;
If Conquer'd now, unknown I'll ever be.*

You may judge Madam, how much these two Verses which were seen in the Banrol, confirmed the opinion of those who believed him the concealer of *Elismonda's* picture; and you may also imagine how incens'd the jealousy of *Melanthus*,

and the Prince of *Cyparissa* was. *Hortensius* himself was not free from suspicion; and as Lovers are very forward to believe others affect their Mistresses, he believed the person he beheld was a Lover of *Elismonda*, although he knew him not to be that Unknown, whom *Melanthus* took him for. But *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, (who in this conjuncture had no more power in what concerned the *Olympick* Games than the meanest of the pretenders) could not repress their desires of knowing him, but sent to desire the Judges they would constrain this Unknown to to discover himself, or otherwise to exclude him from pretending to the victory. But after the Judges had debated the matter, they answered, that since the Unknown had engaged to discover himself, by the two Verses in his Banrol, in case he were Victor, it would be unreasonable to force him to declare himself if he were overcome; and it was to be believed he had some particular reason to conceal himself, which concerned not them to examine; and moreover, that the liberty of the *Olympick* Games ought not to be infringed, during which it is not lawful to commit the least violence upon any pretence whatsoever. Whence it behoved *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius*, of necessity to repress their curiosity, and only to take care they might not be overcome by the Stranger. I shall forbear to tell you all the thoughts of these Lovers, and the discourse of the Princesses and the other Ladies with them; it being easie to imagine what they were. Nor shall I describe to you in particular all the several Races that were performed, having more important matters to acquaint you with. You may please to know then, that by the order of Lot which matches all the Combattants (except him that happens to have the single Letter, who runs always the last with the Victor of all the rest) the Unknown ran first against a man of quality of *Thessaly*, and the Judges gave him the honor of the first course; for he ran swiftly, and with a good grace out-strip'd his Enemy, and handsomly declined the *Pyramide*, making his turn with much dexterity; after which he began a second Course with him that was to follow the vanquish'd *Thessalian*, in which he had more advantage than in the first. I need not tell you how his address and good fortune discontented those, who lookt upon him as their Rival; but I shall proceed to his third Course, which he managed with more applause than the two former, and all the people made acclamations in his praise. But at length, *Hortensius* his turn being come, he prepared himself to overcome this victor of others. The Stranger beheld him more fiercely, than he had done the others whom he had vanquish'd, and seem'd to prepare himself to make a greater attempt to overcome him. This caus'd the Spectators to redouble their attention; for *Hortensius* being very much esteemed, and likewise beloved by both parties, because he was the cause that *Melanthus* changed his manner of treating the *Eleans*, which was something Tyrannical, the whole multitude was in fear lest he should be overcome by the Stranger, *Elismonda* became pale with fear, and *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* beheld him not as a Rival, but made vows for his success, as well as the Princess *Andronice*. But in brief Madam, *Hortensius* being at the end

of the Carriere, with the Unknown, they made their Courses with very unequal success, for *Hortensius* performed his with such vigor, grace, exactness, and swiftness, that he far surpassed him that had surpassed those which preceded him. But that which enraged the Unknown, was, that apprehending in the middle of his Course *Hortensius* would overcome him, he endeavored to speed his horses with an impetuosity which was natural to him, who feeling themselves urged on too suddenly, reared up, and had overturned his Chariot, if he had not been dextrous and strong, but himself confess he was overcome at the end of his Course. But as *Hortensius*, having finished his, was returning gently, very glorious with his Victory; the Stranger, who stood in the middle of the Carriere, to redress some discomposure in the reins of his horses, could not repress his regret, but told him with a low voice, 'Tis too much to be overcome twice. At which words *Hortensius* stood also to consider this disguised person, who observing his intent, fell into such a fury, that on a sudden changing his purpose, he bowed down on one side, as if he desired to speak to him. *Hortensius* judging he did so, advanced towards him, and heard these words from him distinctly. Since you desire to know me (said he to him) meet me to morrow morning at Sun rise behind the Temple of *Diana*, which stands upon the way to *Pisa*, where you shall find me with an unmaskt countenance, and my sword in my hand: you will there learn, that he whom you have surpassed rather by good fortune than address, deserved perhaps to overcome. If you are truly courageous, you will not fail at this assignation; and come thither with one slave only. I shall be there infallibly (answered *Hortensius* without being moved) and whether soever it be by good fortune or courage, I hope my second victory will cost you dearer than the first. After this, these two Enemies separated themselves asunder. *Hortensius* went to prepare himself at the end of the Carriere, to begin a Course with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and the Stranger went out at a Bar which is opened for those that are overcome, to the end they might not disorder the Lists. But instead of going to rank himself behind the rest, which were to run, according to the custom, he returned towards his Boat, into which he cast himself with precipitation, like a man in despair. He left his Chariot also abandoned upon the Bank of the River, and caused those that had guarded it, to enter into his Boat, lest they should be compelled to discover who he was. In the mean time, there was no person in all this great Assembly, but believed *Hortensius* knew who this Stranger was, and hoped he would declare it at the end of all the Courses. But being it was then no time to speak to him every one suspended his patience. The Prince of *Cyparissa*, who himself had made vows for *Hortensius* against the Unknown, resolved now to Conquer him if he could; and accordingly made so handsome a Course, that *Melanthus* blushed at it with despight, *Elismonda* was not very glad of it, *Andronice* for the interest of the Prince her Brother, could have wished it less handsome; and as well for this reason as the affection she bore *Hortensius*, feared least the Prince of *Cyparissa*, might have the better. But her fear did not last long;

for *Hortensius* notwithstanding the perplexity his adventure with the Unknown might have raised in his mind, appeared with so noble a boldness, and took up so strong a resolution to outdo so considerable a Rival as the Prince of *Cyparissa*, that he performed this last Course with much greater honor than all the rest which he had made. Yet the Prince of *Cyparissa*, came not off without glory; because excepting *Hortensius*, none had run so well as he. At least he had the satisfaction of being rather overcome by a person whom he believed not his Rival, than if he had been so by *Melanthus*. He had also the consolation of seeing all those, that ran after him, worsted by *Hortensius*, without excepting the generous *Laconian*, who had got the victory in all the exercises of the preceding days. Now *Hortensius* finding himself in a strait, either to overcome his Master, or to be overcome in the presence of his Mistress, Ambition prompted him to suffer himself to be overcome, Love urged him to aspire to the Victory, and his reason which should have decided the matter, was sufficiently perplexed. Not but that *Hortensius* before he began to run, resolved to yield to the Prince, but coming to the point to execute his purpose, he became very unsatisfied. At length, not knowing whether Course to prefer, he prepared himself to undertake the Course with *Melanthus*, who in the bottom of his heart much feared to be overcome by *Hortensius*. Nevertheless, being generous, and unwilling to have a victory given him, he turned toward *Hortensius*, and speaking to him like one that would be obeyed, Remember *Hortensius*, (said he to him) that I will not owe a Victory to your respect; and if you do not your utmost endeavors to overcome me, I shall think my self more dishonored than if I were fairly overcome. *Hortensius* was going to answer *Melanthus*, but the Prince as soon as he had spoken these words, went to range himself in the place where he ought to begin his Course. Now was the time that *Elismonda* and *Andronice* made contrary vows, for though the Princess of *Messenia* had a great dearness for *Hortensius*, yet not thinking him amorous of *Elismonda*, and the interest of her brother prevailing upon her mind, she wished *Melanthus* might be Victor, conceiving moreover, *Hortensius* might be surpassed without disgrace, after having overcome so many others. But *Elismonda* made secret vows for *Hortensius*, both because he was the man she esteemed most in the World, and *Melanthus* him whom she hated. At length both these Rivals made their course, but with so equal a justness, that it was impossible for the Judges to determine the advantage to the one, in prejudice of the other, *Hortensius* was willing to yield the prize to *Melanthus*, but this Prince would not admit it to be so, and after the matter had been debated a while, the Judges ordered they should make a second course, in which (to dispatch my narration of the *Olympick Games*) *Hortensius* was declared Victor. He had an intention to have restrained part of his dexterity, and suffer *Melanthus* to get the better; but the Prince endeavoring too much to set off his own, could not make any advantage of his enemies generosity, and run much worse the second time than the first. So that *Hortensius* was presently declared Victor, by the acclamations of all the multitude; notwithstanding

the greatness of *Melanthus*, and afterwards by the Judges of the *Olympick Games*. The Victor being descended from his Chariot, was presented by them to the Princess *Elismonda*, who gave him the Crown that he had so well merited. But he receiv'd it with such respect and submission, that if his action had been taken notice of, it would have been easily perceiv'd, that he prefer'd the fair hand that crown'd him, before the Crown which he receiv'd from it. I assure you (said the Princess of *Elis* to him, smiling obligingly, as she put her hand upon his head) that if I had in my power, all the Crowns that are in the disposal of Fortune, I would give you one more durable than that which you receive this day. And I protest to you Madam, answer'd he, that as I can never receive one more glorious than this, so my ambition will be fully satisfi'd, provided you believe the admiration I have for you, surpasses much more that of all others that admire you, than my dexterity has surpass'd that of all those that I have overcome. *Hortensius* could not so conceal the passionateness of the air, wherewith he spake this, but that it was observ'd by *Elismonda* and *Cleontine*. But at length after he was risen up (for he bended one knee to the ground to receive the Crown) he remounted into his Chariot; and all those which he had overcome, marching two and two, follow'd him, and the Prince *Melanthus* among the rest; and in this order, with the noise of Musick which sounded at the beginning of every act, *Hortensius* went to the Temple of *Jupiter*, to ascribe thanks to that god, for the advantage which he had gotten. The Princess *Elismonda* at the same time, distributed all the other Crowns, to those which had overcome in the other exercises of the preceding daies, although she was not present at them; after which she went to a solemn sacrifice, which was offer'd in the same place where the combatants had been matcht.

I shall forbear to describe to you the Feast that follow'd this solemnity, and only tell you, that to end the day as it began, there was a contest between those that had made the Musick in the *Olympick Games*, who should carry the prize: but for that, this did not hinder conversation, and all the company was in a large vaulted Hall, not far off from the place where the Festival was solemniz'd, whither the Princesses also went to hear the contest; Some made compliments to the Victory, others encourag'd those that were overcome, and all press'd *Hortensius* to tell them who the Unknown Gallant was, that he had overcome; but he alwaies answered, that he knew him not, without giving the least ground to suspect the truth. So that it was thought by the cheerfulness of *Hortensius's* deportment, that what they had spoken together, was nothing but generous civilities. There were several agreeable conversations, in which he was always present, and discours'd to *Melanthus*, with all imaginable submission; who as vex'd as he was with his being overcome, did nevertheless receive all civilly from him, that he said to him; though in the bottom of his heart, he resent'd much perplexity that he had not won the prize. But at length night separated the whole company; for the Princess of *Elis* would not admit there should be a Ball, both because she did not affect dancing, and for that she conceiv'd it less

fitable to the condition she was in. Wherefore she return'd to the house of the virtuous *Elisante* whither *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and *Hortensius*, conducted her with the Princess *Andronice*, and the Ladies that were usually with her; but all the rest continued at *Olympia*. When the Princesses were arriv'd there, the conversation lasted some time; and *Hortensius* had the happiness to entertain *Elismonda* a short space alone, while *Andronice* was speaking apart with her brother *Melanthus*. But he was much perplex'd what he should say to her; for being resolv'd to continue firmly faithful to his Master, he was loth to discover any signs of his affection: though on the other side, he knew not how to speak to her with the wonted coldness of one that is indifferent. His perplexity continued not long, *Melanthus* having soon dispatcht his discourse with the Princess his Sister. At length, Madam, the Princess betook herself to her chamber in this fair house, where it is reported the wise *Nestor* once liv'd; the Prince of *Cyparissa* went to another not far distant; and *Hortensius* having taken leave of *Melanthus*, took no other care, but how he might quit himself from the observation of his attendants a little before day, and meet at the assignation which the Unknown had appointed him. And accordingly, as a brave person easily surmounts all obstacles that hinder him from doing a courageous action, *Hortensius* got forth very early in the morning, attended only with one slave, and having no other arms but his sword. The goodness of his Horse, and his desire not to give his enemy the advantage of staying for him, brought him thither before him. Besides that, this Unknown being to cross the River, he needed more time than *Hortensius*, to reach the place appointed. But he had not stay'd there long, before his enemy arriv'd. The Temple of *Diana*, near which the Unknown oblig'd *Hortensius* to meet him, stands in a very solitary place, and it was yet very early; so that there was no fear of being disturb'd in their fatal design; not so much as by those that were at the Temple, because there's a little Wood on the backside of it, in the middle of which is a large vacant place, whither none ever resort, but upon the daies of open Sacrifices; and here it was *Hortensius* attended the coming of his enemy, according to appointment. When he saw him arrive with an unmasked countenance, at first he thought he knew him not; but a moment after, he remembred 'twas the same *Attalus* he had wounded, as he came from *Ibessale* with the Princess *Andronice*, whom he attempted to carry away. You may imagine, Madam, how greatly *Hortensius* was surpriz'd: but he had not much time to muse upon the adventure; for the fierce *Attalus* (who, besides the impetuosity of his nature, had the regret of having been overcome, and the apprehension that *Hortensius* was amorous of *Andronice*, and mutually lov'd by her) no sooner beheld him, but he commanded the slave that follow'd him, to go aside with him that attended *Hortensius*, and drawing his sword, and advancing towards him that had overcome in the *Olympick Games*. Let us see (said he to him with a fierce and piquant raillery) whether *Mars* will be as favourable to you as *Jupiter*, and whether you know as well how to manage a Sword, as to drive a Chariot. You ought not to make any doubt

of that (answer'd *Hortensius*, drawing also his Sword) for I have overcome you elsewhere than at the *Olympick Games*: but you shall soon be resolv'd of a thing, your curiosity of which, if I am not mistaken, will cost you something dear. Upon which, these two valiant men engag'd, and fought together with such courage and dexterity, that their combat lasted longer than they wish'd it. *Hortensius* was first slightly wounded in the shoulder, but soon after wounded his enemy in the right side. I will not amuse my self, Madam, to tell you the particular circumstances of this encounter for (besides that Ladies love not very well these kind of relations, when they are too long) it is also true, that having been inform'd of the particulars only, from the mouth of the two slaves that beheld it, and that of *Hortensius*, who is too modest to exaggerate any thing that is glorious to himself, I am not able well to describe it. 'Tis enough to let you know, that having fought with heroical resolution, and wounded one another in several places, *Hortensius* pass'd his sword through the body of his enemy, who fell down dead between his Horses feet. But at the same time *Hortensius*, who had receiv'd four great wounds, and by the great onset he made to dispatch his enemy, lost much blood, fell down in a swoond, near him that he had slain. Upon which, the two slaves ran forthwith to their Masters, without taking care of their Horses, being loose, which galloped away about the fields. But Madam, as chance has a share in every thing, *Melanthus* having had a desire to go a hunting this day, was surpris'd when he was inform'd (by those he sent to enquire) *Hortensius* could not be heard of, only that he went forth before day. Nevertheless he held his purpose; and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and all the persons of quality that were with these two Princes, accompanied him. I was one amongst others, of this hunting-match: but it fell out strangely, that we went to begin our chase on one side of the Temple of *Diana*: So that the Horses of *Hortensius* and *Attalus* being got loose, that of *Hortensius*, which was very remarkable, and had been given him by *Melanthus*, hapned to pass by him, to approach to one that belong'd to the Horse of that Prince, who was wont to dress him, and at such times us'd to make him follow without the bridle. This Horse was presently known to belong to *Hortensius*, so that *Melanthus*, who lov'd him very dearly, though he resent-ed his having been overcome by him, beheld him with so much the more inquietude, for that he perceiv'd many sprinklings of blood upon him, though he were not wounded. In which perplexity he commanded the company to divide themselves, and seek out tidings of *Hortensius*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* went one way with five or six of his Friends, and *Eumenes* another; *Agenor* who seem'd in despairing affliction, went wandring about the fields, and *Melanthus* being follow'd by a great number, went directly to the backside of the Temple, as if the gods had guided him by the hand: I was at that time with him, and thereby came to be well inform'd of what had pass'd in that place. When we arriv'd there, we found that these two slaves I told you of, instead of rendering their Masters what favor they were able, believing them both dead, had quarrell'd and were fighting toge-

ther with their swords. The appearance of the Prince parted them; he that belong'd to *Attalus* would have escap'd away, but he of *Hortensius* came before *Melanthus* who commanded they should stop the others flight; which was soon done. *Melanthus* advancing further, was very much surpris'd, to behold *Hortensius* all cover'd with blood, and to see *Attalus* lye dead by him. Which spectacle melting his heart more towards *Hortensius*, who he perceiv'd had kill'd a man he hated, he alighted from his Horse, and went himself to see whether *Hortensius* had yet any life left in him, uttering the most passionate expressions in the World. At this noise which was made about him, *Hortensius* began to come to himself a little from his swoond, sending forth a faint sigh, and half opening his eyes, which he shut again the next moment. *Melanthus* perceiving he was not dead, sent to a Priest who dwelt near the Temple, to prepare a bed for him: and then caus'd him to be carried by his servants to it. After which, calling for *Attalus*'s slave, he understood from him, that 'twas he that run against *Hortensius* at the *Olympick Games*, and would not discover his countenance. Wherefore no longer doubting, but that he engag'd *Hortensius* to meet him in that place, when he spoke softly to him in the middle of the Carrier after his victory, his principal care was of succoring *Hortensius*. Yet he generously commanded the Priest, to whose house he had caus'd this illustrious wounded person to be carried, to take care of the Sepulture of *Attalus*; but his mind was more solicitous to get *Hortensius* cur'd. To which purpose, he gave order for some to go and fetch Chirurgeons, while himself in the mean time, assisted those that endeavour'd to stop the blood, which began to flow afresh, as soon as *Hortensius* was recover'd from his swoond, by some remedies given him. But when *Agenor* with strange regret beheld *Hortensius* in this condition; violent grief being a thing, which when it surpris'd of a sudden, makes those that resent it to utter something many times contrary to their judgement and intention; he cry'd out two or three times, Is this the manner, O ye gods! that ye cause the unfortunate *Hortensius* to reign? These words were twice noted by *Melanthus*; but for that he was very much afflicted, he made no reflection upon them at that time. At length the Chirurgeons arriv'd, and betook themselves to search *Hortensius*'s wounds. But whilst they were reasoning among themselves, and the Prince was walking about the chamber, with a strange impatience, to know what he might hope concerning life of his Favorite, the slave of this illustrious wounded person, taking away the cloaths of his Master, which the Chirurgeons deliver'd to him, pass'd hastily, out of respect, by *Melanthus*, to carry them from thence. But as he pass'd by, *Melanthus* beheld *Elismonda*'s picture fall down, which was miss'd at their memorable Walk. For you must know, Madam, that *Hortensius* ever after carried it about him. You may easily judge, how strangely *Melanthus*, who knew it, was surpris'd at it, and what trouble this accident excit'd in his mind. He took up the Picture without the Slaves taking notice of it; and I, who had seen the picture before, was very much amaz'd. But now the same Prince, Madam, who a moment before desir'd *Hortensius*'s life as his own, and consider'd

sider'd him as a man to whom he o w'd his conquests, and who had newly slain the person he hated most in the world, did no sooner suspect that he was his Rival, but he believ'd also that he had betray'd him with *Elismonda*; that he not only lov'd her, and was lov'd by her, but that he had likewise some secret Intrigue of Ambition besides, for at the same moment he call'd to mind the exclamations he heard utter'd by *Agenor*. Wherefore without inquiring of the Chirurgeons what they thought concerning *Hortensius*'s wounds, he went into another chamber, where he walk'd without speaking a word, testifying sufficiently by the trouble of his countenance, he had something in his breast which extremely torment-ed him. But at length, making great violence against his resentments, he suffer'd the Chirurgeons to come and tell him, that though *Hortensius* was very dangerously wounded, yet he was not absolutely to be despair'd of. After which he made them a sign to retire; and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, *Eumenes*, and all the rest being come, *Melanthus* seem'd to them, to be more possess'd with choler than grief; but at length, having determin'd in his mind what to do, he went away without approaching to the bed where *Hortensius* was. But at his departure, he left half of his Guards with him, with order to hinder *Hortensius* from being remov'd to any other place without his commission. *Agenor* being ignorant what reasons oblig'd *Melanthus* to this, was desirous to abide with his friend; but the Prince commanded him to follow him, without giving him any reason for it. *Eumenes* also was deay'd to stay behind, though he requested it; and it was in vain, that I offer'd myself to take care of this Illustrious person, during the danger of his wounds: so that there remain'd with him only a slave, the Chirurgeons, the Priest, the Prince's guards, and he that commanded them. At this time also the Prince of *Cyparissa* having purpos'd to return to *Pisa*, after the hunting, took leave of *Melanthus*, and departed with his own followers: The Prince of *Messena* being left now in greater liberty, appear'd more tormented than before; by the way, he gave order to some of his Attendants to look well to *Agenor*, and without more discourse went silently to the place where he lay the preceding night. As soon, as he was arriv'd there, he commanded *Agenor* to follow him, having something to speak to him; after which, he order'd *Eumenes* to redouble his care in the guard of *Elismonda*, and sent to seize upon the Cabinet of *Hortensius*, which he caus'd to be brought to him, imagining he should find some Letters in it from the Princess of *Elis*. As soon as he had broke it open, instead of finding what he sought for, he unhappily found a memorial written in the same character, with that of the four Verses in *Elismonda*'s Picture-Cast. For Love and Jealousie had so deeply engrav'd that hand in his imagination, that he scarce knew his own writing better than he did this. And now no longer doubting, that *Hortensius* had taken the Picture, that *Hortensius* had made the Verses, and that *Hortensius* was in love with *Elismonda*; he also question'd not but that he was lov'd by her, that he had betray'd him, that he was ingrateful, and that he had some hidden design, wherein ambition bore a part. He therefore caus'd *Agenor* to enter into his Closet; but, in-

stead of receiving him well, as he was wont, for *Hortensius*'s sake, he beheld him very fiercely, and demand'd of him what he meant, when perceiving *Hortensius* wounded, he cry'd out, asking the gods if this were the manner, in which they would cause *Hortensius* to Reign. *Agenor* at first was a little amaz'd, and answer'd not directly. So that *Melanthus* confirming himself in his opinion, and letting loose the impetuosity of his humour, No, no, *Agenor*, (said he to him) seek not to disguise the truth, I must resolve this obscure Riddle, and know thoroughly, all that the perfidious *Hortensius* has complotted against me. Alas, my Lord (answer'd *Agenor*!) *Hortensius* is the most faithful servant you have. *Hortensius* (reply'd *Melanthus*) is ungrateful and unworthy; and I shall know how to punish his ingratitude and unworthiness, if he die not of his wounds. *Agenor* found himself strangely perplex'd at this; for *Hortensius* had forbidden him to discover any of the Predictions which had occasion'd his banishment out of his own Countrey, for fear he should Reign there. But after having a while defended himself, he fear'd he might injure his friend instead of serving him, by being obstinate not to discover the cause of his exclamation; for there was no other means to put a good construction upon what he had said, but by laying open the truth of it. *Agenor* therefore declar'd it ingenuously, thinking to justify *Hortensius*; and so in few words recounted what had been the occasion of that which *Melanthus* heard him speak. But jealousy possessing his mind with a great disposition to interpret all things to the disadvantage of *Hortensius*, this information of *Agenor* perfectly incens'd him, there arising a mixture of divers sentiments in his mind, which put him into extrem confusion. He felt in himself the violence of jealousy, choler, despite to have been oblig'd by *Hortensius*, regret for having lov'd him, and some slight reluctance against ill treating him: a great desire to see him die, and some fear of seeing what was foretold concerning him, come to pass, though he was not accusom'd easily to give credit to Predictions. Thus love, hatred, friendship, glory, and jealousy dividing his mind, he continued some time in a great incertainty; but at length not being able to contain his grief in his breast, after he had commanded *Agenor* to be taken into custody, he went to find the Princess *Andronice*. When he came to the Apartment of this Princess, it was told him she was at that of *Elismonda*; but instead of going thither according to his custom, he sent to tell her he expected her at her own. This proceeding amaz'd the Princess so much the more, in that they were newly told, some great accident was fallen out, though they could not learn what it was. Yet *Andronice*, as she was going from *Elismonda*'s Lodgings to her own, understood *Hortensius* had slain *Attalus*, and was himself very dangerously wounded. So that she believ'd *Melanthus* desir'd to see her only to communicate to her the grief he resent'd for the danger *Hortensius* was in. I come, my Lord, (said she to him) to help you to commiserate the generous *Hortensius*; for though I have reason to be glad of the death of *Attalus*, yet the sorrow I have for his wounds that overtame him, renders me incapable to taste the sweetness of revenge. Alas! my Sister (cry'd the Prince) you ill understand my thoughts, if you commise-

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rate the most unworthy, perfidious, and ingrateful of men. But, my Lord, (reply'd *Andronice* all amaz'd) 'tis not *Attalus*, but *Hortensius* that I commiserate. I mean him also (answer'd he) 'tis *Hortensius* that has betray'd me, 'tis *Hortensius* that is my Rival 'tis *Hortensius* that projects to Reign in *Elismonda's* heart, and in my dominions, and in a word, *Hortensius* is he that I hate, as much as I have lov'd him, and whom I will punish so severely, that he shall serve for an example of Ingratitude to posterity. But my Lord (said *Andronice*) I confess I know not *Hortensius* according to the description you make of him. Have you forgot, *Hortensius* was he that hindred me from being carried away by *Attalus*, and that you owe part of your Conquests to his valour and counsels, that he had the good fortune to save your life in the last battel, that he has done his utmost for you with *Elismonda*, that he was unwilling to dispute the victory with you at the *Olympick Games*, and has newly slain *Attalus* whom you hated? 'Tis true, (answer'd the Prince fiercely) he has done all that you speak of; but since he loves *Elismonda*, I ought to hate him more than I hated *Attalus*. After which, he told her all he had discover'd; and then declar'd to her all he thought, and at last intimated that he doubted not but that *Hortensius* lov'd *Elismonda*, and she him; that he had betray'd him, and comploted to Reign in some place or other, either in the Countrey of *Elis*, or that of *Massena*. This discourse of *Melanthus* seeming groundd upon very strong presumptions, *Andronice* knew not what to answer. She had great kindness and gratitude for her Deliverer, but yet was at a loss what to conjecture concerning the adventure of the Picture! She call'd to mind, she had upon divers occasions observ'd *Hortensius* had a very tender affection towards *Elismonda*. Nevertheless, she had so great an opinion of his virtue, that she could not believe him capable of perfidiousness. But though she desir'd to excuse him, she could find nothing to say in his defence, in reference to his love of *Elismonda*, of which the Picture was a convincing testimony; but as for the design of Reigning, she told the Prince there was no appearance *Hortensius* ever had a thought of it. But on the contrary (answer'd *Melanthus*) I believe he is in love, only because he is ambitious; and to speak without prejudice, it must be confess'd, Fortune has in a manner forc'd him to be so; for that which he did in acknowledgement of the obligation he had to you, was the cause I receiv'd him at first with an extraordinary goodness. After which, his valour proving Fortunate, he saw himself in a short time become more powerful than my self, by the credit I gave him in my heart. In the mean time, this unworthy person, as he is, betraies me in the most cruel manner in the world. Of all that I have conquer'd, and of all that I can ever conquer, (added he) I desire only the heart of *Elismonda*, which he deprives me of, under pretence of gaining it for me; and by a most horrid perfidiousness, uses the permission I give him to see *Elismonda*, to draw her to love himself, to make her hate me, and to contrive with her without doubt, how to possess himself of the principality of *Elis*, and perhaps to poniard me. But, my Lord (reply'd *Andronice*) if there had been any intimacy between *Hortensius* and the Princess *Elismonda*, he

would not have committed the prank of the picture. Not, if he had had discretion (answer'd *Melanthus*) but love and ambition blinded him; and believing it impossible I should discover it was he, he made himself pleasant at my cost. In short, (added he) to understand more clearly, whether he be as much lov'd as he loves, I will go my self and inform *Elismonda* of the danger *Hortensius* is in, and dissemble my choler at first, if I can, to the end it may not hinder her from manifesting her sorrow, and I may the better sound the secret of her soul. But, my Lord (answer'd *Andronice*) do not seek to torment your self; give me commission to discover the sentiments of the Princess of *Elis*, and go not about to judge of her by deceitful conjectures. For is it possible, she should be otherwise than afflicted with the danger *Hortensius* is in, though she had seen him only twice? No, no, (reply'd the incens'd Prince) I will be the spy my self, and if I discover that *Elismonda* loves *Hortensius*, as I scarce doubt it, I will then redouble all the revenge I am preparing for that ungrateful person, who has so horridly betray'd me. Having spoken this, he went immediately to the apartment of the Princess of *Elis*. *Andronice* would have been glad he had not gone thither without her, but he would not permit her to accompany him. When he enter'd into *Elismonda's* chamber, she was speaking to *Cleontine*, and wondering she had not seen *Hortensius* all the day; and speaking this something aloud, *Melanthus* overheard the name of *Hortensius*. At which he blusht with indignation, and changing his resolution of dissembling his sentiments, approach'd towards the Princess of *Elis*, and looking upon her attentively, He that you mention Madam, (said he to her) is not in a condition to make you a visit; for he is wounded very dangerously in several places. Oh gods! (cry'd *Elismonda* hastily, turning pale with fear) into what mischievous adventure is the generous *Hortensius* fall'n? You give him a title that so ill befits him, Madam, (said *Melanthus*) that to prevent your over-much commiserating him, I must declare to you that he is the most temerarious and perfidious person in the world. I have alwaies found him so respectful (reply'd she) and I know he serves you so faithfully, that I can scarce believe he merits to be styl'd perfidious and temerarious. When I shall tell you (answer'd he) that he is amorous of you, that it was he that stole your picture, and made the four Verses, which gave you such curiosity, you must necessarily agree with me concerning his audaciousness: and when I shall moreover add, that I know, that instead of endeavouring to promote my interests with you, he has only contriv'd to serve himself, notwithstanding whatever hatred you bear against me, you will be oblig'd to confess, that in reference to me, he is a perfidious person, which deserves a thousand punishments; and in relation to your self, an audacious one, that is unworthy of the goodness you have for him I know not, my Lord (reply'd she) who has mis-inform'd you, that *Hortensius* is my Lover; but I can swear to you with truth, that if he be so, he has made a great secret of it to me, and has spoken a thousand and a thousand things to me in your favour, which a Lover uses not to speak in behalf of his Rival. And as for the Picture you mention, if *Hortensius* took it away, could

could he be sufficiently imprudent to shew it, or tell it to any. No, Madam (answer'd he) but he has been unhappy enough to lose it, after he was wounded in killing *Attalus*, with whom he fought. Yes, Madam, with my own eyes I saw the Picture fall, and I was he that took it up without his knowing it; and to compleat the conviction of his perfidiousness, I have caus'd his Cabinet to be opened, and have there found divers things of the same hand he made use of to write the four verses. So that, Madam, 'tis beyond all doubt, that *Hortensius* is an unworthy, and an ungrateful Traitor; and the question is only to know, whether you be a complice of his Crimes. If I believe him concerning the rigor you have against me, (added the Prince) you not only know that *Hortensius* loves you, but you love him; and I know not, whether after he inform'd you of the pretended predictions which say, He must reign one day in some place, you have not conspired something against me, in hope he might restore *Elis* to you, and hinder me from taking *Pisa*. My Lord (answer'd *Elismonda*, with extream prudence) I shall not stand to deny that *Hortensius* is amorous of me, for I confess to you sincerely, I know nothing of it; though I shall withal tell you, that it seems to me not impossible, because he has appear'd really to interest himself obligingly in all my concerns: but that which I am able to swear to you with sincerity, is this, If *Hortensius* be a Lover of mine, you are a thousand times more oblig'd to him, than if he were not; since 'tis the greatest truth in the world, that he has omitted to do nothing that might induce me to receive your affection in the way you desire. And therefore, my Lord, if *Hortensius* be amorous of me, it concerns me to take it ill, and not you. Leave me then the care of punishing him for this crime, and if you have no other to charge him with, be cautious how you dismiss him of your friendship. For, my Lord, I swear it to you once more, There is nothing which *Hortensius* has not done to oblige me to treat you better: and to speak with the greatest sincerity I can possible, 'tis neither to your affection, nor to my prudence, that you owe the small complacency I have shewn towards you, but to the persuasions of *Hortensius*. Ah Madam, (reply'd he roughly!) I will owe nothing to *Hortensius*. That perhaps, would be sufficiently difficult (answer'd she;) for being what is pass'd cannot be alter'd, you will always owe too many things to him. I understand you well, Madam, (said he to her) you would intimate that I owe part of my victories to him; but, to let you see, I am able to overcome without him, if he die not of the wounds he has receiv'd, I will return him into the same condition he was in when he came to my Court, that is, I will send him to wander again about the world, without fortune and subsistence, provided you persuade me effectually that you do not love him. For if you treat me so (added this violent Prince) that I have cause to believe you do, nothing shall be able to restrain me from putting him to death. I have already told you (answer'd *Elismonda* in great amazement) that I know nothing of *Hortensius*'s love, and that he alone induc'd me to treat you more respectfully than I should have done, if I had follow'd my true sentiments; but that which I shall tell you at present is, that had you put *Horten-*

sius, to death, I should never look upon you but with horror. Ah! Cruel person that you are (cry'd *Melanibius*) what is this that you make me hear? For if you have known the Love of *Hortensius*, which I scarce doubt of, I am the most unfortunate of men, and he the most criminal; and if you knew it not before, why does not the discovery I now make to you of it, incense you against him: Is it a usual thing (added he) for a great Princess to take it well to be lov'd by such a man as *Hortensius*, who dares not return into his own Countrey, because 'tis fear'd lest he one day become the Tyrant of it? If *Hortensius* be not amorous of me (answer'd she) I should be very unjust in taking away any friendship from him; and if he be, as you say, I ought to redouble my esteem towards him, since he does the most generous, heroical, and difficult act in the world, which is to serve his Rival, and to have so much respect, as to be in love and not declare it. But, though it were true, Madam (reply'd *Melanibius*) that *Hortensius* has conceal'd his passion from you, is it not enough to make him Criminal against me, that he is enamour'd on you? Why did he not oppose that passion when it first sprung up in his heart; and if he could not do that, why did he not betake himself to some place where he might never see you during his life? But, my Lord (answer'd *Elismonda* coldly) if Love be voluntary, Why do not you cease to love a person that cannot love you? or, if you be unable to do so, Why do you not remove her far from your sight for ever? Ah! Madam (cry'd he) you love *Hortensius*, and you would not speak as you do, if he were indifferent to you. I have without doubt (answer'd she) all the esteem for him imaginable, and the most tender friendship that any heart is capable of; therefore, my Lord, preserve his life, if you love me. *Elismonda* spake this after so passionate a manner, though she did not design to do so, that *Melanibius* well perceiv'd she had at least a very strong inclination to love *Hortensius*; and being infinitely ingenious, drew a consequence that gave him very great torment. For after having spoken of the Predictions which occasion'd *Hortensius* to be banish'd from his Countrey, and *Elismonda* not requiring of him the clearing up of a thing so extraordinary, she thence conjectur'd that she had understood it from *Hortensius*. So that his jealousy redoubling, he became strangely transported against that generous *Veientine*. Nevertheless, there were some moments, in which he spoke to *Elismonda* with an extream tenderness; I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) excuse my transport: it is so difficult to have very much love, and very much moderation at the same time, that if you would consider the fury that possesses me as an effect of the greatness of my affection, you would not condemn me for it, but pity me. But alas! it is easie for you to oblige me to pardon *Hortensius*. Yes Madam (added he) I have so high an opinion of your virtue, that if you render me happy, I will not banish *Hortensius*. I will even do what I am able, to restore him to my friendship; at least I will change nothing in his fortune, nor attempt any thing upon his life. The destiny of *Hortensius* therefore is in your hands; and if he has not discover'd to you his love, and you have none for him, resolve, Madam, to end the War and my miseries, We are soon at the end of the

the Truce; consider therefore seriously upon what I propound to you. Your quiet is concern'd, *Hortensius's* life, and all my felicity. Do not incense a Prince, who is not master of his resentment when he is affronted, who requires nothing of you, but what is advantageous to you, and who, notwithstanding your being a prisoner, is more subject to your pleasure than any other Lover ever was. If it were so (answer'd she) you would not act as you do. But, in brief, my Lord, (added the Princess) I have long since given you to understand, that so long as I continue a prisoner, I would never think of marrying; that it's requisite first to make a peace, and after that I shall consider what resolution I ought to take. Persist, if you please, in these terms; and in the mean time forget not what I told you, that if you should put *Hortensius* to death, I should never see you but with horror. I shall remember it, Madam, I shall remember it (reply'd *Melantbus*, as he was rising up) and since all I have now said to you, does not oblige you to change your sentiments, we shall see whether *Melantbus* incens'd, will be more pleasing than *Melantbus* submissive and respectful. You love *Hortensius* (said he to her) but before long you shall repent your having lov'd him. *Elismonda* was going to answer him, but he went forth roughly and would not hear her. Being violent in all his resolutions, and having at that time no person near him, to repress part of the impetuosity of his humour, he immediately, without considering *Hortensius's* condition, sent order to have him carried to *Elis*. He also commanded *Eumenes* to convey the Princess *Elismonda* thither about evening, and prepar'd himself to follow them. *Elismonda* as yet ignorant of this order, was entertaining her self with her dear *Cleontine*, to whom she related in few words all that *Melantbus* had spoken; for *Cleontine* retir'd out of respect, when *Melantbus* came to the Princess. But after having repeated to her this long conversation; Well, *Cleontine* (said she) What say you of this hard adventure, and what do you think of *Hortensius's* virtue? For he never made the least mention to me of his passion, but contrarily, did all he could for *Melantbus*. I confess I have oftentimes seen in his eyes some tokens of his love, but it was against his will. And perhaps also Madam (answer'd *Cleontine*) he has perceiv'd in yours, against your Will too, that you have a very great inclination for him; for I have observ'd it upon a hundred several occasions. I confess, *Cleontine*, (answer'd *Elismonda*) I have for *Hortensius* not only esteem, but admiration, not only friendship, but dearness, gratitude, and inclination; and I doubt not but if his fortune and mind had so much resemblance as our affections, we should love eternally. But *Hortensius* shall never know what I have now told you, and, as he never declar'd to me he lov'd me, both out of a sentiment of respect, and fidelity, he resolv'd to preserve for *Melantbus*, though I should see him again, he should never know how advantageous my thoughts are of him; for I would never betray my self; and virtue is not less powerful in my heart than in his. But, alas! (added she, sighing) I shall never see him perhaps while I live; for *Melantbus* will banish, or put him to death, if he escape the danger of his wounds: Thus I see my self expos'd to the violent humor of a Prince, whose jealousy may prompt him to strange enor-

mities. As *Elismonda* was speaking thus, the Princess *Andronice* enter'd, who told her with very much sorrow, that she came to give her notice that she must return to *Elis* at that very hour. This news surpriz'd and afflicted *Elismonda*; but it was necessary to obey, and *Andronice* and *Cleontine* comforted her the best they could. But to the end, the departure of *Elismonda* might not be so soon known to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was return'd to *Pisa*, *Melantbus* thought fit *Andronice* should continue still all the next day at the house of the virtuous *Elisante*, who beheld *Elismonda* depart with very much sorrow. On the other side, *Melantbus* caus'd *Hortensius* likewise to be remov'd, though the Chirurgeons told him it could not be done without danger. So he was by order to be put into a Chariot, without being acquainted with the cause of this change; for they which were about him knew nothing of it. But having a very ready reason, he judg'd that being he was remov'd in the night; and in such a condition; there must needs be some extraordinary matter, especially not seeing the Prince, and receiving no message from him. Yet he imagin'd at first, *Melantbus*, perhaps, had discover'd that the Prince of *Cyparissa* plotted something towards the end of the Truce, which was almost expir'd, and therefore thought fit to remove him further from *Pisa*. But when it behov'd him to dress himself, that he might be put into the Chariot that was provided for him, he call'd the Slave which was left to serve him, and demanded his Cloaths. His first thought was to see whether *Elismonda's* picture were in the place where he had hid it. He was much astonish'd when he did not find it there, ask'd the Slave whether he had not seen it, who answering No, he caus'd him to search all about, without telling the Guards what he sought for: but at length it behov'd him to depart, without knowing any thing of the picture. *Hortensius* then demanded where *Agenor* was, but 'twas told him the Prince had commanded him to follow him; he then began to wonder that none of his attendants had been with him since they knew he was wounded. But at last, the Priest believing it reasonable to let him know the truth, acquainted him, that the Prince of *Messena* appear'd at first very much afflicted for his wounds, and had himself assisted to carry him; but while he was dressing, he chang'd his sentiments, went away very sad, put guards upon him, prohibited any of his servants to come to him, commanded *Agenor* to follow him, and that he lately heard he had caus'd his Cabinet to be seiz'd. O gods! (cry'd the unhappy *Hortensius*) is it possible I should be so innocent, and so miserable? after which he was silent, and suffer'd himself to be lifted into the Chariot which attended him. One of the Chirurgeons who had dress'd him, being unwilling to forsake him, took horse with the Guards to follow him; and this Illustrious wounded person, notwithstanding his late victory in the *Olympick* Games, and the glory he had gotten in several Combats, particularly in that fresh one with *Attalus*, found himself the most unfortunate of men: Great griefs of mind, oftentimes causing forgetfulness of those of the body, *Hortensius* felt little pain in his wounds, by reason of his perplexity, in imagining *Melantbus* might perhaps believe he had betray'd him, and *Elismonda* be offended with him, if she came

to understand this adventure. Yet there were some moments in which he trusted in his own innocence towards his Master, and the respect he had had to his Mistress, hoping he might appease *Melanthus*, as soon as he could speak with him; but he always believ'd he should be forc'd to quit his former commerce with *Elismonda*, and be at least depriv'd of the contentment of seeing her, if he desir'd to cure *Melanthus* of his jealousy. *Hortensius* entertain'd himself after this sad manner in the Chariot he was put into; the diversity of objects did not divert him from such melancholly musing, it being night when he set forth to depart. But as it is not possible to travel with much speed at such hours, day began to appear, when he was yet sixty furlongs from *Elis*; besides, his being wounded, occasion'd him to go very gently. The first rays of the Sun beginning now to break forth, and all objects becoming easily discernable, *Hortensius* perceiv'd he was in a Valley, at the end of which, where he was to pass by, he beheld a Chariot broken, two Women standing at the foot of a tree, and several men on horseback about them; but drawing nearer, he discerned that those two women were *Elismonda* and *Cleontine*. This sight amaz'd him, and made him almost forget that he was wounded. He put forth his head, and respectfully saluted the Princess of *Elis*; who was not less astonish'd than he: and turning pale, and casting a languishing look upon *Cleontine*, Alas! (said she to her, sighing) behold the unfortunate *Hortensius*! As she spoke these words, he that commanded the Guards, seeing this Chariot, and understanding it was going to *Elis*, thought he might conveniently leave *Hortensius* in a cottage of Shepherds that was hard by, and make use of his to carry the Princess of *Elis*; for the axle-tree of hers was broken, and her Ladies by the Prince's order were left behind with *Andronice*, as well as the fair *Chrysilia*, and the charming *Claricia*. He whose design this was, intended to send the same Chariot back to *Hortensius*, as soon as the Princess should be arriv'd. But for that the Commander of *Hortensius*'s Convoy, had express order to carry him to *Elis*, he oppos'd the proposal of the other, to leave him in that Shepherds cottage, alledging, it behov'd him to do what was commanded him, and the most he dare do, was to give way for the Princess and *Cleontine* to go into *Hortensius*'s Chariot, though usually decency does never allow men to be in the same Chariot with a Princess of that rank. During this contest, *Hortensius*'s Chariot stay'd right against *Elismonda*: But though this unhappy Lover was not ignorant, all she said would be related to *Melanthus*, yet he could not contain himself from speaking to the Princess. I desire your pardon, Madam (said he to her) If I do not pay you all the respect I owe you: but the condition I am in, ought to oblige you not to hate me. I wish to the gods (answer'd *Elismonda*) you were in the same condition you were in the first day I knew you; you would be less miserable, and I more happy. For I fear all things (added she) from the Prince of *Messena*, since you are no longer with him. Upon these words, the two Commanders, who had contested civilly together, told the Princess what they had concluded on, which when *Hortensius* heard, he endeavour'd, as wounded as he was, to get out of the Chariot, but his weakness hinder'd his pur-

pose, the Princess also commanding him not to stir from his place, adding with very great prudence, that prisoners having more caution to use than others, she had rather expect till another Chariot were fetcht from *Elis*, than to enter into that where he was. As she was speaking this, the generous Lover beheld her in such a manner, that *Cleontine* well perceiv'd, he passionately lov'd *Elismonda*. Who on her part, look'd upon him with so obliging a compassion, that it rather deserv'd the name of tenderness than pity; but neither of them dar'd to express all their sentiments. At length *Hortensius* speaking, I beseech you Madam, (said he) command me to be left in that Cottage I see there, and serve your self of the Chariot I am in, since 'tis perhaps the last time of my life, I shall have the honor to do you a small service. *Hortensius* had scarce spoke this, but *Melanthus* appear'd and broke off their discourse: his presence equally surpriz'd *Elismonda* and *Hortensius*, and himself was not a little amaz'd to find them together. He that was incharg'd to conduct *Elismonda*, went to him forthwith, to inform him of the accident of the broken Chariot, and the meeting that of *Hortensius*'s: but as he was going to tell him the proposal he had made, to oblige *Elismonda* to use *Hortensius*'s Chariot, he seem'd very much incens'd, and before he approach'd near the Princess of *Elis*, he commanded they should carry that illustrious wounded person to *Elis*, adding, that he would give convenient orders for conducting the Princess thither too. And hapning to have met two Chariots of Ladies passing by, who after they had seen the *Olympick Games*, staid at *Olympia*, and were then returning to *Elis*, he caus'd one of his followers to go to the place where he had overtaken them, and desire them to come and take up the Princess of *Elis*; which in a little time accordingly they did. In the mean time *Hortensius* was very desirous to speak to *Melanthus*, notwithstanding he much fear'd it, but he had not opportunity: for they speeded his Chariot away so fast, that all he could do, was only to say to one of the Princesses guards: I beseech you, (said he to him) do me the favor to tell the Prince, I am not more unworthy of the honor of his friendship, than I was the next day after the last battel, wherein I had the good fortune to fight near him. After which he put forth his head to salute *Melanthus*, though he was far behind, and then turning towards the Princess, with more strength than he seem'd capable of, I wish to the gods, Madam, I may at least understand you are happy, before I dye. And I wish to the gods (answer'd she, beholding him passionately) you be not yet more unhappy than now I see you, though at the present, you are worthy of all my compassion. *Hortensius* being after these words hurried away, *Melanthus* alighting from his Horse came towards her, expecting the Chariots which were now in sight, to come and take her up; I perceive you are very sad, Madam (said he to her) and the miseries of *Hortensius* affect you very sensibly. If you find me very sad (answer'd she) I find you very unjust and inhumane, in accusing an innocent person, and being so little sensible in the miseries of a man, who was not wounded but in overcoming your most mortal enemy. He has offended me more replied he with a tone sufficiently fierce) in loving the Princess of *Elis*, than he has served me in killing

killing *Attalus*. For, in brief, he fought only to save his own Honor and Life; but in loving you, Madam, he has done all he could to cause my death, since I doubt not, but his affection induced you to condemn mine. I have already told you (answered she) that if *Hortensius* loves me, you ought to redouble your affection towards him, since he has ever employed all possibilities, to induce me to love you, and you alone by your injustice have forced me to hate you. Ah! Madam (cried he) do not undertake to deceive a jealous and unhappy Lover, who is more quick-sighted than others. *Elismonda* was about to answer *Melanthus*, but the arrival of those two Chariots of Ladies hindered her, for being desirous to be free from him, she took the occasion, and entered into one of these Chariots (the Ladies of both which alighted to leave her the choice) *Cleontine* following her, and the Ladies crowding into the other, because *Melanthus* would not permit any to be in that of *Elismonda*. They who had order to conduct the Princess, went forward, and *Melanthus* taking his Horse, rid more slowly than he had done before, regulating his Horses pace so, as always to have *Elismonda's* Chariot in his eye: In the mean time, they who conducted *Hortensius*, carried him into a Tower, where the Princess of *Elis*, used to put Prisoners of State. *Elismonda* as soon as she arrived, was very diligently guarded in the Palace, where no person had liberty to see her besides *Cleontine*, and some women to attend on her.

But although *Melanthus* had left *Andronice*, at the house of the virtuous *Elisante*, on purpose to deceive the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and *Eumenes* had done all he could by his Masters orders to keep the Princess of *Elis's* departure from coming to his knowledge; yet he was advertised of it by a slave belonging to *Andronice*, whom he caused to be corrupted by one of his followers. Understanding therefore that *Elismonda* was carried away to *Elis*, and the Princess of *Messenia* was to stay a day longer at the house of *Elisante*, he believed he could not better serve *Elismonda*, as affairs stood, than by taking away the Princess *Andronice*, for whom *Melanthus* had as great a friendship as he was capable of. He communicated his design to two or three of the most considerable Officers of his Army, who were with him, and to two men of principal quality in *Pisa*. At first they told him, that the truce being to last some days longer, this action would be a publick breach of it. But the Prince of *Cyparissa* represented to them, that the secret conveying away of the Princess of *Elis*, and the disgrace of *Hortensius*, signified *Melanthus* not very solicitous about a peace, that he had some great discontentment upon his mind, and therefore it would be best to provide for the Princess of *Elis's* safety. Yet they with whom he was thus urgent, would not have yielded to his proposal, had it not fallen out, that precisely at the same time, news came that there had been a Skirmish between some horsemen of *Melanthus's* Army, and some Troops of that of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, with assurance also that it was began by the forces of *Melanthus*. So that this first act of hostility serving for a pretext, they no longer disallowed the Prince of *Cyparissa's* design, which he betook himself immediately to execute: To which purpose he put himself in the head of three hundred horse, and went to take away *Andronice*, at the Castle of *Melisaris*. At

his first coming, *Eumenes* endeavored to make resistance, but being presently wounded, he became a prisoner. The fair *Chryfilia*, and the charming *Claricia*, had the same destiny with the Princess of *Messenia*: but as for the virtuous *Elisante*, she remained free in the middle of two Enemy-Armies, and was alike favoured by both parties, so greatly is Virtue respected by all the World. But the Princess of *Cyparissa*, who only sought *Elismonda's* safety, and infinitely honored the Princess *Andronice*, treated her with all imaginable respect, and all the Ladies of her Train with extream civility. He desired pardon of the Princess of *Messenia*, for the violence he did to her, he assured her, it was only to serve a Princess whom she loved, and who loved her, and to restrain part of the impetuosity of the Prince her Brother. *Andronice* being very discreet, and esteeming the Prince of *Cyparissa*, pardoned the violence he did her upon the account of his excessive passion, and told him that he was without doubt in a wrong course, for that she could have done the Princess *Elismonda* better service, if she were with the Prince her Brother, than he could do by keeping her at *Pisa*. But the thing being already done, there was no remedy left. *Eumenes* also said the same to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, at his going to visit him, when he was at *Pisa*, which occasioned this Lover the regret of thinking that perhaps what he had done, might rather prejudice than advantage the Princess of *Elis*. But that which compleated his affliction, was, that the day following he was advertised of that which till then he had been ignorant of, namely *Hortensius's* love to *Elismonda*, and *Melanthus's* jealousy and belief that *Elismonda* loved *Hortensius*; for his Maxims having always been, to cease to love, as soon as he believed his Mistress favored another, this incertainty into which this news brought him, gave him greater torment than can be imagined. But if the Prince of *Cyparissa* suffered very much, *Melanthus* also suffered all the inquietudes that Love, Jealousie, and Ambition could afflict him with; especially, when he understood the Prince of *Cyparissa* had carried away the Princess *Andronice*, with all the Ladies that were with her, and that *Eumenes* was a Prisoner. That which perplexed him besides infinitely, was that he perceived the Inhabitants of *Elis*, murmured very much at the imprisonment of *Hortensius*; for having seen, that 'twas he that hindered *Melanthus* from continuing to treat them Tyrannically, as he had done before his coming, they vehemently feared least he should quit the moderation he had used ever since that time, and treat them worse than ever. And indeed their fear was not without grounds, for this Prince resumed his former violence. At length War broke out again between both parties; yet the Prince of *Cyparissa* sent Propositions of Peace to *Melanthus*, offering to deliver the Princess *Andronice*, provided he would restore *Elismonda*: but he derided the proposition when it was made him, and contented himself to answer fiercely, that he would go to *Pisa*, to fetch the Princess his Sister, as soon as he had married *Elismonda*, and put *Hortensius* to death. In the mean time the wounds of this Illustrious *Veientine*, notwithstanding his unwillingness, did not grow worse in Prison, though he was the most unhappy of all men, chiefly because he was the most generous,

generous; for having always loved without hope, he was thoroughly accustomed to be miserable in reference to his Love. But his virtue having never been immaculate, he could not suffer his Master should believe he had betrayed him. Besides that, fearing also, lest he should be transported to some violence against *Elismonda*, his perplexities were beyond all conception. He found some consolation in thinking he perceived a very tender pity towards him in the eyes of his dear Princess; but this comfort was overwhelmed, with so many different sorrows, and these moments of sweetness followed with so many tormenting hours, that he moved compassion in those that guarded him. Upon which, he prevailed with him that commanded his Guards, to desire urgently the favor of the Prince, that he might speak to him once more during his life. *Melanthus* refus'd it at first very roughly; but the next day a jealous sentiment induced him to desire what he refused. So when the unfortunate *Hortensius* least expected him, he beheld this violent Prince enter into his chamber, but with so much fury in his eyes, that he had cause to think the Prince came himself to denounce to him the sentence of his death. Yet he seemed not moved at it, but on the contrary, being very glad of the opportunity to speak to him, he half rose up to salute him, the most respectfully the condition he was in permitted him. And beholding him with submission, I give you thanks, my Lord (said he to him) for granting me what I desired of you; for I should have dyed with despair, if I had left you in the opinion that I had betrayed you. I doubted not, (answered this violent Prince) but you desired to speak with me, only to tell me things contrary to truth; and being ignorant that I had discovered your crimes, would dare to deny, you are in love with the Princess of *Elis*. No, my Lord, (replied *Hortensius* generously) I will not owe my justification to a lye, but only to my own Virtue. I confess to you therefore, that in spite of all my reluctance, I became enamoured on the Princess *Elismonda*, and that whether I will or no, I shall love her, perhaps, eternally. Ha! unworthiness! (cry'd *Melanthus*, transported with fury) call you it being innocent, to become Rival to your Master? Is it possible to love, without desiring to be loved again? and can you desire to be *Elismonda's*, without being willing to render me unhappy, and without being the most criminal of all men? If Love were a thing voluntary (answered *Hortensius*) I should be ungrateful, and unworthy in becoming amorous of a Princess whom you love; but it not being so, my passion ought not to be ranked with my crimes, but only the effects of it considered. Thus my Lord, (added he) I can confidently say, that I am not only innocent, but that I have merited something in relation to your interests. For in brief, I have encountered with my passion, as much as I could, and when I found I could not overcome it, I employed the utmost powers of my reason, not to do any thing that might injure you. I have not only loved without hope, but I have given bounds to my thoughts, and my most secret desires never prejudiced the fidelity that I owe you. No, my Lord, I have not desired to be loved again, I have done all I could to promote the interests of your affection, and never attempt-

ed to make the least discovery of my own. Why then (demanded *Melanthus* roughly) did you write those four amorous Verses, in the place of *Elismonda's* picture? I know no reason for it my self, my Lord, (answered *Hortensius*) and that action, as criminal as it seems to you, is but an extravagance, and no such crime as you imagine it. For sincerely, I believed I should never be discovered, and concealed my self so well, in disguising my hand, that unless you have acquainted the Princess of *Elis* of it, she is still ignorant that 'twas I who took away her Picture; so great a truth is it, that I have been faithful to you. But what design had you then, in doing this rash piece of gallantry? (said *Melanthus*) I have already told you, my Lord, (answered *Hortensius*) that I know not my self; and all that I am able to say is, that I could not hinder my self from doing it, but that at that instant, an excess of love made me imagine, some light consolation, in thinking the Princess of *Elis* would understand, there was a person loved her, who she did not know. I believed also, that she would not open the Picture-case, till she were returned home, and that as she is very reserved, she would not tell the adventure to any person, and so without endangering any, I should procure my self a delectation, that would not prejudice you, and indeed never could; for the Princess could not prefer an Unknown Lover, and whom she was never to know, before a great Prince, accomplished with a thousand excellent qualities. But in fine, My Lord, (added he) to justify to you, what's past by what's to come, if I dye not by your indignation, and you will please to give me my liberty, I declare to you, that I will depart from you, never to return; and though I have no hope to be able to extinguish my love to the Princess *Elismonda*, yet that violent passion shall torment only my self, and never cause me to do any thing, either against her or you. Perhaps the same courage, which made me find a Sanctuary in your Court, may make me find another in some place whither I shall go, but as I shall seek nothing but death, when I have forsaken my Master and my Mistress, let Fortune work her pleasure upon me, I shall never repine. To conclude, my Lord, as I am not inconsiderable, so I shall not accuse you of injustice, though you are in some sort unjust towards me, for I know how extremely difficult it is, to be equitable when we love ardently. Therefore all the favor I desire of you, is, never to use any course but gentleness, to oblige the Princess *Elismonda* to render you happy. If you do otherwise, you will cause her to hate you; and if you take the sweeter course, 'tis possibly you may at length induce her to love you. Ah! *Hortensius*, (cryed *Melanthus*) the counsel you give me, has more regard to *Elismonda* than to me. However it be (answered he sighing) the counsel I give you is faithful, and I have no interest in it. After this, there was a sufficiently long silence between these two Lovers, *Melanthus* betook himself to walk in *Hortensius's* chamber, *Hortensius* leaving himself to be transported by his musings, fell into such a profound cogitation, that he took no longer notice that *Melanthus* was in his Chamber. But though *Melanthus* came to see *Hortensius* with all the indignation that a jealous and incensed Rival is capable of, part of his choler was now appeased.

It seemed to him, that *Hortensius* spoke with sincerity, and was not so culpable as he had believed him. Nevertheless, though it were so, and he was not ignorant, what great need he had of his valor and counsel, and the credit he had gained among the Souldiers, and the People, he could not resolve to keep *Hortensius* with him. For he had informed *Elismonda* himself, that *Hortensius* was amorous of her, and observed that she had very favorable inclinations towards him; and then he imagined, that if *Hortensius* had believed himself as much as in her favor as he was, he could not have contained himself in the terms he now found him in. So that considering he could not put *Hortensius* to death, and indeed now not desiring it, he looked upon his banishment as a necessary course to his own quiet, though very prejudicial to the good of his State. But as an amorous Prince is most sensible of the torment of his own mind, and desires rather the peace of his thoughts, than that of his people, he immediately resolved to give *Hortensius* liberty, on condition that he would retire himself out of that Country forthwith. As soon as he had made this resolution, returning to *Hortensius* with a different air, from that he came first with, I will believe (said he to him) all that you tell me, but in believing it, (I confess to you *Hortensius*) I can no longer confide in your Virtue; and I think I may also add, that you would be too blame, if you confided in it your self. I have without doubt, more obligation to you, than you have to me, since I have not so much as recompensed your services; but after all, I can never consent that you see *Elismonda*. Your worth and your love joyned together, give me much fear; and though you were even capable to speak to her always in my favor, and never for your self, yet you would not cease to prejudice me by that very virtue. But on the contrary, the good offices you would do me, would ruine me in her mind, and establish you there. Therefore necessity enforces me to deprive my self of all the services I might receive from you, to prevent my self from becoming perfectly miserable, and perfectly criminal. For in truth I declare to you, 'twas injustice in me to desire your death, and I know not what I shall think of, the next quarter of an hour, so much has jealousy disordered my reason! After this *Hortensius* spoke many affecting things to the Prince, insisting always to oblige him to take no other course with *Elismonda*, than that of sweetness. *Melanthus* having heard *Hortensius* with sufficient calmness, departed, after having resolv'd *Hortensius*, should be dismissed, as soon as his wounds would suffer him to travel. In the mean while, *Melanthus* to appease the people, who repined much at the imprisonment of *Hortensius*, conceded permission to several persons to see him; so that, during this interval, which was between liberty and imprisonment, many propositions were made to him, that he would take part against *Melanthus*, which he rejected with a generosity worthy of his great heart. But what satisfaction soever there be in doing what we ought, and being contented with one's self, *Hortensius* was notwithstanding very miserable; for he was deeply in love, and every instant that his health mended, hastened on his exile, and reduced into his mind, that he should never see *Elismonda*, whom he loved a thou-

sand times more than his life. On the other side, the Princess of *Elis*, who every day more hated *Melanthus* and compassionated *Hortensius*, understanding it was reported, the Prince of *Messina* would banish him, as soon as he was cured, was very much afflicted at it, thinking she lamented him only as her Protector, though without doubt her heart considered him as her Lover. In this condition she imagined, that if *Hortensius* could go over to her side, *Melanthus* would soon be overcome; she considered also, that *Hortensius* not being born a Subject to *Melanthus*, and *Melanthus* having ill treated him, he might go and put himself into *Pisa*, and turn the balance of Victory, and she was so much the more pleased with this thought for that she hoped the valor of *Hortensius*, would diminish the lustre of the Prince of *Cyparissa*'s actions, whom she did not affect. This being firm in her mind, her only care was, what course she might take to come to speak with *Hortensius*, before his departure. She communicated therefore her thoughts to *Cleontine*, who at first did not approve her design; but at length remembering that *Hortensius* drew victory with him, when he came to *Melanthus*, she believed that in the desperate estate wherein the affairs of the Princess were, it behoved to neglect nothing. For though during the *Olympick* Games the Prince of *Cyparissa* had endeavored to engage several people of *Greece*, in the interests of this Princess, yet his Negotiations were unprofitable, and ended only in proposals full of difficulties. But at length (to shorten my relation as much as I can) *Cleontine* consented to what *Elismonda* desired, and by means of one of the Officers who commanded those that guarded the Princess, they brought it about that a Letter was delivered to *Hortensius* when he was cured; for being to depart within two days, *Melanthus* kept him no longer in guard, but he went whither he pleased. This Prince was then so affected with a sense of *Hortensius*'s generosity, that in spite of his love and his jealousy, he felt the friendship which he had for him, to revive in his breast. In the meantime you must know that the Princess having absolutely gained him to her that had procured *Cleontine*'s Letter to be delivered to *Hortensius*, (for *Elismonda* would not write it) that he promised to bring him to her, if he would come. You may judge, Madam, in what condition *Hortensius* was when he was offered to be brought to the sight of the sole person of the World, whom he loved and could love. *Cleontine*'s Ticket was almost in these terms.

T Here is a person that desires to bid you Adieu, having a service to request of you, and esteeming you sufficiently, to be willing to be obliged to you.

You may easily imagine what agitation *Hortensius* felt in his breast. He had resolved never to see *Elismonda*, and resented an incredible grief for it; and he was preparing himself for his departure to go and seek his death. For in this condition a Lover always believes he cannot live. And now this afflicted Lover finds beyond his expectation the person he loves desires to see him, and requests a service from him; his heart was moved and

troubled at it; and though he changed not his sentiments, and resolved to be always faithful to his Master, yet he had not the power to refuse that which his Mistress, yea and himself too desired. He knew well that he could not go see the Princess without exposing himself to a great danger; and that if *Melanthus* should discover it, he were utterly lost: but after all, he had too much love to be afraid to die in obeying *Elismonda*. He engaged himself therefore, to come one night to one of the Gates of the Garden, where this Officer promised to let him in, and to lead him into *Cleontine's* Chamber by a back stairs. And accordingly, the evening before the intended departure of *Hortensius*, this generous Lover went to the place where he was expected, and without being perceived, was conducted into *Cleontine's* Chamber, whither *Elismonda* came also. Never did *Hortensius* feel so great trouble in his Soul as at that time. *Elismonda* on her part appeared fearful, and trembling, and though she had no Criminal intention, there was nevertheless some confusion in her eyes. *Cleontine* her self also was extremely apprehensive, least this interview should be discovered, and therefore not to lose such precious moments, seeing the Princess of *Elis* answered not to the first Complement *Hortensius* made to her, he urged her to tell him what she desired of him. Is it possible, Madam (said *Hortensius* then) that an unfortunate exile should be able to render any service to the person in the World he honors most? Yes *Hortensius* (answered *Elismonda*) you are able to do me a great service, since you need but go and put your self into *Pisa*, to cause me to reconquer my State, and regain my liberty, and crown your self with glory; for I conceive after the ingratitude *Melanthus* has shewn you, you are not restrained by honor from bearing Arms against him. Ah! Madam, (cried *Hortensius*) what do you demand of me, and how rigorous a trial do you put my virtue upon? But, in brief, Madam, (said he) before I answer directly to what you command me, I must acquaint you with the true condition of my Soul, though I had resolved never to discover it to you. But I beseech you, Madam, what presumption soever you apprehend in my words, be pleased to permit me the liberty of speaking. You shall afterwards punish me for my boldness as you please; and to oblige you to grant me this request, consider Madam, that this is the last time of my life I shall ever have the honor to speak to you, that I am departing to morrow morning never to see you more, and so I shall tell you but once that I love you more ardently then ever any person loved, and that 'tis only for that reason that I am forsaking you never to see you more. How! *Hortensius*; (interrupted *Elismonda*) I did not desire you to come hither to lose the respect you owe me; and if you continue to speak to me in the strain you have begun, you will force me to repent of the favor I do you. In the name of the gods, Madam (answered *Hortensius*) do not repent of it, consider once more that you will never see me again, and since I must of necessity refuse what you desire of me, it is very just that you hear my reasons. But if what you say were true, (replied *Elismonda* blushing) you would not refuse it; since a perfect Lover never refused any thing to the person he loved. Yet once more, Madam (said *Hortensius*)

permit me to speak what displeases you, to the end I may afterwards tell you that which justifies me. Speak it then (answered *Elismonda*) but if it be possible, do not force me to hate you as much as I esteem you. If you should hate me, Madam (replied *Hortensius*) it would be with very great injustice; for I am really worthy of all your compassion. If you will call to mind how zealous I have been with you in behalf of the Prince of *Messenia*, you will easily conceive what I have suffered, since 'tis certain, I never spoke a word to you for his advantage, which cost me not a thousand sighs. 'Tis true, the impossibility of ever becoming happy assisted my virtue in this difficulty, and to tell you yet something more considerable, 'tis also true that seeing nothing more advantageous to your interests than to marry *Melanthus*, I pressed it still rather for your own sake than his; and at present though I love you even to adoration, I still exhort you to resolve to marry him. But what do I say? (recollected this transported Lover.) No, no, Madam, I counsel you nothing; and I conjure you only to consider that what you desire of me, would dishonor me unprofitably both to your self and me, if I should obey you. For you are in *Melanthus's* power; perhaps I could make a shift to defend *Pisa*, without delivering you out of his hands; and on the contrary, I am persuaded, there is nothing more effectual to induce that Prince to the extreme violence, than to render him more unhappy than he is. And besides, Madam, suppose I should deliver you, I should do it only for the Prince of *Cyparissa*, whom I am informed you love; and the unfortunate *Hortensius* after having done an action unworthy of a man truly generous, should not render you happy, and withall see himself still an exile. For in truth, I love you enough, to be able to love you all my life without being happy; but I love you too much ever to be Spectator of the felicity of one of my Rivals. Withall, Madam, since the condition of your Fortune requires you to marry a Prince whom you love not, it would be better to marry *Melanthus*, in order to settling peace in the whole Countrey of *Elis*, (if you must marry one of the two) than by continuing the War to be obliged to marry the Prince of *Cyparissa*. Thus Madam it is necessary that the miserable *Hortensius* depart from you with the consolation of having done nothing that renders him unworthy your esteem. *Melanthus* received me generously into his Court, and as unknown as I was to all, and my self too, placed me above all the persons of quality in his Dominions. He confided in me, and has not treated me ill, but only because he loves you, and I adore you. Ha! *Hortensius* (answered *Elismonda*, blushing) *Melanthus* is greatly mistaken in believing you amorous of me; for if you loved me, you would consider, that not being born a subject to him, you might with no injury to your honor, change your side, and do what I desire. Ala's! Madam, (replied *Hortensius*) you little know what a contest tends my Soul, and what torment I suffer in denying you. Yes Madam, (added he) whatever passion I have for glory, I would not answer for my virtue, if I saw any thing in your eyes that would allow me to hope, and if I could forget that the condition of your Fortune and mine is an invincible obstacle to my

my happiness. Therefore, Madam, if you would put my generosity to the utmost trial, you must let me understand that my respectful passion does not displease you, and that it would not be impossible but I may be loved. Ha! *Hortensius* (answered she) you desire too much, and that which you request of me is much more against my glory, than what I request of you is against yours. Go therefore, go where your destiny calls you, and leave me to dye in restraint. While *Elismonda* was speaking this, there was heard a great noise upon the stairs, and a moment after, *Melanthus* was seen enter into *Cleontine's* Chamber; but with such fury in his eyes that never any man seemed so incensed. He immediately gave *Hortensius* the most sharp language that choler could inspire the most furious with: he also spoke with great indignation to *Elismonda*, and without hearing the excuses of either, commanded *Hortensius* should be remitted into prison, and the Princess of *Elis* confined so close, as not to go out of her chamber. She offered more than once to tell him, that *Hortensius* was not culpable, that it was her desire to speak with him, and that he had refused all she had requested of him, but he would understand nothing but his own fury. So his orders were obeyed, and *Hortensius* and *Elismonda*, saw themselves now more unhappy than ever. At their separation they beheld one another in so tender a manner, that they both understood at the same instant their love was attained to the highest pitch of ardor possible. This last misfortune of theirs was caused by that Officer, who introduced *Hortensius* into the Palace, which he did only out of an intention to destroy him; for that having been sometimes bred up under *Attalus*, whom *Hortensius* had slain, he was glad of an opportunity to revenge his death by such a treachery, and accordingly went and advertised *Melanthus*, that *Hortensius* was entred into *Cleontine's* Chamber. But in brief, Madam, I must pass over in few words this turn of the Fortune of these Illustrious persons, to tell you, that *Melanthus* heeding neither policy, nor humanity, nor gratitude, thought no other but to put *Hortensius* to death, whom he then lookt upon as the most unworthy and perfidious of men. And that which caused him to regard him with the greater hatred, was, that this generous Lover, out of an excess of affection to *Elismonda*, would not go about to justify himself in the manner he might have done, by producing *Cleontine's* Letter; because he feared, least if he did so, the Princes fury should be turned against the Princess of *Elis*. Thus, though he were perfectly innocent in reference to *Melanthus*, yet he was apprehended by him as most Criminal. Hereupon he kept no measure in his revenge, and without observing any form of solemnly condemning *Hortensius*, only commanded he should be put to death. But this generous prisoner being extremely well beloved, there was no haste made to execute that order; but some rumor of this bloody design being spread abroad among the people, they made an insurrection. There were also some persons of quality that put themselves in the head of the people, and endeavored to break open the prison. *Melanthus* was soon advertised of this; but instead of minding to appease this tumult by changing his orders, he rather resolved to hasten the death of *Hortensius*,

believing when things was done, the people would be appeased of themselves. But as the gods protected the innocence of this generous prisoner, he was rescued so opportunely, that had they who endeavored to force the Gates of the Tower, been but one quarter of an hour longer in becoming Masters of it, he had been lost. For they who were designed to put him to death, being entred by a back door, were already at that of his Chamber, when the incensed people seized on that of the Tower. So that he was delivered very happily; which being done, the most considerable of his deliverers told him this was not enough, but it was necessary to go and deliver *Elismonda* too. Yet *Hortensius's* generosity being always the same, he thanked them for having saved his life, and conjured them not to oblige him to draw his sword against a Prince who was his Master, exhorting them only to send to him, and require *Elismonda's* liberty; for in the disorder things then were in, he feared if he should appear amongst *Melanthus's* Enemies, that violent Prince might be so enraged as to put *Elismonda* to death. This answer did not wholly content his liberators, though his virtue occasioned their admiration. Therefore they left him under the Guard of a small number of people, and were carried with an ardor, of which they were no longer Masters, to set upon the Princes Palace. Then it was, that fury wholly ingrossed *Melanthus's* mind, and understanding *Hortensius* was saved, he apprehended being destroyed himself. Yet being courageous, he put himself in a readiness for defence, but as he was marching in the head of his followers, he commanded aloud two or three of his attendants, that in case himself were slain, they should the same hour kill *Elismonda*, to the end *Hortensius* might be deprived of the seeing of her after his death; and after this fatal order, he went to the place where the fight was sharpest. In the mean while this hideous news being brought to *Hortensius*, this generous Lover no sooner heard it, but out of fear lest *Melanthus's* death might cause that of *Elismonda*, he took up a resolution to defend his life, who so lately endeavored to put him to death; in order to which, he quitted himself from those that guarded him, and went to the place where the fight was. *Melanthus* having at first repelled the people, was then in a large place before his Palace, when *Hortensius* arriving with his Sword in his hand, broke through the multitude, and getting near the Prince of *Messenia*, I come (said he to him) to defend the life of *Elismonda* by defending yours, and to force you to repent of your cruelty. This courageous action so astonished all that beheld it, that it suspended the hatred and fury of both parties; after which, *Hortensius* addressing to those that had delivered him, my dear Liberators (said he to them) save *Melanthus's* life, to save that of *Elismonda*. *Melanthus* instead of being mollified by these words, was yet more enraged, and beholding *Hortensius* fiercely, Ha! Caitiffe (said he to him) I will not owe my life a second time to you; and since you have taught me to be ungrateful, receive the death I give you. In saying which he made a great blow at *Hortensius*, who avoided it by drawing back, not willing to return it, as he might have done. 'Tis true, he had nothing now to do, but to mind his

his own revenge; for *Hortensius* being beloved by both parties, and the action he did, being extremely noble and generous, they which were on *Melanthus's* side defended him more faintly, and they of the other environed him with such precipitation, that he was taken and carried to the Tower, where *Hortensius* had been prisoner, who was not able to hinder it from being otherwise. Yet telling those that guarded the Prince, that it behoved them to preserve his life, for the safety of *Elismonda's*, who was in the hands of people that depended on him, he went in the head of the party of the seditious to the place where *Elismonda* was prisoner, whither also the Ministers of *Melanthus's* cruelty already were come. But as they beheld the party coming against them, and *Hortensius*, in the head of those that were going to beat down the gates, they were struck with amazement, and believing *Melanthus* dead, instead of betaking themselves to obey the orders he had given them, sought to escape away, and saved themselves by a postern gate. But the Officer who had betrayed *Hortensius* and *Elismonda*, coming to this place, made all the resistance he could with some of his Souldiers; but *Hortensius* having slain him, the rest fled, and this illustrious *Veientine* presently saw the fair *Elismonda* in his power. Yet his Virtue continued firm in this conjuncture, between what he owed to *Melanthus*, and what he owed to *Elismonda*; for without attributing any thing to himself in this action, you see, Madam, (said he addressing to her) your Subjects are faithful to you; but I beseech you remember, if they restore you to liberty, the Prince of *Messenia* has well treated you, and that owing my life to the Princess *Andronice*, I ought to take care for the preservation of that of the Prince her Brother. Send therefore your orders, Madam, (continued this illustrious *Veientine*) to those who have carried him to the Tower, where I was prisoner, to the end they do him no violence. You shew me so great an example of generosity (answered she) that I am unwilling to contradict you; but *Hortensius* (added the Princess) since I may believe I am free——As she was speaking this, they heard the noise of a thousand confused voices after which, one of the principal Inhabitants of *Elis*, came to inform *Elismonda*, that the Prince of *Messenia* was rescued, as he was leading to the Tower, where they intended to put him; that he had routed those that guarded him, and maugre the valor of those that had taken him, one of his attendants having given him a Horse, he had saved himself, and took the way towards the Camp, followed with a small party of his own, the Inhabitants of *Elis* having, in this sedition cut the rest to pieces. So that (continued this Citizen) there are no more enemies at least left in the City; and provided the valiant *Hortensius* will not forsake us, we hope notwithstanding our City being destitute of Walls, to defend our selves courageously against so furious an enemy. *Elismonda*, who knew what *Hortensius's* sentiments were, beheld him as a person that dared not answer. But this generous Lover, after having made a great violence upon himself, If you should be defended, Madam, (said he sighing) only by a Traytor, the gods would abandon you,

and therefore 'tis better I should abandon you, and betake my self to my duty. For *Melanthus* has had grounds to believe me culpable, and his cruelty is innocent towards me: so that if you please, I must follow my resolution, and go find that Prince. I leave you at liberty, in a City that is yours, and if the action I am going to do, restore me to any favor with *Melanthus*, I will imploy it only to oblige him to make peace with you, and leave you in tranquillity. *Hortensius* spoke this with so sad an aspect; that all that beheld him, had their hearts much affected with it; *Elismonda* her self, admired the generosity which excited indignation in her, and was so astonished at it, that she was not able to speak half her thoughts. But at length, *Hortensius*, notwithstanding all *Elismonda's* importunities to divert him, went to find *Melanthus*; but as he was going, he found him engaged in a very unequal fight, against a party of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was there in person, and by his exemplary valor redoubled the courage of his Soldiers. The arrival of *Hortensius* caused an alteration in the face of things; *Melanthus* was already wounded when he arriv'd, and his forces put to the rout. But *Hortensius* joyning with the Prince of *Messenia*, who was infinitely amazed at this grand action, disengaged him from five or six that environed him, encountered with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, wounded and took him prisoner, and turned the Victory to the party of a Prince, who had intended to take away his life the same day. 'Tis true, *Melanthus* was not in a condition to enjoy his own, for through the extraordinary agitation and heat of his spirits, and rage of his mind, his wound though not very great of it self, became mortal by reason of the bad temper of his body at that time, so that the next morning his life was despaired of. But for that his reason was still free, this action of *Hortensius* inclined him to believe what he alledged for his innocence; and this Prince, as violent as he was, expressed a thousand obligations to him, and desiring to understand the truth of his condition, he no sooner was told the approaching of his fate, but he caused *Hortensius* to be call'd, who being come, jealousy remaining in his heart, even to death, he constrained him to promise him, never to deliver the Prince of *Cyparissa*, but on condition; that he should not marry *Elismonda*, and then told him, that he would declare him his Successor, provided he would marry *Andronice*. *Hortensius* whose great soul was never at a loss, told him, He would undoubtedly do his utmost, to hinder the Prince of *Cyparissa* from marrying *Elismonda*, but as for what related to the Princess *Andronice*, he conjured him to leave the Sovereignty to her; as for himself, he was resolved to dye a thousand times for her service, and content himself with the glory he should have in serving her. *Melanthus* then knowing, that *Hortensius's* love to *Elismonda*, was that, that hindred him from accepting his offer, was despighted at it; so that he turned away rudely to the other side, and continued some time without speaking. The approaches of death changing nothing in the sentiments of this exasperated Lover, he caused the Commanders of his Forces to be assembled (for they had carried him to the Camp) and told them, that

that he commanded them to obey *Hortensius*, and acknowledge him for their Prince, in case he would Marry *Andronice*, hoping Ambition at length would tempt his Rivals mind, and call him off from his love to *Elismonda*. After which, his reason failing him, he dyed the night following. You may judge Madam, what a change his death caused in affairs; the Princess of *Elis* saw now, that her safety depended on *Hortensius*; for the Prince of *Cyparissa* was a Prisoner, and she had none to defend her interests, if the *Messenians* would carry on their Conquests. But when she was informed of the declaration *Melantbus* had made to *Hortensius*, she resented extream trouble at it, because, knowing of all the predictions, which assured he was to reign in some place; she doubted least he would accept what was offered him, and to be a Sovereign, marry *Andronice*, and renounce his love to her self. So that the secret inclination she had for him, excited a perplexity in her heart, that sufficiently resembled a violent love, though she concealed her sentiments. After *Hortensius*, to whom all *Melantbus's* Army submitted without scruple, had performed the last duties to the Prince of *Messenia*, he assembled the Officers of the Army, and declared to them, that he would be the first to obey the Princess *Andronice*, and so would accept the glory of commanding them only, till she were at liberty. After which, he sent to the Princess *Elismonda*, to request her permission to speak with the Princess *Andronice*, conjuring her, not to refuse him a thing which might possibly produce peace. This proposition augmented the jealousy of *Elismonda*; but the generosity of her heart not suffering her to discover it, she granted what *Hortensius* desired. Accordingly this interview was made in a Temple dedicated to the Nymph *Gonniades*, which stands between *Pisa* and the place where *Hortensius* was incamped. I shall omit to tell you, Madam, all that was spoken in this interview, because it would be too tedious. At first *Hortensius* comforted *Andronice*, for the death of *Melantbus*, he related matters to her as they had passed, and acknowledged to her the love he had to *Elismonda*; and then coming to the declaration *Melantbus* had made in his favor, I protest to you, Madam, (said he) though I were not prepossessed with an affection to the Princess *Elismonda*, and had a whole heart to give you, the respect alone I have for you, would cause me to serve my self no farther with this declaration, than to settle the Sovereign power in your hands, without ever desiring to oblige you to do for me, more than your own inclination should induce you to. But since I am unfortunate, and born only to be so, it is fit Madam, you would please to appoint me what I ought to do, in relation to your liberty; I know I owe my life to you, and consequently ought to do all for you; but Madam, if you continue the War, I shall be the most miserable person in the World; for I have as great a love for *Elismonda*, as I have friendship for you, if the respect I bear you may permit me to speak so. Judge therefore Madam, in what a condition, I am. Withall, as you are good, equitable, and generous, give your self the trouble of considering the State of my Soul and my Fortune, and then command sovereignly, what you would

have me do; and be assured if it prove such as my heart cannot obey, I shall have recourse to death, for I should hold my self unworthy to live if I were able, not to do a thing you desired of me. *Andronice* heard this discourse of *Hortensius* calmly, and having only a friendship for him, and that very tender and generous, she judged of his proceeding without prejudice, and found it perfectly noble and gallant. So that she gave great testimonies to his merit, and conjured him to deliver her without making War, and negotiate an Interview for her with *Elismonda*. Accordingly, *Hortensius* being returned to the Camp, and desiring the same of the Princess *Elismonda*, she went to *Pisa*, where she was received with many significations of joy. As soon as she was there, she went with all speed to visit *Andronice*, out of a desire to know *Hortensius's* resolution. But when *Andronice*, who was desirous to serve *Hortensius*, told her, the love he had for her, restrained him from accepting what the late Prince of *Messenia* had offered, and that her self well approved the action, she resumed her former dearness to the Princess of *Messenia*. Thus peace was soon concluded between these two fair Princesses, excluding the Prince of *Cyparissa*, whose friends they judged would cross their design. Yet *Andronice* told *Elismonda*, it depended on her to alter the Prince of *Cyparissa's* sentiments; for (continued she) when he visited me very civilly, after my coming to *Pisa*, I have heard him say a hundred times, that if he firmly believed you loved some other, he should not love you more, being persuaded 'tis possible to love eternally, even without being loved again, provided the Lady who is loved, loves none at all, but that love ought to be given over, when 'tis known she does. So that it needs only to make him believe you love *Hortensius*, in order to curing him of his passion. The remedy is something difficult (answered *Elismonda*, blushing,) and 'tis requisite to endeavor the finding out some other. But not to amuse you longer, Madam, they began to propose a peace; the Prince of *Cyparissa's* friends at first opposed it, desiring *Elismonda* would promise to marry him when he should be free. But to finish this adventure gloriously for *Hortensius*, the Inhabitants of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia*, remembering the obligation they had to *Hortensius*, having understood his high descent, and the advantageous predictions made of him, believed they could do nothing more advantageous for their Country, than to oblige *Elismonda* to marry him; wherefore they sent Delegates to her, to importune her to give them *Hortensius* for their Sovereign; but though what they required was very acceptable to her, yet she would not grant it to those Delegates, because she would leave her self to be persuaded only by *Hortensius*. So there was a sufficiently long negotiation, at the end of which *Andronice* went to reign in *Messenia*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* had liberty to return into his own Country, whither he went cured of his passion, when he understood *Hortensius* was loved, and as for *Elismonda*, by the consent of the people of *Elis*, she married *Hortensius* in the Temple of *Olympia*, in which, some days before the peace had been sworn. Since that, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who had

had an high esteem of *Andronice*, and was also much esteemed by him, has married her, and renewed Alliance with *Hortensius*, though he was his Rival. Thus the Son of the wife *Mamilius*, came to reign in *Elis*, and reigns there still with very great satisfaction and glory; and the fair *Elismonda*, who at present is at the age in which beauty is at perfection, accounts her self absolutely happy in having married a person

whose affection is alike ardent and durable.

Merigenes held his peace after this, and it being late, the company told him they would thank him the next day for the pleasure he had given them by his Relation, and that in the mean time, *Herminius* should be encharged to uniform *Valerius*, of as much as was necessary for him to know, of the adventures of *Hortensius*.

The end of the First Book of the Fourth Part.

Ppp

CLELIA

ANNO

CLELIA.

A

Romane History.

The Fourth Part.

The Second BOOK.



Erminius, who was the most exact of all men, did not fail to go and give *Valerius* an account of what he had learnt, concerning *Hortensius*. At which time he found him imployd in attending to a Spie, who had been sent to *Veii*, and reported that the *Veientes*,

being naturally superstitious, and credulous to the dictates of their *Augurs*, had conceiv'd great hopes their City should one day become Mistress of *Rome*, if they could but preserve a Figure of Earth, of admirable workmanship, which *Tarquin* had heretofore caus'd a famous Sculptor of *Veii* to make, with design to place the same on the top of *Jupiter's* Temple, when it should be finish'd. This Superstitious opinion was occasion'd by a pretension of the Artist that made that excellent Figure, who affirm'd, that it was become greater than he had form'd it, since it was out of the Mould wherein he cast it; of which increas'd extension he was able to comprehend no reason. He protested also, that it was become as hard as Marble, without the assistance of fire: upon which event the *Augurs* reasoning according to their manner, assur'd that they who had this Figure in their power, should become Masters of their neighbors. This information being given *Valerius*, who had caus'd the Temple of *Jupiter* to be finish'd, since the ejection of *Tarquin*, he determin'd to send a Herald to *Veii*, upon pretext of demanding that Figure, and offering to pay the price of it, for which *Tarquin* had agreed with the Sculptor that made it. Not, that he believ'd the happiness of *Rome*, depended on an Earthen piece of work, but he was glad of the occasion to send to *Veii*, to procure the deliverance of *Horatius*, who was capable of doing *Rome* considerable service; which likewise having been recommended to him by *Clelius*, he was unwilling to neglect any thing in order to

it: for though he were friend to *Aronces*, yet he judg'd he should not disoblige him by delivering his Rival, since himself had been generous enough not to discover him to *Tarquin*. Nevertheless, he first consulted with the other Consul, touching his design, by whose approbation it was ratifi'd. So a Herald was dispatch'd to *Veii*, with instructions how to effect the business; but whatever offer he made to purchase the Figure he desir'd, he was absolutely refus'd. On the contrary, the City payd the Artist that made it, his full reward, and declar'd that that Figure having been made by *Tarquin's* order, should be deliver'd to none but that Prince, and that when he should have conquer'd his Kingdom. After which the Herald, according to his instructions, gave them to understand, that he whom they had sent to *Rome*, and order'd to go from thence to *Elis*, was taken prisoner; which very much surpris'd them, and they were so vehemently desirous to deliver him, that they offer'd to exchange several prisoners for him. The Herald taking advantage of this occasion, and the friendship *Mamilius* profess'd to the father of *Clelia*, acted with such dexterity, that he procur'd the slave of *Mamilius*, and three others to be deliver'd for that *Veientine*, who had been seiz'd at *Rome*. And this too with such dispatch, that in three daies the exchange was made, and *Horatius* return'd to *Rome*, with more joy than he durst have hop'd for; for upon his arrival there, he understood that *Clelius* was perswaded, *Octavius* receiv'd his wound from the hand of *Aronces*, that this generous Rival was prisoner in the Isle of *Saules*, that the affection of *Clelius* towards himself resum'd new strength, and that the second Consul was his Relation. Indeed his joy abated upon his first interview with *Clelia*, for he found her deportment so cold towards him, that it was easie for him to understand his return afflicted her. For after he had been to wait upon the Consuls, and render them thanks for the care they had to deliver

P p p 2 him,

him, he went to the house of *Clelius*, who expressing his satisfaction to see him by affectionate embraces, conducted him to the chamber of *Sulpicia*, and there left him, not judging it meet to lead him to that of *Octavius*, who, he knew well did not affect him, for fear of augmenting his distemper, which then began to decline. But *Sulpicia* likewise having no great kindness for *Horatius*, testifi'd no excessive gratulation to him for his liberty; though out of her respect to *Clelius*, she receiv'd him very civilly; but as for *Clelia*, her discontent appear'd in her eyes, as soon as she beheld him. Within a few moments after, some Ladies being arriv'd there, who diverted *Sulpicia*, he approach'd this fair Lady, and addressing to her, I perceive, Madam, (said he to her) my liberty is not very acceptable to you, and that if your vows had been heard, *Aronces* should now have been here, and I still at *Veii*: But however when you shall know that I owe my life a second time to my Rival, you will perhaps, be generous enough not to desire my death. To teach me generosity (answer'd *Clelia* coldly) it would be requisite you were generous your self, and having so many obligations to *Aronces*, would courageously resolve to pretend no longer to my affection; since I have already given it him for my whole life. If it were possible to love without desiring to be lov'd Madam, (reply'd *Horatius*) I protest I would not detract the doing of any thing whatsoever, to follow your counsels; but being the affection of a person lov'd, is desir'd with indispensable necessity, it is not possible for me to renounce yours, and testifie such a kind of gratitude to a Rival, who can never attain to be happy; all I am able to do, is to continue in the bounds I have prescrib'd my self, to endeavour to surpass him only in virtue: and to manifest that I act not like a fierce enemy, but as a generous Lover obliged to his Rival; I declare to you, that he is worthy of the glory which he possesses, that he loves you with as high an ardor as he is capable of, though in a degree inferior to mine, and that if Fortune were favourable to his Love, you ought to prefer him above all the rest of the world. But in the present State of affairs, it is obvious for you to judge, that though you should have absolutely resolv'd to suffer me to die miserable, he is never likely to live happy. No question, but I am ignorant of what *Aronces* destiny will prove (answer'd *Clelia*) but this I know, that if I cannot be his, I will never be any other persons in the world. Ah! Madam (said he to her with extream resentment) leave the future in the secret of the gods, content your self with telling me that you love me not, and adding moreover cruelly, that you love *Aronces*; but pronounce not so severe a sentence against me in favour of a Rival, who, as I have already said, can never be happy, though I should be perpetually miserable. For, in brief, Madam, you are too intelligent not to know that *Clelius* will never give his Daughter to the Son of a Protector of *Tarquin*, though *Porfenna* himself should consent to the love of *Aronces*, of which nevertheless there is no appearance. Wherefore then will you bereave of hope an unhappy person that adores you, that repents himself of his first violences, and who persists in a resolution he has taken, never to injure his Rival, but in aspiring to be, if possible for him, more vir-

tuous than he. If you are really intended to approve your Love to me by the greatness of your virtue (reply'd *Clelia*) promise me you will draw no yoadvantage from the kindness my Father has for you, and that if he should become so minded, as to be willing to enforce me to marry you you will never consent to it. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Horatius*) you improve your cruelty too high; and though I believe not I can ever be capable to suffer that you should be constrain'd to render me happy, yet I cannot obtain of my self to promise you to resist *Clelius*, if he desire I should be so. Then never speak to me henceforth (answer'd *Clelia*) but in the presence of *Clelius*, and prepare your self to be as hated by me, as you were formerly upon the Lake of *Tbrasydene*. Well, Madam (said he to her) I promise you, I will never be happy against your pleasure; but promise me likewise that you will permit me to endeavour to persuade you, that 'tis an extream injustice to repell me from the enjoym't of a happiness, he that is most worthy of it can never possess. I have already at another time told you (answer'd *Clelia*) that 'tis impossible any thing should ever arrive to render you happy, as long as my affection is necessary to your felicity. But I will again repeat it to you, with all the sincerity of a generous person. Be confident therefore, that should *Aronces* dye; or prove unfaithful, or should ambition dispossess me out of his heart; I could never be capable of a second affection. Perhaps I might hate him if he had betray'd me; or at least have some sentiments of hatred against him, (for those are two different things) but to love any other besides him, is to be reckon'd amongst impossibilities. I am of opinion, that without prejudice to innocence, Love may be once in our Lives entertain'd of that nature, wherewith I affect *Aronces*, but as for second affections, I confess to you *Horatius*, I look upon all those with contempt that are capable of them. Prepare your self therefore courageously never to be lov'd by me, if so be you are not contented with my esteem and friendship, which at things I can dispense amongst all persons worthy of them. Ah! Madam (said he to her) wherefore must you give me so great cause of admiration at the same time you wound me with so deep a sorrow? but 'tis in vain, (added he) that you require me to promise you any thing, since I am not Master of my own sentiments, and I cannot perform to my self the promises that I make. I change my resolution a hundred times in an hour; I will love, I will hate, I will forget; and after all these agitations, I find that all I resent is nothing but love, which disguises it self to aggravate my torment. Let us therefore leave the care of the future to those that are Masters of it: for your self know, Madam, what you have formerly wish'd, and what you now desire, but yet you cannot warrant what you may desire one day. There sometimes happen Revolutions, which in spite of our selves carry us whither we never thought of going; and to speak according to universal experience, we can never foresee any passion with certainty. Hatred, love, jealousy, anger, and ambition, arise in our breasts when they are not expected; they always surprize all those of whom they become absolute Mistresses; and 'tis principally for this reason, that it is a matter of so great difficulty to defend our selves from them. Do not therefore so firmly assure

assure your self, Madam, of your own sentiments, and give me leave at least to believe that it is not absolutely impossible, but that I may one day be happy; for should I not believe so, perhaps virtue would abandon me at the same time with hope. *Clelia* was going to answer, when a great noise was heard in the street that led towards the *Sublician* bridge, which was within the prospect of *Clelius's* house. Whereupon, as in time of War, every kind of noise excites curiosity, the Ladies who were with *Sulpicia*, desiring to see what the cause of it was, interrupted *Horatius*, and forc'd him to look out with the rest, to discover the occasion of so great a stir among the people. The windows were no sooner open, but they beheld a magnificent Chariot upon the *Sublician* bridge, (in which was a man of a very graceful aspect, richly cleath'd with a wreath of Myrtle upon his head) which in spight of all the resistance of him that manag'd it, came with such violence that it overthrew every thing that obstructed its passage. For hurrying impetuously before the Guards which stood at the end of the Bridge, it pass'd rapidly till before the Gate of *Clelius's* house, where it overturn'd; but by good fortune, he that was the Master of it, receiv'd no hurt, and got clear from the fall of the Chariot, the Axel-tree of which broke in that place. As soon as *Horatius* beheld him, he knew him to be a Nephew of *Mamilius*, at whose house he had been captive at *Veii*, and who was an especial friend to *Clelius*: So that not being able to divine what this adventure meant, nor to behold the relation of a person, by whom he had been favourably treated, in that condition, without offering to do him some good office, he inform'd *Sulpicia* what he was, and went to embrace him very obligingly; for, during the few days he had been at *Veii*, he was very familiar with him. When *Horatius* had made himself known to this young *Veientine*, whose name was *Tellanus*, he led him to *Sulpicia*, who receiv'd him very civilly. Being a person of much gallantry, he desir'd pardon of the Ladies, for appearing before them with a Crown upon his head; and to satisfy the curiosity of the company, who requested it of him, he told them that the people of *Veii*, the better to testify their averfeness, to deliver to the *Romans* that rare Figure which *Tarquin* had caus'd to be made, with intention to place it upon the top of *Jupiter's* Temple, had propos'd it for the principal Prize, at a magnificent race of Chariots, which they appointed without their City. The race being accordingly ended, and he having gain'd the prize, which was set up at the end of the Course, to excite those that were to run, as he was going to receive the guerdon of his Victory, after he had been crown'd, his Horses were terrifi'd in such sort, without any apparent cause of that affrightment, that they hurried him, maugre all his reluctance, to the place where his Chariot was overturn'd, nor could he tell, by what miracle it was not broken before he arriv'd at *Rome*. But in conclusion (added *Tellanus* at the end of his relation) I do no longer complain of my adventure, since I am arriv'd in a place, where I find so many fair persons. with so great civility. As he was speaking thus *Clelius* enter'd, who understanding the person he beheld was Nephew to *Mamilius*, receiv'd him with great expressions of civility. He de-

fin'd him that he would make his house his residence, and gave order to his domesticks, to take care of his Chariot. In the mean time, for that it was important the Consuls should be inform'd of what had happened, *Horatius* took that charge upon him; but the next morning there came a Herald in the name of the *Veientines*, to offer the *Romans*, to deliver the Figure demanded by them; for their *Augurs* being consulted, concerning all the accidents that befell them, the adventure which was arriv'd to *Tellanus*, who could not enjoy the prize of his victory, caus'd them to think that the gods would be provok'd against them, if they did not deliver it. But it being resolv'd *Tellanus* should not be deliver'd till the Figure were brought to *Rome*, he for some time increas'd the noble company, which was every day at the house of *Valeria*, whither *Horatius* led him. Being young and gallant, the humour of *Plotina* pleas'd him infinitely, from the first hour he saw her, and as if there had been some project of Fate to bring it so to pass, that this amiable Virgin should see all her Lovers together, *Perfander*, who went to *Ardea* some daies before, return'd back, and brought two of his friends, who were her passionate adorers. There arriv'd also at *Rome*, a man of *Metapont*, named *Damon*, who extremely lov'd her, and who was become amorous of her, during a residence of six months, he had made at *Ardea*. But as for this last, though he was a person of ingenuity, probity, and honour, yet he was one of those well-meaning people, whose conversation affords not much divertisement. He was likewise one of those, who in matters of Religion affect all novelties, or extraordinary singularities; who rather believe that which seems impossible, than that which is profitable, and are very zealous in defending what they do not understand, only because they imagine they do. For this man had so ardently embrac'd the opinion of *Pythagoras*, that he accounted those extravagant, who did not believe, that souls continually transmigrate out of some bodies into other bodies. *Amilcar* now beholding four Rivals at once about his Mistress, was not remiss, but acquitted himself better than any other from this perplexity, which contributed to render the conversation, much more agreeable than usual; for one of *Plotina's* Lovers named *Acrisus*, was a person more loquacious than ever any other was; *Sicinius* spoke almost not at all, *Tellanus* discours'd agreeably of every thing, and *Damon* extremely affect'd to speak of his own Sect. Whereby, when *Amilcar* found all his Rivals with *Plotina*, there was none of them, whose conversation was not divertising; as *Amilcar's* pleasant humour order'd it: and when they were not there, he diverted himself yet more admirably, sometimes imitating the silence of the one, sometimes by speaking too much as the other, and sometimes pleasantly examining all the opinions of the new Sect of *Pythagoras*. By which means, he prejudic'd his Rivals, and pleasantly entertain'd his Mistress, without vexation to himself. One day amongst the rest, *Acrisus* talk'd so much, and to so little purpose; and *Sicinius* spoke so little, that both of them were extremely tedious, for they were with *Plotina* one after the other, who complain'd agreeably of them to *Amilcar*, who came to wait upon her after they were departed. I beseech

beseech you (said she to him) promise me two things I have to request of you; one, that you will not speak so much, but that I may have liberty to interpose a word if I desire it; and the other, that I may not be oblig'd to speak continually, but that you will sometimes partake in my discourse; for I have seen two men to day, of which, one would not permit me to speak one word, and the other did not speak four to me. I easily conjecture (answer'd *Amilcar*) that *Acrisius* and *Sicinus* came to wait upon you; but amiable *Plotina*, since you have experienc'd both those imperfections, tell me, I beseech you, which is the most insupportable, to the end I may know which most to avoid, I assure you (reply'd she) that both of them were very troublesome to me; for 'tis a thing very disgustful, to see a conversation stifled every moment. As for my part (added she smiling) I should as soon choose to attend the sacred fire of the Vestals, as to be oblig'd to entertain such people, who supply nothing to conversation, which always requires new arguments, and who are profest enemies to long sentences, and scarce ever speak any thing more than Yes or No, and sometimes to spare the pains of pronouncing a syllable, make a little sign with their head, to testify that they understand you: In good earnest (continued *Plotina*) I know nothing more tedious than that kind of profound silence, which happens every moment between two persons, of which one is mute and reserv'd. Silence in all other occasions, is not without something of pleasantness, but in this it is fastidious, and there is no noise so disagreeable but satisfies me better. Seriously (answer'd *Amilcar*) the noise of those incessant speakers, is as troublesome, as the silence of those that speak but little; and, if you will consider it, you will find it as inconvenient. For is there any thing more irksome, than to hear the great number of falsties and impertinences, uttered by those perpetual discourfers; since 'tis not to be doubted, but they who speak excessively, are not over-scrupulous of relating untruths, or at least, such matters as do not countervail attention. But the inconvenience is, that these people, at the same time they make their long Narratives, which might perhaps be dispens'd with, hinder others from speaking such things, as are desir'd to be known. For *Acrisius*, *Sicinus*, *Tellanus*, and my self, were yesterday together upon the banks of *Tiber*: and as the curiosity of *Tellanus* induced him to enquire of me exactly, in what place the Founders of *Rome* had mark'd out the first Trench of their City, when I was going to answer him, and began to tell him, *Romulus* — *Acrisius* interrupted me; and seven times one after another, like the best echo in the world, I attempted again to speak, and pronounc'd only *Romulus*, not being able to continue my answer to *Tellanus*, who could not refrain from smiling at my obstinacy and my patience. But at length it was necessary to yield to *Acrisius*, and resolve to hear him, though his discourse might well have been spar'd for all his life-time; for, besides that, as I said before, they who speak too much, are subject to speak untruths, or impertinencies: the subjects of their discourse are frequently fastidious and disgustful. The means to avoid these defects, by those who have not sufficient judgement, is, to permit them to speak who

are in presence, to understand that society ought to be free, that tyranny is insupportable in conversation, that every one has his part and right to speak in his turn; and lastly, that this can never be, without the attention of those that hear, and unless they who speak well, may have the privilege to speak more than others. As *Amilcar* was speaking this *Valeria* and *Cesonia* enter'd, and a little while after *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and *Zenocrates*. *Plotina* seeing present so many capable Judges of the subject of her discourse with *Amilcar*, told them the disgust she had in the entertainment of *Acrisius*, who was too full of words, and of *Sicinus* who was too reserv'd; desiring them to deliver their opinions upon these two defects. For my part, who am an un-active person, (said *Valeria*) I think I should rather choose to speak too little than too much. You have reason (added *Cesonia*) for though Women are generally charg'd with being excessively loquacious, yet I look upon a great talker of our Sex, as more troublesome than one that is so of the other. For when women are given to affect much speaking, their discourse is usually nothing but a mass of trifles, and superfluous words, which are very disgustful to such as have any measure of judgement and understanding: For my part (said *Amilcar* smiling) I am not of your opinion; for when such a great talker is young and fair, and makes not uncomely faces in speaking, but on the contrary, shews her white teeth, and ruddy Lips, I hear her with less pain than over-talkative men, whose audacious and insolent aspect as much offends the eyes, as their long-winded discourse the ears. As for me (said *Herminius*) who do not condemn silence at all times, I confess I would not be a great Speaker; but in others, I should better comply with a man who was always speaking, than one who must always be spoken to. I assure you (said *Horatius*) that though all the world speaks, few people know how they ought to do it. You have reason, without doubt (answer'd *Herminius*) and I dare maintain, there is scarce any thing, about which men universally agree, unless it be that Health is a Good; Beauty it self is not exempt from contestation; Riches are lookt upon as noxious instruments; the Arts and Sciences are placed by some, in the rank of things uncertain and dubious; Physick, whose object is the restitution of health, and prolongation of life, is yet accounted by some people a dangerous Art, that does more mischief than benefit; so true, is it, that weakness and uncertainty reigns in the minds of mankind. Some approve the same that others condemn, and there is scarce any thing extoll'd and commended by one, but is as much decry'd and deprecated by another. So some believe, that speaking little is a defect, others, that speaking very much is a perfection; some, that to speak elegantly, is to speak bombastick words; others, that to speak well, is to speak naturally, and with facility; some affirm, only choice and select words ought to be us'd, and others, that we ought to speak negligently in avoidance of affectation; without considering that affected negligence is the worst of all. There are some likewise who are of opinion, that to speak well, it is requisite to speak with the same exactness that Books are written in; whilst others on the contrary, to avoid this defect, speak as impolitely as the

the Vulgar; without observing, that all excess is equally condemnable; and that if it be dangerous to speak too well, it is no less to speak extremely ill. But as I understand, there is a thing in Language generally and deservedly blam'd by all the world, namely, a fustian dialect and obscurity; since 'tis true, that whosoever attends, desires to comprehend what is spoken to him; and whosoever speaks, is oblig'd to make himself intelligible. No doubt, *Herminius* has reason (answer'd *Zenocrates*) when he saies, the Coyners of bombast words are condemn'd by all the world. Yet there are abundance of that profession (said *Plotina*) but, which I wonder at more, I know several sorts of people addis'd to it, and some amongst them not absolutely un-ingenuous. That is not to be doubted (answer'd *Herminius*) and hence it proceeds, that there are divers sorts of gibbrish. But can you give any reasonable cause (said *Plotina*) why people that have some measure of wit, do not express themselves purely and clearly without intricacy? Most certainly (answer'd *Herminius*) they are such people whose thoughts sometimes, come near to the understanding of matters, but their words so intricate their conceptions, that it cannot be conjectur'd, what they would have understood: There are others, (added *Zenocrates*) whose expressions are bad, only by reason they do not understand themselves; and they are not only put to seek the words they would utter, but the things they would apprehend. You see then (reply'd *Herminius*) I am not destitute of reason, when I assert the multiplicity of bad language and gibbrish. For the people I mentioned first, are obscure in their discourses, only because they choose not out the words which might express their thoughts; and the second mentioned by *Zenocrates*, are so, only because their thoughts being confus'd, there is no expression that suits with them, and can make them intelligible. There are also some sorts of innocent gibbrish, (if I may so speak) of which some are capable of being amended. For I know some persons, who to show the vividness and promptness of their fancies, give not leisure to those that speak to them, to finish what they intended. Whereby endeavouring to make unfutable supplies by conjecture, they interrupt the course of them that were speaking; and speaking themselves with precipitation, they seem to answer before any thing is perfectly propounded to them; since a person, who has not wholly ended what he was about to speak, has as yet spoken nothing upon which to ground a pertinent answer, the last words of a discourse not rarely overthrowing the beginning of it. Thus it almost always falls out, that these people who interrupt others so peremptorily, and interpose their unseasonable supplements, speak things without sense, and cause a strange intricacy, though otherwise their apprehensions be sufficiently clear. For my particular (said *Valeria*) I know some obscure clouded speakers, the occasion of whose fault is, that their minds are distracted; for not attending well to what is spoken to them, and through custom, not awaiting to answer, they usually acquit themselves after an ill manner. There are likewise certain gibbrish speakers, who become such out of an affectation to seem subtle, and imagine, that not expressing themselves clearly, is the

way to be accounted owners of deep judgements and great abilities. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I know there are persons of both Sexes, from whom sometimes discourses proceed not warrantable in sense, and that only because they desire to be the first that use those new-coyned words which chance introduces, and the humor of the world makes currant for a while, and which sometimes are authoris'd by time and custom; for these people not knowing the true signification of the new modish words, place them impertinently, and oftentimes speak the contrary to what they intend to express. There are also others (answer'd *Herminius*) who understand not what they say, because having resolv'd to speak confidently of every thing, they venture with a very mean wit, to speak of certain things, which can never be rightly spoken of, unless they be well learnt before. In the mean times 'tis much a greater shame to pretend a sufficiency without reality, than to be judiciously silent, and to confess ignorance of the things that are debated of. I beseech you (said *Plotina*) let us leave these gibbrish speakers, who are unworthy the notice and minding of so many persons, that speak so handsomely and clearly; and let us only consider those who speak either too much or too little; for as for my self, I confess the latter seem so troublesome themselves, by occasioning the trouble of others, that I should chuse rather to speak too much than too little, since, at least, by importuning my friends, I should divert my self. Though it seem not possible (answer'd *Horatius*) to be of an opinion contrary to yours, without undertaking a bad side, yet I shall not forbear to declare once more, that I like rather to speak too little than too much, that nevertheless, I should sometimes fancy the conversation of a loquacious person, more than that of one that seem'd almost perpetually tongue ty'd. For it may indeed happen oft-times, that a man who speaks not much, may have a good capacity, but it can scarce ever happen that one who speaks too much, is indu'd with a tolerable judgement. True (said *Amilcar*) but withal it does not often happen that those who almost wholly decline speaking, are owners of much wit; and on the other side, it is frequently enough seen, that a great talker is sufficiently ingenuous, for 'tis my opinion, that wit has a resemblance with fire, and so cannot but discover it self in some manner or other, where ever there is any of it. Yet great men have been seen (answer'd *Horatius*) that have not affected speaking. 'Tis true (reply'd *Herminius*) but then they have manifested their wit in their writings or actions, if not by their words; for I concur with *Amilcars* sentiment, that wit cannot absolutely be conceal'd, but must of necessity make it self apparent. Yet we may see great Princes, great Philosophers, great Poets, great Painters, and excellent Artists, very sparing of their speech; but their actions, or their works will speak for them, and convince all that know them, that their silence is not a silence proceeding from stupidity. The case is not the same in those people whose wit resides in their tongues, and whose utmost performance and imployment is only the multiplication of words, for I am confident their actions for the most part, are wholly dumb to their advantage. Nevertheless (answer'd *Zenocrates*) all persons indu'd with judgement,

judgement are not so resolv'd friends to silence. I do not affirm (reply'd *Herminius*) that all those who speak very much are destitute of judgement, for I should therein commit an injustice against many worthy persons; but only that such as speak too much can have none. Believe me (said *Plotina*) there is oft-times very little difference to be found between speaking very much, and speaking over much. Liberality and Prodigality have some kind of resemblance together (answer'd *Herminius*) and yet 'tis very well distinguish'd that the latter is a vice, and the other a virtue; So 'tis easie enough to distinguish him that speaks very much and well, from him that speaks too much and ill, or at least ill to the purpose. But I beseech you (said *Valeria*) are there not some who speak too much, and nevertheless fail not to speak well? No doubt there are (answer'd *Amilcar*) and I knew a *Greek* in *Sicily*, whose language, though eminent for the most exquisite *Attick* purity, was notwithstanding fastidious, because he spoke more than he ought. For the description of a man too loquacious, is chiefly taken from the thin number of things, and prolix series of words, wherewith he useth to comprehend the same; he is Characteris'd by the little necessity he has for endless speaking, by his forwardness to deliver his judgement of every thing, to interrupt the speech of every one, and snatch all occasions to speak, to talk perpetually, without taking notice sometimes, whether he be listned to or no, and not to be able to hold his peace, though in the presence of persons of greater quality, or capacity than himself. Not but that I believe those very great speakers are not sometimes obnoxious, (though they speak well too) to be adjudg'd pragmatical by those who love to speak as themselves; but, for that this do's not always happen, the pleasure of a small number of persons ought not to authorize the condemnation of those who speake very much and well, and afford a thousand delights by their conversation, because they never speak any thing that is not either necessary or agreeable. For when a man loves to speak, only because nature has given him a facility of expression, a capacious mind, a quick fancy, a memory stor'd with choice and rational notions, when his judgement is master of his wit and fancy, and his conversation perfectly accommodated to the genius of the World, no doubt, 'tis possible for him to speak much, without being chargeable for excess; for I am confident, that if this man be such as I have describ'd, he will be able to hold his peace as often as he pleases, he will yield a liberty of speech to all that desire it, and will not do like a grand talker I met with at my first arrival at *Syracuse*, to whom I was, at his own request, going to represent a great danger I encounter'd with at Sea, by reason of a storm that surpris'd us; I had scarce begun to tell him that the Sea was agitated by a sudden commotion, but cutting me off, he makes me remember (said he) that the like case once befell me when I was making a voyage at Sea. For you must know (added he, without remembering what he had requested of me) that after I was embark'd at *Tarentum* in a very good ship, the Pilot of which was a Native of *Cuma*, and which was freighted with several sorts of merchandise: for *Tarentum* is a potent and rich City; and much frequented, by

reason of the great Traffique of all kind of Commodities exercis'd in it) the wind changing of a sudden, the ship was constrain'd to stay yet fifteen days longer in the Port of *Tarentum*, where there befell me a sufficiently pleasant adventure. For when embark'd, I took my leave of a woman of no contemptible beauty, with whom I had been gracious for some time, and who, for my sake, had banisht from her house a Lover which she had, before I was hers. But for that she believ'd I was departed over night, the next morning when I returned ashore, and went to her to let her know I should have the pleasure of seeing her some days longer, I found her laughing heartily with my old Rival, though she had bid me adieu with tears. Whereupon, choler incensing me, I fell to quarrelling with my Rival and my Mistress; which fit of indignation cur'd me of my love; and at my going from this visit, I made another, at another house, where I became amorous of a brave Girl, to whom I address'd Courtship, and was so passionate a servant of hers, that I suffer'd the Vessel to sail away without me, in which I had embark'd before with intention to depart. But, (said I to him, taking occasion to interrupt him) when you interrupted me, I thought it had been only to represent to me some tempest resembling that which you desir'd me describe to you; yet it seems after you took ship, I find you again upon Land, and engag'd in a Love-design. Give your self a little patience (said he to me) we are not come to it yet. And indeed I stood in great need of it; for out of his prodigious eagerness of perpetual speaking, and silencing all others, he recounted to me every particular circumstance relating to his new affection; he caus'd me to read the Letters of his Mistress, he repeated Songs to me, he took ship once again, and made a voyage without a Tempest, before he came to tell me of that, where indeed he was in danger of perishing: Thus this man, who had a purpose to know the manner of my hazarding and escaping shipwreck, knew nothing at all of it, but inform'd me of a hundred matters wherewith I was wholly unconcern'd. In the mean time his language was commendable, and supposing it had been material for me to have known all that he told me, the man would have spoken admirably well: but being I had nothing to do with any of his stories, and had not related the danger I incurr'd above once or twice, (all the world naturally delighting to recount a Tempest, or such like imminent dangers from which they are escap'd) 'tis beyond your imagination what I then suffer'd; and his eloquence was so offensive to me, that had I not resolv'd with my self to deride him secretly, I should have had but a very odious divertisement. You have made this relation so pleasantly (answer'd *Plotina* laughing) that it would have been ill, if there had never been people that affect much speaking; and the best is, (added she in raillery) that in imitating a man that speaks very much, you seem not to enforce your self as much as another. 'Tis true (reply'd *Amilcar*), beholding her with infinite affection) I speak sometimes freely enough; but to prove to all the company that I know how to restrain my self from speaking when I please, I need only inform them, that I have lov'd you more than eight days without declaring it to you, though I had

I had a desire to do it every moment. I beseech you (said *Plotina*) let us not so soon change the discourse, and amuse our selves with speaking of follies, which are no more necessary to be known to the company, than the relation of the adventures of your *Greek* were to you, But for that I am no very great hater of speaking, and 'tis one of the things in the World we most frequently practice; I should not be unwilling to be inform'd what are the requisites to speaking well. In the first place (said *Amilcar*) it is requisite to have a good wit, sufficient memory, and excellent judgement. Next, it behoves to speak the language of the better sort of people of the Country where we reside, and equally to avoid that of the low and courser *Hebeians*, that of fantastical wits, and that which certain people use, which having a smack of the Court, a mixture of the vulgar, somewhat of the former age, a little of the present, and very much of the City, is the most confus'd and various of all. But yet (said *Plotina*) I do not account this sufficient; for you well distinguish how we ought not to speak, but you do not express directly how we ought. I assure you (answer'd *Horatius*) it is necessary only to speak as you do, to speak exactly and agreeably. Verily (added *Herminius*) the amiable *Plotina* speaks as a brave Lady should, to speak agreeably; for all her expressions are both noble and natural together, what she speaks is not far fetcht and elaborate, there is no constraint in her words, her discourse is clear and facile, there is a gallant sprightliness in her manner of speaking, no affectation in the sound of her voice, very much liberty in her actions, and a wonderful resemblance between her eyes and her words, which is a grace that contributes to render speech infinitely more agreeable. But how can all you speak of (answer'd *Plotina*) be competent to me, who scarce ever premeditate of what I am to say. Should you study more attentively, Madam, (reply'd *Zenocrates*) you would not speak so agreeably as you do; for when we are so solicitous and considerative, we never speak any thing commendably. But I would desire to know (interrupted *Cesonia*) what must the difference be which is requir'd between a man that speaks well, and a woman that does so too; for though I certainly know, there ought to be some distinction, yet I do not fully understand wherein it consists. The same words are us'd, the same things sometimes spoken of, and the minds of both, are frequently possess'd with resembling thoughts; yet, as I said before, it does not always become an ingenious woman to speak in the same manner as an ingenious man; and there are certain expressions, which either Sex may suitably enough employ distinctly, but cannot be promiscuously us'd by the other with decency. There are certain things indeed (said *Plotina*) which seem extremely uncouth in the mouth of a Woman and yet are not at all surprising in that of a man. As for example, if I should go to swear by the holy Fire, or by *Jupiter*, I should frighten those that heard me; if I should offer to judge decisively of some difficult question, I should be accounted ridiculous; if I should only affirm that which I speak, with something too strong and fierce a tone of my voice, it might be doubted whether I deserv'd the name of a Virgin; if I should speak

of War like a Military Tribune, all my friends would deride me. Nevertheless it behoves us to speak commendably, as also to take care from falling into another defect, namely that of speaking with a certain affected simplicity, which relishes of Childhood, and is very unbecoming. In the next place we ought not to speak heedlessly, but yet less ought we to attend to our own speech, as some women do, who really listen to the sound of the words, which they pronounce, as they would do to a Harp when they are tuning it; and who with a certain tone of satisfaction, oftentimes cloath very bad things in very gay expressions, That which the amiable *Plotina* speaks (answer'd *Amilcar*) is admirably well spoken; but to mention a defect that agrees equally to men and women, it is requisite to avoid diligently a certain vulgar pronunciation which renders the most excellent sense disagreeable. For I assert, that it would be incomparably better that I had something of *African*-accent in speaking the language of *Rome*, than if I should use that odd accent which is peculiar to the meanest sort of artificers. I dare confidently maintain, there is scarce a place in the world, where there is not a difference between the pronunciation of the better rank, and that of the vulgar; and I add moreover, that a stranger is not blameable for preserving that of his Country; but a man or woman of quality are, if they speak like their slaves. For my part, having a nice and delicate gust, in reference to all things whatsoever, I am sensibly affected with the sound of the voice, with a pure and sweet accent, and an unexpressible kind of nobleness, that I find in the pronunciation of certain persons whom I know, and chiefly in that of the charming *Plotina*. But I beseech you (said *Cesonia*) tell me what they must do, who speak not like *Plotina*, to attain the gracefulness of her speech, and lose the ill-becomingness of their own. Love people of the better rank (answer'd *Herminius*) and converse with few others; for it does not belong to Books to teach to speak, and they who content themselves with reading, to become fit for conversation, strangely delude themselves, and understand not the advantages of familiarity with good Writers. Reading is, without doubt, necessary to adorn the mind, to regulate the manners, and to compose the judgement; it may likewise serve to learn a tongue, but as for the handsomeness of language, it is attainable only by conversation, which withal, must be a conversation of people of the World, whereof Women make the greatest part otherwise it will be too sublime and learned, dry, rude, or affected, by those who endeavour to regulate their fashions of speaking according to what they read. For, as Books for the most part speak not as men do in conversation; so it does not become men to speak in conversation, after the same manner they read in Books. Verily (said *Plotina*) I wonder all the world does not addict themselves to learn to speak well; since, methinks, nothing is more easie than to be always in the company of worthy persons; for the case is infinitely otherwise in all other things that we desire to learn. It is sometimes tedious enough to attend the directions of those that teach to sing, to paint, or to dance; but since to speak handsomely, there needs nothing more than to converse with people of the

World, and with those too that speak gracefully and agreeably, I make a vow to learn to speak during my whole life, and never willingly to converse with any others. Others ought rather to apply to you, Madam (said *Zenocrates*) than you to others. You have reason (answered *Amilcar*) but there is another kind of thing which the amiable *Plotina* has need to learn, which is to hear a little more favorably what I sometimes say to her. As for that (replied she) 'tis learnt but too soon, but there is another which I would have all them taught who know it not, which is to consider what is spoken to them, and not to wander into unseasonable fancies from the purpose, in company. A little distraction (added she) I can pardon, but for that multiplication of continued extravagant fancies some people are addicted to, who never are present where they are seen, and are scarce ever in any place, I think it fit they were reformed of it. For he that has so many things to muse of, better than those he intends to speak, ought to abide in his Closet, and entertain only himself, since 'tis undoubtedly an incivility, not at all to attend to that which is spoken in the place where you are present, and to make no account of the company; and for my part, I am persuaded there is nothing but the murmur of a rivulet, or the prilling of a Fountain that can be civilly heard while we are meditating. What ever you are pleased to say (answered *Amilcar*) the liberty of musing is infinitely pleasing; and you are not ignorant that there are certain houses in all places which are accounted more agreeable than others, only because the Masters of them lay no constraint upon any person. There a man may be either penlive or sociable, he may either laugh or sing; entertain himself with whom he pleases, come in, and go forth without speaking any thing, and in a word enjoys a liberty in such houses, attended with so much sweetness, that they are deservedly preferred before all others. However it be (replied *Plotina*) I consent to what *Herminius* affirmed; for without learning so many several things, it will be most convenient for me only to converse with persons of ingenious accomplishments, and therefore I am resolved to consort with no others hereafter, if it be possible. You had reason to add those last words (answered *Amilcar*) for according to the course of the World it is sufficiently difficult to converse only with such persons as you speak of. He had scarce ended these words but one came to advertise *Herminius*, that *Valerius* enquired for him concerning some urgent affair. Another also came at the same time to tell *Horatius*, that the second Consul, who was his Kinsman, had some occasion for him, so that this honorable company broke up; for *Valeria* having a curiosity to know what her fathers business was with *Herminius*, departed presently after him, and afterwards *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates* retired, and left *Cesonia* and *Plotina* alone together. Those two gallant persons were no sooner in the street, but they met *Æmilius*, who told them there was a man come from *Clusium*, that had brought some intelligence which obliged the Consuls to assemble the Senate extraordinarily. And indeed it was a Messenger sent by *Artemidorus*, who advertised *Valerius*, that they were already about raising forces in the States of the King of *Hetruria*, and preparing to

advance the Troops of the *Veientes* and the *Tarquins*. It was also informed that the Queen *Galeria*, accompanied by the Princess of the *Leontines*, was gone to the Island of *Saules*, where *Aronces* was confined, with intent to persuade him to yield absolute obedience to *Porfenna*, and that it was not doubted but he would be won to it, there being no appearance that he could refuse to bear Arms against all those whom the King his father declared, and adjudged for enemies. *Valerius* receiving this intelligence, judged it important to seize upon a considerable Passage, and cause a Fort to be built there, before the enemies had time to perceive how necessary it would be for them to be masters of it.

But the second Consul being as much a favourer of the interests of *Horatius* as *Valerius* was of those of *Aronces*, though both of them sought the publick good, there became a kind of disposition to discord between them. *Valerius* knowing of how much concernment it was, there should happen no breach between them, desired to avoid a contest which might prove prejudicial to the publick affairs. To which purpose being to act two important matters at once, one of which was to know which of the two Consuls should go Commander of the forces designed to fortify that difficult passage between *Rome* and *Clusium*, and the other to know whether the Consul *Horatius* or *Valerius* should be the person that should Dedicate the Temple of *Jupiter*, *Valerius* propounded to refer the decision of it to the event of Lot, perceiving the urgency of the matter; for the people imagined all would go ill if the Temple were not dedicated, and intelligent persons foresaw it was necessary to seize of a place that might hinder the enemies from coming so suddenly to besiege *Rome*, and consequently allow leisure to fortify it. And it was to consult of this affair, that *Valerius* sent to seek *Herminius*, and the second Consul desired to speak with *Horatius*. *Valerius* would rather have stayed at *Rome*, where he believed his presence necessary, but the Dedication of the Temple of *Jupiter* being an honor desired with immense passion by his Collegue, he put the matter into the power of Lot, which decided it in favor of the second Consul. So that *Valerius* was obliged to go and command the Army for that secret expedition, which was judged so necessary. *Horatius*, as amorous as he was, resolved to accompany him, and would not remain behind a peaceful Spectator of the Dedication of a Temple, while there were Forces in the Campaign. *Themistus*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Æmilius*, and all the other friends of *Valeria* would have done the same, but he judged it necessary for himself that his true friends should continue at *Rome* during his absence. And moreover his attempt requiring to be executed by surprise, he did not deem it needful to carry so many brave persons with him for such a purpose. Nevertheless, he consented that *Mulius* should go with him; for knowing his imperious honor, and what his passion was for *Valeria*, he was not unwilling to separate him from *Herminius* and *Æmilius*, whom he very highly affected. As for *Spurius*, he remained at *Rome*, to importune *Valeria*; and *Themistus* likewise continued there for fear, lest if the Prince of *Messenia* should come thither to seek him

him, he might imagine he intended to fly away, *Meleagenes* stayed with his friend, *Calianus* follow'd *Valerius*, and *Merigenes*, stay'd behind for the same cause with *Themistus*. The second Consul, though he had but one only Son, sent him to the Army, which in three days was ready to depart. When it was marcht away, the Consul *Horatius* only prepared for the Honor to dedicate the Temple of *Jupiter*. In order to which it was purified, according to the custom, with the most ancient ceremonies of *Rome*: all the people left their works this day, Sacrifices were offered in all the other Temples, that which was to be dedicated, was adorned with above a thousand magnificent Lamps, all the persons of quality of either Sex were present in it, the chief Vestal, and the Salian Priests repaired thither, and it was not suspected any obstacle could happen, to obstruct the accomplishment of the Ceremony. When the time came, that the second Consul was holding the Gates of the Temple half open, and, according to the ancient custom, was ready to pronounce the solemn words, in which consisted the dedication of the Temple, a Brother of *Valerius*, who stood directly against the gates, lifting up his voice, Know (said he to him) that your son is dead in the Army, and therefore being obliged to take care for his Funeral, it is not meet for you to do what you are going about; for it is a profanation to shed tears the same day a Temple is dedicated to *Jupiter*. If my son be dead, (answered *Horatius* without being moved) he is dead for the cause of his Countrey, and it being so, the gods preserve me from lamenting his loss. Let the *Romans* then take care for his Sepulture, (added he) for he was more *Rome's* than mine; and since he is dead in defence of his liberty, I ought to rejoice for it, and finish the ceremony. *Herminius*, who was on the other side of the gate, knew well, that what the Brother of *Valerius* said, was but an artifice excogitated by him, to impede the ceremony, imagining the Consul would be so troubled at the news of his only Sons death, that he could not proceed and finish it. He apprehended also that he had been instigated to this artifice by *Spurius*, who was his Friend: wherefore understanding how greatly it would displease *Valerius*, who was a declared enemy to untruth, as well as himself, he could not contain from speaking aloud, that this intelligence was not sent by *Valerius*. However, the Consul, whether that he knew what was spoken to him to be untrue, or had a resolute and constant Soul, or that the desire of glory rendred him insensible, testified no sign of grief, and finished the ceremony. But just as it was almost ended, *Horatius* and the Son of this Consul arrived from *Valerius*, to advertise that the Passage of so considerable advantage was easily seized on, and that he would return as soon as he had caused it to be fortified. Whereupon, *Herminius*, beholding him to arrive, who was said to be dead, and knowing from him the intelligence he brought, would himself conduct him to the Consul *Horatius*, to the end he might clearly manifest, *Valerius* and he had no part in the artifice which was made use of, to disturb him in the ceremony. And indeed it was easie to discover who were principals in the fraud; for the Brother of *Valerius* and *Spurius*, withdrew themselves, but *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and all the other Friends of *Valerius*, re-

mained to congratulate with the Consul, for the return of his Son, and the news he had brought. In the mean time *Clelius*, who was sufficiently joyful, because he was assured of the recovery of *Octavius*, understanding it was believed *Aronces* would be obliged to bear Arms against *Rome*, called *Clelia*, and speaking to her with the authority of a Father, and a *Roman* whose Virtue was severe, Daughter, (said he to her) you are not ignorant, what hatred I ought to bear against *Tarquin*; and your self have been sufficiently persecuted by him, to hate him in perfection, and not to scruple to forget a Prince, who has bathed his Sword in the Blood of your Brother, and who apparently is going to put himself into a condition to kill him and me too, if it be true, as 'ts reported, that he is obliged to make War against *Rome*. But my Lord (answered *Clelia* dejectedly,) if *Aronces* has wounded my Brother, it was by reason he knew him not; he served *Rome* importantly against *Tarquin*, in the last Battel, and if it be true that he changes his party, no doubt 'tis only because the King his Father, having embraced that of *Tarquin*, honor will no longer permit him to fight for *Rome*, since he cannot do it, without fighting against him, to whom he owes his life. Therefore I acknowledge to you, without violating the respect incumbent on me by duty, that I think, after your so frequent commands to me, to look upon *Aronces* as my designed Husband, and who had effectually been so, had not that dreadful Earthquake interrupted your intentions, I cannot so easily forget *Aronces* as you require, for it is not in my power, not to remember all those obligations I have to him. I perceive well (interrupted *Clelius* roughly) you would intimate to me, that I ought also to remember those you pretend I have to *Aronces*; but without amusing my self to answer all you have now spoken, I declare to you, that I revoke all the commands I layd upon you in favor of *Aronces*, and that I now lay more powerful ones upon you in favor of *Horatius*, whom I intend you shall marry at the end of the War. I would cause you to marry him to morrow, (added he) were it not that *Valerius* instructs me by his example, that it is unfit to be solicitous about accomplishing Mariages, whilst our Countrey is in War; since he has deferred that of *Valeria*, for this only reason. And withall, being unwilling to treat you severely. I consent that you take some time, to resolve to obey me with a good will. But my Lord, (replied *Clelia* modestly) what shall become of the promises which you have made to the unfortunate *Aronces*? I promised all things to the unknown *Aronces* (answered he) but I promised nothing to the Son of *Porfenna*, and the Protector of *Tarquin*, and moreover, (added *Clelius* fiercely) to tell you my sentiments, you are not to imagine that *Aronces* is the same at *Clusium*, that you saw him heretofore at *Carthage*, and more lately at *Rome*. His example will perhaps soon teach you to obey your Father, as he will do his own: and therefore it is better, that you endeavor to prevent him. Resolve then upon it, for it will be unprofitable for you to resist me, I am going to publish the resolution I have taken in such a manner, that it shall be sufficiently difficult, but some of *Aronces's* Friends will discover it to him, as soon as he shall be at liberty. No question

on my Lord, (answered *Clelia*,) you may publish your resolution to all the World; but you can never alter that which I have made, never to be possessed by any person, if I cannot be by *Aronces*. *Clelia* was transported with very much violence at these words, and left *Clelia* in incredible sorrow. 'Tis true, *Sulpitia* comforted her with extreme goodness, for being the loved *Aronces* and hated *Horatius*, she interested her self in the affliction of *Clelia*, and omitted nothing conducive to her consolation. *Octavius* likewise gave her all the occasions in the World, to commend his generosity, but in fine, *Aronces* was absent and prisoner, and if he were set at liberty, she judged it would be only to manage the War against *Rome*, and so she should become more miserable. She likewise feared, lest time might change the heart of *Aronces*, and *Horatius* return to be as violent as he had formerly been: whereby finding no advantage either in Peace or War, she perpetually found her self unhappy. But if she were unfortunate, *Aronces* enjoyed no felicity: for it was true, the Queen his Mother, accompanied with the Princess of the *Leontines*, went to him in the Island of *Saules* to propound to him in the name of the King, either to resolve upon perpetual imprisonment, or to take Arms against *Rome*, in favor of *Tarquin*. The very first thought of changing his side excited horror in him, especially when he reflected that he should see himself with his Sword in his hand, against the Father of *Clelia*, and so many of his illustrious friends; but when he proceeded to consider that his Rival was at *Rome*, (for he had been informed of his deliverance) and imagined that during his imprisonment. *Horatius* might make advantage of his misfortune, he concluded nothing could be more prejudicial to him, than to continue in prison: Knowing therefore that the Queen his Mother, and the Princess of the *Leontines* favored his interests, and were informed of his passion, he would not conceal his sentiments from them. I beseech you Madam, (said he to *Galerita*) remember that I am in the same prison, where Love heretofore occasioned your confinement; recall all the dearness you have had for the King, and compassionate the condition of an unfortunate person, who lost his liberty, before he knew he owed his life to you. Consider the deplorable strait I am at present in. If I obey the King, I shall see my self with Sword in hand, against the Father of *Clelia*, and be obliged to serve *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, to the utmost of my power, who have been, and perhaps still are, Lovers of the person that I love, and both her persecutors and mine. If I seek to escape out of prison, and put my self into *Rome*, I commit an action horribly criminal against the King my Father, and I side with *Horatius*, who is a formidable Rival, and if I continue in prison, I do nothing either for the King, or *Clelia*, or my self, nothing against *Horatius* or *Tarquin*, and only suffer unprofitably. Thus I find my self in an estate more miserable than ever any Lover fell into. The Princess of the *Leontines*, desirous at least to give *Aronces* some consolation, informed him, that the Prince of *Numidia* had ceased to be a Prince, and was Brother to *Clelia*, though concealing from him the report that he had wounded him, which she understood from *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, for

fear to afflict him. If it be so (answered *Aronces*,) I shall have lost a Rival, and gained a Protector, for I have no reason to doubt, but that between *Horatius* and me, the generous Brother of *Clelia* will declare himself to my advantage. Alas! (said *Galerita* then sighing) what will it be the better for you by his declaring to your advantage, if Fortune be against you? For in brief, to tell you the state of matters in reality, I have order from the King, to offer you liberty and his favor, on condition you will marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*, who is propounded to him by *Tarquin*; no other assurance (he says) being to be had of you, after your once already escaping from his Court. Ah! Madam, (cried *Aronces*) I will dye a thousand times, rather than do what the King propounds to me; I prefer dying incomparably before injuring my Love, and my Honor. Yet in the condition wherein I am at present, it is so difficult to do any thing for the first, without violation of the latter, that death is the sole remedy I am able to imagine. Cease therefore, Madam, (added this afflicted Prince) cease from having any longer kindness for me, since I can do nothing but occasion sorrow to those that love me. Hope is so sweet a good (answered the Princess of the *Leontines*) that it ought not to be cast off so easily. Wherefore, I wish you would leave the Queen, the power to manage the interests of your Love, and your Honor, without being solicitous what she intends to report to the King. Alas! Madam, (replied *Aronces* sadly) it is extremely difficult, to retain hope in a condition resembling mine, when reason is as yet not wholly lost. However it be, (said *Galerita*) leave your self to be guided by me, unless you intend your own destruction. But Madam, (said he) what can I, or what can you your self do? I can tell the King (answered she) that you are in despair not to find your Soul capable, to yield so ready obedience. But Madam, (interrupted *Aronces*) I will never obey him, if he always commands me not to love *Clelia*. Have patience (answered *Galerita*,) and suffer me to end what I was speaking. I intend (added she) to inform the King as I told you, and endeavor to persuade him, to permit you the liberty of being guarded only in his Palace, and to suffer all that please to come to visit you. But what will be the advantage of that (replied *Aronces*) since I resolve not to marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*? While matters are at that pass (answered *Galerita*) it shall be attempted to cause the King to alter his sentiments; and in case he persist in them, it will be expedient to have recourse to an artifice which I have contrived, wherein the assistance of the Princess of the *Leontines* is absolutely necessary. If it be, Madam, (said this generous Princess) you need only to inform me what I ought to do, and I will obey you immediately. It is only desired of you (answered *Galerita*) that you will come and see *Aronces* as often as I shall visit him. And in the next place, it will be requisite for him to act, as if he were become amorous of you; and being you are not in a condition to dispose of your self, so long as you are at difference with the Prince of *Leontium*, the matter will be protracted a long time. *Porfenna*, who seeks to cause *Aronces* to marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*, only to extinguish his passion for *Clelia*, will be more solli-

cious

tous about it; so that the obstacle arising only on your part, he will let the business rest till affairs change their present state. Though there may seem something in this contrivance, not consistent with decency (replied the Princess of the *Leontines* smiling) to admit an affection apparently, of so goodly a person as the Prince *Aronces*, yet I take so great interest in that which concerns him, that I shall consent to this innocent fraud, which may otherwise be serviceable to me, in reference to the Prince my Brother. But Madam, (said *Aronces*) would it not be a crime to counterfeit a love to a person so lovely as you are? 'Tis true, I have so great an esteem and friendship for you, (if I may so speak) that you have no cause to reproach me, since I had not the honor to see you, till after I had no longer a heart to lose. But, in brief, should this fiction succeed, it would be sufficiently dangerous for me, unless *Clelia* be informed of it, and as I conceive, it will be no very secure course to trust this secret in a Letter. Take you no care for that (said the Princess of the *Leontines*) for I shall lay that charge upon my self, when time requires, to write to her in my own name, to prevent her mis-apprehension, and accompany it with a Letter of yours to that fair person. This being granted (replied *Aronces*) I conceive the fiction may break off my intended nuptials with the Princess of *Cere*, but I see not how I shall be able to avoid following the King to the War, nor how I can serve in the Siege of *Rome*, without incensing *Clelia*, and being hated by her Father. If *Clelia* be equitable (answered *Galerita*) she will pity instead of accusing you; and if *Clelius* be generous, he will commend you for defending the life of your Father, and not love you less. Ah! Madam (replied *Aronces*) you know not what a zealous Lover *Clelius* is of his Country, how immensely he hates *Tarquin*, and what great cause he has to detest him in perfection. But without diverting to matters so wide from the purpose, (said *Galerita*) let us only debate how to effect your deliverance from the Island of *Saules*, that you may come to *Clusium*, that your friends may see you there, and the Marriage of the Prince of *Cere's* Daughter be no longer insisted on: for really (added she) the constant affection you have for *Clelia*, makes me commiserate you; and did the King remember so tenderly, as I do, the love that rendered him unhappy during so many years, he would be as ready to excuse it as I am, since you love a person, eminent for beauty, virtue, and descent; for as I have understood by one of our ancient *Angurs*, who is a knowing person in all things and particularly in Genealogies, *Clelius* is lineally descended from the race of the Kings of *Alba*, though he dares not discover it at *Rome*, by reason of the ancient differences between the *Sabines* and the *Romans*, and at this day when those two Nations are united into one, he seeks no greater glory than that of being a *Roman*. *Aronces* hearing this discourse of *Galerita*, used all the sweet and persuasive Language he could, to mollify her heart, by which means he obtained permission of this Princess to write to *Clelia*, for since she believed, that after his having been so near the accomplishment of his happiness, to prejudice so innocent an affection, would be to provoke the gods she was willing to give this consolation to a Prince,

whom she loved with an infinite dearthness. Accordingly, during *Galerita's* and the Princess of the *Leontines* went to walk upon a Terrace, he wrote to *Clelia*, and delivered his Letter to the Princess of *Leontium*, who promised to procure it safely rendered to her hands. In order whereunto, as soon as she was returned to *Clusium*, she gave it to the Prince *Artemidorus* her Brother, who saw her every day privately; and forthwith dispatched a slave on purpose to *Rome*, to carry that Letter to *Zenocrates*, to the end he might deliver it to *Clelia*. To which end, he had no sooner received it, but he went to the House of *Sulpicia*, who was not at home, having not taken *Clelia* with her, he delivered her the Letter of *Aronces*, which she received with the greatest transport of joy in the World. Opening it hastily, and finding another inclosed for *Octavius*, she layd it aside, and began to read that which was addressed to her self, in these words.

ARONCES to CLELIA.

IF I love you not more ardently than ever, and be not resolved to love you so eternally, I wish I may never go forth of this prison wherein I am, though it be insupportable unto me. After this sincere protestation, permit me to conjure you, not to judge of me according to appearances, for perhaps the passion I have for you, will oblige me to do things that may seem to you criminal, though they be not so: but I protest once again, that I will be eternally and absolutely Yours, and Yours alone.

Clelia having done reading this Letter, resented some cause of inquietude, from the request made to her by *Aronces*, but at length the assurance of his perpetual affection, inspired a joy into her more sweet and lively, than she had a long time been possessed with. Nevertheless, she dissembled part of it before *Zenocrates*; for though the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia* were no secret, yet the modesty of this virtuous Virgin ever obliged her, not to manifest more than part of the tenderness she had in her Soul. Which the better to conceal in this occasion, she lead *Zenocrates* to the Chamber of *Octavius*, to whom she delivered the Letter directed to him. At his receiving it, he could not contain from sighing, imagining that *Aronces* desired his friendship again, after his knowing that he could no longer be his Rival; breaking up the seals, he found both much generosity and dearthness expressed in these terms.

ARONCES

ARONCES to his dear OCTAVIUS.

I Do no longer wonder I could never hate you, so much as my other Rivals, since you are Brother to the admirable Clelia. My heart, no doubt, by some divine instinct discerned Octavius from the Prince of Numidia, for notwithstanding all our feuds, it was ever possessed with respect for your Virtue. But I beseech you, do not content your self with freeing me from a Rival; restore me a Friend, and vouchsafe to be my intercessor with Clelius and Sulpitia. I shall perhaps have the unhappiness to be in a party opposite to that of Rome, but if Honor and Love force me thereunto, pity me, and believe I shall not be less sincerely Yours.

Octavius having read this Letter, shewed it to Clelia, who could not read it through without sighing; for she well apprehended Aronces would be forced to bear Arms against Rome. She likewise knew, Honor would not permit him to come and side with Rome, since the King his Father made War against it: and she conceived too, that Clelius was so zealous for his Countrey, that he would hate Aronces more for being in the enemies Army, than he did already, out of the thought that 'twas he that wounded Octavius in the Battel. But at length, she was not insensible of much sweetness, in receiving testimonies of Aronces's constancy, besides that, the Letter he writ to Octavius, made it so evident, that if he was the person that wounded him, it was through his not knowing him, that she asked her Brother, whether it would not be fit to shew it to Clelius? The generous Octavius approved her request, and accordingly delivered it to his Father. But Clelius being at that time very ill affected towards Aronces, and extremely favorable to Horatius, he said, he perceived nothing in this Letter, that might justify Aronces, but that on the contrary, he saw it was written by a man, who was preparing to be the Protector of Tarquin, and the enemy of Rome. Octavius answered, that Nature and Honor not permitting Aronces to abandon the King his Father, he ought to be pityed, for being engaged among the enemies of Rome, and not to be lookt upon as an Enemy. But this fair answer nothing moved him, for in the sentiments he then had, all that was favorable to Aronces displeased him, and all that was contrary to Horatius, put him into choler. In the mean time Valerius having dispatcht so important an affair, and policy requiring the Improvement of this advantage as much as possible, to the end to retain the people in a favorable disposition for the continuation of the War, all the principal persons affected to testify their joy of it. Nevertheless, the house of Racilia was always melancholly; and Hermilia and Collatina were almost continually alone lamenting their misfortunes. At the

same time they of Veii having demanded fifteen days to consult with all their Augurs, whether they should deliver that Figure which was to be placed upon the top of the Temple of Jupiter, Telanus remained free at Rome, upon the word of Clelius, to whom he had engaged his own. But indeed he was not very much displeased with it; for he was so much taken with Plotina, and found so many worthy persons, and amiable Ladies at Rome, that he could willingly have desired to continue there, all his life. Nor was it strange he should delight in a place to which both his own inclination retained him, and where no care was neglected to divert him. For Horatius, out of an honorable gratitude for the civil usage he had received from Mamilius, was very solicitous in his favor, and Clelius looking upon him as a Kinsman of his ancient friend, commanded Sulpicia and Clelia to contribute their utmost to his contentment. For Octavius being then out of danger, his mind was sufficiently serene and composed. And indeed Telanus himself was a person of so lovely and desirable a converse, that every one was forward to express their endeavors in favor of his content. Whence Horatius, Herminius, Themistus, Meleagenes, Zenocrates, Spurius, Amilius, Merigenes, and Amilcar too, how much soever his Rival, did all they could to cause him to pass agreeably the time of his residence at Rome. Clelia, having then less affliction upon her mind, was also more Mistress of her self, and more easily concurred with the desires of her father, and the endeavors of the rest; Valeria, Cefania, Plotina, Flavia and Salonina being of themselves sufficiently disposed to divert him, the conversation was always extremely pleasant, in every place whatsoever. And besides it being the custom to celebrate three festival days upon the Dedication of a Temple, mirth, and rejoicing became at that time universal. Sulpicia in compliance with the custom, and obedience to Clelius had an intention to go and sup in one of the Gardens of Numa, which was at the foot of that little Hill beset with Laurels, whither he was wont to resort in secret to receive the inspirations and documents of the Nymph Egeria. To which the principal Ladies of Rome being invited, besides Valeria, Cefania, Plotina, Flavia, and Salonina, they all went thither in Chariots. And as for the men of quality, they repaired thither by themselves on horseback. But as the Ladies arrived at this place, they beheld a broken Chariot before this Gate of the Garden into which they were to enter, and observed the persons that were taking care for the reparation of it, were not Romans. Upon which, they enquired of the Gardener who stood at the Gate, whose Chariot that was, who answered that it belonged to some Ladies of Sicily, that were newly entered into the Garden, and who after their landing at Ostia, had taken a Chariot to come to Rome, after which Sulpicia entered, being accompanied by all the other Ladies, and Horatius, Amilcar, and Zenocrates being arrived there before Amilius, Spurius, Themistus, and Merigenes, they gave the hand to these Ladies, and conducted them into the Garden. Zenocrates, who waited upon Clelia, because Horatius found himself obliged to give the hand to Sulpicia, had scarce walked twenty paces, but he beheld two fair persons sitting by the side of a Fountain.

Fountain upon seats of Turf, who without taking notice of the company, were very intent in their discourse together, whilst two young Virgins that belong'd to them, were gathering Flowers in the Garden: but as soon as he beheld them, he perceiv'd they were *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, Mistresses to *Artemidorus*; which giving him a pleasing astonishment, he could not contain from testifying his surprise and his joy: O gods (cry'd he) is it possible I should find the two persons together; whom of all the world I most affect, and who love one another least! I beseech you, Madam, (said he to *Clelia*) oblige the generous *Sulpicia* to make a civility to them, since the persons you behold, are of the highest quality of *Agrigentum* and *Leontium*, as you will acknowledge when I shall have told you, their names are *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*; for I presume *Valeria* has recounted to you the relation I sometimes made to her of the adventures of *Artemidorus*.

Clelia hearing *Zenocrates* speak in this manner, advertis'd *Sulpitia* of the quality of these Ladies, who at length turning their heads towards this fair and great company, let fall their veils, and arose up with intention to go into a Walk by themselves, to avoid the company which they beheld. But *Zenocrates* having demanded *Clelia's* permission to leave her, went towards the two Ladies, whom he no sooner saluted, but they remembered they had seen him at *Leontium* and *Agrigentum*: Whereupon they lifted up their veils, and sigh'd as they beheld him; for knowing he understood all their adventures, they could not repress this first emotion. Nevertheless they were well pleas'd in having met thus accidentally with him; though at the same time reflecting that *Artemidorus* might possibly be in the same Garden too, their hearts were sensibly moved with the apprehension: But *Zenocrates* soon undeceiv'd them; for after the first civility, he told them the Prince *Artemidorus* in the place he was in, little thought of the adventure now befallen him. After which, informing them who the Ladies were they beheld there, he conducted them to receive the civilities of *Sulpitia*, who understanding their quality and merit, offered them the utmost of her abilities to serve them, and then inviting them to pass the rest of the day in the Garden, assured them she would carry them back in her own Chariot, whilst theirs was rectifying at leisure; and moreover, she generously offered them the entertainment of her house. I assure you (said *Telanus* agreeably) strangers are admirably well received at the house of *Sulpitia*, although they be enemies; so that there is reason to believe such fair strangers as you can find no other than noble reception. To speak for my self (answer'd *Berelisa*) I so little merit the title of Fair, that I cannot think my self concern'd in your obliging language; And as for my particular (added *Clidamira* pleasantly) though I should have been sometimes accounted fair in *Sicily*, I should esteem my self at present very deform'd in a place where I behold more fair persons, than I have other-where ever seen. I conceive (said *Valeria*, addressing to *Clelia*) it concerns you to answer, for you have more interest than all the rest in the commendations of *Clidamira*. I am so little perswaded of the truth of what you say (answer'd *Clelia*) that I was preparing to hear you, and thought not at all of answer-

ing. 'Tis beyond doubt (added *Plotina*) that you have not the power to oppose your self against a truth that cannot be contested by any that own the faculty of sight. But though my self am not (added she smiling) one of the number of those grand Beauties that excite admiration, yet I am not timorous to claim some share in *Clidamira's* praises; for I should be very sorry not to please a person, who pleases me infinitely already. *Clidamira* (said *Berelisa*, addressing to *Zenocrates*) is wont to please as soon as she is first seen: but as for me, who make not so sudden Conquests, nevertheless I have some hope, that if I continue at *Rome*, my commendations will be accounted something, though at present, only those of my fair Sister, are taken notice of. You speak in so subtle a strain (answer'd *Plotina*) that I well perceive the more knowledge any persons have of you, the more desirous they will be to know you, and that you well understand how to preserve what you have acquired, You know her so well already (reply'd *Clidamira*, with a cunning smile) that I believe you have formerly seen her; for she not only preserves what is given her, or she acquires; but she takes away from others what they have acquir'd, without ever making them restitution. When any person finds a thing another has lost by his own fault (answer'd *Berelisa*) and which ought to be possess'd by some other, it is as good to take and keep it, as to leave it, for those, who perhaps will have no care of it; and therefore (added *Berelisa*, beholding all the fair persons that environ'd her) if it happen we make some stay at *Rome*, you must prepare your selves to love me more at the end, than at the beginning. At present, for that it is not meet to trouble your divertisement, and be at a Feast, whereunto chance causes our invitation; if my Sister consents, we will accept the Chariot offer'd us, and leave you to that liberty, which is most necessary to render your Walk agreeable; since oftentimes one strange or troublesome person prejudices the pleasure of many. As for being troublesome (answer'd *Sulpitia*) you know you are not such. And for strangers (added *Plotina*) you are less so at *Rome* than you imagine, it not being possible to have convers'd so much there with the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, and not to know you perfectly. *Clelia* accompanying the requests of *Sulpitia* with her own, and all the other Ladies testifying the same desires, *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* were perswaded to stay with them: Though they made some further scruple by reason of the carelessness of their attire, unsuitable for an appointed feast; but that being sufficiently becoming, their excuse was ineffectual, and they were constrain'd to make an addition to this fair company. Wherefore giving order to their attendants, to go and advertise a friend of *Spurius*, at whose house they intended to lodge, that they would be there at night, they mingled themselves in the conversation of all the Ladies, with as much liberty as if they had been of their most antient familiars. *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* handsomly extoll'd the beauty of *Clelia*; for no question there is an art to commend with a good grace of greater difficulty than is believ'd. But the modest *Clelia* averted the praises given her after so gentle and pleasing a manner; that, without either refusing or accepting the same, she caused

caus'd them to change their discourse. For beholding a man of a comely personage, and a noble and sprightly air enter into the Garden, I wish (said she) he that I see there were some stranger as agreeable as you. He is without doubt much more (answer'd *Clidamira*, who knew him) and I think *Berelisa* will not but acknowledge it. You know him then? (reply'd *Clelia*.) We know him (answer'd *Berelisa*) only by occasion of passing from *Sicily* to *Ostia* in the same ship, but I assure you, there is not a more agreeable person than *Anacreon*, How? (said *Herminius*) is he that comes there, *Anacreon*, whose works charm'd me in *Greece*? and whose reputation is so famous? who has so gallant a fancy, delicate wit, and natural expressions? who generally loves all pleasures, and in particular, is no great hater of genial entertainments? 'Tis that very person (answer'd she) As for me (said *Amilcar*) who am charm'd with his writings as well as *Herminius*, I am ravished to see him. *Berelisa* hearing what was spoken of *Anacreon*, went to meet him, and addressing to him, Come, said she, come to a place where you have more friends than you believe, and where perhaps you may have occasion to break the oath you have made to love no beauty at *Rome*; for you will see some sufficiently charming in this Garden, it may be, to change your resolution. Since I have had only admiration, and esteem for you and *Clidamira*, ever since I had the honor to know you answer'd he, (speaking the *Roman* language tolerably well) I conceive no fair ones in the world ought to be offended, when they excite not in my breast the tender passion of Love: Perhaps (said *Plotina* pleasantly) we should be culpable in being offended at it; but if you are such a person as description represents you, perhaps we shall have reason to be discontented, since there would be no want of pleasure in detaining so worthy a person as you at *Rome*. I assure you, answer'd he, that good company may detain me any where, and being that where I am present, has a very agreeable appearance; it shall only depend on them, if I stay not here as long as they please. After this, all these Ladies made a thousand civilities to *Anacreon*, and effectually oblig'd him to sup in that Garden with all the company: To speak my thoughts, (said he, when the Ladies were beginning to walk) I apprehend a happy preface of my abode at *Rome*, since at my first arrival, I find my self at a noble entertainment, I, who am the protector of joy, and who in defiance of all the Sages, who glory only in solitude and simplicity, am of opinion, that the society, and jovial Collations of honest persons are necessary to the felicity of life. As for society (answer'd *Clelia*) I believe, who ever is owner of a Reason, not perfectly Savage, consents with you; but as for great Festivals, I conceive 'tis possible to be absent from them during all our lives, without loss of any great pleasure; and consequently, that they may be dispens'd with for ever. When I speak as I do (answer'd *Anacreon*) I do not mean those Feastings that are made at nuptial Solemnities, where there are assembled a multitude of persons, for the most part strangers to one another, who know not what to speak of; where there are more impertinents than intelligent, where there is much talk but little discourse, where the conversation is rather a confus'd noise than a real society, where ceremony is supream regent,

where molestation and tediousness always meet, where multitude excites longing desires of, and gives extraordinary endearments to solitude, and where oftentimes people dye for hunger in the midst of abundance, because freedom, property, order, and decency, are excluded from such entertainments. There arises at such times a disgust in us, that causes us to fancy nothing good; we are oftentimes plac'd directly against persons whom we do not affect, others on each hand who disturb us, and on what ever side we turn, there is nothing to be found but disorder, set off with tedious ceremony, and consequently occasioning much dissatisfaction. The description *Anacreon* has made of a troublesome feast, is perfectly handsome, (said *Amilcar*) and if he will represent a pleasant one, I believe it will be very acceptable to the company. As for my part (said that lover of *Plotina*, who was of the sect of *Pythagoras*) I never understood that the joy of virtuous people could depend on high fare, or that the delicacy of taste was necessary to the felicity of a rational man. On the contrary, I believe the owners of this inclination, are for the most part, enemies of all becomingness and Virtue, and that there are few vices to which they are strangers. When *Anacreon* spoke of an agreeable Feast (answer'd *Amilcar*) he does not mean one of those exorbitant Feasts, which admit not the presence of virtuous Ladies, from whence decency is banisht, where licentiousness takes the place of liberty, where 'tis a glory to lose reason, where disorder causes the greatest pleasure that is found there, where the discourse is oftentimes without coherence, and without wit, where they that speak are not hearken'd too, where they who attend, understand nothing of what is spoken to them, where one while there is good singing, and another while prodigious roaring; where Virtue and good manners are made a mockery of, and where insolence and rudeness pass for agreeable deportment and good company: for, to speak determinately, I account men that spend all their whole lives in Feasts of this nature, much inferior to beasts. No doubt, you have reason (reply'd *Anacreon*) for these sorts of jollities have more correspondence with the extravagances of Bacchanals, than with true joy. But that which to me is most agreeable, is, to find five or six friends together, free from business and melancholly, and who looking upon good fare only as a tye that draws them together, and as that which affords liberty and contributes to joy, really find all the pleasure therein they are able to wish for. There the conversation is free, chearful and pleasant; we speak what we please and what we think, we impart as much delectation as we receive; the fancy is rais'd, and the wit displaies it self more than at other times, without constraint or ostentation; we remember our absent friends, we talk of our loves, we premeditate new pleasures, by making an appointment for another entertainment; and intermixing the Feast with agreeable Sonnets, Musick, now and than a little walk, and a little discourse, it may be concluded, both the body and mind are highly refresh'd and satisfi'd, and there remains nothing to be desir'd, but the renovation of the same pleasure. But to cause this pleasure to be perfect, it is requisite the familiarity of the guests afford them more joy in being together, than the nearness

ness and rare skill of the Officers of him that treats his friends, can give them. Not that I blame those who have a delicate palate; for 'tis an advantage of Nature, as well as to have a quick sight: but the principal part of pleasure ought not to be plac'd in it. Nor ought an agreeable entertainment to resemble a great Feast; there ought to be order, choice, neatness, property, and handsome abundance, nothing superfluous in it, with joy and freedom. Your discourse extremely pleases me (answer'd *Plotina*) but that there is one thing I am unsatisfi'd with, which is, that you make no mention of Ladies in your Festivals, after the Greek mode, as if there were none present at them. 'Tis true, added she, before the War, the Ladies at Rome did not much frequent them; but we draw this advantage at least from our unhappiness, to have a little more liberty than we formerly enjoy'd. As *Plotina* was speaking thus, *Clelius* was seen to enter, and with him *Artemidorus*, who was newly arriv'd, and having first acquainted the Consul *Horatius*, with the occasion of his coming, suffer'd himself to be conducted by *Clelius* to this Garden, without knowing any thing of the arrival of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*. Which caus'd him to be strangely surpris'd, when he beheld those two fair persons amongst all those Roman Ladies. *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were as much surpris'd when they perceiv'd him, and could not contain from blushing. They lookt one upon another, as if to read what each thought, in their eyes; and they beheld *Artemidorus* likewise, to discover which of them he lookt upon most favourably. But he avoided the eyes of *Clidamira*, as if he had fear'd to meet them, and endeavour'd to encounter with those of *Berelisa*. *Clelia*, on the other side, who knew he could give her some intelligence of her dear *Aronces*, approacht to him, with as much ardency as his Mistresses, who both made a complement to him, in which there appear'd some reservedness, because indeed they durst not speak according to their real sentiments. But when they observ'd *Artemidorus* in a place where there was so many fair persons present, they were possess'd with very different thoughts; *Berelisa* fearing lest he should fall in love with some one of them, and *Clidamira* almost wishing it, only for the pleasure to see him no longer *Berelisa's* Lover: but being in a great company, they constrain'd themselves, and check'd their sentiments. As for *Artemidorus*, the first agitation of his heart being pass'd, he sought to approach *Berelisa*; but this amiable Virgin having perceiv'd the company knew her adventures, after telling him in two words, she should gladly entertain him, when she could do it without being observ'd by so many eyes, entreated him not to oblige her at that time to a particular conversation. Now this day being design'd for the jollity of all the company in general, *Clelius*; to whom these fair strangers and *Anacreon* were presented, and by him civilly receiv'd, signify'd that according to the order of great Feasts made at Rome, a Thaliarch, or King of the Feast, ought to be nominated, who might be a fit person, to choose the divertisements for the company. *Amilcar* propounded *Anacreon*, as being the best qualify'd to dispence joy at such an entertainment; but he desir'd to be excus'd, pretending his ignorance of the customs of Rome: But *Clelius* tel-

ling him *Herminius* should teach him them, and likewise cause his Orders to be executed, he took upon him the Office; and the first thing he commanded, was, that every one should walk and discourse with whomsoever he pleas'd, during the time, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* instructed him in what was requisite for him to know. Which the company obeying, divided themselves into several little ones. *Sulpicia* seated herself in a verdant Arbor, with two or three women of quality, which arriv'd at that time: *Clelius* betook himself to discourse, concerning the publick affairs with one of his friends: *Artemidorus* walk'd between *Berelisa* and *Cesonia*: *Horatius* consoorted himself with *Clelia*, who, to hinder him from speaking of his passion to her, retain'd *Plotina*, with whom were *Sicinius*, *Tellanus*, and *Acrisius*; *Zenocrates* entertained *Clidamira*: and *Valeria* was involuntarily oblig'd to endure the company of *Emilius* and *Spurius*, though she soon after desir'd *Flavia* to continue with her. This fair company being thus divided, several little knots of them were seen in almost all places of the garden: but *Zenocrates* being desirous *Clidamira* should not have leasure to observe *Artemidorus*, and having an extream longing to know what occasion'd her to be with *Berelisa*, and for what reasons they were come into Italy, he ask'd her the question. And for that he had formerly been sometimes her Lover, and sometimes her Confident, she told him, the Father of *Berelisa* being married again, out of love to a person, who was unwilling this charming Lady should dwell with her, her Father absolutely commanded her to enter into the order of Vail'd Virgins, where the Princess *Phionice* was, and to enter into it, never to come forth again; or else to go and dwell with her at *Leontium*, and that whatever jealousy *Berelisa* was possess'd with, she lik'd rather to dwell with her, than for ever renounce the pretensions she had for *Artemidorus*. I see well (answer'd *Zenocrates*) *Berelisa* has had cause rather to choose to live with you, than to enter into the Order of Vail'd Virgins, for her life time: but I do not so well understand, why you consented to have with you a Sister-in-law, whom you do not love. Ah! *Zenocrates* (reply'd *Clidamira*) I perceive you no better understand Love, than you did the time I saw you last; for if you were more knowing in true Love, you would apprehend, that notwithstanding my jealousy, it was a sufficient satisfaction to me to have my Rival in my power. When she was at *Agrigentum*, I always believ'd *Artemidorus* was there disguis'd, or writ to her every day, and I was then far more tormented, than since her being at *Leontium*, where no doubt, I have so much credit, that *Artemidorus* and the Princess his Sister, shall never return thither, unless I negotiate their accomodement with the Prince. But wherefore (said *Zenocrates*) do you not make that negotiation, and so oblige *Artemidorus* to forget your pretended inconstancy? Ah! *Zenocrates* (answer'd she) if he could forget *Berelisa*, he would soon forget my pretended inconstancy. But to make an end of telling you what you desire to know, you must understand, my Sister-in-Law and I have had a thousand contests, for *Artemidorus* since we were together; for I have told her a hundred times, I would never procure that Prince's revocation, unless she would promise me

to think no more of him, and she has told me, a thousand and a thousand times, that she knew with infallible certainty, that Prince would never love me, though he should desist from loving her, and so I should but render him unhappy, without being able to draw any advantage from the infelicity that I caus'd to him. Upon which, being desirous to be inform'd of the future, by all the ways that people endeavour to know it, and a friend of mine assuring me the *Prænestine* Lots give an absolute decision in all cases wherein they are consulted, we took a resolution to come into *Italy* for that purpose; for as for my part, I confess to you, being I excited the first passion in *Artemidorus*, I cannot think but that he will return again to me. *Berelisa* on the other side, believes Inconstancy can never be forgotten, nor a dead Love reviv'd; For which reasons we are desirous to be satisfi'd, whether of us two is mistaken, and to order our lives accordingly after the determination. In the mean time, I fear this casual meeting of *Artemidorus*, will decide the matter sooner: Nevertheless, since he flies me (added she) 'tis a sign he fears me still, and I must not despair but the Lots of *Prænestine* may prove favourable to me. Whilst *Clidamira* was speaking this, and all the rest of the company entertaining themselves according to their own inclination, *Herminius* instructed *Anacreon* in the customs of *Rome*, to the end he might better acquit himself of the charge that *Clelius* had given him. But amongst the rest, he told him, that since the fair and potent City of *Alba* had been united with *Rome*, there was introduc'd a kind of a game of chance, of sufficient pleasure; for it having been necessary at that time, to lodge all the remaining Inhabitants of *Alba*, in a quarter of *Rome*, to take away all contest about places assigned them for their particular habitations, the business was referr'd to lot by little tickets, in some of which were written the names of the Inhabitants of *Alba*, and in others the houses design'd for them. And ever since (said *Amilcar*) it has been accounted a piece of delight to make use of chance in pleasant affairs; so that when the King of a feast is liberal, he bestows a great number of magnificent gifts, which are distributed according to chance, by putting all the names of the persons present into tickets, and expressing all the things intended to be given in others. But to discover the good luck and the bad, there are fewer Presents put in, than there are Persons at the Feast, that so there may be some unfortunate, to be either pittied, or derided in the way of raillery. This custom seems to me extream handsome (answer'd *Anacreon*) but being I am a stranger, and have nothing to give, some other invention must be devis'd to employ chance in a diverting manner. Accordingly *Herminius* and *Amilcar* being agreed with him concerning all things, *Herminius* took upon him the execution of them, and *Anacreon* and *Amilcar* re united with the company. But by the way they beheld together in a walk, the person who was wont to speak too much, and he who us'd to speak too little, who were constrain'd to be a part by themselves, by reason *Plotina* had rid herself of them, and every one avoided him that was over talkative, and no body car'd for him that was little better than a mute. *Amilcar* taking notice of them, told *Anacreon* the different humor of those two men, which were well match'd together, since the first was always speaking, and the other scarce ever spake at all. In the mean time, *Clelius*

being sent for away by the Consul *Horatius*, the company became more free: for *Sulpitia* was one of those Ladies whose Virtue is not severe, and who never interrupt the diversions of young persons, provided they exceed not decency; and besides, having liv'd so long a time in *Africa*, she was thereby become something less rigid. Now all these little Companies being again assembled in a large round place, beset about with seats, they all sat down, and made a very gallant appearance; for the Ladies having walk'd for some time, the colour of their complexions appear'd more fresh and vivid, when they came to lift up their veils; but though all the Ladies present were very fair, yet the beauty of *Clelia* much transcended that of all the rest, though she were not at that time possess'd with all the joy necessary to set off, and enliven a great Beauty. The men were sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, and sometimes upon their knees before the Ladies, according as they pleas'd: but being *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* were strangers, *Clelia* and *Valeria* were very careful to entertain them, as likewise to discourse with *Anacreon*; for though the language he us'd was something broken, because he learnt the *Roman* tongue in *Sicily*, yet he spoke so agreeably, that all the world took pleasure in hearing him; for he discours'd of a hundred different things, and always admirably well. I beseech you (said *Clelia* to *Berelisa*) be pleas'd to tell me, what Countrey *Anacreon* is of. He is of one of those Islands which are generally called the *Cyclades* (answer'd she) and was born in *Teia*, which was not far from *Delos*, but has spent a great part of his life at *Samos*, in the Court of *Polycrates*, by whom he was very much belov'd. Yet Love subverted his favour with him after a while. Was it because he was Rival to the Prince? (said *Valeria*) There's probability of it (answer'd *Berelisa*) but I know not exactly; for though *Anacreon* has testifi'd much kindness to *Clidamira* and me, yet we observ'd he car'd not to make us privy to his Love; and all I know concerning it, is, that he told us *Polycrates* one day causing several eminent Ladies of his Court to dance before him, attir'd like gods and goddesses, and Nymphs, and Muses, there was one person that represented *Apollo*, who so affected his heart, that he commended only her; by reason of which *Polycrates* afterwards conceiv'd so horrid a jealousy, that transported with indignation and fury against this fair person, whom he suspected to correspond with his passion, he caus'd her hair to be cut off, to the end she might appear less fair in the eyes of *Anacreon*; who became so afflicted at it, that to eternise the memory of that lovely hair, he made the handsomest Verses in the World, upon that subject. I have heard this adventure related after another way, (said *Amilcar*, who was present) but since you know it from *Anacreon*, you ought to be believ'd. For my part (interrupted *Anacreon* not knowing what *Amilcar* was speaking of) I conceive it good to doubt of every thing: Nevertheless (said *Clelia*) your aspect does not speak you of a distrustful mind: You have reason (answer'd he) but to shew you that I easily doubt of what is told me, I even doubt, whether what I spoke last be rational or not, and I cannot presently name above one thing that I do not doubt of, which is, that you are the fairest person that ever

ever I beheld : *Anacreon* speaks this with such an air (said *Clelia*) that I believe he will shortly love you as much as he loves *Roses*, though he loves them sufficiently, to give them immortality by his writings. And indeed (added *Berelisa*) he has compos'd Verses extremely pleasant only upon the prerogatives and excellencies of *Roses*. No question (said *Anacreon*) I prefer *Roses* above all other Flowers; but 'tis not the Spring alone, that causes me to have such a peculiar affection for them, but some other I cannot tell what thing (added he smiling) which has great resemblance with the Spring. Namely (said *Amilcar*) the love you have had, or have for some fair and young person, who lov'd *Roses*, has caus'd you to affect them, more than otherwise you would have done. I confess it (answer'd *Anacreon*) and I acknowledge also, that her memory is still so dear to me, that I can never see *Roses*, nor *Rose-bushes*, without resenting some kind of sweet, though with all troublesome, emotion in my heart. Yet you have a very joyful aspect (said *Herminius*) for one, subject to great passions; at least, we are not wont to suspect cheerful persons at *Rome*, to be capable of any great invasion by them. I love Joy, no doubt, extremely (reply'd *Anacreon*) and if love were without pleasure, I should never be amorous. But as there are some melancholly persons by constitution, who notwithstanding are not incapable of resenting joy, so there are some naturally addicted to mirth, yet sufficiently sensible of sorrow. Thus, though I am sufficiently jovial, and seek pleasure in all places, oftentimes also carrying it whither I go, yet I do not cease to be discontented, perplex'd and jealous, when I am possess'd with love; for there ought to be a difference made between melancholly and sorrow, as likewise between cheerfulness and joy. Yet methinks (said *Plotina*) there is a great resemblance between cheerfulness and joy, and with all the wit you have, you can never manifest to me any considerable difference between them. To perceive it distinctly (answer'd *Anacreon*) you must know there is no person in the world, but may be capable of some kind of joy, and there are only a certain number of persons in the world capable of cheerfulness. For this latter is a quality peculiar to those of a jovial constitution: but as for Joy, when ever it pleases Fortune, it may be found in the hearts of the most melancholick persons. Yea, 'tis sometimes more sensible there, than in those of the most mirthful inclinations, (added *Herminius*) not only, because contraries are advanc'd by proximity, but because persons of this temper having usually more violent desires, have also a greater joy when they can satisfy them, than they have, whose desires are more moderate. We see it happens that joy sometimes causes fighting, when it is extreme, whereas laughter is the perpetual effect of cheerfulness. Joy can never arise of it self alone, it must always have some extraneous cause. 'Tis not so with cheerfulness, which arises of it self, and there needs nothing but health to such as are of a jolly and airy humour. Joy is an infallible consequent of all passions when they are satisfi'd; cheerfulness subsists without aid, though it may be augmented by causes from without. Indeed we may observe at this present I am speaking, that the presence

of these fair strangers and *Anacreon*, redoubles the cheerfulness of the amiable *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, as may at least be gather'd from their eyes. But why do you not also add *Zenocrates*? (said *Clelia*) 'Tis certainly (answer'd *Plotina*, without giving *Amilcar* leisure to speak) because *Zenocrates* is sometimes sad and sometimes jovial: and giving himself frequently to musing as he does, it cannot be easily determin'd, whether he be serious, though it may be assured that he is always agreeable. But in brief, if he take not some course to correct those little distractions, his dear Friends reproach him with, I foresee there will one day happen a War between the Pleasant and the Melancholists; for being a person of Merit, one side will claim him for theirs, and the other challenge them wholly to themselves. Yet I am not so much wander'd in my thoughts (answer'd *Zenocrates*, smiling) but that I perceive you employ a very ingenious raillery against me; and if I were as vindictive a person, as you are a derider, I would reproach your pleasantness to you with as much mockery, as you do my Musings to me. After which *Sulpitia*, who was entertaining her self with several Ladies of her friends, led the Company to the place where the Feast was prepar'd, where there wanted nothing that could render it agreeable. The place was well furnish'd with lights, the Tables magnificent and very decently serv'd, and the Men were the Ladies Attendants at this entertainment; there was an excellent consent of Musique, and after the repast there came some women to dance, and divert the Ladies, whilst the Men went to their Collation in another place. But when this was done, the King of the Feast, being counselled by *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who better understood the *Roman* customs than he, propounded the above-mention'd Game of Chance to the company. *Anacreon* excus'd himself as a stranger, and for that he was not wealthy enough to render this pastime as magnificent, as he understood it had sometimes been in the reign of *Ancus Martius*, when an illustrious *Roman*, whose Family was descended from the antient King of *Sicily*, had the liberality to give three hundred magnificent presents, and to choose three hundred persons, to whom Fortune alone had given all the excellent things he parted with for his humor, without reserving to himself any other right in them, than to manifest to all that were chose, that he judg'd them worthy to possess the most valuable presents, since he empower'd them to obtain the same by hazard. This magnificence (continu'd *Anacreon*) was, no doubt, worthy of a man who had all the qualities necessary to govern States gloriously, and aggrandize them; but as for me, (added he) I find my self enforc'd to supply my defects, by some shift of wit, and to render the game as diverting otherwise as I am able. To begin therefore (said he) according to the power my dignity gives me, I require that all the hearts of the Men and the Ladies, be put into tickets, and that every one without distinction draw a ticket, to see if Fortune, who is blind as well as Love, will happily match the success. It will be requisite then, (said *Horatius*) that the hearts of the Men be put apart by themselves, and those of the Ladies in another place. By no means (answer'd *Anacreon*) but observe how I intend the matter. If a Lady

happen to have the heart of a Man, it signifies that she is lov'd by him; if a man have the heart of a Lady, it shall be free for him to hope, that he shall one day be not ill-treated by her: If the heart of a man falls to the lot of another man, 'tis a sign he is more inclinable to friendship than to Love; and if it he returns to himself, it denotes that he loves himself more than all the rest of the World, and loves nothing else but for his own sake. For as for my self (added *Anacreon* slyly, who understood the cause of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa's* voyage) I shall give as much credit to this Game, as to the Lots of *Prænestæ*. Though you are much in favor with a certain god, that empow'rs to divine of the most occult matters (answer'd *Clidamira* smiling and blushing) yet I shall not be over-credulous to your pastime of Chance. But though it were only to try what hazard may do, I consent my Heart be put to the venture. Which all the Ladies and the Men likewise, doing, every one was constrain'd to write his own ticket. All the company therefore writ their names with what they pleas'd under them, suitable to the occasion. So that, excepting *Sulpitia* and two other Ladies her Friends, who were discouraging together in a Closet near the Chamber, wherein the company then was, there was none but writ their names. *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Valeria*, *Clidamira*, *Berelisa*, *Flavia*, *Cesonia*, *Salonina*, and some other Ladies writ their tickets; so also did *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Tellanus*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Sicinius*, *Acrisius*, *Damon*, *Spurius*, *Anacreon*, and some others; after which, all the tickets were put into an Urn, and *Anacreon* going round the company in order, began at *Clelia*, who trembled as she drew the ticket it behov'd her to take, because she fear'd lest the heart of *Horatius* should fall to her Lot. For though it was but a trifling pastime, yet she perceiv'd an unwillingness in her self to give him that false joy. *Horatius* on the contrary, wish'd the heart of *Clelia* might come to his hands after this manner; and though this sport was merely frivolous without consequence, yet every person that had any conceal'd interest, could not contain from resenting some kind of light inquietude, the vehemence of affection being apprehensive of what ever events. But amongst the rest, *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* had a curiosity to see, to whose lot the heart of *Artemidorus* would happen. But to proceed, *Clelia* having drawn the first ticket, unhappily lighted upon the name of *Horatius*, with these words underneath;

I am ignorant what Fortune will do with my heart, but I well know how Love has dispos'd of it.

Clelia blush'd after she had open'd this Ticket, and refus'd to shew it; but the order of the pastime requiring it to be seen by all the company, *Horatius* had the joy to see Fortune had well guided his heart. At which, *Artemidorus* was not able to put off all fear, lest his should not be so happy as that of *Horatius*. But in the next place, *Anacreon* having oblig'd *Zenocrates* to take a ticket, he found that his own heart return'd to himself, which occasion'd the company sufficiently to laugh, because he was accus'd by all the fair ones, to do

no more than lend his heart, and suddenly withdrew it again, out of the hands of those whom he suffer'd to take it. They desir'd to see what he had written under his name, but it could not be, for being something mov'd at the raillery made against him, he tore his ticket into pieces; and so it behov'd *Anacreon* to proceed: Next therefore he presented the Urn to *Plotina*, who was some time in suspense without resolving, what ticket to choose, during which, *Amilcar*, *Tellanus*, *Acrisius*, and *Sicinius*, were anxious in conjecturing whom she wish'd to light upon; for you would have thought she intended to choose the heart that should happen to her lot, though she was not able to distinguish amongst them: Whereupon *Acrisius* who lov'd to speak much, was not contented to be silent in this occasion, but began to request her with as much importunateness, as could be employ'd by an ardent desire, to leave the event to the hazard of the Game, and not to pick out whom to choose. And *Plotina*, only to silence him, hasten'd to draw a ticket, wherein she found the name of *Sicinius*, who having not follow'd his own humor of speaking little in writing, as well as in conversation, had written these words underneath his name;

'Tis only in the fair Plotina's power to dispose of my heart, and not in Fortune's.

Plotina had no sooner open'd this Ticket, but *Amilcar*, *Tellanus*, and *Acrisius*, were enrag'd against Chance, for having favour'd *Sicinius* rather than themselves; and *Acrisius* made his complaint with such abundance of words, that the continuation of the pastime was almost forgotten. As for *Sicinius*, there did not want much but that his joy was dumb, for he express'd it only in three or four words. Then *Valeria* drew her ticket. If the Lot had been equitable, without doubt she had drawn the heart of *Herminius*, or that of *Emilius*; but it hapned to be that of the revengeful *Spurius*, who had writ these words in his Ticket;

I desire Fortune to take me from her, to whom I have given my self, since hatred and jealousy have not been able to do it.

Valeria blush'd with extream vexation, for having hapned upon this ticket; which serv'd something to comfort *Herminius* and *Valerius* for their unhappiness: for though 'tis possible for one to blush obligingly, yet the eyes of a Lover are well able to discern a ruddiness proceeding from choler, from one that is favourable; whence *Spurius* also knew as well as *Herminius* and *Emilius*, what interpretation to make of the blushing of *Valeria*. In the mean time *Anacreon* having caus'd *Amilcar* to draw a ticket, he made a hundred shifts before he open'd it. He beheld all the beauties one after another, though he stoop at *Plotina*, and told her, he passionately wish'd the ticket fall'n to him, were that which she had written. But at length having open'd it, he found chance had given him the heart of *Anacreon*, who had writ these words in his ticket;

I know

I know not to whom Lott will give me; but I know well, that joy is the true Mistress of my heart.

Ha! my dear *Anacreon* (cry'd *Amilcar* with a transport he was unable to suppress) we are Rivals; but the Mistress we serve is so gentle, that she yields to whosoever takes her, so that we shall never be jealous. I am very glad of the declaration you have now made (said *Plotina* smiling) for being your Mistress is one of my friends too, I may—Alas! I beseech you (interrupted *Amilcar*) do not triumph over me for what I have spoken; for I swear I am no lover of joy, but because I see it in your eyes, I find it in all your discourses, and in loving and serving you, and for that I know it always resides in your heart; and did I find it any other where, perhaps I should not love it at all. As for my part (said *Anacreon*) who spake sincerely, I acknowledge I am a Lover of it, where ever I find it. After which, he oblig'd *Artemidorus* to take a ticket, who drew that wherein *Clidamira* had writ these words;

Did I dispose of my heart, it should never be but my own.

I assure you Madam, (said *Artemidorus* to *Clidamira* with a low voice) it has always been yours more than mine, and shall still be so, more than any others in the world. I wish to the gods it were so, (answer'd *Clidamira*) and I would stop my journey to *Præneste*. Mean while *Berelisa*, who heard not what these two persons were speaking, conceiv'd jealousy at it, as well as regret; for that lot had given the heart of *Clidamira* to *Artemidorus*. Nevertheless, being oblig'd to choose a ticket, she constrain'd her self, and drew one; but instead of finding in it the heart of *Artemidorus*, as she desir'd, she found her own, which Fortune had returned to her. And that which was remarkable, was, that she was almost as much troubl'd, as if *Artemidorus* had refus'd it. Yet this Prince desir'd to see what she had written in the ticket, and found these words;

It belongs not to Fortune to dispose of my heart.

You have reason, Madam, (said *Artemidorus* to her) and the most precious thing in the world, ought not to depend on one that is capricious, and dispences all her liberalities without choice. After this, *Anacreon* caus'd *Æmilus* to draw, who found the name of *Plotina* with these words;

Take my heart who pleases, but I intend it to be restor'd to me as often as I will.

As for my part, Madam, (said *Æmilus* to her) who have always thought, that could never be well possess'd, which was possible to be lost, I conceive I should do very prudently, not to accept a Present which Fortune has given me, against your will; and besides, I am not able to return your heart for heart, for I had no longer any to dispose of the

first time I had the honor to see you. Then I resume mine very willingly (answer'd *Plotina*) for 'tis a thing we always have need of, and more convenient for it to be at home than elsewhere. But have you it there, (said *Acisius*) and may the word of a person be rely'd on, that scarce ever speaks seriously, who makes mirth of every thing, and perhaps glories in deluding those, who would by a thousand services, oblige her only to suffer them to be her servants? All that you say, is very well spoken (reply'd *Plotina* craftily) but 'tis good not to speak so much at a time, while there are yet so many hearts to be match'd. Since it is no longer possible for me to obtain a heart, which is desir'd by many others besides my self (said *Tellanus*) I do not much care for continuing the pastime. That which I desir'd being also already given, and return'd, (added *Acisius*) I shall be well enough satisfi'd if it do not proceed, for when there's no longer hope left, nothing can be delectable. If I lov'd to speak as much as you, (answer'd *Sicinius* coldly) I should say the same that you do. For my part (said *Damon*, the Disciple of *Pythagoras*) since I believe not that hearts love as much to change place, as Souls do to change Bodies, I consent to the change of the divertisement. *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and the rest of the company perceiving the pleasure of it was past, *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, *Artemidorus*, *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, having already drawn their tickets, told *Anacreon* they would dispence with him, from proceeding in the distribution of the hearts which remain'd; for 'tis probable too (said *Themistius*) they will not continue where lot disposes them. Since 'tis so, said *Anacreon*, we will leave all the hearts that are left, to go whither they please. But because I love such pleasures as occasion the production of others, I must make this pastime after another manner, and instead of those hearts, dispos'd of by Fortune, we will write tickets, in which there shall be both pleasures and punishments, and every one shall be engag'd to receive the first, and undergo the latter. Provided there be a Lady of your counsel, said *Clelia*, I believe the company will obey you without repugnance. I find your caution equitable, answer'd *Anacreon*, and I engage to resolve on nothing but with your consent. The amiable *Plotina*, reply'd this fair Lady, is much more fit than I to be of your counsel, and therefore I advise you to make choice of her. Though I am not worthy to possess a place that was design'd to you, said *Plotina*, yet I shall not refuse to take it, if *Anacreon* pleases. And accordingly this illustrious Greek plac'd himself near her, and imparted to her his purpose. After which, having with the assistance of *Amilcar*, made new tickets, each of which contain'd, either a pleasure or a penalty, they were mingled and distributed; all the company promising they would punctually do what ever was appointed to them by their respective tickets. In the mean time *Artemidorus* being plac'd between *Berelisa* and *Clidamira*, was sufficiently perplex'd, and so much the more, that *Themistius* having engag'd *Berelisa* in a discourse, he became forc'd to answer to *Clidamira*, who us'd to him the most insinuating and moving expressions in the world. So that as a virtuous man is much put to it to become cruel, he answer'd civilly enough, and contented himself handsomely to put off part of her blandish-

blandishments and sweetnesses. *Berelisa*, who had a delicate and tender mind, easily sensible of trouble, as a person who really loved, was possessed with vexation and jealousy, even so as to change her colour, and not to answer very directly to that which *Themistus* said to her. At length *Anacreon*, having distributed his Tickets, every one opened their own, and beheld the pleasure they were to have, or the punishment to which they were condemned. *Valeria* being the most diligent in opening that which fell to her, found her self impowred to cause a Sonnet to be sung by whom she pleased of the company. *Clelia* found that she was obliged to entrust a secret with *Anacreon*. *Themistus* to tell his opinion concerning a Love-question that *Anacreon* should propound to him, *Berelisa* to recite some amorous Verses, *Acrisus*, who always spoke so much, not to speak at all, the rest of that evening, *Sicinius*, (who as much hated to speak,) to relate his own life, *Clidamira*, to declare what she hated most, *Plotina* to command *Amilcar* whatsoever she pleased, and he not to disobey her, *Artemidorus* to give a Musick-entertainment in the same Garden two days after, *Telanus* to give the Ladies a handsome Collation before the Musick, *Spurius* to promise to hate no person, *Æmilius* to tell whither it were possible to love without desires and without hope, *Amilcar* to relate a handsome amorous History on the evening of the next Collation; *Herminius* to make a description of all the divertisement of this day. For *Anacreon* being counselled by *Amilcar*, had so well ordered the matter, that that which seemed chance was really not so, in the most of tickets distributed, except in those of the rest of the Company, which contained nothing suiting to any person in particular. But when *Valeria* had opened the ticket which permitted her to command whom she pleased to sing a Sonnet, *Clidimira* gave her to understand, that *Anacreon* sung well, whereupon addressing to him, as there is sufficient glory, said she to him, to command those who command others, do not take it ill that I choose you to obey me, and command you to sing: And since there is no better example, answered he, than to see those that make Laws observe them, I shall not scruple to obey you. And accordingly *Anacreon* sung several couplets of one of his Odes, with so much grace and exactness, that it being a very handsome air, it pleased even those who understood not the Greek, but it charmed those who did; for he feigned that he desired to tune his Lyre to sing the high exploits of Heroes, and thinking he had tuned it right, when he went to use it, he found it would play of nothing but Love; and then endeavoring to sing of divers Subjects one after another, he continually happened to say at the end of each Couplet;

I cannot sing of ought but Love.

All this company desired to oblige *Anacreon*, to sing the same Sonnet again, but he alleaded the Ticket of *Clelia*, obliging that fair person to intrust him with a secret. His desire to know it would not allow him patience to sing longer; and so approaching respectfully to her, she began to whisper to him and tell him a fictitious secret, not

judging it fit to discover a true one to a person she saw but the first time. But *Anacreon* delighting to speak to her, pretended that what she told him was no secret, and so endeavored to bring her into the necessity to prove to him it was. But if I should speak aloud what I have told you, (answered *Clelia*,) my secret would cease to be such; therefore it is requisite, if you please, that you take it upon my word. This reason having seemed good to the Company, *Anacreon* propounded a Love question to *Themistus*, to tell his opinion of. It was, whether he believed Love could subsist, during an absence which was known would be perpetual, and if Love could remain constant in the heart of a Lover and a Mistress, while they were certain of never enjoying one anothers sight again. For eternal absence (added he) is a kind of death in Love, and seems fatal enough to extinguish it. That which you propound to me (answered *Themistus*) cannot very easily come to pass, for the mind is always soothed up with some relique of hope. But 'tis possible, two persons that love one another, may find so little probability of meeting again, as to believe they never shall; whereby there may be no hope left in their minds of ever attaining any satisfaction of their Love. Nevertheless I conceive, if a mans heart be really touched, and the person he loves return him affection for affection, if it be only the crossness of Fortune that separates such two persons, without their own contributing ought thereto on one side or other, if they behold a deep sorrow in one anothers eyes at their separation, and be absolutely assured of their reciprocal dearnefs, I conceive (I say) their affection may subsist, notwithstanding their eternal absence. The grief arising from their separation, may no doubt be diminished, since it is not possible to live always in lamentation. But Love will not wear away, yet it will remain less sensible in process of time, though always sufficiently strong to keep it self from being destroyed by an other passion, and to cause us to love nothing but that we have fixed our affections upon; though without hope of ever receiving contentment from it. At least I have found sentiments in my own heart, which persuade me I should be capable of such an unusual fidelity (for we oftentimes see absence of no great duration, proves destructive to very ardent passions.) There are some people (interrupted *Plotina*) who in the very places where their Mistresses are present, are lyable to absences of heart worse than the other. But to make an end of my sentiment, (continued *Themistus*) I am of opinion, a violent Love will not become absolutely extinct during a long absence; if a new passion do not destroy it; for there is something so sweet in Loving, that when we once love well, our minds are unable to resolve to love nothing at all, after having tasted the sweetness of this passion. You have so well satisfied what I enjoined you (answered *Anacreon*) that if the lovely *Berelisa* acquit her self as well of what is commanded her, she will repeat very amorous Verses. Nevertheless (said she blushing) I shall not repeat many; for I have a memory as unfaithful, as others have their hearts. But since 'tis unlawful to disobey you, I shall repeat some Verses I learnt heretofore, made (as was said) by a Woman, whilst she imagined a Lover whom

whom she affected, returned to love a former Mistress, whom she accounted unworthy of his affection. And accordingly *Berelisa* being lead by a jealous passion, recited the following Verses which she had made at *Agrigentum*, in the height of her jealousy, and had never shewed to any person till then; so that *Artemidorus* was surprised to hear that which follows;

*Tell me, poor slave; what meant those shows
Of tenderness, or all those vows;
If thou intendest not to prove
By them, thou truly wert in love?
But since thou'rt turn'd disloyall, goe
Condemned to disgrace and woe:
Mean while I'll bless my self and smile
Thy falsity did me beguile.*

Berelisa repeating these Verses, turning a little towards *Artemidorus*, made the Company esteem them sufficiently amorous. *Clidamira* smiled deceitfully, and *Artemidorus* was troubled, knowing *Berelisa* too well to be ignorant of the sentiments of her heart. But the best was, *Acrisius* who was so addicted to loquacity, not remembering that his Ticket enjoined him silence for all the remainder of the evening, could not contain himself from making a long acclamation in praise of these Verses. But *Anacreon* checking him for it, lengthened the time of his silence from the next morning to noon; after which *Sicinius*, who loved not long discourses, was obliged to relate his whole life in order to satisfying his ticket, which he did in this manner.

Whereas I am of opinion, a man cannot be said to have lived while he did not love, the relation of my life will not be long; for my love is but of six months date, and during that time I have had nothing else to do but to bemoan myself for the rigor of my Mistress, and uneffectually to endeavor to love her no more.

After this, *Sicinius* held his peace, and nevertheless made apparent by this short relation, that those who speak little, have sometimes as much wit, as those that speak excessively; for he handsomely enough quitted himself of the perplexity he was designed to be put into. In the next place *Clidamira* being to declare what she hated most, answered roughly, Not to be believed when she spoke truth. I conceive (said *Berelisa* craftily) it is more troublesome not to be believed when we speak an untruth, because it seems to be more cause of regret for a man to have invented a thing he is unable to make believed. Assuredly *Berelisa* has reason (answered the Prince *Artemidorus*;) but since it remains only for me to promise Musick, when the Ladies require it, I do it with pleasure. I do the like for the Collation enjoined me (added *Tellanus*.) And as for me, (said *Spurius*) since I am obliged to promise not to hate any person, I do it with condition to break my word; for I foresee I shall not be freed from hatred so long as I am votary to Love. Now it belongs to me, (said *Æmilius*, looking upon *Valeria*) to determine whether it is possible to love without desires, or without hope. But because it seems too late to make a long discourse, it will be more convenient for me to tell you the opinion of a Lover of my acquaintance,

who one day made Verses upon this Subject, and in one place of that Work speaks thus;

*Cold and fruitless is Loves fire,
Whence is banisht all desire.
If so, our hopes are gone; Love's state
Makes such an one unfortunate;
Nay, he is beyond man's thought
A miscreant or else a sot.*

Æmilius spoke these Verses with so passionate an air, that *Valeria* changed colour, and *Herminius* resented a kind of vexation at it. Nevertheless he took upon him to be the Historian of this gallant Feast, and *Amilcar* to recount an amorous History as his Ticket obliged him. After which, it being late, all this fair company retired. *Sulpitia* led *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* to the place where they were to lodge, and *Herminius* constrained *Anacreon* to go and lodge at the house of the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was friend to all the friends of her Illustrious Son, and loved, worthy persons, sufficiently to be induced to give handsome reception to a stranger upon information of his merit. As for *Artemidorus*, he was sufficiently sad; for he had observed *Berelisa*, was possessed without just cause for it, since he had only such civility for *Clidamira*, as a virtuous person can never disclaim, but had a very tender passion for *Berelisa*. In which regard he was extremely impatient till he could get an opportunity to entertain her in private; which he could not easily bring about; for the next morning there was a great Company with *Clidamira* and her, so that he could do no more than tell her after a confused manner, that he ever loved her dearly, and that she was injurious to him, in apprehending any cause of jealousy. *Berelisa* blushed at these words, and not being able to suppress her first thought, but casting her eyes another way, you might more properly say, (answered she) that I am injurious in loving you, than in being jealous, since this cruel passion is an infallible concomitant of a tender affection. Indeed my mind (continued she) is in a miserable condition; if I am generous, I ought to counsel you to desert me, and to put your self in a capacity of being once again deceived by *Clidamira*, since she alone is able to re-ingratiate you with the Prince of *Leontium*, and without her you will be perpetually exil'd. On the other side, if I follow the pure sentiments of my own Soul, I should rather choose to see you in eternal banishments, than to see *Clidamira* deprive me of that which she has lost by her own fault, and I have merited by an inviolable fidelity. Now judge what quietness my mind is capable of, especially when I see you have still as great civility for *Clidamira*, as if she had not been unfaithful. But is it possible, (replied *Artemidorus*) that you conceive an intelligent person can be uncivil to a Lady, and to a Lady he once Loved, and who would still persuade him that she does not hate him? But is it possible, (answered *Berelisa* passionately) you can understand a true Lover can innocently have civility for a Lady who causes jealousy in the person by whom he would be loved? However, (added she) because I will not make my grief apparent to the eyes of so many persons, who know me

me not, I will conceal my sentiments the best I can, and observe yours with the greatest care possible, for, in my conjecture, you know them not your self. In earnest, added she, you love *Clidamira*, more than you think you do, and love me less than you believe; and so undauntingly commit infidelity against me. Alas! Madam, interrupted *Artemidorus*, I beseech you do not accuse me with injustice. But moreover, said *Berelisa*, you know not well what passes in your own heart, and take nor sufficient notice of the proceedings in mine. As *Artemidorus* was going to answer her, there came a great number of people who interrupted him; yet he began to speak and tell her, that he was necessitated to leave *Clusium*, for fear of being discovered by a man whom the Prince of *Leontium* had sent to *Porfenna*; of which having received notice by the Princess his Sister, he came back to *Rome*, the Princess also having taken upon her to send him intelligence how her affairs proceeded. After which, *Herminius* being arrived with *Telanus*, told the company that the Festival appointed, was to be hastened in favor of this generous *Veientine*, because the *Veientes* were within two days to send the Figure which they at first so peremptorily denied, and so *Telanus* would be obliged to depart, and without obeying the command which *Lot* had layd upon him, being the person designed to give the Collation. *Salpitia* coming thither with *Clelia*, a moment after, it was concluded it should be the next day; and so *Telanus* took upon him to prepare for the Collation, *Artemidorus* to give the Musick, and *Amilcar* to make the relation he was obliged to. Yet he declared that he would not trust to his memory nor his eloquence, but for the contentment of the Company, read them a History, famous for the name of the person principally concerned in it, which he not many days agoe had translated out of the *Greek* into the *Roman* Language. All the Company required he should relate some adventure, wherein himself was interested; but *Plotina* craftily alleading, that being obliged to recount an amorous History, it was not fit he should speak of his own Love, because he knew not how to manage that passion, his choice was allowed, and the next morning the same persons, who had been at the former entertainment, being met together in the same Garden, it was resolved *Amilcar* should read the History which he had translated, and that before the Collation or the Walk, because it was not unreasonably presumed, the passages of his Relation would supply matter for the conversation of the rest of the day. Wherefore all this fair Company being seated in a magnificent Hall, out of which was a very delightful prospect, *Amilcar* placed himself in such a manner, as he might be most easily understood by all that were present, and began to read the History of *Hesiod*, in which some are of opinion, that in the place of *Apollo's* prediction, some thing has been added in latter Ages. But to leave that in suspense, *Amilcar* began to read in this manner.

The HISTORY of HESIODE.

I beseech you (interposed *Plotina*) stay a little, and first tell me, whether this *Hesiod* be not a great Poet, I have heard say lived many Ages ago? For if it be, I confess to you I should find it difficult to interest my self sensibly in the adventures of people that have been out of the World so long. For my part (said *Clelia*,) I am not of your humor; for I am almost inclinable to lament the miserable adventures which are no more than fictitious, if they be invented with any resemblance of truth. That cannot I do, (replied *Plotina*) for that which passes in the same City where I am, affects me more than that which passes in *Greece*, and that which arrives in my own times, makes greater impression upon my heart, than that which hapned in the days of *Romulus*. In reference to such things (answered *Clelia*) as we see with our own eyes, or which befall people that we know, I consent with you, that they move more than others do, but in the telling of an History relating to persons not of your knowledge, I confidently believe, we ought to be as much affected with an Adventure hapned in *Greece*, as at *Rome*; and there is no distance of places which takes away the sensibility of the heart, no Age so remote, but the fancy becomes near enough to it to excite compassion: for 'tis the things themselves we are moved with, and not so much the places or the persons; since every place or person you know not, is indifferent to you, and cannot affect you more one way than another. 'Tis the representation made to you of their sufferings that mollifies your heart; and if any man should invent a deplorable sad Story, I conceive your self would be unable to resist all sense of pitty: for in my judgment such as have greatest wits, suffer themselves to be most of all taken with things happily invented. The way to determine your controversies (said *Herminius*) is, to permit *Amilcar* to read. You have reason, (answered *Anacreon*) for if the amiable *Plotina* have no compassion for *Hesiod*, I think her the most cruel Virgin in the World, though the History *Amilcar* is going to read of him, should add nothing to the truth. Read then (said *Plotina*, beholding *Amilcar*) for it is not fit I should longer deprive the Company of the pleasure they expect from a History you have chosen to divert them. Yet you will please to remember, answered *Amilcar*, that I am engaged to relate none but an amorous History, and so the more love there is in that I shall read, the more I shall satisfy my Word. After this, the silence of all the Company intimating their expectation he should begin to read, he did so in these Words.

The History OF HESIODE.



HESIODE was of a very Illustrious Lineage, for 'tis affirmed he was descended from *Orpheus*, as well as *Homer*, who was his very near Kinsman, And indeed this pedigree is so particularly deduced, that there is no ground to believe it fictitious. They say, *Orpheus* was the Son of *Æacus* and of the Muse *Calliope*; that *Orpheus* was Father of *Drez*, and *Drez* Father of *Enseus*; that from this latter, successively descended *Jamonides*, *Philoterpe*, *Euphemus*, *Epiphrades*, and *Menalopus*. This *Menalopus* had two Sons, *Appelles* and *Ampelis*; *Appelles* was Father to *Mæon*, who going to *Smyrna* married *Eumetis*, by whom he had *Homer*. *Ampelis* on the other side married at *Cuma*, and had a Son called *Dius*, who was the Father of *Hesiod*. It is also recorded that his Family was very rich; but his Father having been rather prodigal than liberal, so intangled his affairs, that not being longer able to live at that height of expence he was wont to do, he left *Cuma* of *Ionia* where he dwelt, and went into *Exotia*, where he rather made choice of the Countrey than the City for his ordinary residence, and dwelt at a Town called *Asira*, the situation of which was infinitely delectable. Besides also, *Dius* marrying in this place with a Virgin of a sufficient Fortune, whose name was *Pyfimedia*, he continued there as well out of interest as inclination. At the end of the first year of his Marriage, *Hesiod* came into the World, and the year after, *Dius* had another Son named *Perfes*, who differed much from the first; for *Hesiod* was a great and excellent person, and *Perfes* was the true pattern of a wretched Poet, dull, lazy, envious, and full of vanity. The childhood of *Hesiod* was always delightful, and his education better than might have been expected from the Countrey. For *Dius* having contracted a particular friendship with an eminent Priest of the Muses at the Mount *Helicon*, left the young *Hesiod* to him for some years. Now this famous Mountain, which is not far distant from that of *Parnassus*, being peculiarly consecrated to *Apollo*, and the Muses, all the considerable people throughout *Greece*, go thither at least once in their life time. And as places of great resort have always more politeness than others, *Hesiod's* wit became very gallant and polite, even in his tender youth. He had both boldness and discretion; and that which is always a good sign in the mind of

a child, he had a general curiosity to get every thing explained to him which he did not understand. He loved much to walk alone by himself, though otherwise his genius was sufficiently free. He was of a handsome person, civil, and of a pleasing conversation; but before he was eighteen years old, he never thought of employing himself in making Verses, although he was in a Countrey consecrated to the Muses, and indeed the pleasures of *Hesiod* at this time, seem'd sufficiently contrary to Poetry; for he lov'd Hunting more than Study, notwithstanding the general curiosity I told you he had from his Childhood, which incited him always to enquire the reason of what he saw. Now being exactly at that age in which the heart of young people is as yet undetermin'd to any thing, and capable of taking to all whatsoever, wherein Vice and Virtue seem to dispute who shall possess it; *Hesiod* at his return from hunting, went to sit down at the brink of that famous Spring *Hippocrene*, which is at the foot of *Helicon*, which they say, arises out of a rock, and was first made by a stroke of *Pegasus's* foot, and which is so famous for the admirable virtue ascrib'd to it, of inspiring those that drink of it with an exquisite faculty of making Verses. *Hesiod* therefore being something weary with the hunting he had been at, and finding a very pleasant shade near this Fountain, fate down there, and leaning against the body of a tree, betook himself to muse with sufficient pleasure, by reason of the purling of the stream, and the whispers of the leaves which were gently wav'd by a soft fresh wind; for it was exactly in that season of Roses, in which the West-winds are most agreeable, and in which the Festivals of Love was ready to be celebrated at *Helicon*, which was wont to be solemniz'd there every five years, as constantly as that of the Muses; to signify, that as Love cannot want the Muses, so the Muses cannot be without Love. *Hesiod* entertaining himself in this manner, without having any great joy, or great sorrow, or other particular object, to employ his mind, and awaken his imagination, he fell by degrees into so profound a Musing, that he no longer took notice of that which he heard, or saw, or was thinking of. So that slumbring by little and little, he supported himself against a Tree, and fell asleep. His eyes had not long been shut, but his fancy being guided by the gods, presented him with an admirable and surprising object; for on a sudden, he thought he beheld all the Muses about him, in

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that manner as they are pictur'd, to wit, in the attire of Nymphs with loose Robes, with dishevel'd hair, with garlands and flowers upon their heads, and several instruments in their hands, correspondent to the several things invented by them. *Hesiod* on a sudden beheld this Celestial Troop about him; he heard so melodious a Concert, that he was charmed with it; he fancied also that he beheld several little *Cupids* amongst them, who leaving off their sport to listen to them, seemed to hearken very attentively. But at length the Musick being ended, *Calliope* advancing towards him, after having had the consent of her companions, to do so, spoke to him almost in this manner, if yet it be lawful to fancy how the Muses speak.

Upon what thinkest thou, *Hesiod*? dost thou not fear that the gods will call thee to an account for the wit which they have given thee? what hast thou done with it since thou camest into the world? art thou not ashamed to dwell in the hill of *Helicon*, to be neighbor to the Mountain from whence we took our birth, to be so near *Parnassus*, and to sleep on the brink of *Hippocrene*, without ever having had a thought of composing Verses? Thinkest thou that the gods have given thee wit, memory, fancy, and judgement, to employ upon nothing? Awaken thy self from this drowsiness, wherein sloth still detains thee, consider that the life of men is too short, for them to be contented with it, and that there is nothing so sweet as for a man to acquire immortality to himself. Consider what glory it is that attends thee, if thou believest the counsels which we give thee; and to encourage thee to follow them, know, that if thou wilt, thy name shall be celebrated throughout all Ages, and amongst all Nations, and thou shalt be universally acknowledged for the Father of all the Poets, which shall arise in the whole extent of the world. Do not imagine that what we tell thee is a small matter, for I can assure thee (upon the word of *Apollo*, who knows things to come) that they who are descended, or who shall descend in the sequel of time, from the greatest Kings, or the most illustrious Heroes, shall not be owner of so great a fame, as they who shall follow thee. But to give thee a light Idea of it, redouble thy attention; follow me to the top of my *Helicon*, take good notice of all that I shall shew thee there, hearken with respect to the great things which I am going to inform thee of, and believe all that I shall tell thee cannot miss coming to pass; for the most secret books of destiny are always open to *Apollo*, from whom it is I speak to thee.

After this, *Hesiod* thought that he was transported to the top of Mount *Helicon*, from whence discovering all *Greece*, as he thought, he beheld the fairest object that ever he had seen. But though he conceiv'd himself elevated very high, yet he perceiv'd the most remote objects, as distinctly as if they had been very near; for when we see things only in imagination, we see them as well afar off as near. In this place under a great Laurel which made a handsome umbrage, *Calliope* all alone appear'd to him again, and addressing to him with a majestic air, and full of sweetness and charms;

Rowze up thy mind, *Hesiod*, said she to him, receive respectfully the favour *Apollo* does thee, of rendering thee capable to penetrate into futurity, and

to enjoy true glory, which is never found till after death, and consequently is not very considerable during life. But to cause thee to enjoy it amply, it is requisite that I make thee a description of Poetry, that I recall what's past, and reaching forth unto that which is to come, make thee know, what none other shall know during thy generation; but as they who intending to shew a great River to a stranger, would not go to take view of it near its Spring, because it would seem too little; so likewise in going to shew thee the progress of Poetry, I must not trace it back to its original: because being it is really the off-spring of Heaven, I cannot conduct thee to the place of its nativity. It suffices to tell thee, that 'tis the language of the gods, and that Love and Glory have brought it into use amongst men; That without it the Heroes would dye unrewarded, that their names would perish soon after them; that Lovers would sigh without pleasure, that the art for one to render her himself immortal, by immortalizing others, would be unknown in the World. In the next place, look upon all *Greece*, as the first place wherein Poetry began to be celebrated, and from whence it shall pass successively to the other parts of the World. Dost thou not see a Woman of a goodly aspect, at the gate of the Temple of *Delphos*? 'tis *Pheonous*, the first Prophetess of that Temple; who invented the handsomest form of Verses; For by a privilege granted to Women, it may be affirmed that they have more share in poetry than men, since if they do not make Verses themselves, yet at least they inspire others with the desire of making them. Dost thou not see near her, that young man that plays upon the Harp? 'tis the famous *Amphion*, who added three strings to that instrument, to make them up seven, there having been but four before. It is also reported, that the stones, drawn by his harmony, ranked themselves one upon another, to build the Walls of *Thebes*: but the truth is, he became of such reputation among the *Thebans*, that he easily persuaded them to inclose their City. Look a little towards the right hand, and thou wilt see a venerable man: 'tis the most ancient of three Poets, who bear or will bear the name *Linus*, and the first whom *Apollo* taught the measures and numbers of Verse. He writ a Poem concerning the World, which got him such honor, that some have not stuck to call him the Son of *Apollo*; and indeed his name will be always celebrated by the *Greek* Poets, who will make Hymns upon his death, and particularly by the famous *Sappho* of *Mytilene*, whom I shall by and by shew you.

In the mean time, look upon him who appears so handsome, and so sad; 'tis *Orpheus*, from whom thou art descended, who was able to charm Hell, and recover *Euridice* from the shades of death, by the power of this melodie, and who not being able to contain one moment from looking upon that beloved person, lost her again for ever. This excellent Poet has composed thirty nine Poems, but time shall bereave posterity of them, excepting one Book of Hymns to the gods, and a Treatise of precious Stones, of which some fragments shall remain preserv'd from age to age and it shall be known in general, that he lov'd to treat of grave Subjects, as of the World, the Stars, and Morality.

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He that thou seest behind him is *Musæus*, to whom *Orpheus* address'd several of his Works, and left his Harp at his death; 'tis he that made the handsome Poem of *Leander* and *Hero*; although in process of time, some will go about to ascribe it to another *Musæus*.

Then take notice of *Melesigenes*, who is thy kinsman, and whom thou must overcome at *Chalcis*. I shall say nothing to thee of his lineage, and the place where he was born; for thou knowest it well; but I shall assure thee, that he shall be so famous, that in future ages, seven Cities shall contend for the honor of having him their Native; namely *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*, *Chios*, *Argos*, and *Athens*. He shall be indigent of the goods of Fortune, but rich in the gifts of the mind. He shall make several voyages, and shall be almost continually unhappy. He shall lay aside the name of *Melesigenes*, and take upon him that of *Homer*, because he shall become blind. After this accident, he shall become so poor, that he shall be constrain'd for a long time to beg alms. Yet he shall find charitable friends to assist him, and the gods themselves shall do a miracle for his sake; for the Seamen refusing to take him into their Vessel to go to *Chios*, shall be overtaken with so great a storm, that, imagining it befallen them, because they refus'd *Homer*, they shall return to the shore to take him in, and afterwards make a happy voyage. But at length *Homer* shall become a little more happy; he shall marry, and have two Daughters, and then it shall be, that he shall compose one Work, which he shall intitle *Odysseus*, and another, *Ilias*. The latter of which shall be more admir'd than the former, in the first ages which shall follow him; but in after-times, they shall be judg'd of quite contrary: but in truth, they shall both be worthy of the highest applauses. *Homer* in acknowledgement to those, by whom he shall be assisted, shall introduce them in his Works, to the end to immortalize their Virtue. For *Phœnius* his Father-in-law, and his first Master, shall find a place in the *Odysseus*; *Mentor* shall be highly celebrated there; he shall also speak advantageously of *Mentes*, and shall not forget a plain Mechanick, who shall entertain him for sometime at his house; and thus he shall give an heroical testimony of acknowledgement, in an age that shall be ungrateful to his Virtue. But posterity shall at least render justice to his merit, and acknowledge him to have been Master of a grand and prodigious genius, with a natural, facile, and delightful style. He it is, that shall invent to begin a History in the middle, to the end, to suspend the minds of the Readers, and give them a kind of pleasing inquietude; it shall be he that shall introduce that admirable diversity of styles, in which he shall never be surpass'd by any; he shall be admir'd by the most eminent wits of *Greece*, and acknowledg'd in all ages for a Poet, worthy to be imitated in every respect by all others.

Judge then what glory will befall to you, in overcoming a man, whose name shall be famous, as long as Reason shall be amongst men.

Hitherto I have told you of the past and the present; I must begin with the amorous *Mimnermus*, to discover the future to you. Do not you perceive by his air and his aspect, that he will be able to sing of nothing but Love? 'Tis he that shall invent the way of the bewailing Elegie for the fair

Nanno his Mistress, who, by the sweetness of her voice, shall inspire him with the sweetness of his Verse: Nevertheless, the Works of this excellent man shall perish, and not live among those of others; but yet there shall be enough to judge, that he must needs have been a most delicate and amorous wit.

After this, *Hesiod* believ'd he saw only all *Peloponnesus*, the Sea that encompasses it, and particularly the Cape of *Tenarus*, and upon that Sea, not far from the Cape, a comely person carried upon the back of a Dolphin, playing upon an Harp, and looking sometimes towards the shore, and sometimes towards Heaven, as if he thanked the gods for some favor. After which, *Calliope* beginning again to speak, He that thou seest, said she, is the famous *Arion*; who shall invent the manner of Tragick Verses, and the introducing of a *Chorus*; he shall be ready to be slain by the mariners of a ship, out of intent to possess his Money; but having obtain'd permission to sing some Verses to his Harp, he shall do it so well, that the melody of his Song shall draw several *Dolphins* about the ship; upon which, *Arion* abandoning himself to them, shall leap into the Sea, and be receiv'd by one of those *Dolphins*, who shall carry him to the shore; and thus he shall find more humanity amongst Fishes, than amongst Men.

Then all these objects passing away, *Hesiod* beheld an Island, and upon the top of a Rock, a brown Woman of indifferent stature and beauty; yet she had quick and sprightly eyes, and was of a very comely shape: she that thou seest, said *Calliope* then to *Hesiod*, is the famous *Sappho* of *Mytilene*, who shall be celebrated throughout all ages, for the handsomness of her Verses, especially for a certain passionate and amorous style, which shall be almost inimitable. She shall invent the use of the Bow belonging to the Harp, which shall highly advantage the sound of it; she shall love a disloyal person, which shall be the cause of her death; but though almost all her works shall perish, yet her name shall live eternally; she shall be styl'd the tenth Muse, and in all Ages new Honors shall be ascrib'd to her.

But there is enough spoken, concerning this Illustrious *Lesbian*; therefore behold *Alcæus*, who shall live at the same time; do not you see he has the aspect of a man of quality? his birth shall be very noble; he shall command the Armies of *Mytilene*, with his Brother *Antimenides*: but one of the seven Sages of *Greece* named *Pittacus*, shall possess himself of the Tyranny, and eject them; so that *Alcæus*, an excellent Lyrick Poet, being incensed in mind, shall begin to write against him, and in general, against Tyranny and Tyrants, and make Verses, which shall be accounted seditious. His works shall be grave, and strong; he shall sometimes descend to Mirth and Love, and succeed very well therein, although more excellent for other things. He shall have so passionate a soul, that he shall desire to immortalize a little mark the person he shall love, shall have upon her foot; but he shall have the unhappiness to fall into the hands of *Pittacus*, who contenting himself with the power to be reveng'd, shall send him back again without harm, and by that handsome action, confirm to himself the prerogative of bearing the glorious title of Wife.

After this, *Hesiod* beheld *Alceus* no more; but saw a man disguis'd with a vizard in a Chariot, who went to and fro in the middle of a spacious place in *Athens*, encompass'd with the people. He that thou seest, said *Calliope*, is *Theſſis*, who shall himself act the Tragedies which he shall compose, and shall be famous for this sort of Works.

But then, Dost not thou see a man, who has a countenance sufficiently cheerful? 'tis *Epicarmus*, who shall be born in *Sicily*, and be the first inventor of Comedies, which shall perish by time, after having serv'd for a pattern to those that shall follow.

In the next place, behold two Poets with grave looks, marching together; one of them is *Theognis*, who rejecting Poetical fictions, shall write Precepts of Morality in Verse. Yet he shall sometimes intermingle Love in his Works, and that with some freedom. The other is *Phocylides* of *Miletum*, something more serious, who shall write of moral matters full of instruction, and draw the greatest part of his Sentences from the Books of certain Women who shall be called *Sybyls*, he shall be imitated one day by a *French* Poet, whose Verses shall for a long time be the first Lessons of Virtue for the young children of his own Nation. They shall both begin their Works in recommending the worshiping of the Divine Power, the honour of Parents, and judging with Justice, and fear of another Judgement, which attends both the good and the wicked. Then behold a man of a very comely person, but blind! 'tis *Stesichorus* of *Sicily*, a Lyrick Poet, who shall come near to the grandeur of *Homer*. 'Tis true, he shall be condemn'd for being too abundant; but there shall remain nothing of him besides his reputation. While he shall be yet in the cradle, a Nightingale shall sit and sing upon his mouth; he shall lose his sight for having spoken ill of *Helene*, but recover it again by making a Work in her praise, which he shall call a *Palinode* or *Recantation*. But after having shewn thee *Stesichorus* alone, I must also shew thee him in company; dost not thou see eight Men and a Woman? they are the nine Lyrick Poets, who shall be put together in resemblance of the nine Muses. The first without comparison, shall be *Pindar*, of whom I shall tell thee afterwards: and thou mayst see the rest about her, who are *Simonides*, *Stesichorus*, *Ibycus*, *Alcman*, *Bacchylides*, *Anacreon*, *Alceus*, and *Sappho*, who shall likewise be call'd the tenth Muse, as I told thee before.

But to speak at present only of *Pindar*, when he shall be in the cradle, the Bees shall make Honey upon his mouth. Dost thou not see that he is separated from the rest that environ him, and that he has none near him but a fair Virgin, with a Crown upon her head? 'tis *Corinna*, who shall have the glory of surpassing him five times publicly, and gain the prize for making better Verses than he. Nevertheless, he shall be a Poet of the first Order, in the judgement of the greatest Poets, that shall follow him. He shall be so sublime, that it shall be hard to follow him; his style shall be lofty, pure, and chaste, and truly worthy to entertain Kings and Princes. He shall love chiefly to sing the praises of those who shall have been Victors in the *Olympick* Games; However, as I mention'd before, *Corinna* shall overcome him

five times: Some shall say, the reason shall be, for that being very handsome, her Verses shall thereby seem so much the more amiable; others that making use of the *Æolian* Dialect, and *Pindar* of the *Dorick*, which shall not be so elegant, this shall give her the advantage. But to discover a truth to thee which shall never be known to any other, he shall be amorous of her, and therefore take pleasure to suffer himself to be overcome by her: Not but that this Woman must be so admirable for her Verses, that the *Tanagrians* shall erect a Statue to her: she shall also give profitable counsel to *Pindar*, for as he shall one day be boasting of himself in her presence, she shall pleasantly mock him, and tell him that he knows not how to make any thing, since he knows not how to feign; maintaining peremptorily, that fiction is necessary to handſom Poetry. *Pindar* afterwards endeavouring to improve this admonition, shall offer her a work wholly fill'd with fictions connected together; but this fair Virgin deriding him again ingeniously, and beholding him with a mocking smile shall tell him, they ought to be interspers'd with judgement, and not cast in by handfuls as he has done. And accordingly, *Pindar* shall so well profit by her Counsel, that he shall become the wonder of his own age, and of those which shall come after him. The most famous Conqueror of the World, shall esteem him so highly, that having taken *Thebes*, he shall cause the house to be shewn him where *Pindar* dwelt, to secure it from being pillag'd, and shall preserve the goods of another *Pindar*, only in respect to his name. He shall also be happy in dying; for after having requested of the gods, that which is sweetest in life, he shall have the advantage to dye without pain, sleeping upon the knees of a person whom he shall love, at the publick Shews. After which, a Statue shall be erected to him.

But in the next place, dost thou see a goodly person, well made, and of a comely stature, who has a Crown of Flowers upon his head, and a very rich cup in his hand, who is near a Table well furnish'd, and encompass'd with people that are dancing? 'tis the famous *Anacreon*, the great protector of Joy and Feasts. Oh, I beseech you (interrupted *Anacreon*) let me see whether you have not craftily adjoyn'd me to so many Poets, that have appear'd to me as well as to *Hesiod*, since you began to read. Sincerely (answer'd *Amilcar*) I have made no alteration in translating this place, and I engage to let you see all I am going to read, in the *Greek* Original. Let *Amilcar* read on, (said *Plotina*) for perhaps we shall hear what you would be unwilling to tell us. Indeed (added *Valeria*) I have understood by *Berelisa* and *Clidamira*, that you will not relate any thing concerning your Loves. 'Tis true (answer'd *Anacreon*) That I do not affect to tell my amorous adventures; and therefore I am loth to let *Amilcar* read this place; for I should not care to have *Calliope* discover to you all my secrets. Fear nothing (reply'd *Amilcar*) a Muse never speaks indiscreetly; and the Translator is intelligent enough. Proceed then (said *Anacreon*) And accordingly *Amilcar* began to read again in this manner, at the place where he had left off.

But in the next place, dost thou see a goodly person, well made, and of a comely stature, who has a crown

a crown of Flowers upon his head, and a very rich cup in his hand, who is near a Table well furnish'd, and encompass'd with people that are dancing? 'tis the famous *Anacreon*, the protector of Joy and Feasts. He shall have a jovial wit, gallant, delicate and natural; his Odes shall last as long as the Empire of Letters shall endure; he shall invent a sort of Verses that shall bear his name; he shall make Elegies, he shall sing the Loves of *Circe* and *Penelope*, Lovers of *Ulysses*, but this Work shall perish; and he shall at length be one of the most famous Poets of all *Greece*; he shall love after all the ways, wherewith 'tis possible to Love; his principal Mistress shall be named——

Hold, I beseech you (interrupted *Anacreon* again) and do not name her. I must of necessity name her (answer'd *Amilcar*) for *Plotina* makes me a sign to continue my reading; which he did accordingly, thus,

His principle Mistress shall be named *Euripile*; posterity nevertheless shall believe, that he lov'd two other persons more ardently. He shall be very well belov'd by the Prince of *Samos*, called *Polycrates*, who shall one day give him two talents, but *Anacreon* shall restore them back two days after, and tell him (to refuse him without incivility) that he was two nights without sleep, for thinking how he should employ them, and that he will not be rewarded with a thing that affords nothing but anxious and inquiet cares. In his first youth, returning from a great Feast, he shall meet a Nurse holding a Child in her arms; whom he shall jostle so rudely, that the provoked Woman shall pray the gods, that one day he may as much honor her Son whom he then despis'd; and accordingly, that child shall one day excite love in *Anacreon*. He shall invent a kind of Lyre with one and twenty strings; and he shall dye by an unexpected and inconsiderable accident, in the midst of a Feast, at the age of fourscore and five years, and shall enjoy after his death an immortal glory.

Whatever the accident be, (interrupted *Anacreon*) that shall occasion my death, in that age I think I have no great cause to be troubled at it: but whatever *Calliope* has spoken of it, I conceive I shall not do very ill, to take care always to keep myself from dying young. As for me (answer'd *Plotina*) I am not dispos'd to contradict you; for besides that in my judgement I apprehend you have reason, I have also a great desire that *Amilcar* continue his reading, both to let me know those who are to succeed, and to resolve me whether *Rome* is not likely to have a Poet famous enough, to deserve mentioning by *Calliope*. After which *Amilcar* proceeded in this manner. Seest thou that old man with the bald head, in the middle of a field, and above him a great *Eagle*, holding a *Tortoise* in her beak? 'tis *Æschylus* the *Athenian*; he shall be the first that shall publish Tragedies; he shall add very much to the ornaments of the Theater, and first establish that maxime, not to bloody the Scene. He shall compose fourscore and ten Tragedies, and shall overcome twenty eight times; but being grown very old, he shall be out-done by *Sophocles* in the spring of his youth; which shall be so grievous to him, that he shall forsake *Greece*, and go into *Sicily*; He shall be sublime, grave, magnificent, in his expressions, sometimes even to excess, but

often rude and impolish'd, Wherefore the *Athenians* in following ages shall permit the Poets to correct the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, and afterward make them pass for new, and obtain prizes with them. Nevertheless, that famous *Lycurgus* the Law-giver, shall so highly esteem his Works, and those of *Sophocles*; that he shall cause them to be kept in the publick Archiv's, and erect Statues of Brasses to both of them. *Æschylus* shall be threatned to be killed with a blow on the head; to avoid which unhappiness, he shall very much affect to walk much in the plain field; but the gods shall punish him for the boldness, to go about to resist destiny; for a great *Eagle* holding a *Tortoise*, and taking the bald head of *Æschylus* for a stone, shall let the same fall upon him to break it; and thus seeking to avoid death, he shall find it, after having had the grief to hear it reproach'd to him by the young *Sophocles*, that when he did well, he did not know for what reason he did so. In the next place, behold *Sophocles* the conqueror of *Æschylus*, and many others: Dost thou not guess by his aspect, that he shall be inclin'd to Love? *Theorida* and *Archippa* shall be famous for having been his Mistresses. He shall be the greatest of Tragick Poets; his Works shall have an incomparable beauty and elegance; all shall be exact in them, polite, and accomplish'd; they shall have both sweetness and loftiness: Some shall go about to parallel him to *Euripides*, of whom I am to speak next; but the more sage opinions shall be for *Sophocles*. Some shall surname him the *Bee*, intimating that he shall take only the flower of things; others the *Syrène*, because he shall very much allure the minds of those that shall see his Works. In his extreme old age, not thinking of ought but to acquire glory, and neglecting his domestick affairs, one of his children shall accuse him of dotage, and go about to deprive him of the management of his estate; but he shall shew the Judges a very handsome piece; which he shall then be making; upon which the accuser shall be more in danger to be declared a fool than the accused. He shall make six and twenty Tragedies, and shall overcome in twenty four; but at last he shall dye of joy, having first overcome once in his decrepit age, and gotten the advantage to preserve all the excellency of his wit to the last. For one telling him, Thou art unhappy, *Sophocles*, in being no longer capable of Love; he shall answer gallantly, I esteem my self happy for being escaped from his Tyranny, as from that of a furious and insolent Master.

But it is time to shew thee *Euripides*: dost thou not see a man encompass'd with several Soldiers 'tis he of whom I speak: he hath, as thou seest, a fierce, melancholly and proud aspect; yet his birth shall not be great, and he shall be born in poverty; but he shall have boldness and fierceness. 'Tis true, his merit shall bear him out. In his first youth he shall overcome several times, in the places where there shall be prizes for the exercises of the body. Afterwards, he shall make a great number of Tragedies, of which eight shall be Satyrical. He shall overcome fifteen times, without any sign of Joy discernable in his eyes. Indeed *Euripides* shall scarce ever laugh, and it shall not be known whether he loves or hates Women, so uniform shall he appear in all his actions. Yet

Sophocles

Sophocles shall reproach him not to hate them, but in the Theater. The people shall one day pray him to change a Verse; but he shall answer, That he writ to teach the people, and not to be taught by them. He shall sometimes take pains with difficulty, and a Poet shall reproach to him, that he made but three Verses in three days. I acknowledge it, shall he answer, and you have made a hundred; but your hundred Verses shall not last three days, and my three Verses shall last not only three hundred years, but even to eternity. In effect, *Euripides* shall have so great a reputation, that after the *Athenians* shall have, been overcome under *Nicias* and *Gilippus*, the *Sicilians*, who shall be the Victors, shall spare the lives of several prisoners only because they shall know of the Verses of *Euripides*, wherewith they shall be so charm'd, that they shall cause them to be continually recited, to the end to learn them, and give the like liberty to those from whom they shall have learnt them. There shall be some also that shall stay in *Sicily*, and enrich themselves by reciting those Verses which all the World shall admire. But as for the others, who shall return to *Athens*, thou seest them at his feet, to thank him as their Deliverer, and leave him wholly surpris'd with this glorious adventure. He shall have the honor to be a great friend to *Socrates*, who shall, for the time to come, be the pattern to all the Sages; and he shall also have the generosity to give him testimonies of his amity after his death. But at length *Euripides* shall have the unhappiness to discover that his wife shall be unfaithful to him, and love a Comedian; upon which, fearing the mockery of the Comick Poets, he shall forsake his Countrey, and go into *Macedonia*, where he shall be in favour with the King *Archelaus*. During his being there, one of those Poets who never make Verses but to beg, and of which kind there shall always be some in the Courts of Princes, shall request something of considerable value of the King of *Macedonia*; but this Prince being ingenious both to refuse and give, shall command that to be given to *Euripides*, which the other desired of him; for (shall he say to this importunate person) you deserve to ask without receiving, and *Euripides* deserves to receive without asking. But at last *Euripides* shall die miserably; for he shall be torn to pieces by the dogs of that King at a famous hunting. The people shall say, the cause of it was because he interceded for a man who had slain one of those dogs; but the true reason shall be, for that the King scarce minding his hunting any longer, and being almost continually in discourse with *Euripides*, jealousy and hatred shall both enter into their hearts; so that finding him one day wandring alone, they shall tear him to pieces; and thus shall the famous *Euripides* die, whom many judicious persons shall scarce dare to place above *Sophocles*.

But after having seen this illustrious Poet, fix thy eyes awhile upon a very little man, who stands there on one side: he is a Poet, and nam'd *Philemon*; he shall make Elegies full of very handsome fancy. He shall be so lean, so little, and so light, that the people shall report he always carries lead about him, for fear the wind should carry him away. He shall have a Mistress named *Eubis*, and shall dye through grief, for not being able to resolve the argument of a Sophister.

He that thou seest in the next place, is the incomparable *Menander*, whose glory shall be immortal; he is the man that shall refine Comedies, who shall take away the insolent satire from them, and banish all that encounters modesty. He shall have an inclination extraordinarily amorous; for which reason there shall be much true modesty in his works, He shall apprehend perfectly, that a handsome Comedy ought to be a description, or picture of the World, and the passions ordinary to all men; for no Poet shall goe beyond him in skill, and exact observation of manners, customs, passions, and inclinations of each particular of mankind. There shall be other Comick Poets after him, who shall confound all his different styles, and without observing all those varieties which are so necessary to these kind of Pictures, they shall make Kings and Slaves speak after the same manner, and confound the Tragick style with the Comick. These cannot without injustice be equall'd to *Menander*, who shall be gallant and polite throughout, who shall have nothing but what either instructs or diverts. Whence there shall be in the sequel of time, a most grave and famous Author, who shall prefer *Menander* a thousand degrees above him, that shall be the most excellent amongst all others: *Menander* shall be accus'd by one nam'd *Cratinus*, to be sufficiently addicted to play the plagiarist in Authors that preceded him; but this *Cratinus* shall be one of those dangerous sons of Envy, of which there shall always be some, as long as there are persons of virtue: that is one of those malicious criticks, who seek not to instruct their age they live in, but only to injure those they see more esteem'd than themselves. *Menander* shall compose an hundred and nine Comedies, and shall be Victor only in eight; but posterity shall do him the justice to believe, that it was by reason of the factions of his Envyers. He shall be Disciple to *Theophrastus*, a great friend to *Demetrius Phalereus*, and so esteem'd by the Kings of *Aegypt* and *Macedonia*, that they shall send a Fleet and Ambassadors to him, to oblige him to come to them. But, in fine, being yet in the flower of his age, he shall be drown'd as he is swimming in the Port of *Piræus*.

Look upon him that I shew thee next; he shall be named *Philemon*, and shall overcome *Menander* several times, rather through good Fortune than merit, though there will be handsome fancies in several places of his Works: but *Menander* speaking to him of his victories, shall smilingly say to him, Art not thou asham'd to have overcome me? He is destinat to die with laughter, at the sight of some uncouth spectacle; he shall live fourscore and seventeen years, and shall make fourscore and ten Comedies.

He that thou seest upon that great Theater, and whom such a croud of people attentively listen to, is *Aristophanes*; he shall be of low birth, and yet of great reputation, and taking to himself a middle way between the excessive licentiousness of ancient Comedy, and the regularity of the New, he shall please the generality of people. His style shall be sharp, subtle, elegant, full of ingenious fetches and raileries; but he shall not scruple to offend the fancy of the virtuous sort of people, so that he may but give divertisement to the multitude. He shall be extraordinarily bold in speaking against

against all the World ; inſomuch that he ſhall make a Comedy againſt a Tribune of the people where-in he ſhall ſpeak ſo ſharply, that no Comedian will venture to act that part ; whereupon being led by his Satyricall inclination, he ſhall act it himſelf, and for that reaſon be condemned to pay a great Fine. That which ſhall blot the reputation of *Ariſtophanes*, is, that he ſhall be an enemy to *Socrates*, and make a Comedy againſt him ; but on the other ſide, he ſhall have the honor to have his Epitaph made by a great Philoſopher, after a glorious manner ; which ſhall ſerve one day for a document to the World, that all great men are not always of the ſame judgement, ſince another great Author ſpeaking of *Ariſtophanes*, ſhall ſay that in his works the Tragick and Comick ſtyle are confounded together, the high and the low, the ſublime and the familiar, very many ſuperfluous words, cold raileries, and impudence diffuſ'd throughout. He that thou ſeeſt next is *Lycophron*, an Author famous for his obſcurity. He ſhall be of the number of thoſe ſeven Tragick Poets, who ſhall compoſe the *Pleiades*, and he ſhall be ingeniouſly compar'd to a certain obſcure Star, which is in that conſtellation. He ſhall be born in the City of *Chalcis* in *Eubæa*, and ſhall be ſlain with the ſhot of an arrow.

Now take notice of that man who goes forth of a Temple, and ſeems to be in amazement ; 'tis *Calimachus* the *Cyrenian*, who ſhall make Elegies, Epigrams, and other Works, with ſufficient approbation. He ſhall make one among the reſt that ſhall live a long time, of which I will tell thee the ſubject, to the end thou mayſt underſtand, Poets may ſometimes have boldneſs which lead them out of the common road, provided they be manag'd with judgement. *Berenice*, Queen of *Ægypt*, ſeeing *Ptolomy* her Husband going to the War, ſhall devote her hair, which ſhall be very graceful, to *Venus*, in caſe he return victorious : after which, this Prince coming home Conqueror, *Berenice* ſhall cut off her hair, and carry it her ſelf to the Temple of *Venus*, where it ſhall not be found the next morning. A famous Aſtrologer who ſhall deſire to court that Queen, ſhall profeſs that he ſaw it in the Heavens, and that it makes a new Conſtellation there. And indeed having really diſcovered one that he had never ſeen till then, it ſhall for ever after be call'd, The hair of *Berenice* : This is the ſubject of *Galimachus*'s Poem, wherein making uſe of the boldneſs permitted to great Poets, he ſhall introduce the hair of *Berenice* ſpeaking, to the end it may appear, there is nothing which an excellent Poet cannot make to ſpeak becomingly.

The next thou ſeeſt is *Aratus*, who ſhall be born in the City of *Soli* in *Silicia* ; he ſhall not be very learn'd in Aſtologie, and ſhall nevertheless make a very handſome Poem concerning the Stars and their courſes : He ſhall alſo compoſe another very elegant work, and poſterity ſhall judge of it by the merit of thoſe who ſhall tranſlate it ; for the firſt ſhall be the Father of Latine Eloquence, who ſhall be named *Cicero* ; the ſecond ſhall be a Prince of high accompliſhments, who ſhall be call'd *Germanicus* ; the third a very amorous Poet, whoſe name ſhall be *Ovid* ; and the fourth a man of principal quality call'd *Ruffus Avienus* ; ſo that I allure thee no other work ſhall ever light upon more noble Interpreters.

Then turn thine eyes upon the admirable *The-*

ocritus ; he ſhall be born in *Syracufe*, and ſhall make Elegies, which ſhall acquire him immortal glory ; he ſhall ſpeak ill of *Hiero*, the Tyrant of his Countrey, who ſhall pardon him the firſt time ; but as Poets do not eaſily hold their peace, the ſecond time the Tyrant ſhall put him to death, and there ſhall remain no more of *Theocritus* but his Works, and his fair reputation.

He that thou ſeeſt next him, is *Mofchus*, a Poet of the ſame ſtrain, who ſhall have a gallant and delicate wit. He ſhall make an *Idyllium* upon Run-away *Cupid*, which ſhall be imitated in all Languages (ſo gallant ſhall the invention of it ſeem) and happily expreſs'd in few Verſes.

Thoſe two Men whom thou ſeeſt together, are the two *Parthenii*, of whoſe Writings nothing ſhall remain, and of whom I ſhall ſpeak by and by, when I come to ſpeak of *Virgil* and *Ovid*.

Laſtly (*Hefode*) behold the laſt famous Poet among the *Greeks* ; he ſhall be of *Cilicia*, of the City of *Anazarba* ; he ſhall be called *Oppian*, and ſhall be ſon of one of the principal Citizens, named *Ageſilaus*, who after having govern'd a long time, ſhall addiſt himſelf entirely to Philoſophy, to the end to inſtruct his Son therein. The Emperor *Severus* paſſing through this place, neither *Oppian* nor *Ageſilaus*, ſhall go to ſalute him ; which the Emperor taking ill, ſhall baniſh them into an Iſland almoſt deſart at that time, which in the revolution of ages ſhall be inhabited, by people very courageous, and of a moſt noble race. During this exile, *Oppian* ſhall compoſe five Books concerning Fiſhing, and ſix concerning Hunting ; he ſhall dedicate his Work to *Antoninus*, ſon of *Severus*, who not only ſhall recall him from exile, but being charm'd with his Verſes, ſhall recompence each of them with a piece of Gold ; whereupon thenceforth they ſhall be call'd, The Golden Verſes of *Oppian*. Beſides that, they ſhall be worthy of that Title, only in reſpect of their Elegance. After this, he ſhall return into his own Countrey, and die thereat the age of thirty years ; his Citizens ſhall erect a Statue to him, and inſcribe an Epitaph upon his Tomb, which ſhall intimate, that the gods cauſ'd his death out of envy ; becauſe, if he had liv'd long, he would have ſurpaſs'd all mortals.

Thus *Hefode*, thou ſeeſt who ſhall be thy ſucceſſors in *Greece* ; but if Poetry die amongſt the *Greeks*, 'tis only to revive again among the *Romans*, who ſhall learn it of them. So that thou ſhalt not be leſs the Father of the *Latine*, than of the *Greek* Poetry, and in what place ſoever Verſes ſhall be made, the name of *Hefode* ſhall be in eſteem. No doubt thou art willing to have me tell thee, whether the *Latine* Poetry ſhall be able to ſurpaſs the *Greek*, which queſtion ſhall be the ſubject of very great diſpute. Yet let it ſuffice thee to know, that the *Romans* ſhall take Poetry from the *Greeks*, and that the moſt curious Criticks amongſt them, ſhall believe they do much, when they ſhall equal the Poets of their own Nation, to thoſe of the *Greeks*. They ſhall even oftentimes prefer them before them ; becauſe 'tis the cuſtom of all men to be prejudic'd againſt their own age ; and a very great Conqueror ſhall one day call a Poet, who ſhall be named *Terence*. but a half-*Manander*, though that *Terence* muſt be one of the moſt perfect *Latine* Poets. However, I will tell thee, that the *Greeks* and the *Romans* ſhall on either

either side have their peculiar excellencies and defenders. The *Greeks* shall without doubt have the glory of invention, and withal a certain kind of greater sprightliness and pleasantness, and be more proper for divertisement. But otherwise, they shall be less exact, more diffuse and prolix, more subject to speak things unprofitable, attributing less to Art than to Nature. The *Romans* shall render Poetry more solid and more judicious, their Works shall have more Rule and Art, and consequently some kind of less licentiousness: and there shall come another time, wherein Poetry being become *French*, shall seem, in growing old, to have taken yet more severity, than the *Greek* or the *Latine*; for it shall indulge fewer things to itself than the rest; and withal, it shall very rarely have any of their graces and elegancies. In the mean time, to tell thee concerning *Latine* Poetry in particular, and to let thee see that famous Poetrick Genealogie, which I have promised thee, I must —

I beseech you (said *Plotina* then to *Amilcar*) suffer me to interrupt your reading, to tell you that I die with desire, not only that the *Latine* Poets may surpass the *Greek* in the excellency of their Verses, but likewise in riches and good fortune; for I have so much pity to see some of those great Poets poor, that I should be infinitely troubled, that that should one day be reproacht to the *Romans*, which I reproach to the *Greeks*. And moreover, to speak truth, I know not how it should come to pass, that many persons will willingly take upon them an employment of so little profit. If you please to consider (answer'd *Herminius*) how many people go to the War, with little profit, you will not wonder at the number of those that addict themselves to make Verses? although Poetry very rarely improves the fortunes, but is rather prejudicial to them; for this employment is of less danger, and greater pleasure. You have reason (reply'd *Amilcar*) and besides, the greatest part of those that addict themselves to make Verses, are born Poets, and cannot hinder themselves from being such. But yet I would know (said *Plotina*) why poverty always follows Poetry: The reason is (answer'd *Amilcar*) because great men are either ignorant or covetous. For my part (added *Plotina*) I look upon it as a just punishment inflicted by the gods, for that the most part of Poets, as I have heard, oftentimes give a thousand praises to people that deserve them not; and for that they sacrifice rather to Fortune, than to Virtue. But however, I conceive it fit to leave you to continue your story. Accordingly *Amilcar* resum'd the place where he stopt. But it is time to make thee change thy object.

Therefore lift up thine eyes and see proud *Italy* (such as she shall be one day, when she comes to be Mistress of the World) in the same place where thou sawest all *Greece*.

But, to arrest thy sight to one single object, look upon that man with a severe countenance; 'tis *Livius Andronicus*, who shall write Tragedies, of which in time, nothing shall be left but some fragments, which shall give posterity to know, that he had a kind of driness and rudeness in his Wit.

In the next place take notice of *Ennius*, and thou wilt observe by his aspect, that he will one day become a gallant man, and a lover of joy. He shall

be a Native of *Tarentum*; he shall imagine himself to have the soul of *Homer*: he shall write the History of his own Countrey in Verse, and making his own Epitaph himself, he shall forbid all persons to lament him, because he lives still, and shall always live in the memory of men. Nevertheless his Works shall perish, and nothing be left of them but some fragments, which shall evidence that he was nervous, and of good invention.

Then fix thy sight upon that man, whose attire is plain, and whom thou seest employ'd in turning about an Engine, which serves to make Meal, thou wouldst think he were able to make nothing worthy of immortality; yet he that thou seest, and who shall be called *Plautus*, shall write Comedies, which shall resist the depredation of time. He shall be born in *Umbria*, of low parentage; at first he shall sell his Comedies, afterwards he shall become a Merchant, and undo himself; and then poverty pressing him very heavily, he shall serve in those matters thou seest him employ'd about, But while he is at this Trade, he shall compose some of his Works, and it shall be said one day of him, That if my companions and I were to speak *Latine*, we should speak like *Plautus*; though this Elogium be more suitable to *Terence*, whom thou shalt see by and by, whose style shall without doubt be more noble, and more pure. *Plautus* shall principally propose to his imitation, *Epicharmus* and *Aristophanes*, two *Greek* Poets, whom I shew'd thee; his Comedies shall be full of Wit and pleasant Conceits, but not very modest. Indeed he shall better represent slaves, courtisans, and those of the baser sort of people, than honest persons; like some Painters, whose odd fancy is better at representing poor crippled and deformed soldiers, than Princes and Heroes. In process of time he shall seem something obscure, because he shall love to take the liberty of making extraordinary words, and employing those which are peculiar, to the eloquence of the vulgar. But however, there shall be handsome strains in his Works, and raillery shall be neatly couch'd in them.

Look next upon *Statius Cacilius*, a *Gaul*, he shall have the glory to be prefer'd by many, above all other Authors of the Theater; he shall be a great friend to *Ennius*, and so highly respected by *Terence*, that he shall compose nothing but what he first exposes to his censure. Nevertheless, time shall not respect his Works; for there shall scarce any thing of time survive.

As for *Accius Pacuvius* whom thou seest there, there are not things enough to tell thee of him, to detain thy sight longer upon him.

But 'tis not so with that *African* whom I shew thee, for he merits to have all thy attention; 'tis that *Terence* I but now mention'd; he shall be born at *Carthage*, and bred up a slave at *Rome*, by *Terentius Lucanus* a Senator, who shall cause him to be educated with very much care, and set him at liberty when he comes beyond the years of Childhood. *Terence* shall take the famous *Menander* for his pattern, as *Plautus* took *Epicharmus* and *Aristophanes* for his. He shall have a particular amity with all persons of eminent quality in *Rome*, especially with an illustrious man, named *Scipio*, and another called *Latius*, who shall also assist him to compose his handsome Comedies; for they shall not be like those people of quality, who conceive ignorance

ignorance best becomes persons of condition, and that it is either shameful or unprofitable to be learned. There shall be nothing so pure, noble and delicate, as his Writings; nothing that can better express the manners and genius of persons of all sorts. His Comedies shall seem better at the hundredth time's reading, than at the first; and they shall be the delight of all those that have an exquisite gust; yet only six of them shall be transmitted to posterity, which also shall be for the most part imitated from *Menander*, who shall be his great Original; nevertheless, they shall not favour of the constraint or lowness of imitators, but they shall be as so many Master-pieces. He shall dye with sorrow, as he returns from *Greece* to *Rome*, for having lost by shipwrack, an hundred and eight Comedies which he had made, and some incomparable Satyrs.

He that thou see'st next, is *Caius Lucilius*, who shall be a person of very great honesty; and so it shall be out of a sentiment of Virtue, that he will compose Satyrs. There shall be something extremely diverting in his Writings, but much inequality shall always attend them. 'Tis true, his defects shall not be long reproacht to him; for his works shall perish, as well as those of *Turpilus* and *Africanus*, two Comick Poets, whom thou may'st see standing on his right hand.

But the same fate shall not attend *Lucretius*: Look upon him as a Poet of an admirable genius, yet he shall have something of rudeness and impoliteness in several places: but the fault of the age he shall live in, and the quality of his argument, shall be the cause of it. In some excellent places, and in his poetical digressions, it shall be as much as the greatest Poet of the world shall be able to do to surpass him. He shall die mad, by occasion of being too much beloved; for a Mistress whom he shall love, thinking her self not sufficiently loved by him, shall give him a water to drink, which shall cause his death, in stead of augmenting his love.

In the next place take notice of *Lucius Pomponius*, who shall invent a new sort of Comedies, called *Atellane*, see also near him a man that has a cheerful and sufficiently ridiculous countenance, 'tis *Laberius* the Author of the Mimicks, that is, of a kind of sportful Comedy, set forth in gestures and postures.

See then a man of quality, named *Quintus Catullus*, he shall make two Epigrams, which shall pass happily to the latter ages, though all his other Verses perish, and there shall be one of those Epigrams, which shall one day give occasion to the composition of several little works, which shall bear the title of The fair House-wife.

After him, behold several mean Poets in a crowd, and amongst the rest *Publius Syrus* a slave, freed for his Wits sake, who shall surpass all others in the Mimicks, and *Laberius* himself that invented them: but I hasten to shew thee the famous *Catullus*.

Observe him therefore as one of the most gallant and elegant Latine Poets; but see near him also the fair *Leshia* his Mistress, who shall be reported to assist him in the composition of his verses.

Catullus shall be born at *Verona*, and be univer-

sally esteemed; his Epigrams shall be divine, although they be not always piquant, as those of *Martial*, whom thou shalt see by and by, but they shall have an admirable gracefulness, both for the manner and for the expressions. He shall look upon *Callimachus* as one of his originals, and shall translate that work concerning *Berenice's* hair which I told thee of: In brief, his Epigrams shall be of an extream sweet strain, and of so peculiar a gallantry and politeness, that none shall be able to equal him. He shall make several against the chief man of his times, and the master of his Countrey, under the name of *Mamurra*, but that great man shall not revenge himself, but favor him as formerly, because he shall have more esteem for his works, than indignation against his person, he shall die at thirty years of age, but his glory shall be out of the reach of Fate.

Now redouble thy attention *Hesiod*, for I am going to shew thee the greatest and most excellent of Latine Poets. Dost thou not perceive a house sufficiently rustical, before the door of which are all conveniences requisite for the making of earthen vessels? and dost thou not see at a little distance from thence, a great Poplar, which surpasses all those round about it; 'tis the birth-place of the great *Virgil*, whom thou may'st see musing along a meadow; as he shall do one day when he shall compose some of his Eclogues. He shall be the Son of a Potter, near a City that shall be called *Mantua*; his Mother shall dream that she shall bring forth a Lawrel, which she shall see grow to infinity; being delivered, she shall plant a sprig of poplar according to the custom, which shall in a little time become a great Tree, surpassing all those of the Countrey, and which afterwards shall be lookt upon by the people with veneration, and named *Virgil's* tree. This excellent man shall addict himself to the study of Natural Philosophy, the Mathematicks, and Physick, which he shall choose for his profession, and wherein he shall excell. Afterwards by his great worth, he shall acquire the friendship of a great Emperor, named *Augustus*, and of his Favorite, the famous *Mecenas*, our love and delight. He shall never offend any person, and never shew the least token of vanity, though Poets in general will be sufficiently subject to this defect. He shall have modesty in perfection; and in brief, shall be a real honest person, as well amiable for his virtue, and for his manners, as admirable for his wit. He shall compose Eclogues in imitation of *Theocritus*, which shall be infinitely charming; thou shalt have the same glory of being imitated by him, when he shall compose a work, which he shall intitle Georgicks; and which amongst the great Masters, shall pass for his Masterpiece: it being certain, that in respect of art and verity, it shall transcend all other things whatsoever; though very many persons, and those judicious too, shall wish rather to have been authors of his Eclogues, or some book of his *Aeneid*, for 'tis indeed a great glory, to be exact and accomplisht throughout, but 'tis a greater in Poetry to effect, to charm, and to ravish. He shall imitate *Homer* in his *Aeneid*, and the advantage shall be attributed to him, for having far surpassed him, as well as *Theocritus*, in the things wherein he shall have imitated him. But though *Homer* be less regular than

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Virgil

Virgil shall be, yet he shall not fail to have his graces; for he shall be more divertising and less severe, and shall abound much in different styles, of which *Virgil* shall be wholly unfurnished. But in brief, it shall be said to the praise of *Virgil*, That never man had with an extream handsome genius, and great stock of wit, so excellent a judgement, nor knew so perfectly as he, how far 'tis fit to go in Poetry, and where to stop. But in the middle of his glory he shall dye at *Brundisium*, whither he shall go to salute *Augustus* at his return from the East. At his death he shall command his *Aeneis* to be burnt, not being able to resolve to leave it imperfect to posterity; but *Tucca* and *Varus*, his friends, assuring him that *Augustus* will never permit it, he shall consent that it be preserved, on condition that it be published according as he shall leave it, without changing any thing in it, not even so much as some Verses, which shall be but half made. But to render him as glorious after his death, as he shall be during his life, *Augustus* shall make excellent Verses against that unjust clause of his Testament. Judge then *Hesiod*, what glory attends thee, being able one day to count *Augustus* and *Virgil* amongst thy descendants.

But this is not all yet; for behold him that appears there, 'tis *Horace*, whose name shall seem to be fatal to extraordinary men; he that thou seest shall be, without scruple, the most gallant of all the Latine Poets; his Father shall be a native of a village of *Apulia*, and a Son of a freed man, but for that he shall have a mind above his condition, he shall educate his son with as much care, as Princes ought to bring up their own Children. *Horace* shall have a particular friendship with *Mecenas*, and likewise with *Augustus*, who desiring to make use of him for his Letters which he shall write to his friends, shall see himself refused by him without being offended. *Horace* shall have as much wealth as he shall desire; and he shall say one day, to the glory of *Mecenas*, and his own, *I have as much as I need, and if I desired more, you would not refuse it me.* *Horace* shall be sufficiently cholerick, he shall have a voluptuous soul, and be of the sect of *Epicurus*, which he shall disclaim at the end of his days, he shall love liberty above all things, and so shall pass his life absolutely free, and please himself chiefly in the Countrey, because there is greater freedom there than elsewhere. He shall make two sorts of works, his Odes which shall be perfectly divine, and his Satyrs, which shall be incomparable not to mention a discourse of competent length, concerning the art of Poetry, wherein shall be very excellent things. There shall be some Odes of Love, others of carowing, and others perfectly grand and heroical, and all inimitable; so great freedom and facility of Wit shall be seen in them, happy boldness, gallant conceits, and above all, a choice of noble and natural expressions, which cannot be too highly valued. His works shall be throughout affecting, they shall surprise by their little constraint; for he shall pass from one subject to another, without scrupling to forsake any, where it seems good to him, and to go where he shall not be expected. As for his Satyrs, they shall contain the most exquisite and delicate morality, mingled with the most subtle

and real raillery, and never shall any other so pleasantly deride vices, as he, nor so ingeniously render them ridiculous. Yet it shall be less impossible (if I may so speak) to imitate him in his Satyrs than in his Odes. But to conclude, he shall die at the age of fifty seven years, after having acquired a glory which nothing can destroy.

After him, cast thy eyes upon *Tibullus*, a Roman Knight, handsome, well made, and of a good port; he shall be rich and become poor; he shall have so amorous an inclination, that the multitude of his loves shall proceed less from his inconstancy, than from his inclination to love. He shall chiefly celebrate in his Verses, four of his Mistresses, *Delia*, *Sulpitia*, *Negara*, and *Nemesis*. He shall have a particular amity with one of the eminentest persons of *Rome*, named *Messala Corvinus*, and shall dye in a voyage that he shall make with him, after having had the glory to be the first Author of the Latine Elegy. The style of his Verses shall be amorous, soft, easie, clear, neat, and of extream sweetness and elegance.

In the next place behold *Propertius*, an other Roman Knight, he shall imitate *Callimachus*, *Mimnermus*, and *Philetas*, whom I shewed thee before. Behold also near him, the fair *Cynthia* his Mistress, who shall sometimes help him to make Verses, as *Lesbia* shall *Catullus*. His Elegies shall be so handsome, that though the best Judges shall prefer *Tibullus* before him, yet others shall be of the contrary opinion. There shall be more wit, more conceits, and more amorous sentences in his Verses, but less passion, facility, and elegance.

Dost thou not see at the right hand of *Propertius* another Poet? 'tis *Varus*, who shall live at the same time. *Horace*, and all the rest of the same profession, shall celebrate him as a great Epique Poet, but there shall remain nothing of his but twelve or thirteen verses; so that one day his writings shall not be known, but by the commendations of others.

But it is time to shew thee the famous *Ovid*, a Roman Knight; dost thou not also see near him a very comely person? 'tis his wife, who shall be nam'd *Perilla*, and taught by him to make Verses. He shall be born at *Sulmo*, the Metropolis of the *Peligni* in *Italy*, near the *Marsi*, he shall be at first designed by his father to the Law, and shall succeed well in it; but having all his life had a great inclination for Poetry, he shall renounce that profession, and give himself wholly to the other. He shall be a particular friend to those of the highest quality in *Rome*, and of very delightful conversation. He shall marry thrice; he shall divorce his two first Wives, and keep the third, which thou seest near him. He shall be banished by *Augustus*, for having made love to the Princess *Julia* his daughter, whose deportment shall be very disorderly; some shall believe the cause to have been for being amorous of *Livia*, wife of that Emperor; but the true reason shall be so concealed, that many different and improbable conjectures shall be made of it. The place of his exile shall be *Pontus*, a Province of *Asia*, near the *Getes* and the *Sarmatians*. He shall compose many works, the greatest of all which shall be his *Metamorphosis*, which he shall imitate from the Greek of *Parthenius*, of the Island of *Chios*, as to the design only; for he shall much more amplify them; his stile shall

shall have much wit, facility, and copiousness, but more of native Ornament than Art. For the most part he shall abandon himself to his own genius, and not always allow himself the leisure to choose his conceits and expressions; but yet he shall be so extremely amorous, so passionate, and full of wit, that he shall be accounted admirable throughout all Ages. His Books of the Art of Loving, and the Remedies of Love, shall get him a great reputation. But it may be said, the Flower of Latine Poetry shall dye with him, for his successors endeavoring to imitate his Wit, his copiousness, his conceits and subtle fancies, shall leave the good way, and wander, so that insensibly, after his days, the Latine Poetry shall begin to lose that sweetness and natural Majesty, which during so long time, rendered it admirable.

For behold that *Spaniard* with the fierce countenance thou seest appear there; 'tis *Seneca* the Tragedian; he shall have much wit, but he shall favor of the tumidness of his Nation: he shall be born at *Corduba*, and in process of time, some shall attribute part of his Works to a Philosopher of the same name, whose mind shall be of the same temper with his.

In the next place, behold *Lucan*, who shall be born in the same City; he shall have many admirers, but whose Work, to speak equitably, shall not be perfectly admirable saving in its pieces. He shall be justly accused for not making a conclusion, and for flying always so high, that he cannot be followed without weariness. He shall one day have a Translator among the *Gauls*, who shall get much glory by his traduction. His wife *Pallas Argentaria*, shall make Verses as well as he, but at length an Emperor called *Nero*, shall put him to death, not so much for having conspired against the State, as to deliver himself from a Rival in Poetry whose Works shall be better received by the people than his.

After him, see an imitator of *Virgil*, called *Statius*; and near him his wife *Claudia*, who shall be illustrious for her wit; she shall make Verses too, as well as that of *Lucan*. This Poet shall fall much short of *Virgil*, by endeavoring to surpass him. In brief he shall be great and sublime, but most often inflated and obscure.

Then consider *Silius Italicus*, a *Spaniard* also so great an admirer of *Virgil*, that he shall reverence his Tomb. He shall write a Poem of Seventeen Books, concerning the War of the *Carthaginians* against the *Romans*; he shall be Consul of *Rome*, the year wherein the cruel *Nero* shall be slain.

So likewise *Valerius Flaccus*, who shall write of the *Argonauts*: but do not stay upon this sight; for though these must be good Poets, yet they shall not be of the same rank with the others thou hast seen.

But I am going to shew thee two that shall better deserve to detain thy view; they are *Juvenal* and *Martial*; for though they are not to have all the excellency of the Age of *Augustus*, yet they shall have the advantage to be the first in the style they shall choose.

See therefore *Juvenal*, who appears first; his Satyrs shall be less mirthful and delicate than those of *Horace*, but full of wit and life. *Horace* shall always laugh, and never be in choler; *Juvenal* shall frequently be enraged, and laugh more

rarely. These two sorts of Satyrs shall divide the Wits, and there shall no doubt, be some very handsome things, and sometimes also very pleasant, in *Juvenal*. He shall live under *Domitian*, he shall be son of a Freed-man; but having in one of his Satyrs reflected upon one of the persons in favor, he shall be sent in Commission at the Age of fourscore years, to the farthest part of *Aegypt*, where he shall dye in a kind of exile.

But then behold *Martial*, who advances a famous Author of *Epigrams*, and who shall merit to be the first in his kind, Not but that the *Epigrams* of *Catullus* shall please more, because they shall be *Epigrams* throughout (as one day a great Man amongst the *Gauls* shall say) whereas those of *Martial* shall not be so but at the end: but indeed they shall be in a manner of two differing kinds. *Catullus* shall be full of elegance, delicacy, and the neat raillerie of the better sort; *Martial*, on the other side, shall have a raillerie less polite, but quick, piquant, and subtle, and shall not want elegance in some places. That which shall be good in him shall be excellent, but there shall be several mean *Epigrams* amongst others, and several which shall appear flat in remoter Ages, because the difference of manners and custom shall cause their agreeableness not to be comprehended. *Martial* shall be born in *Spain*; he shall be a very gallant Man; and shall live under an Emperor whose name shall be *Domitian*.

Next to him I must shew thee a Poet named *Persius*, although he is to precede *Juvenal*, under the reign of *Claudius*. His Works shall have resemblance with those of that famous Author; they shall be very highly esteemed of in his own days, but in more remote times he shall appear very obscure to the most Learned, yet he shall have this glory; that a person of high quality, great courage, and excellent Wit, after having been dangerously wounded in War, in an occasion wherein he shall signalize himself, having no other Book to divert him during his sickness but this, shall translate it admirably for his pleasure, and make a Copy which shall far transcend the original, though he must also make some things of his own incomparably more handsome. But in brief, after *Martial*, Poetry shall resemble nothing but old age and decrepitude.

Yet there shall be under *Theodosius* one *Claudian*, who shall have a handsome facility. There shall also be born in *Gaul* upon the bank of the *Garonne*, a Poet called *Ansonius*, who shall be Tutor to an Emperor, and afterwards *Roman* Consul, and shall compose things full of Wit and Learning. But after all, it may be said, that *Latine* Poetry shall dye together with the Language. 'Tis true, after this Language shall be no longer in use but among the Learned, there shall be *Italian* Poets in the Ages remote from that of *Augustus*, who shall cause *Latine* Poetry to flourish again miraculously. But since the multitude of Poets can never be found but amongst the living Languages, I must shew thee in the same Country, as it were another Nation and another Scene for Poetry.

For my part (said *Plotina* then) I am highly pleased with the Prediction of *Calliope*, and though I am sufficiently glad to be living at present, yet I think I should not be very sorry to be in the days of *Augustus*, to see the Poets rich then, and

great Lords worthy persons. Being I am not certain what I should be at that time, (answer'd *Amilcar*) 'tis as good to content my self with being what I am, and proceed with my reading. Which he continued thus,

Behold now, O *Hesiod*, the same *Italy* again, but imagine to thy self, that it has been over-run by an inundation of foreign Nations, that it has changed its government, manners, and language, that it has groaned for several ages under barbarisme and ignorance, that it is now beginning again to understand good literature, and to remember its antient politeness. Thou seest there the first *Italian* Poet, who shall one day be famous; but consider him as a man, who shall choose a very difficult Subject to treat of in Verse, and express himself so obscurely, that he shall scarce be understood by them of his own age. He shall be born in a City that shall be named *Florence*; he shall be known by the name of *Dante*, and have scarce any thing but Fiction in his Verses.

But now turn thy eyes upon that pleasant Valley, bounded by a great rock, at the foot of which is a famous Fountain, which alone gives rise to a River, and which being six months high, and six months low, shall pass for one of the wonders of Nature: See on the right hand of this lovely vally (in which are seen an hundred Rivulets of living water, and inartificial channels) a little Meadow, wherein is a man who appears very sad, and muses profoundly; 'tis *Petrarch*, who shall be born in the Town of *Arezzo*. He shall love a fair and virtuous Virgin, whose name shall be *Laura*, and shall have a very handsome house in *Valchiusa*; so shall the Valley thou seest, be one day called, because 'tis enclosed almost on every side. 'Tis he that shall give a perfect example of constant and honest Love; He shall love *Laura* both living and dead, and he shall preserve so much respect in his passion, that it shall be hard to conjecture, whether he were lov'd again or no, so full shall his Verses be of discretion. Nevertheless, they shall be very amorous, and he shall compose more in lamenting the death of *Laura*, than in extolling her during her life. He shall love her one and twenty years with an equal ardour, and they shall both love with so great innocence, that the glory of their Love shall last, as long as that of *Petrarch's* Verses, who shall have the honor to be the first of his Nation, that understood to speak handsomely of Love in Verse. He shall be as deformed as his Mistress shall be fair, but he shall have so handsome a Wit, a Heart so noble, and a Soul so virtuous, that he shall be esteem'd by all the most considerable persons of his time. Whereby he shall have many marks of honor during his life, and shall be crowned Poet with magnificence in the chief City of the World.

In the next place, behold *Ferrara*, a very famous City, and in the principal place of it a man who has an ingenious aspect; 'tis the famous *Ariosto*, who shall make very handsome Comedies and Satyrs; but above all a great Poem, so full of different inventions, that though he ought to be accused for being unequal'd, yet he shall not fail to be admirable in a thousand respects. For he shall have a certain kind of diverting variety, which shall charm his Readers. He shall have a Style easy, natural, and amorous, the negligence of which

shall not hinder it's facility from being extreme delightful, and though regularity must sometimes be wanting in him, yet he shall please almost perpetually. It were to be wish'd indeed, that he would retrench some places of his Works, which will not be modest enough, but there shall be several others, in which nothing shall be found wanting. His defects shall be his diffuseness, and excess of fancy, and a certain negligence which shall hinder him from rejecting some of his conceits and inventions. But to conclude, he shall be excellent among the excellent of his own Nation.

But then turn thy view upon an illustrious and unfortunate person, lawful Heir of the glory of *Homer* and *Virgil*. He shall cause shame to the Princes of his own times; and he shall be the greatest honour of *Italy* for Poetry. 'Tis the famous *Tasso* I speak of, the greatest genius of his Nation, and one of the most judicious Poets of the World. Almost in his childhood he shall make an heroic Poem, extremely ingenious, and begin to give the World an essay of his abilities, for great Poetry. Afterwards he shall make another, the Fable of which shall be wonderful, and yet probable, and the styles of it various, agreeable, and natural; the texture of his Works shall have no confusion, he shall relate things handsomely, he shall excite compassion and admiration, he shall be very amorous in several places, and shall sometimes express very much in few Words, though the language in which he is to write, be not so proper for that purpose as the *Latine*. He shall first begin to introduce Shepherds upon the Theater, and shall make a Pastoral Comedy, which shall be the pattern of all others, and a Master-piece which many shall imitate, but none ever equal: he shall also make several other commendable Works; but it sufficeth to tell thee only of the most famous. *Tasso* shall be born in a Town near a very fair City, which shall be called *Naples*, at that time; yet it shall one day befall him as it did *Homer*, that several places shall challenge to themselves the honor of his birth: he shall be of a race so illustrious, that his Ancestors shall have been Lords of a considerable City; but his family being ruin'd, his Father, whose name shall be *Bernardo Tasso*, shall desire to addict him to employments of profit, and hinder him from following Poetry, though himself also should have a good faculty in Verse. But in brief, through many adventures *Tasso* shall go to *Rome*, afterwards to *Ferrara*, *France*, *Mantua*, and return back into his own Countrey, and then again into *Ferrara*; but into what place soever he goes, he shall find glory and poverty. Fortune shall begin to persecute him in *Ferrara*; Love shall be the principal cause of all his unhappinesses; for he shall be enamour'd on the Sister of his Master, and render the name of *Leonora*, famous by his passion and his Verse. Yet he shall conceal his Love as long as he is able, and amongst three Women of the same name endeavour to disguise the truth. He shall also fight, with heroic courage, against a man that shall have discover'd something of it; but at length he shall forsake *Ferrara*, and spend several years' wandering and roaming about, without any subsistence. He shall be in prison, and have a fear to be poison'd; and at length see himself so unhappy, and overwhelmed with misfortunes, that the very greatness of his mind shall serve

serve to render him more miserable, since it shall be one of the causes of the loss of his reason. He shall not have so much happiness as to be ignorant of his folly, and he shall have intervals of Reason, which shall let him know, that he is the most unhappy of all men: however, he shall see his Virtue respected, even by a Captain of Thieves, who having besieged a place without knowing of his being there, shall change his resolution as soon as he knows it, and deprive himself of a great booty, only for his sake; thus he shall be the object of all the World's admiration. In the meantime, the injustice of the great ones of his times, shall be detested by all honest people of the following ages, who shall judge it strange, that the greatest Wit of the World, and most illustrious person of his age, should live without being Master of so much as a poor Cottage of his own, to hide his unhappiness, although he has been universally esteem'd, and liv'd in several of the greatest Courts of *Europe*. But this shall not be the last time, that this kind of injustice shall be seen amongst Grandees, who, for the most part, are totally ignorant of the art of rewarding Virtue. But in fine, *Tasso* after having endur'd a thousand misfortunes, and fear'd all those that might possibly befall him, and so consequently undergone them, shall dye when he shall be ready to be crowned Poet at *Rome*, as *Petrarch* shall have been; but as for his glory, it shall never dye, and his *Aminta* shall come in time to be translated into the *French, Spanish, English, High and Low German Languages*.

But having now shewn thee *Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto* and *Tasso*, behold also *Bembo, Caro, and Guarini*; the first shall have an admirable purity of style; the second a rare faculty of conceit in all his Verses; and the third shall have so much wit, that he shall be blam'd for it as an imperfection.

After these, behold four Poets, whose Poetry, though wholly of a different kind, shall deserve all the praise that can be given to things of that nature; namely, *le Bernia, le Maure, le Molza, and le Caporale*.

Next them, see there *Tassone*, who by a Poem ingeniously pleasant, shall merit high applause.

Behold also *Marini*, who with his multitude of Writings, shall astonish his Readers. See, in the next place, one *Fulvio Testi*, whose magnificence and purity shall have an air, both great and natural together, and who shall in a manner, revive the genius and style of *Horace*.

See likewise one *Gratiani*, who, by a great Poem, shall acquire much honor.

And then see several *Italian* Poets in a croud, which I do not name to thee, because I am impatiently desirous to shew thee a lovely Countrey, where my Companions and I, after having gone almost round the World, shall one day fix our residence.

'Tis *France, Hesiod*, I tell thee of; consider it as a place which must be our new Sanctuary.

But to let thee see the progress, Poetry shall make there, behold a man whose aspect is sufficiently uncouth, and his attire extraordinary; he shall be nam'd *John de Meun*, and shall compose a Work which shall bear a great vogue a long time; but he shall be rather inspir'd by his own capricious humour than by us.

Doest thou not see in the next place a Poet of

quality? he shall live under a King that shall love the Muses, and who shall make four Verses upon the Tomb of the fair *Laura, Petrarch's* Mistress. This Poet shall be named *Melin de Saint Gelais*; his aspect shall be sweet, simple, lively; and his profession shall oblige him to a particular modesty. Yet his humour shall be naturally inclin'd to a kind of raillery not very scrupulous: he shall have an ingenious and quick mind, and so near a subtilty that way, that it shall not be possible to be foreseen, and oftentimes it shall not be known what he aims at, till he has done speaking.

Then behold *Marat* with a grave countenance; no doubt thou wouldst take him for a person that were not fit for any thing but to teach morality. Nevertheless, no wit shall ever be more sportful than his. There shall be always good sense in his most foolish raillery, and pleasant passages in his most grave discourses. He shall be entertain'd in the service of the King, under whom *Melin* shall live. His style shall be sprightly, caustic, natural, and diverting. This Poet shall have the honor to be imitated by all Poets that would be pleasant; and yet be always inimitable.

In the next place, behold the Prince of the *French* Poets; he shall be a goodly person of a handsome stature and aspect; he shall be call'd *Ronsard*; his descent shall be noble; he shall be highly esteem'd, and deserve it, in his own days; for he shall have a very great genius. He shall also be sufficiently learned; but being he shall be the first in *France*, that shall undertake to make handsome Verses, he shall not be able to give his Works the perfection necessary to assure him lasting praises. However, it shall always be known by some of his Hymns, that nature has been very liberal to him, and that he merited his reputation. His fortune shall not be bad, and he shall dye superior to poverty.

But now behold *Belleau*, who shall not be without merit; he shall be one of the most eminent of seven Poets of the same knot, who shall be call'd the *Pleiades*, after the example of those among the *Greeks*. It shall be said of him, that he built himself a Tomb of precious stones, because in imitation of a *Greek* Poet, he shall write upon that subject. He shall one day translate the Odes of *Anacreon*, but he shall deprive them of a great part of their graces.

But if I please (interrupted *Anacreon* smiling) I can spoil the truth of *Calliope's* prediction; for I need only burn all my Odes, to hinder that pretended *Belleau* from translating them to their disadvantage. By no means (answer'd *Amilcar*) for there was never any Poet that sacrific'd a handsome composition after he had made it. Since 'tis so (reply'd he) proceed then to read, and let him translate me as he pleases. And accordingly, *Amilcar* went on in this manner.

See next a Poet of quality; he shall be named *Bellay*; he shall compose very lofty and elegant Verses, and especially Sonnets upon the subject of *Rome*, which shall give him much reputation in his days:

After him, behold *Jodelle, Cretin, Passerat, Olivier, and de Magny*; all these Poets shall be sufficiently esteem'd during their lives: but their Works favoring of the infancy of the *French* Poetry, ought not to be nam'd to thee.

Behold,

Behold, next, the *French* Poet that shall make Tragedies with any reputation: his name shall be *Garnier*, and he shall be of a considerable lineage.

But dost thou see there a Poet with a very agreeable aspect? he shall be call'd *Desportes*, and shall aspire to be the most amorous of all the *French* Poets. Indeed he shall have a very sweet and passionate stile in his time; he also shall have the happiness to live in a Court, where Princes shall delight in ingenious Productions, and be inclin'd to magnificence. By which means he shall become sufficiently rich, much esteem'd by all the *Grandeess*, and much in favour with Women of quality.

Then consider a man of great Dignity in *France*; he shall be named *Perron*; he shall learn all the Sciences of himself; he shall be interess'd in the most important affairs of *Europe*, and be highly esteem'd. He shall have a great affection for Poetry, and notwithstanding his great employments, shall not cease to busie himself very frequently in making Verses, but his multiplicity of affairs shall hinder him from composing any considerable number.

Behold, next, an excellent Poet, who shall live at the same time; his name shall be *Breant*; Fortune also shall be favourable to his merit: he shall be endued both with virtue and probity: his Verses shall be full of Wit and Love, and there shall be some so excellent in his Works, that there shall never be any *French* Poet so famous, but would wish to have been the Author of them. He shall be of considerable degree in his Countrey; his aspect shall be sweet and agreeable, and shall be at that time, the most amorous Poet of *France*, though *Desportes*, whom I shew'd thee, will dispute that title with him: He shall be accus'd of not knowing when to make an end in some places, and to be something harsh in some others. But, to conclude, he shall be good amongst the good of his own times, and shall see none above him.

After him, look upon that man carelessly and unsutably attir'd: his name shall be *Regnier*; he shall be Nephew to *Desportes*, and deserve very much glory. He shall be the first that shall compose Satyrs in *French*; and though he cast an eye upon some famous Originals amongst those that preceded him, yet himself shall be an Original in his time; his compositions shall be excellent, and the meanest of them shall always have life and quickness. He shall paint out vices to the life, and the vicious very pleasantly; lastly, he shall read in a peculiar way among the Poets of his age, in which those that would follow him, shall frequently be subject to erre.

Consider, next a Poet, whose genius shall be great, and stile sublime; he shall have both vigor and boldness, and shall deserve to be translated into *Latine* and *Italian*. His name shall be *Du Bartas*, and he shall affect only high arguments. But for that the *French* Language shall not as then have attain'd to all its perfection, his Works shall soon after seem to have something antiquated in the stile. After this, redouble thy attention, and behold with pleasure a man who shall have the honor to have alter'd the Language of his Countrey, and brought *French* Poetry to such perfection, that he shall be the pattern of all the eminent Poets that

shall follow him, and be alledg'd as an authority by all those of his own Nation. He shall be nam'd *Malherbe*, and shall be of a very honorable lineage, but so disfavoured by fortune, that he shall always be unhappy. 'Tis he that shall perfectly conceive the *Idæa* of excellent *French* Poetry, and find out the art of making the same Verses both stately and natural, majestick and sweet, harmonious and exact. He shall not appear to have more wit than another, but the handsomness of his expressions, shall advance him above all. Yet he shall have no delicate Soul in respect of Love, though there will be exquisite wit in his Verses. But in brief, he shall be universally acknowledg'd worthy of all the praises due to excellent Poetry, and so shall be generally extoll'd by all the World, though himself be design'd scarce ever to praise the Works of any.

Next, observe that black and swarthy man; he shall be named *Theophile*; his destiny shall not be happy; he shall come into the World with a great genius for Verse; his fancy shall be quick and confident; and if his judgement could retain his impetuosity, and correct the imperfections of his versifying, he would be Author of admirable compositions; but this he shall not be able to do, and all the good inventions of his mind shall be like Gold in the Mine, which is seen always mingled with earth and dust.

After him, behold *Montfaron* and *De Lingender*, two Poets, who shall deserve well: the first shall have a handsome faculty in his conceits and expressions, and the second an amorous, and passionate strain in his Verses, which shall please all those that have tender hearts.

But now prepare thy self to see an Illustrious Protector of Poetry, who shall be one of the greatest men of the World: Dost thou see him that holds the Ocean fetter'd, whom victory waits upon, and glory accompanies? 'tis the famous *Armand*, who shall be renown'd in all histories; his birth shall be very illustrious, the grandeur of his mind shall surpass the extent of all imagination; his heart shall be incomparably greater than his fortune, and yet his fortune shall be so high, that his resolutions shall make the destiny of all *Europe*. He shall be faithful to his Master, dreadful to the enemies of his Countrey, Victor over all those he shall encounter with, and the grand Protector of Virtue and the Muses. I shall say nothing of his victories, nor of all his virtues; for it would require too much time; but thou shalt only know that that *Heroe* of the latter ages, in the midst of his great affairs, and in the heat of War, which shall involve almost all the Universe, shall afford us a Sanctuary under him; and my Companions and I shall find a *Mecenas* in him, and almost the age of *Augustus* in the Court of *France*. For that he will not take much time for the Kings service to employ in composing many Verses, he will at least take care for the protection of those that shall; and by that means cause his pleasures to be placed in the rank of his virtues. For he shall give so favourable reception to all persons of worth, that he shall revive all Sciences and excellent Arts. Then shall Musick, Architecture, Poetry, and especially Comedies, resume new lustre; and even all handsome compositions made after his death, shall be look'd upon as caus'd by his influence,

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Yet after him we shall have Protectors in *France*, and amongst others, there shall be a person in a principal office of State, who shall sometimes hear us favourably by the side of his Fountains. He shall have a very great capacity for all grand affairs, he shall dispatch the most difficult matters without enforcement, and perform most noble actions without vanity; he shall have a lively and piercing mind, and unparallel'd modesty, gravity, goodness, justice and probity; he shall never be false to his word, or his friends; whereby he shall be particularly reverenc'd by all persons that are endu'd with Virtue; and my companions and I will inspire all the Poets of his time, who shall not be few, with the desire of singing his glory. He that should go about to reckon up all the famous Works that shall be made from the time the great *Armand* shall have favour'd us to the end of that age, shall find the number almost infinite; for never shall there be seen so many great and sublime Heroick Poems, handsome Comedies, charming Eclogues, ingenious Stanza's, elegant Sonnets, agreeable Epigrams, pleasant Madrigals, and amorous Elegies.

But to do thee a considerable favour, behold that Woman who appears to thee; she hath, as thou seest, the resemblance of *Pallas*; and there is something so sweet, languishing, and passionate in her beauty, that it perfectly represents that charming air which Painters give to *Venus*. This illustrious person shall be of so noble a descent, that she shall scarce see any but Royal Families above her own: But to speak only concerning her self, know that she shall come into the World with a more admirable mind than beauty; though as thou seest, she shall be Mistress of a thousand charms. She shall also have a generous goodness, that shall render her worthy of high commendations; but to omit so many other surprizing qualities as Heaven shall confer upon her, know, she shall compose Elegies, so handsome, so full of passion, and so exactly accomplish'd in all that is requir'd to the perfection of such compositions, that she shall surpass all those that preceded her, and all that shall attempt to follow her.

In the same times shall be sung a thousand exquisite Sonnets in *France*, which shall pleasantly comprise all the Morality of Love; and it shall be principally in this age, that a particular way of gallant and pleasant kind of Poetry shall be in use, wherein Love, Praises, and Raillery shall be mingled together: but that raillery shall be in the most delicate and ingenious manner: for there is a difference between causing divertisement, and causing laughter: Nevertheless there shall be several Poets, who shall confound the gallant and pleasant sort of Poetry with the Burlesque or Mocking, which the *French* shall receive from the *Italians*; although there is much difference in the way of composition of either. There shall likewise be several kinds of Burlesque Verses; the pleasantness of some of which shall consist in the inventions and conceits, and not in the style; Others shall not be truly Burlesque, saving in the expressions: and there shall be one sort so vulgar, mean, extravagant, and gross, and which shall make such unhandsome representations, that my companions and I shall almost eternally disown the Poets that shall be capable of it. Withal, there

shall be a numerous Sect, who shall judge it fit to speak no otherwise than the people do, and to be pleasant with no other than vulgar conceits. Not but that 'tis possible to make Works of this kind with very much art, and I assure thee, some shall deserve to be commended and desir'd. But to speak reasonably, as there are few great Architects that attempt to build Palaces with Clay, so also few great Poets can design to make handsome compositions in a popular style. There shall also be other Burlesque Poets, who shall believe themselves sufficiently pleasant, provided they asperse the reputation or the Works of others, and who trusting to the malice of their Readers, shall not be so solicitous, as to seek to detract with Art, so that without affecting any particular style, they shall sometimes rise high, and sometimes fall low, according as the necessity of their Rhime, or the wildness of their Fancy leads them. But as for gallant and pleasant Poetry, it shall have more affinity with that of the *Greeks*, than of the *Latins*; it shall be noble, natural, easie, and agreeable; it shall sometime, deride innocently, it shall commend without much exaggeration, it shall reprove sometimes without sharpness, and shall be ingeniously sportful and recreative. It shall sometimes be soft and compassionate, and sometimes sprightly and cheerful; it shall likewise admit some small glances of Morality, delicately drawn; it shall sometimes be full of agreeable inventions, and ingenious fictions; Love and Wit shall be mingled together in it; it shall have a certain air in the World; that shall distinguish it from all the other sorts of Poetry; and lastly, it shall be the flower of their Wit, who shall be excellent therein. *France* shall have three or four Poets of this kind in the same age, which shall be admirable, though there will be considerable difference between them: On the other side there shall be during some time, such a multitude of Burlesque Poets, who shall cause no body to laugh, that nothing shall be made so great, as to exempt it from the burlesque of those persons: 'Tis true, in the same age, there shall be so many excellent persons of all conditions, that there shall be some ground of comfort against the multitude of mean Poets. But alas, I shall tell thee *Hesiod*, that I fear so many excellent pieces of Poetry will not find censors sufficiently equitable, and that that age so full of wit, will not

'Tis sufficient (*Calliope* interrupted *Apollo*, who appear'd to *Hesiod* with the rest of the Muses;) it is not fit a Mortal should know as much as we, and thou hast told him enough to raise up his mind, and to instruct him. *Apollo* having done speaking, and the Concert beginning again for some moments, *Hesiod* imagin'd *Calliope* gave him a wreath of Laurel, which she held in her hand. Upon which awaking suddenly, *Apollo* and the Muses dis-appear'd. In which instant he beheld a kind of light that dazzled his eyes, and rose up without knowing what he was going to do, having his mind so fill'd with what he thought he had seen and heard, that he was perfectly astonish'd; which he was likewise again, presently after he had something recollected himself, whereupon, beholding a fair and young person, about twelve or thirteen years old, follow'd by three or four Women, and two Men, who after they had descended from their Chariots,

chariots, consider'd the native handsomness of this famous Fountain, by the side of which he had slept. *Hesiod* had never lov'd any to that time; but he had no sooner beheld this fair Virgin, than his heart was affected with the sight. At first he consider'd whether it were not one of the Muses that staid by the Fountains side; but this error was soon resolv'd; for he perceiv'd this person was come thither only out of curiosity, as many others us'd to do. He saluted her very civilly with the rest of her company, and was troubled for having been seen asleep: Not but that the former apparition of the Muses, did still sufficiently possess his mind, but the sight of this fair Virgin surpass'd all other imaginations; whereupon making use of the liberty taken by persons that are at such places, which people go to see out of curiosity, *Hesiod* approacht these Ladies, and handsomly addressing to them. May not I render a civility (said he) to such fair strangers in informing them at least of some particularities of a place they come to see? We have so little time to be here (answer'd *Clymene*) that it will certainly be very advantageous to us, if you, being, as probably it seems, one of the Countrey, please to instruct us a little better concerning this famous fountain, the pleasantness of whose water seem'd to invite me to drink of it immediately upon my arrival. But they tell me (added she smiling) 'tis the fountain of *Hippocrene*, and if I take not heed, I shall not be able to hinder my self from making Verses. And being not assur'd to have so good a faculty as *Sappho*, I am in a strange perplexity; for there is nothing in the world I should more hate to make ill, than Verses. You speak so agreeably what you intend (answer'd *Hesiod*) that I believe you will always admirably accomplish what you design to make. But as for my part (added he, smiling) though I dwell sufficiently near this fountain, yet I dare assure you, that your eyes are more powerful to make a versifier, than the fountain which I see; for I have walk'd a hundred times upon its banks, without having had the least temptation to compose verses; and nevertheless within a moment that I have had the honor to see you, I find a strange desire in my self, of being able to tell you, as well in Verse as in prose, that I have never beheld any person so transcendently fair, as you. *Clymene* blusht at the flattery of *Hesiod*, who by that means conceiving her more lovely than before, enforc'd himself to speak to her again. Whereupon, the rest of their company mingling in their conversation, they continued above an hour in that place; after which, they all went together to the City, which bare the name of the famous Mountain, consecrated to the Muses; for this fair company came to see the Festival of *Cupid*, which was to be celebrated. Now *Hesiod* being a person of much civility, and highly taken with *Clymene*, he took all imaginable care for her convenience, in seeing the solemnity of this Festival. But it was remarkable, that having never before thought of composing Verses, he notwithstanding made some before he went to his rest that night, and could not hinder himself from it; so that he knew not whether it was the Muses that had inspir'd him, or the fair eyes of *Clymene*; for the commendation of them was his inducement to the undertaking. In the mean time he under-

stood *Clymene* was a person of quality of the City of *Locri*, whose fortune was not very happy, because she was not very rich. He likewise contracted familiarity with one of her brothers, who was then with her, and whose name was *Amiphanes*. While the Festival of *Cupid* lasted, he was inseparable from this agreeable company, and compos'd several pieces of Courtship in Verse, with a facility himself was astonisht at, not knowing, as I said, whether the Muses had inspir'd him, or the beauty of *Clymene* unloos'd his wit. The departure of this fair Virgin, after having afflicted him for some dayes, occasion'd his making of more Verses. But being of an age which easily admits consolation of any thing, his grief did not torment him long. 'Tis true, the applauses which all the World gave to his Verses, contributed much to comfort him, for Glory is a Mistress, whose first favors are always sweet. Whereupon he addicted himself wholly to Poetry, and really acted as if he had been inspir'd; for he studied with such speed, that in very little time several Works of his were seen upon divers subjects, which requir'd different sorts of knowledge; whereby it came to be reported over all *Greece*, that in a moment the Muses had taught him all the Sciences. He writ a Tract concerning Agriculture, which he address'd to his Brother; he made another of Astrology; he celebrated several Heroes, and Heroesses of antiquity, and spoke much more to the advantage of Women than of Men, to be contrary to the custom of *Homer*, who had more highly extoll'd Men than Women, relating several examples of illustrious and virtuous Women, which had consented to marry with worthy Men, for their virtue only. Moreover, he made the Epithalamium of *Pelex* and *Thetis*; a lamentation upon the death of *Batrachus*, and a Work which he call'd *The Shield of Hercules*; at the same time also he began that which he call'd *Theogonia*, in which he speaks of the original of the gods; he discours'd likewise concerning the art of Physick and Divination; and which is remarkable, having in one of these Works, introduc'd a Nightingale and a Hawk speaking together, he gave the first pattern of those ingenious Fables of Brutes, whereby *Aesop* afterwards render'd himself so famous. So that having acquir'd a high reputation by this great number of Works, which he compos'd in the space of five or six years, his heart no longer appear'd sensible to any thing but glory and ambition. Then he made several voyages with very much pleasure; because into what place soever he went, his reputation out-stripping him, he found friends every where. But that which caus'd him to be most spoken of, was the advantage he got over *Homer*, by the judgement of *Panis* King of *Chalcis*; for having both made Verses at the celebration of the funerals of *Amphidamus*, *Hesiod* was declared Victor; and for having explicated a Riddle, which *Homer* was unable to do, he obtain'd a Tripod of Gold, which he consecrated to the Muses. Indeed the judgement of *Panis* was not approv'd by all the World; for the siders with *Homer*, and the enemies of *Hesiod*, when they observ'd some person to judge unsutably of any thing, took up a by-word in derision, saying, *That it was a judgement of Panis*: But however, *Hesiod* having obtain'd the prize, and plac'd it in the Temple

ple of *Delphos*, with an Inscription, that signified the glory which he had gained, the advantage remained wholly on his side, and the Victor of him that had overcome all others, could not fail to be glorious. Ambition thus possessing the heart of *Hesiod*, he studied only to preserve the glory, which he had gotten, and that in such a manner, as it might prove beneficial to his Fortune. To which end at his return from *Chalcis*, he consulted the Oracle concerning the conduct of his life, which answered him, that he ought carefully to avoid the Temple of *Jupiter Nemaus*; for which reason he removed far from *Peloponnesus*, where that famed Temple stands. His Father being dead some days before, and having his estate at his own disposing, he resolved to go to the Court of the Prince of *Locri*, who was reputed a Lover of Verses. Indeed, it seems the *Locrians* are more obliged than others to esteem Verses, and those which make them; for the famous Mountain of *Parnassus* divides their Country. The *Opuntines* call the *Locrians* Orientals, and on the contrary, the *Osolians* count the *Locrians* Occidentals; the first bear in their Ensignes *Aurora*, as it uses to be painted, and the other the Evening Star. Now *Hesiod* having chosen the Court of the Prince of *Locri*, as a Court wherein ingenious persons might advance their fortunes more than elsewhere, and wherein he might have some knowledge since his having seen *Clymene*, *Antiphanes*, and the rest of their company at *Helicon*, took his journey thither, though without having at that time, any sentiment of that beginning Love he had had at eighteen years of age, for a Virgin of thirteen. Another thing which obliged him the more to go thither, was that he was informed the Prince of *Locri* had a Favorite, who as well as the Prince his Master, delighted to render justice to merit. There was also another reason induced him to make choice of that place; for the chief Priest of *Helicon* had a Niece married at *Locri*, to a man of quality, who was in no mean respect with the Prince's Favorite whose name was *Lyfcrates*. *Hesiod* then went to *Locri*, and was entertained at the house of the Niece of that chief Priest of *Helicon*, who was named *Belintha*, and her Husband *Artemides*. As soon as he was there, he enquired tidings of the fair *Clymene*, to whom *Belintha* was an intimate friend. This Woman who was very amiable and sprightly, answered him sighing, that *Clymene* was in the Countrey, that she preferred solitude before conversation, that she had bid adieu to the world, and would return to the City, till the rigor of the winter should drive her thither. But *Clymene* (answered *Hesiod* much surprised) cannot in my opinion be above 19 or 20 years old, which is not an age in which to prefer solitude before the Court, unless she have lost her beauty by some accident. I assure you (replied *Belintha*) that *Clymene* is as fair as ever she was; and though she were less, yet she has so great a Wit, that she would be always infinitely amiable. It must needs be then, (said *Hesiod*) that this fair Virgin be possessed with some great discontent, which causes her to hate the World; but however, (added he) she will at least admit of a visit. By no means (answered *Belintha*) and unless *Antiphanes* or *Ganetor*, who are her brothers, carry you thither, I think I

dare not do it; for she hates men principally. Then some one perhaps has betrayed her (said *Hesiod*.) Since several have loved her (answered *Belintha* smiling) it is no wonder if some of them have deceived her. Oh, I beseech you (replied *Hesiod*) tell me a little more exactly what has befallen *Clymene*, You shall know soon enough (answered *Belintha*) but nothing at present from me, Nor did *Hesiod* know more concerning her at that time: And moreover, ambition predominating in his heart, he was more solicitous of getting an interest with the Prince of *Locri* and *Lyfcrates*, then learning tidings of *Clymene*, Accordingly he succeeded happily in the design he had made, and in very few days became highly in favor with the Prince and *Lyfcrates*, and consequently with all the Court; for 'tis the custom for those who are favorably respected by Princes or men in government, to be so likewise by all the rest of the world. Thus ambition feeding it self with hope in the heart of *Hesiod*, he considered only how to make this beginning of favor become profitable to him, and thought no more of going to seek *Clymene*, in the Countrey, nor informing himself particularly of what had hapned to her. Yet he contracted a great friendship with *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* her Brothers; but being it was not of them that he could learn the adventures of their Sister, he knew nothing of them then, but employed himself wholly in the care of his fortune, without feeling in his heart any inclination to love any fair one. He had without doubt a very respectful friendship for *Belintha*, and *Belintha* a very tender one for him; but it was absolutely without courtship. At that time the fair *Clymene* was with an Aunt of hers in the Country, without having any other consolation in her melancholly, than that which she received from the Letters of her dear *Belintha*, who us'd all means she could to cure her of her discontent. *Hesiod* lodging at the house of *Artemides*, had very much freedom with her, and went into her Chamber, and her Cabinet also, though she were not there. And going one day into her Chamber, whilst *Belintha* was there, he beheld an opened letter lying upon the Table, and though he was very discreet and respected *Belintha* enough, no to pry into her secrets, farther than she was willing, yet he could not contain from casting his eyes on this Letter, which he perceived was written by a Woman. But that which augmented his curiosity was, that he presently espied his own name in it, which farther instigating him to read it, he took it up, and found it written in these words,

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CLYMENE to her dear BELINTHA.

I Am very glad you have found an agreeable Friend, who comforts you for the loss of a faithful one, but though the merit of Hesiode be not unknown to me, yet I leave you to possess his friendship without envy; for I have so bad an opinion of the hearts of all men, that I can never be capable of confiding in any. But my dear Belintha take heed to your self, I conjure you; Love sometimes disguises it self in Friendship, and persons are often in love without thinking of it. You know you understood better than I the sentiments I had for the perfidious. — Be wise by my example, fear the merit of Hesiode, and distrust your self; for certainly if I had not been confident of my self, I had never been deceived by him that has forsaken me for Fortune, which will infallibly one day forsake him. Adieu, my dear Belintha; I have not the power to beseech you not to love me more, although it would be almost necessary for my contentment it were so, for I have no regret in my solitude but for you.

As Hesiode had done reading this Letter, Belintha entred and saw it in his hand; so that having unwittingly left it there, she was sorry for it, and blamed Hesiode for his curiosity; but he desired her pardon for it in so handsome terms, and told her so ingenuously how it came about, that she did not stick to pardon him, on condition, he would not let any person know of his having seen the letter! However, (added she smiling) you may believe, if you please, that I shall never have need of Clymene's counsel, and that without it I have so bad an opinion of men, in reference to Love, that were you as much my Lover as you are my Friend, and I might comply with you innocently, yet I would never engage my self to Love; for in truth, after what has befallen Clymene, no trust is to be given to any thing. But Madam (answered Hesiode) do you think I can have seen this Letter of Clymene, and not desire to know her adventures? I confess the curiosity I had to that purpose, was extinguished, but the sight of this Letter has so revived it in my mind, that I can live no longer without knowing them. Sincerely, (added he) I believe there is some kind of enchantment in this Letter: for as soon as I beheld my name writ in it, my heart began to beat; and now I have read it, I have a jealous curiosity to know who it is Clymene complains of, and I hate him before I know him. Yet you are very obsequious to him, (answered Belintha) Is it the Prince, (demanded Hesiode?) No, (answered Belintha) but 'tis Lysicrates. How? (replied he) is Lysicrates the man Clymene complains of? Yes (answered Belintha) and she has reason to accuse him. I beseech you Madam,

(replied Hesiode) tell me all you know concerning Clymene; for she returns again into my fancy, such as I saw her upon the Bank of the Fountain Hippocrene. Although I know nothing which is not glorious to Clymene, (answered Belintha) yet if I tell you all that I know concerning her, I require that you never speak of it to any person whatsoever. If you require no more (replied Hesiode) you may please to begin, for I am of opinion, that nothing ought to be kept more inviolably, than a secret intrusted to us, though we should not apprehend that what is told us, ought to be concealed. After this, Belintha caused Hesiode to enter into her Cabinet, and having given order for none to interrupt them, began to speak in this manner.

Since your self have seen Clymene, I shall omit to say any thing concerning her person, saving that as wit advances the esteem of beauty, Clymene is infinitely more amiable than she was when you saw her, because she has a wit, than which none can be more elegant, natural, fit for ingenious things and divertising, and the most charming humor in the World. As for Lysicrates you know his birth is very noble; nor are you ignorant that he is a comely person, and has wit and worth; but however, it may be said you do not know Lysicrates. For before he came to be the Prince's Favorite, he was a thousand times more affectionate to his Friends of both Sexes, for as you know, a man cannot be Fortunes and his own; and has power no longer to give himself to another, when he has no more a right over himself. Now Lysicrates, being infinitely more agreeable than you see him, beheld the fair Clymene, the first time she appeared in the World; and had so strong an inclination for her, and she for him, that the very first day they became friends with a belief, that that kindness would last as long as their Lives. Not that Clymene was yet come to an age, in which she might probably know what friendship was, but having a very forward wit, a tender heart, sensible mind, and sweet nature, she ceased to act like a child, before she ceased to be so. But for that there is something in Clymene's deportment, which inspires awfulness and respect, she being serious and discreet, Lysicrates was a sufficient long time before he dared to speak to her otherwise than as an agreeable Friend. In the mean while, to tell you the truth of things, they were the happier thereby; for the Aunt of Clymene not imagining that Lysicrates was amorous of her Niece, permitted him to speak to her as much as he pleased; and Clymene being averse to imagine that the kindness of Lysicrates proceeded from Love, lived with him with all the confidence and liberty, that a dear familiarity was capable to give. If there was any little news which was not to be told aloud, they whispered it to one another; if any uncouth adventure hapned, they spoke sincerely what they thought of it, if any excellent Sonnet were made, Lysicrates gave it to Clymene, or Clymene to Lysicrates; and thus there being a society of pleasures and little secrets between them, they led a very pleasant life. Clymene without doubt had no great wealth; but being without ambition, she was not therefore unhappy. As for Lysicrates, he was more rich than she, and seemed to be content with his Fortune, and to desire nothing else

else but to be loved by *Clymene*. In what place soever *Lyfcrates* heard his Mistress spoken of, he heard of her praises; and in what ever place *Clymene* heard her Love mentioned, she was obliged to rejoyce, for the glory he had in being commended by all the World. Now *Clymene* being very ingenious, disengaged her self as much as she could from the multitude of visits, and confined her self to a little society infinitely agreeable, because it consisted only of very worthy persons. *Lyfcrates* for his part, delighted in no place; saving where *Clymene* was, he attended the Prince only out of duty, and pleased himself with none but the Friends of *Clymene*. So long as the fair weather lasted, we walkt continually together in all the pleasant places about the City; for *Clymene's* humor and mine; having great resemblance, we were much pleas'd with walking. *Lyfcrates* also had the same inclination. But though these two persons had then a very tender passion one for another, yet *Clymene* would not think it was Love that was in her heart; because having only innocent thoughts, she would believe she had only a friendship for *Lyfcrates*. But on the contrary, I maintained boldly, she had something more than she imagined; and I remember one day amongst the rest, speaking to her of her affection for *Lyfcrates*; I cunningly urged, that if it were no more but friendship, that which she had for me would have prepossessed her mind enough, to hinder her from having such a dearness for him. I confess to you sincerely, (said I to her) I cannot comprehend why the friendship you bear to me, has not defended your heart against *Lyfcrates*; for you say, you will not have him ever pretend to obtain any thing of you, and that you will only eternally love and be loved. I acknowledge it, (said *Clymene*.) Why then (replied I) are you not contented with my affection? You know I have been a Lover in our friendship, (if I may so speak) I was the first that sought to please you, I have had a thousand and a thousand little cares to divert you, you have always been Mistress of my will, you have reigned in a sovereign manner in my heart, you have known all my secrets, and have trusted me with all yours. Alas! my dear *Belintha* (answered *Clymene* blushing) when two such friends as we affect one another, without Love, they have not many secrets which are agreeable either to relate to hear. But yet, (replied I) you were not formerly weary of me, a trifle diverted you, we spoke a thousand innocent follies, which we would not speak even to a Lover. I agree with you, (answered *Clymene*) but on the other side, a Lover tells me a thousand agreeable blandishments, which a female Friend cannot. Yet there are not many Friends of our Sex more flattering than I, (added I,) for I scarce ever see you without commending you; sometimes I say you have a rare complexion, sparkling eyes, and a cheerful humor, and at other times I commend your stature; nor do I think *Lyfcrates* extols you more than I. So that requiring nothing but esteem, dearness, care, and obedience, and not pretending that your affection for *Lyfcrates* should ever satisfy the least of his desires, I see not (said I) why you are not contented with my friendship, who have all the love for you, you can challenge, and have this advantage, that it does not expose you to detracti-

on. Ah cruel friend, that you are! (cried *Clymene*) you take pleasure to insult over an unhappy person. I do so at least (answered I) in convincing you of your insincerity; for you ought to confess that you love *Lyfcrates*; as all virtuous Mistresses do their servants; and that in very truth, you give hope to him that has touched your heart. I confess (replied she) I wish he would hope; but I declare to you withall, that I should be infinitely troubled, if I could reproach my self for having given him just cause to hope. You speak after so strange a manner, (said I,) that I doubt not but at length you will come to love *Lyfcrates*; till you become unhappy by him, and perhaps less loved. That would be hard Fortune, (answered this lovely Virgin) if one should destroy the ardor of a Lover, by giving him tokens of affection, and he must needs have an ingrateful heart, and an ill-natured mind. But my dear *Belintha*, (added she) fear not that unhappiness to me, for I shall never love *Lyfcrates* too much. I wish it, (said I to her) for your contentment, because I am perswaded the best Friends are the most dangerous Lovers, and that all men in general are to be feared. But how confident soever *Clymene* was of not loving *Lyfcrates* too much, yet she came by degrees to love him with a dearness which caused all her discontent and all her happiness. However, notwithstanding the affection she had for him, her Virtue continued immovable. She suffered him at length to speak to her of his passion, and gave him several innocent testimonies of her own, but Reason and Virtue were always Mistresses in her heart. That which was remarkable in this adventure, was, that in the beginning of *Lyfcrates* love, he offered *Clymene* several times to marry her, without the consent of his Parents, who by reason of the small fortune of this fair Virgin, would never have approved the match, but she having a great and generous heart, opposed the thing she desired; and told *Lyfcrates* that if Fortune did nothing considerable for her, she judged she ought not to marry him, for fear of rendering him unhappy. For as for my part, (added she) according to the sentiments of my heart, I should account my self happy in a Cottage, provided you were contented there. But since I ought not to believe you can regulate your ambition, as I could mine, I must refuse that which I desire, and resolve rather to be always unhappy, than to expose you to repent your self of having sacrificed your Fortune to your Love. How? Madam (answered *Lyfcrates*) can you believe it possible for me to change the sentiments I have for you? and that my Soul is so devoted to interest, as to esteem my self unhappy in a condition wherein you can be capable of contentment? No, no, you know not the heart of *Lyfcrates*, and you do him a strange injustice. For were it not that I fear, lest the height of my Fortune is not worthy of you, I would not leave you one moment in quiet. But to tell you the truth, I am so sensible in all that concerns you, that I should fear to become perfectly miserable, if I did not see you perfectly happy. Therefore my dear *Clymene*, (added he) it is requisite my Love make me ambitious, and I must loosen my self in some sort from you, in order to be conjoined inseparably to you, and go and make an interest with the Prince,

if possibly he may be so favorable to me as I imagine. I beseech you, *Lyfcrates*, (replied *Clymene*) tell me not you will become ambitious through Love, for these are too imperious passions, each of which require an intire heart, and who glory in destroying one the other by turns. If you ever discover that weakness in my heart, (answer'd he) take your affection from me, treat me as a Villain, and as a Traitor, more criminal than one unconstant. But moreover, *Lyfcrates*, (said she) you will attempt a harder matter than you imagine, which is to give bounds to Ambition. When men desire a thing, they do all they can to obtain it; when they have obtain'd it, they desire another greater, and imagine themselves nearer it than they were to that they obtain'd first. So that great employments evermore approaching, at the rate that favor increases, the desires are heightened, when one would think they ought to be satisfied. Thus all the passions uniting into one single one, it oftentimes happens, that Ambition extinguishes Love, weakens Friendship, changes all pleasures into one sole delight, and likewise in that manner changes the hearts of those that suffer themselves to be possess'd with it, that they are no longer to be known for the same persons, nor do they know those they did formerly; yea, they no longer know themselves. You speak this with a certain fierce and melancholly air (answer'd *Lyfcrates*, smiling) which would almost make me think, that you believe already, I forsake you to follow Fortune; and in the mean time, I have not yet so much as resolv'd to go and seek it. After this, he added a thousand sweetneses and blandishments, full of generosity, which pleas'd *Clymene* infinitely, who related them to me the next morning. And indeed, during some time, it was not possible to testify more love than *Lyfcrates* did to this discreet Virgin. He thought his visits never long enough, moments were as tedious as ages in all other places; but in her conversation, whole days seem'd to him but moments. He writ to her every day, and oftentimes more than once. When he could not see her, he sought out people with whom he might discourse concerning her: he was zealous, assiduous, punctual, and careful, to seek out even the least occasions to please her. Wherefore *Clymene*, as her ill-fate would have it, believing at that time, nothing could ever diminish so strong a passion, laid a foundation of eternal felicity, upon the Love of *Lyfcrates*, and so ingross'd all her joy in her affection, that she no longer cared for any other sort of divertisement. *Lyfcrates* having a house in the Countrey, very near that, where *Clymene* at present resides, she lik'd far more to be in the Countrey than in the City, provided *Lyfcrates* were her neighbor: on which occasion in the Songs he made for her, he sometimes nam'd her his Shepherdess, and sometimes *Amaryllis*; and she gave him the name of *Thyrsis*, in the answers she made to him; for *Clymene*, no doubt, makes good Verses, for one of her Sex, though she carefully conceals it, and makes no ostentation of being a Wit.

Thus liv'd these two persons, till there hapned to be a great Hunting made by that Prince of *Locri*, at which *Lyfcrates* was present, and seem'd so promising a person in the eyes of the Prince, that he talked with him a long while: and being well

satisfied of his ingenuity, he made him a thousand Caresses, and commanded him to see him oftner than ordinary. I, who understood this from *Artemides*, went to congratulate with *Clymene*, who was very joyful for the honor the Prince had done to her Lover, who was not less pleas'd to see Fortune prevent his endeavours. Yet he believ'd his joy proceeded only from the interest of his Love; so that he us'd a thousand obliging expressions to *Clymene*, when he came to entertain her in private. Some days after he was higher in his blandishments; for you must know, that after the day of the hunting, the Prince desir'd *Lyfcrates* to see him every day. Whereupon, all the Court looking upon him as a Favorite, many insinuated to be his Friends, and endeavour'd to testify more respect to *Clymene*; who being perfectly generous, counsell'd *Lyfcrates* to take as much time as he could, from his conversation with her, to bestow it upon his attendance with the Prince. However, remember (said she to him) that I claim your heart to be always mine, and presume the favors of Fortune will never be so pleasing to you, as those you receive from me. I also require (added she) that you do not design to go so far as Fortune will lead you; for generally she casts them down headlong who give up themselves wholly to her conduct. Resolve therefore to acquire as much Estate as is competent for an honest person of your condition to become happy, and no more; and do not endanger the loss of all to gain all; 'tis better generally to renounce a great fortune, and live in tranquility with an indifferent one, than to raise up envious to your self by your grandeur. 'Tis glorious to be envy'd for Virtue, but it is not always to be so for Riches which are gotten; for, to speak in general, all men so pertinaciously maintain what they possess, that when a man becomes extraordinary rich in a little time, people are apt to believe that he became so unjustly. Put bounds then to your ambition, my dear *Lyfcrates*; for if you do not, infallibly you will become both unjust and unhappy. I beseech you, my dear *Clymene* (answer'd he) do not suspect me to have a Soul sway'd only with interest; for I swear to you, the love I have for you, is the sole cause of the servitude wherein I engage my self; and unless you will be ungrateful, you must be accountable to me, for all the cares I shall have to please the Prince; you must pity me when I am with him, and believe I shall think only of you, and that 'tis you I shall serve in serving him; for unless you promise me this, I shall not be able to deprive my self of the joy of seeing you every moment, and dividing my self between my Master and my Mistress. *Clymene* hearing *Lyfcrates* speak with so much love, had her heart mov'd with it, and generously exhorted him, to constrain himself to see her more seldom, and yet to love her always. And accordingly *Lyfcrates* began to be ingratiated with the Prince, who gave him a considerable employment, fifteen days after this conversation. In this beginning, *Lyfcrates* had so much joy when he went to see *Clymene*, that he seem'd more amorous of her. He was so troubled when he was to part from her, he writ to her so frequently, and appear'd so careful to do civilities to all those he thought she lov'd, that she had great reason to be satisfy'd with him. Nevertheless

less, she acted with a little more reservedness towards *Lyfcrates*; after he began to be in favour, being unwilling (she said) he should suspect her of doing him favours upon the account of interest. But the brothers of *Clymene*, whose hearts were not so noble as hers, were desirous that she would treat *Lyfcrates* with more dearness, out of a design they had to raise their fortunes by his means. Yet this discreet Virgin following her own reason, and not their ambition, liv'd, as I told you, with all imaginable prudence, though she had an infinite dearness in her heart for *Lyfcrates*. Whilst she reflected upon her own deportment, and that of *Lyfcrates*, she began to think it strange, he took no notice of her changing her treatment of him, and likewise took it ill, that in the augmentation of his favour, he no longer mention'd rendering their fortune one day inseparable, as he had done formerly. It seem'd to her, his discourse was more sparing than it had us'd to be, whereof complaining to be one day in the Countrey, whither she went for two days; Well, my dear *Belintha* (said she to me) do not you perceive that *Lyfcrates* makes little difficulty to dispense with seeing me almost at all, and does his duty so easily, that if he take no heed, he will soon fail in the first of all duties. But *Lyfcrates* (said I to her, according as I then believ'd) ceases to see you for some time, in order to seeing you all his life after in quiet. No, no, *Belintha*, (reply'd *Clymene*) do not deceive your self, the heart of *Lyfcrates* is already chang'd, and I am the most mistaken in the World, if ambition do not absolutely deprive me of him. That which most troubles me (added she, blushing) is, that I would certainly know whether they are the favours of fortune or mine, which hinder *Lyfcrates* from speaking to me sometimes, such things as might give me ground to think he believes it not impossible, but that we may one day live together. *Lyfcrates*'s Soul (answer'd I) must needs be much devoted to his interest, if the alteration of his fortune change his heart; and he must be very destitute of reason, if he ceases to love because he is lov'd. Ah! *Belintha* (cry'd *Clymene*) men are much more unjust than you imagine, and their love more various than I believ'd. For indeed, to discover to you the bottom of my heart, Marriage in general frightens me; I find there is oftentimes much folly, or at least much boldness in resolving upon it; but though my reason make me know all the troublesome consequences of it; yet I confess to you, when it comes into my mind, that perhaps *Lyfcrates* would not marry me if I should be willing to it: indignation seizes me, and I have almost more desire to hate him, than if he had committed an infidelity against me; because in some occasions one may be unfaithful, without doing any act, and a Lover can scarce ever be unwilling to marry his Mistress when she desires it, unless it be upon some injurious motive. For is there any thing more extravagant than to think that the testimonies of dearness which you have given, should be effective against your self? Nevertheless 'tis true, that the injustice of men is so great, that after having a thousand times requested innocent favours from a person whom they love, if she comes at length after a thousand services, to grant the same to them, they oftentimes render their vir-

tue suspected, and cause that in desiring her for a Mistress, they do not wish her for a Wife. Moreover, my dear *Belintha*, I do not conceive that two free persons can love one another perfectly; nor even wholly with innocence, if they have not at least the thought, that it is not impossible for them to become one day inseparable, and if they do not entertain themselves with the hopes of a thousand pleasures, whereof the sole consideration makes them pass hours and days agreeably. Perhaps (added she, sighing) if *Lyfcrates* should offer me to day to marry me, I should not marry him; for having a heart so great as I have, 'tis possible his great fortune might hinder me from it. But, to speak freely, I would, in order to my contentment, be assur'd of the power to become his Wife when I pleas'd. However, I tell you once again. *Lyfcrates* does not at present think of it; and I cannot conjecture, as I told you, whether they are the favours of fortune, or my own, that hinder him. But (said I to her) all the favours that you do him being innocent, you cannot accuse him of such a sentiment as you speak of. Did you well understand the injustice of men (answer'd she) you would speak otherwise, for do not love them, they forsake you; love them, they despise you, and in what manner soever you act with them, you are almost always deceiv'd. As *Clymene* was speaking thus, she receiv'd a Letter from *Lyfcrates*, wherein were only these words.

Lyfcrates to Clymene.

I Could not visit you yesterday, nor can I wait upon you to day; and I know not likewise, whether I shall have opportunity to see you to morrow: but I know well that I hold all time for lost, which I spend in absence from you.

Clymene, after she had read this Ticket, answer'd to it in these terms.

Clymene to Lyfcrates.

Tis very much that you remember you ever saw me, and do not forbid me to hope to see you again; for when people are taken up with affairs of profit at Court, 'tis very difficult to attend to any of pleasure in the Countrey.

Clymene seal'd up this Letter, and deliver'd it to him who brought that of *Lyfcrates*. In the mean time an urgent affair happening to *Clymene*'s Aunt, which oblig'd hither; we arriv'd here in that very evening. Which being known to *Lyfcrates*, he came the next morning to the house of *Clymene*; but he was no sooner there, but he desir'd permission to read a packet of importance, which he had receiv'd by the way; and he read it accordingly with very much attention.

And

And that which was remarkable, was, that in going to close it up after he had read it, he let fall the Letter which *Clymene* had writ to him the day before, and which he had not yet open'd. He blush'd with shame as soon as he perceiv'd it, for he had forgotten to read it; but *Clymene* blusht with indignation when she observ'd it. So that perceiving he had not yet seen it, she took it, and breaking it open hastily, Believe me, *Lyfcrates* (said she to him) 'tis fit to write to you no longer any but Letters of affairs; for, as for those of friendship, you have no leisure to read them; and which is more disobliging to continue to write such to you, you have so little care of them, that they may easily be read by others. *Lyfcrates* endeavour'd to excuse himself with the multitude of affairs he had had; No doubt you have too many (answer'd *Clymene* roughly) and therefore 'tis fit I dispense with all the cares you have been accusom'd to take in reference to me; for though you have much fewer than formerly, yet I have robb'd you of some moments. 'Tis true, Madam, (reply'd he) I am less frequently with you, than I was at the time when I was not oblig'd to attend the Prince; but nevertheless I am there often enough, and no doubt, as often as I can. Ha! *Lyfcrates* (said she) when one thinks that he is long enough present with his Mistress, there wants not much, but that he will be weary of being with her at all; and therefore if you will credit me, give your self wholly to your Master, and take no further thought concerning me. *Lyfcrates* perceiving *Clymene* was in choller, was ashamed of what had happened, and address'd to her with so many gentle and sweet expressions, that he made his peace in some manner before he went away: for *Clymene* having a very great inclination towards him, lov'd him as greatly culpable as he appear'd. At that time there hapned some difference between the Oriental and Occidental *Loerians*, upon which, the Prince went to the War, whither *Lyfcrates* follow'd him, and perfectly gain'd his favour by the brave actions he perform'd. During this absence, he writ sufficiently often to *Clymene*, but they were rather Letters of News, than Love-Letters, and more related to what pass'd in the Army, than any thing else. Upon which, *Clymenes* mind was extremely incens'd; yet her indignation was really, only Love disguis'd; for she was as sensible of *Lyfcrates*'s glory as of her own. 'Tis true, that which defend'd him in her heart, was, that she knew he believ'd he lov'd as dearly as heretofore, and did not take himself to be ambitious. At his return he went to see her as soon as he was arriv'd; but his visit was so short, that the sum of it was only to tell her, he would wait upon her as soon as he could. But his affairs multiplying as his favour increas'd, he had then so little time of which he could dispose, that it may be said, he had not leisure to love *Clymene*. Oftentimes when he was at her house, he spent half of the time he was there, in receiving several Messages and Letters, or else in answering them, after having requested her permission to that purpose. He was no longer the same *Lyfcrates*, who entertain'd her with agreeable discourses and blandishments, he was a restless ambitious person, who found himself happy in no place. *Clymene* was sensibly afflicted at it; but I

can say, I never saw a more tender, nor yet more discreet grief than hers; for she conceal'd it so well, that I was the only confident of her discontents. One day she would have hid from me some Verses which she had made; but I having gotten them, she was necessitated to suffer me to keep them on condition I would not shew them:

I beseech you (interrupted *Hesode*) repeat to me the Verses of *Clymene*. I will (answer'd *Belintha*) provided you will never speak of them; for perhaps you will find them sufficiently amorous: I promise you all you please (reply'd he) provided you recite the Verses to me which I have so great a curiosity to hear. And accordingly *Belintha* having recollected them in her memory, recited these that follow, which *Clymene* made for the ambitious *Lyfcrates*.

*Sure you by amorous flames were ne'r posses'd,
Since mine (alas!) do so unhappy prove,
That fierce ambition drives me from your breast,
Slighting the charms of Innocence and Love.*

*Now new designs are follow'd, other cares,
And fresh desires; and your Inquietude
Is your delight, whilst tumults of affairs
Are priz'd above the peace of Solitude.*

*My charming Desart, which e'r long so sweet,
So lovely seem'd, is unattractive now,
My tenderest sighs no longer your delight:
'Tis Goddess Fortune now to whom you bow.*

*Her splendor you pursue, and humorous Laws
Embrace, no longer now your own or mine;
Her beauty now your adoration draws:
Though, Thyrsis, know, her favours are not kind.*

*No choice she uses in her Gifts, no Love;
Oft-times, in one day her caresses cease;
To dearest friends she does unconstant prove,
Mocking Men's hopes with guileful promises.*

*She loves disorderous change, and wild confusion,
And basest flatterers for her Creatures takes;
Go then, Ungrateful, follow her delusion
Which seldom Virtue but unhappy makes.*

*Pursue her still; to me no more address;
None but her favors let acceptance find.
'Tis shame to love a simple Shepherdess;
That thought sutes only with a vulgar mind.*

*Ambitious hearts a quiet life despise;
Fortune's the object of a Heroe's love.
Whilst in her hands all the World's treasure lies,
And Sea and Land alike her power do prove.*

*A hundred times she can you Victor make,
Yet has not the disposal of my heart;
That's in my pow'r, O gods! what is't I speak?
(Alas!) in speaking so, a sigh does from it part.*

Beholding

*Beholding you, a secret check of mind
Tells me, 'My heart no longer is my own;
Though it repines, and I can only find
The soothing of sweet words to appease its moan.*

*'Twould be deluded; come, deceive it you,
Thyrsis, and to your Amaryllis swear,
That constant to your chains and ever true,
Her Rival Fortune you'll renounce for her,*

*Perhaps, this moment, in her eyes you'll see
Wherewith to cure the most ambitious mind:
Perhaps, this moment, such fidelity,
Such ardent passion in her Soul you'll find,
That you'll account to be belov'd a pleasure
Greater than that of gaining fitting Treasure.*

*Oh precious moment! haste to ease my pains;
Your presence to my griefs would comfort speak,
I can no longer bear such heavy chains;
Support them, Thyrsis, or I shall them break,*

*But yet in breaking them I shall expire;
Rather connect them with a faster tie.
'Tis Love that quickens me; for were that fire
Extinguish'd, my heart would forthwith faint and die.
This torment I had rather ne'er forgo,
Than be without it and my Lover too.*

How? (cry'd *Hesiod* after *Belintha* had recited these Verses) did *Clymene*, that very *Clymene*, whom I saw by the side of the famous Spring near *Helicon*, make such amorous Verses as those I have now heard? Yes (answer'd *Belintha*) but although they were very pertinent to affect the heart of *Lysicrates*, yet the generous *Clymene*, who was unable to restrain her self from composing them in the transport of her sorrow and affection, could not resolve to let them be seen by him for whom they were made. On the contrary, she affected rather to disguise her regret: So that *Lysicrates* believing her well satisfi'd with him, was very merry, whilst she was extremely melancholly and pensive: for what resolutions soever she made, it was impossible for her to cease loving *Lysicrates*. How unhappy am I (said she to me one day, when I endeavour'd to comfort her) for I resent a grief of so strange a nature, that I cannot almost hope to be cur'd of it. If *Lysicrates* were unfaithful, as many Lovers are, and transferr'd his affections from me to another, despite would suddenly cure me; I should pass from Love to Hatred, and from that to contempt, which would afterwards leave me in a quiet indifference. But as for the manner after which he ceases to love me, they whose hearts are not very nice in love, would almost believe *Lysicrates* not absolutely culpable: But, according as I apprehend things, inconstancy would seem less horrible to me, than the change which is hapned in his heart, since the alteration of his fortune. There is frailty and weakness in ordinary inconstancy, but there is unworthiness and poorness of mind in the change of *Lysicrates*; but though I should dye of discontent, I will drive out of my heart a passion which is not criminal, but only because he that excited

it is not worthy of it. Moreover, though he should be willing to return to me, he would not have leisure to think of it, he has so many important affairs in his head, which all the punctualities of a dear passion could not consist with. But (said I to her) why do not you change, as well as *Lysicrates*? Be ambitious as well as he; and without considering whether he loves you as much as he did heretofore, dissemble your sentiments, and engage him, at least to establish your fortunes, since he is able to do it. No, no, (answer'd this generous Virgin) I will never have any obligation to a man who loves me less than he ought, and whom I intend to love no longer. And though my fortune were much more unhappy than it is, I should be absolutely incapable to receive any thing from a person that had depriv'd me of his heart. I know my brothers are of a different opinion, and would have me sacrifice my self to their interests; but they shall never oblige me to follow their inclinations. When *Lysicrates* was not in favour, they condemn'd the affection I had for him; and now they think it necessary for their preferment; no doubt they will blame the manner, after which I intend to treat him for the future. However, I will continue firm in my resolution. But (said I to her) at least give *Lysicrates* to repent. I shall give him sufficient (answer'd she) for I find my heart will not so soon obey my reason. Accordingly *Clymene* continu'd to love *Lysicrates* in spite of her own resolutions; that which sustain'd her passion was, that *Lysicrates* some days spoke to her with as much love as ever he had done. Indeed it was sufficiently seldom that he discours'd with her in private, for he had always so many affairs, that he ever began to speak to her with these words, I have but one moment to spend with you, or two at most, I have not leisure to tell you any thing; or some such like expressions. Things being in these terms, there was a great assembly, wherein *Clymene* was oblig'd to be present; whereupon, desiring to appear handsome there, that *Lysicrates* might see she deserv'd his affection, she omitted no ornaments that might render her more amiable: And indeed, she out-shin'd the beauty of all the other fair ones, and so pleas'd the Prince that he spoke not to any Lady but *Clymene*; not but that the Prince had heard *Lysicrates* was amorous of her; but he beheld him so assiduously at Court, that he thought it was no very violent Love. *Clymene* who beheld the Prince's civility towards her, interpreted it at first as an indulgence to his Favorite; but at the end of the Ball, when he entertain'd her a part, she chang'd her opinion; for after having given her a thousand praises, I find you so charming (said he to her) that I cannot but wonder at the assiduous attendance of *Lysicrates* at Court; for had I such a Mistress as you, assuredly my Matter, if I had any, should be worse serv'd than I am by him. *Clymene* blush'd at the Prince's discourse, and answer'd to it with so much wit, that she seem'd to him still more fair. So, that having his fancy fill'd with the Idea of her he spoke of none but *Clymene* all the rest of the evening. He likewise spoke to *Lysicrates* concerning her, with earnestness; but in case (said he to him in the presence of a friend of *Clymene*'s, who inform'd her of it the next morning) I should

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maugre all my reluctancy, become amorous of your Mistress, and if you saw me ready to die for love, would you be generous enough to yield her to me, and not hate me? No doubt (answer'd the ambitious *Lyfcrates*) I should be very unhappy, if that should come to pass, but however, my Lord, (added he) it would be so great an honor to *Clymene*, that, her interest consider'd, together with the respect I have for you, I think I should resign her to you; and that your happiness, and that of this fair person, would comfort me for my infelicity. *Lyfcrates* spoke this with so free an air, that it was perceivable he spoke his real sentiments: whereupon the Prince, who till then had lookt upon the inclination he had for *Clymene*, as a thing he was to oppose, with the friendship he bare to *Lyfcrates*, now perceiving *Clymene* not so deeply fix'd in his heart as he imagin'd, flatter'd his beginning passion so sweetly, that having seen *Clymene* five or six times in a very few days, he became infinitely amorous of her; for he is a Prince whose passions are violent, during which he is not scrupulous of doing any thing to content them. In the mean time *Clymene* understanding what *Lyfcrates* had answer'd the Prince, became extreamly exasperated in her mind, though she dissembled her discontent. Indeed within a little time she had occasion to discover it; for the Prince's passion being grown too great to be kept in his own breast, he discover'd it to his Rival, before he made it known to his Mistress; but it was in such powerful terms, that *Lyfcrates* saw clearly he must either lose *Clymene*, or his fortune; wherefore not sticking a moment what choice to make in this difficulty, he told the Prince, he sacrific'd all his pleasures to him, that he would be his confident, and intercede with *Clymene* for him: And the truth is, *Lyfcrates*, who had always observ'd *Clymene* to have a very great mind, imagin'd the hope of marrying the Prince, would cause her to approve his action; not considering that sometimes there is more grandeur of courage in despising fortune, than in seeking it. Yet he did not absolutely resolve to renounce the affection of *Clymene*, but intended to make it serviceable to him, for the further augmenting of his greatness and wealth. In which thoughts he went to visit her when having desir'd a private conference with her, and seeming more sad than he was, he prepar'd her mind with much address to hear some unwelcome matter, which he seem'd to be very loth to tell her. *Clymene* immediately believ'd his business was to inform her, that the Prince intended to marry him to one of his Cousins, who was a very rich young Lady; but at length he told her the end of his visit was to acquaint her that his Master was his Rival; not but that (said he to her) I am generous enough to sacrifice all my joy to your good fortune; and after having been your slave, am willing to become your subject; for I doubt not but if you manage the Prince's love well, he will at length sufficiently affect you to make you his bride; but indeed I find it no easie matter for one to deprive himself of that which he loves, how generous soever he be. 'Tis true (added he) our affection has been always so innocent, that it might subsist all our lives: at least I know I shall be always a devoted servant to the fair *Clymene*, and no change shall ever happen in my

heart: It shall not be so on my part (answer'd she hastily) for I declare to you, I will never be yours; however, think not 'tis out of any purpose to manage the Prince's love, as you speak. I hate ambition, which has driven me out of your heart, too much to receive it into my own, and you occasion me so to condemn all men in general, that I believe it not possible for me ever to esteem one particular person. Do not expect therefore that I should confirm your fortune; for all I can do, is only to contrive how to ruine it; and if any thing could induce me to admit of the Prince's love, it should be only the opportunity of bringing you into disfavor with him. But to speak truth, I look upon you as sufficiently punish'd, by being no longer in favor with me, and therefore I shall not seek a revenge which would fall upon my self; for in the sentiments I am in, I abhor the love of any whatsoever. I intend now to love nothing but solitude, and I hope to live more contentedly in it, than you will do at Court with all your favour; for where there is private satisfaction and pleasure, there needs not much care to be taken for the favor or disfavor of those that are in government: But to do you a good office this last time, know that all those who flatter you, deceive you, that they whom you take to be most your friends, are envious and disguised enemies, that all those who see you think themselves better entitled by desert to the Prince's favor, than you; that as soon as you are turn'd out of favor, you will find your self left alone by all your party, and that there was only *Clymene* in the World, that could not desert you in adversity. But since you forsok her as soon as you were a favorite, she takes her turn to abandon you, and casts you off for ever. Therefore hinder the Prince from coming to speak to me of his pretended passion; for looking upon him as a man that loves one whom I ought to hate, it would be difficult for me to preserve the respect which I owe unto his quality. *Lyfcrates* hereupon offered to swear to *Clymene*, that he was sorry his Master was his Rival, that he had not spoke to him as he did, but only not to incense his passion; and that as for her, since she was sufficiently generous, not to be flatter'd with the hope of marrying the Prince, he desir'd nothing of her, but to act with such address, that he might be cur'd of his passion, without occasioning a breach between them. Whereby *Clymene* always perceiving his Ambition superior to his Love, became so incens'd, that she absolutely commanded him to depart; which accordingly he was enforc'd to do. Not long after which, I went to give her a visit, and I assure you I never beheld a person more discontented and enraged. As it fell out cruelly for her, the Prince came to see her the same day; when being still disturb'd in mind, she spoke to him with a resoluteness that surpriz'd him, for as soon as he began to tell her he lov'd her, and would love her eternally, I beseech you my Lord (said she to him) forbear to engage me in a design which can never give you any satisfaction. For though I appear gentle and am so really, yet I have an inexpugnable constancy to remain in the resolution which I have taken; by reason of which it would be impossible for you to perswade me, that I ought to admit of your affection. 'Tis enough that Fortune has plac'd you above me, to cause me

me to suspect all your discourse ; and I am so much a friend to equality, that since you have advanc'd *Lyfcrates*, I can no longer look upon him as formerly. I love Merit and Virtue, but I love them principally without splendor, and without being set off by any thing else, which prepossesses my judgement ; Leave me therefore, my Lord, as a person who accounts it a glory to be an enemy to ambition : you will find a thousand who will love your fortune more than your worth, and receive that with joy which I refuse with respect. However, upon the account of equity, I am oblig'd to tell you, that *Lyfcrates* has spoken so well of you to me, that he has wholly ruin'd himself in my opinion. After which, my Lord, desire no more of me ; for it would be to no effect. *Clymene* spoke this with an air, that so wel manifested to the Prince that she lov'd *Lyfcrates*, was incapable of ambition, and could not love him, that his heart being not yet so strongly engag'd, but that he might hope to disengage it, he spoke to her with very much civility, and like a man that would owe nothing to his high condition. But at length, said he to her, after many other things, The favour which I request of you, is, that you will continue to love *Lyfcrates* ; or if you cannot do that, that you will permit me to hope, that perhaps you will one day love me. These two things which you demand, my Lord (answer'd she) are not in my power ; for I find that I shall hate *Lyfcrates*, and I see no appearance that I can or ought ever to love any. After this the Prince departed : The same night she intreated me to require of *Lyfcrates*, all the Letters she had written to him, and charg'd me to deliver to him all those she had receiv'd from him, and to assure him she contemn'd him as much as she had esteem'd him, and wish'd, with all her heart, she could as much hate him, as she had formerly lov'd him. But, my dear *Clymene* (said I to her) are you well assur'd that *Lyfcrates* will restore you your heart, when he gives you back your Letters ? go not so fast, I beseech you ? and take time to examine your self. Ah ! no, no, (answer'd she) I will never, while I live, love a man who loves Fortune better than me, who can love me without ever thinking to render our destiny inseparable, who can even sacrifice me to his Master, and be a confident to his Rival. The heart of *Clymene* is too tender, too sensible, and too generous, to suffer such indignities. I had much rather be always miserable ; the little wealth I have is an ordinary effect of the blindness of Fortune, which is not opprobrious to me ; but were I so poor-spirited, as to pardon *Lyfcrates*, it might be reproacht to me eternally. *Clymene* thus continuing firm in this resolution, oblig'd her Aunt, over whom she had a great influence, to go the next morning into the Countrey. For my part I went to *Lyfcrates*, in whom I found such a combat of contrary thoughts, that I could not but commiserate him ; for he lov'd *Clymene* still, but ambition was always most powerful in his heart ; and though he were still a Lover, yet it was not with his first ardor, and consequently *Clymene* could not be satisfy'd with it, because all diminution of Love is a crime. He made some difficulty to restore me her Letters, but at length he deliver'd them, and receiv'd his own. Since that time the Prince has chang'd his sentiments, and *Lyfcrates* has continu'd ambitious, and

caus'd his Love to yield to another passion. Nevertheless he offer'd two or three times to do something for the Fortune of *Clymene*, but she generously refus'd him. So she has spent a whole year in the Countrey, busying her self sometimes in Reading, sometimes in Painting, and sometimes in Walking : She loves Gardens and Flowers, and and an universal sentiment of goodness causes her to divert her self with keeping Birds, and divers rare and domestick Animals, which afford amusement to her Melancholly. Yet she is come at length to have only an indifference for *Lyfcrates*, so that she is as fair as ever, and something more amiable ; for a little cast of melancholly, makes her countenance charming and sweet, that the sight of it cannot but ravish.

Your relation concerning *Clymene* (answer'd *Hesiod*) gives me extream contentment, and I shall have cause of complaint against you, unless you bring it some way to pass, that I may see her. Yet I am very sorry she hates ambition, for I confess to you, I am born naturally ambitious. My reason tells me, that ambition is the foundation of all great actions ; that without it there would be no *Heroes*, and scarce any eminent virtues ; but however, I absolutely contemn *Lyfcrates*, because I am not of opinion, that Love and Ambition, are two Passions incompatible. I conceive a man's love may make him ambitious, as in some cases he may become amorous through ambition : Had *Lyfcrates* been an ambitious person, honourably and worthily, he would have shared his fortune with the fair *Clymene*, and not changed his sentiments by changing his life. But in fine, (added he) I am resolv'd to see her, and though I should go to visit her alone, I will go and do it before three days be expir'd. *Belintha* making some difficulty to carry him to her, he went alone to see the charming *Clymene*. But it fell out, by chance, that *Belintha* was there the same day ; for it being a journey but of two hours, she frequently made visits to her, though she design'd no such matter in the morning. And *Hesiod* also desirous to make a secret to her of his design to see *Clymene*, till he should have executed it, acquainted her not at all with it. When he arriv'd at the place where *Clymene* was, her Aunt was gone to make a visit to some of her neighbors, and her self was seated amongst the Willows, upon the bank of a River, and was reading that Work of *Hesiod*, where he makes a *Nightingale* speak to a *Sparrow*. A Virgin that waited upon *Clymene*, was at work in making a collar of several sorts of Ribbons, wreathed together, for a very handsome Dog, which *Clymene* much affected, and which then lay negligently upon the bottom of her Robe, which by chance was stretcht upon the grass. At *Hesiod*'s approach, *Clymene*'s Dog rose up ; but instead of barking at the sight of him as a stranger, the pretty creature, by that instinct which makes brutes know those that love or hate them, went to fawn upon him, who answering his kindness, the first thing *Clymene* beheld, was *Hesiod* stroking her little Dog : for though it was a very long time since she had seen him, yet knowing that he was at *Locris*, she soon was ascertain'd it was he ; wherefore rising up, and advancing towards him very civilly, I think (said she to him smiling) this Animal, who is of a kind that was never accus'd of ingrati-

rude, would help me by his carresses to acknowledge the pleasure you have given me this day by the Verses you have made, the reading of which has been so delightful to me, that I was reading them the third time, when you arrived. I am extremely proud (answered *Hesiod*) of being able to entertain you in your solitude, and I draw no unhappy preface, from seeing that an Animal you love, has already begun to love me. If *Belintha* were here, (replied *Clymene*) she would blame you for the complement you make me; for she so much decryes my too great affection towards brutes, that she would venture to maintain, you have a blind complacency which would pervert me. She had scarce spoke these words, but *Belintha* came thither, who having left her Chariot in the out-court, went to the place where it was told her *Clymene* was. You come very opportunely, (said this fair Virgin to her) to hinder *Hesiod* from being perplexed; but why did not you come together. For my part (answered *Belintha*) I knew nothing of *Hesiod*'s journey, and he has made a secret of it to me. After your having had the cruelty (replied *Hesiod*) to refuse to bring me hither, I did not think I ought to tell you my design, for fear you should make use of the credit you have in this place to prevent my admission. In truth (said *Belintha*, obliging them to walk) you are to be blamed for coming to see *Clymene*, for she is the most unjust person in the World, in preferring her Desert before her friends. And moreover, (added she smiling) I am to advertize you, that with all your merit you shall never be so much loved by *Clymene* as that Dog which you see. *Hesiod* (answered this fair Virgin smiling) shall certainly not have so great a share in my carresses, but he has sufficient in my esteem to be satisfied, and I thank him for bringing in a *Nightingale*, and a *Sparrow*, speaking together in one of his Works; for 'tis assuredly a sign, that he is not in the error wherein you are, to the disadvantage of all Animals in the World, to whom you are so much an enemy, that you go about to take from them that little beam of light the gods have given them, which guides them so exactly in things that are profitable or delightful to them, and gives them this prerogative above men, that there is never any ingratitude in their hearts. Acknowledgment is found in those of Lyons, and no question would be too in those of Tygers, if they were gently us'd: carresses and benefits are never lost amongst the most savage Animals, but frequently amongst Men. Dissimulation and deceit are scarce ever found amongst brutes, and if they have subtilty, 'tis only to avoid dangers, or seek wherewith to subsist. It seems (said *Belintha* with a low voice) one single ingrateful Man makes you judge all Animals acknowledging; but however (added she aloud) though *Hesiod* were of your opinion, I should not disclaim my own, nor hinder my self from decrying the inclination you have to love brutes. For that you may not mistake, (continued she speaking to *Hesiod*) you must know that if *Clymene* were even amorous of any one, she could not resolve to give him a beast which she loved; and if at any time you would be assured of her heart, desire her Dog of her, and you shall see whither it will not be more hard to obtain the one than the other. You

speaking very excellently, (replied *Clymene*) in comparing my Heart and my Dog together; yet I am not offended at it, (added she) for they are both faithful and can love well. But are you not ashamed (said *Belintha*) to attribute Reason and Friendship to beasts? But do not you deceive your self, (said *Clymene*) when you will not know, that a little Bird, who makes its nest very proportionably, is more ingenious than a hundred dull Men whom I know, and that a poor Dog, who follows me every where, and moans when I forbid him, has more friendship than a Man who is obliged with nothing, and who injures all those whom he ought to serve. For my part (said *Hesiod* then) I confess I could willingly amuse my self in observing the Reason of Beasts, if it be fit so to term that Light which Nature has given them; and I am also sensible of their kindness. I have always observed (answered *Clymene*) that cruel Men hate Beasts, and usually good persons love them, or at least, cannot endure any hurt should be done them. But as for ambitious people, who are so satisfied with themselves, and cannot think but of great things, they take no care to observe the Nest of a *Swallow*, to admire the labor of *Pismires*, the singing of *Nightingales*, the love of *Turtles*, and the kindness of *Dogs*, nor to amuse and divert themselves innocently with the carresses of these poor Animals, whose felicity is so easily accomplished. For it suffices to that of my Dog, that he suffer not hunger, that he find a little Brook to drink at, that he lye upon the corner of my Robe, and that I make much of him. He comes not but when I will, he goes away when I please, he is silent when I think good; if I chide him, he does not remember it a moment after, and is not less ready to caress me. Judge therefore I beseech you, whither that person would not be happy, that should find another whose heart were so tractable. But however, (replied *Belintha*) I cannot suffer that that should be called Reason in Beasts, which is only a blind instinct, and makes them act whither they will or no. Ah! my dear *Belintha*, (answered *Clymene*) how noxious is the power of choice oftentimes unto us, and that supream Reason which arrogates so much to it self, and makes no account of instinct, but causes us to commit faults, against Virtue, and even against our own pleasures. 'Tis certain, (said *Hesiod*) that the power of choice occasions all the errors of Men, and that at least brutes have this advantage in their misery, that they precisely know every thing that is fit for them. Some avoid heat, and seek cold: others flee cold, and follow heat, without any variety in their kind: but as for men, though they are born and dye alike, and that considering them in themselves, it seems they have need only of the same things to be happy; yet it is certain, that their reason, which is various according to their different tempers, is oftentimes that which causes the happiness of one, and makes the infelicity of another, and they apprehend things so differently, that they agree neither in reference to the gods which they adore, nor the Laws which they follow, nor vices, nor virtues, nor even in their peculiar pleasures. 'Tis not so with Animals; that which is good to one *Nightingale*, is good to all the *Nightingales* of the World; all fierce beasts have need of Dens; all Neasts of Swallows are alike, there

there is no different architecture in them, and every species of animals has an immutable reason that governs it (as I may so speak) which pleases and charms me: for amongst us every one makes himself a reason after his own mode, so that when we would find out true reason among so many different reasons, 'tis a very difficult task. You speak admirably well (answered *Clymene*) for a discreet man who flies the World, and an ambitious man who pursues it, may both have Wit indeed, however differently they reason. This proceeds (replied *Belintha*) for that men are as different amongst themselves as Animals are in their kinds, and there is oftentimes as great a dissimilitude between one man and another, as between a bird of prey and a Turtle, so that every one must reason according to himself, and not according to another.

But however, it must be acknowledged, that humane reason has something very noble and sublime in it, by attempting to raise its knowledge even to the Heavens, and to the Center of the Earth, and he that shall consider the infinite number of profitable and delightful Arts which men have invented, the great number of Sciences whereof they are capable, the wise Laws which they have made, the different Ornaments which they have brought into the World; will laugh at the Neasts of Swallows, the labour of Bees, and the Husbandry of Pismires. I confess (answered *Hesiod*) that the reason of men is worthy of admiration for its vast extent, that considering it in it self, that half-reason of animals is but obscurity in comparison; but to speak truth, the bad Use men make of it astonishes me, and causes the possession of so great a good to seem less advantageous to me, since 'tis so difficult to employ it aright. And on the contrary, beasts scarce ever make any bad use of that light which nature has given them. 'Tis true, (said *Clymene*) there was never any Honey, but what was sweet, nor Pismires which did not providently labour, nor Swallows which made Neasts after different manners. But it is not so with men; for they will not so much as build their Houses alike. There is many times folly in their buildings, when they make them too magnificent for their own condition. On the other side, beasts who can content themselves with things necessary, and can make and proportionate them to their own uses, ought to make men blush, whose reason cannot bound their desires, whose natural incapacity stands in need of instructors, experience, examples, and practice, for the knowledge of the least of those things which are necessary; whereas the most stupid of all animals have that within themselves which is sufficient for them, without intermeddling with that which does not belong to them. Bees and Butterflies take from flowers that which is convenient for their respective uses, without offering to oppose one another; they have not set limits to their Empire; all the Lillies and Roses of the Spring are to them in common; and men with that sublime reason which renders them Masters of the World, have established War in it by establishing the Laws which divide the Universe. They have brought all kind of Vices into it, by the many inventions subservient to pleasure; they have made all the

miserias which are in the World, by looking upon ambition as a lawful thing, since without it all men would be in peace; and in brief, they have introduced all the unhappinesses of which they complain, although the gods have enriched the Universe wherewith to render them all happy. Who would think (interrupted *Belintha* smiling) that the love *Clymene* has for this poor little Dog which you see follows her, and understands nothing of what she says, should cause her to speak such handsome things, and that after so serious a manner? who could imagine, that a person who has so much Wit, should take pleasure in trifling with a Dog? I have already told you (answered *Clymene*) that the love of beasts is a sign of gentleness and humanity, and that it is cruelty to do them harm; but I add also, that all that loves is amiable, that all that insinuates it self with kindness, deserves to be ingratiated, that that which has no ingratitude deserves to be well treated, and that since it is not forbidden to love Flowers, Fountains, and Statues, it may well be lawful to love cheerful and pretty animals which love you, and divert you, without ever doing you any harm. But in brief, (replied *Belintha*) 'tis not our purpose to extoll the demy-reason of brutes, and condemn the use of the reason of men; but only to know whether Amity, which is the most precious thing in the World, and which ought to be the greatest recompence of the most considerable services, and the most noble prize of merit and virtue, ought to be employed in loving a little Dog. I am willing (added she) humanity should be exercis'd toward beasts, that no mischief be done them, and that people delight themselves with them if they please; but I would not have them loved with the same kindness wherewith we loved mankind, and which ought to be so precious, that it ought not to be given to friends, without well examining whether or no they be worthy of it. As for me (answered *Clymene* smiling) who have not found amongst men whereon to employ my affection conveniently, I must love where I can love without fearing to be deceived. 'Tis not (added she) that I grant I love my Dog with the same kindness wherewith I should love a Friend. But for that, all affections mankind is capable of, have the same original all arising out of the heart, *Belintha* is pleased to confound my kindness to brutes with my true friendship, and thereupon to inveigh against me without any just ground. The fair *Clymene* (said *Hesiod*) speaks her reasons so agreeably, that instead of condemning her, I wish I were not what I am, and had the honor to be hers in what manner soever. Endeavor then (answered *Belintha*) to be her friend if you can, and do not wish to be her Dog, for then I should infallably hate you. Ah! cruel *Belintha* (cried he with some earnestness) I believe it is difficult to be no more than the Friend of *Clymene*. Did you say, (answered that fair Virgin) it were no easie thing to gain my friendship, you would have reason; for contrary to my natural humor, I am become the most distrustful person in the World, and in my present sentiments I give no credit to words, nor cares, nor services; I know not well whether I should trust time, which they say discovers the most concealed truths. Therefore 'tis better to leave me in my Desert to hear my Nightingales. Perhaps

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(replied *Belintha* smiling) you may hear complaints in it as sweet as theirs; for *Hesiod* sings at least as well as they; and I see he beholds you with so much pleasure, and hears you with so great admiration, that I cannot assure but that he loves you a little too much already. I perceive (said *Clymene*) you have a design to jest, but yet I must tell you that when I saw *Hesiod* the first time upon the Banks of *Hippocrene*, he loved me a little, in less time than since his arrival. I confess it, (answered *Hesiod*) and I should certainly have always loved you, if I had always seen you. But Madam, your Fortune calling you elsewhere, and mine retaining me then at *Helicon*, I forsook you for the love of glory, which I have always since ardently affected. You see (replied *Clymene*, looking towards *Belintha*) it is my Destiny to loose my Conquests by ambition. Glory and Ambition (answered *Hesiod*) are not wholly alike. However, (said *Clymene*) I am very glad you are cured, and that I understand it from your own mouth. *Hesiod* blusht at this discourse, and going to answer to *Clymene*, he could not contain from saying with a great sigh,

*O gods! what is't I speak?
Alas! in speaking it, a sigh do's from me break,
And secret trouble from my passion grown
Tells me, my heart no longer is my own.*

As soon as *Hesiod* had spoken these Verses of *Clymene*, which he had remembred since *Belintha* shewed him them, he became much perplexed; but he found them so exact an answer, to that which *Clymene* had said to him, and they agreed so well with his thoughts, by changing only one word, that he could not hinder himself from uttering them. Nevertheless *Clymene* and *Belintha* both blusht when they heard them. The first looked upon her friend with indignation, and upon *Hesiod* with confusion; and *Belintha* on the contrary beheld *Hesiod* with anger, and *Clymene* with shame. *Hesiod* for his part lookt upon *Belintha* as if he desired her pardon, and upon *Clymene* with much love. But at length *Belintha* desiring to pacifie her friend, began to speak gently to her, and beseeched her to suspend her choller till she had heard her. And accordingly she told her of the accident of the Letter which *Hesiod* had seen, and which ingaged her though unwillingly to tell him what she knew concerning the love of *Lyfcrates*, which *Hesiod* could not but have learnt otherwise from a hundred persons. I grant what you say (answered *Clymene*) but in telling *Hesiod* what he would have known from others, there was no need of shewing him the Verses, which no person ever saw besides your self. Your having made them so amorous (replied she) caused me to think, that by shewing them to *Hesiod* when I was speaking of *Lyfcrates*, I should give him the greater aversion against him. But however (added she) I will make my peace with you, and am only troubled how *Hesiod* will make his with me. By desiring your pardon (answered he) and acknowledging to you ingeniously, that the excellent Verses of *Clymene*, so well expressed my thoughts, that I could not contain from speaking them; for if I should have

studied all my life, I could not have made any so pertinent. I perceive (said *Clymene* smiling) that though I am offended with both of you, prudence obliges me to pardon you equally, and to reingratiate you together; for if I should be angry in good earnest, *Belintha* would perhaps shew my Verses to all the World, and possibly *Hesiod* might think I took that seriously, which he has spoken merely in a frolick: Wherefore I declare to you, that I pardon you, on condition you will never speak of those Verses to any person whatsoever, nor to me as long as you live. Though it be sufficiently difficult (answered *Hesiod*) to forbear commending them, yet provided you do not forbid me to speak of you and my self, I consent never to speak to you of any thing else. After this *Clymene* handsomely diverting the conversation, obliged them to change their discourse, and betake themselves to walk in several delightful places. In the mean time, evening drawing on, *Belintha* commanded her Chariot to be brought thither. 'Tis I (said *Hesiod*) that ought first to think of departing, for I promised the Prince to be with him again very betimes; but to speak truth, 'tis easie to forget things in the presence of *Clymene*. I know not (answered she) whether you forgot the Prince whilst you are with me, but I am assured you will forget me when you are with the Prince; for the Court is a place, wherein people usually think of nothing but what they see, and absent persons are little dreamt of. You have reason (replied *Belintha* smiling) but for such an absent as you are, I believe you are thought of every where. Our language is so rich and copious, (answered *Clymene*) that it was not necessary to make a new word to flatter me with. If I may judge of the sentiments of *Belintha* by my own (said *Hesiod*) she has reason to invent new words to tell you what she thinks; at least I know none that can express what I think of you. After this, *Hesiod* gave the hand to *Belintha* to lead her into her Chariot, and without remembring what he had said before concerning his promise, to be back early with the Prince; or considering that he might go faster on horseback than with *Belintha*, he desired of her a place in her Chariot, that he might have as he said, at least the pleasure to speak concerning *Clymene*, after his departure from her; and accordingly he went with this amiable Lady. During the way, he spoke of nothing but *Clymene*; sometimes he extolled her beauty, sometimes he admired her wit, he was charmed with her sweet deportment and modesty, the tenderness of her heart pleased him above all things, and he could not conceive how it was possible *Lyfcrates* could cease to love her; for I have a heart (said he) as ambitious as he; but I conceive if I had been in his place, ambition could not have destroyed my love, which would have been more ardent in a great, than a mean fortune. If you become amorous of *Clymene* (answered *Belintha*) we shall see how you will act. I assure you, (replied *Hesiod*) I will not examine what I have in my heart for *Clymene*, for fear of finding in it that which would be little advantageous unto me, if it should be in any great measure, for I know 'tis much more difficult to engage an intelligent person to love the second time than the first, especially when the former Love proved

proved unfaithful: and therefore I am resolv'd to visit *Clymene*, as seldom as possible: for I have never had any true sentiments of love, but when I beheld her upon the Bank of *Hippocrene*, and when I saw her this day. In truth, it must needs have been love that caus'd me to repeat so precipitously and imprudently, the Verses which I remembred; for I was never before reproach'd for the least indiscretion. I would not (said *Belintha*) that you were very amorous of *Clymene*, for we ought never to desire evil to our friends: But I wish you had perswaded *Clymene* to come a little oftner to the City, and to desist from so obstinate a love of solitude. *Clymene* seem'd so lovely (answer'd he) that I believe if I saw her often enough to presume to perswade her not to hate the World so much, she might oblige me to prefer the desert she inhabits above all things; for I confess to you, I was never so much taken with any person as with *Clymene*. See her no more then (reply'd *Belintha*) for it would be too much to loose you, after having lost her. In this manner *Hesiod* and *Belintha* entertained themselves, till they arriv'd at the City. Whither, as soon as they were come, *Hesiod* went to wait upon the Prince, who chid him very obligingly, as also *Lyfcrates* did, for returning so late contrary to his promise. And the Prince having caus'd him to be diligently sought for, understood that he was gone to *Clymene's* house, though *Hesiod* intended to keep it secret from *Belintha*. Upon which taking occasion of pleasant raillery upon him, they very much surpris'd him. Do you know (said the Prince of *Locri* to him) that I had the most violent beginning of love for *Clymene*, that ever person had? and that if she had managed the inclination I had for her, there is nothing so difficult but she might have oblig'd me to; if she had pleas'd? but her coldness towards me, time, and reason, have cured me. As for *Lyfcrates*, who lov'd her extremely, and was not hated by her, I am perswaded the respect he had for me; oblig'd him to renounce a passion, which is sufficiently incomparable with all other kinds of obligation. I did not think, my Lord (answer'd *Hesiod* coldly) that reason and friendship were remedies for love; at least, I am assur'd they would never cure me, if I were amorous. But are not you *Clymene's* servant already? (said the Prince.) No doubt (answer'd *Hesiod*) I have much admiration for her; but as for love, I conceive none would dare to become amorous of that which you have lov'd. But on the contrary, (reply'd the Prince) your passion would afford me contentment for I am perswaded you have so curious a judgment, that your weakness would justify that of mine. Perhaps, my Lord (said *Hesiod*) *Lyfcrates* would not be of your opinion. I assure you, (answer'd the ambitious *Lyfcrates*) that the pleasures of the Prince are so dear to me, that being perswaded the love you have for *Clymene*, would excite you to make more Verses to divert it, I should counsel you to it, though I could still be your rival; but as the Prince was pleas'd to say, the purpose of confining my self inseparably to his service, has absolutely drawn me off from *Clymene*. Since it is so (said *Hesiod* smiling) for the future I shall not defend my self against the charms of *Clymene*, and give up the reins to my own inclination, in spite of the resistance of my reason.

After this, the Prince and *Lyfcrates* diverted to other discourse; but *Hesiod* did not cease to think of *Clymene*, when he ceas'd to speak of her, and as long as the evening last'd, he could not with draw his fancy from her. The next morning he made Verses upon her, the day after he sent to know her condition, and writ her a very gallant Letter, which she answer'd with much civility, though in a manner which signified, she had no desire to renew familiarity with the World, and would not discourse half of her Wit, though there appear'd very much whether she would or no. Some days after, *Belintha* and *Hesiod* return'd to the house of *Clymene's* Aunt, who receiv'd them very well, and promis'd them that as soon as winter began to make the Country naked, she would carry *Clymene* to the City. Whereupon *Hesiod* at his return, compos'd very handsome Verses, wherein he pray'd Winter to hasten, to appear with his Icicles, and conjur'd Autumn to make speed away; he wish'd the Spring would be slow in coming, to the end winter might continue the longer: He introduc'd the several pleasures of all the seasons, and beseech'd those which are peculiar to winter, to draw *Clymene* to the City, and retain her there so long as they could. Have a care said he, (with all the gracefulness that Poetry gives to this sort of things) of suffering your selves to be driven away too soon by the pleasures of the spring; which would carry her away from us to the Country; for these pleasures are not, in truth, but the pleasures of shepherds and shepherdesses, whereas you are really magnificent: pleasures which serve Princes and Kings, and assembling all worthy persons to the same places, have a thousand advantages above all those other half-savage pleasures, which have need of rivers, gardens, and fountains, to make them delightful. Then addressing again to winter, he exhorted him not to hurt the youth and beauty of the spring, assuring him, that whilst *Clymene* and he should be together, no person would think of desiring the season of roses. But though these Verses were excellent, *Hesiod* did not publish them, but shew'd them only to two or three persons; for perceiving his affection to *Clymene* growing very ardent, and come to a good degree already, and being not ignorant that a publick love is a love without pleasure, he kept secret all the compositions which he made upon this fair virgin; by which means there is none of them seen in the collection made of his Works, of which many other things also are lost. One thing was remarkable, that the same day he sent the Verses to *Clymene*, which he address'd to winter, the Sky was clouded, the wind became violent, and blew off most of the leaves of the trees, as if Winter had began that very day, and granted *Hesiod's* request. And accordingly the following days hapning to be more foul, *Clymene* being deprived of the benefit of walking, was constrain'd to return to the City with her Aunt. But though she was resolv'd to fly all the World as much as she could, yet being unwilling to appear too rustick, she could not avoid being seen by all the honorable persons of the Court. The Prince himself made her a visit, and carry'd *Lyfcrates* with him: but the Prince's heart being then affect'd towards another person; he beheld her without love, and spok'd of his former

mer passion, as if he had spoken to a Friend. As for *Lyfcrates*, no doubt he could not see her without being troubled; but she treated him with so cold and fierce an aspect, and he was always so ambitious, that it may be said, what he resented then, was rather shame and perplexity, than love. But thence forward he never saw her, except in the presence of the Prince, and by consequence very rarely. The case was otherwise with *Hesiod*, who thought himself well in no other place; for though the Prince and *Lyfcrates* could not live without him, he could not live longer with them, because he could not live longer without *Clymene*. This very much perplexed him, for being the Favorite of the Favorite, who made use of him to be with the Prince, when himself could not, he had always a hundred businesses to do, which instead of being delightful to him as formerly, were then insupportable, because all that hindered him from seeing *Clymene*, was distastful to him. At first, ambition offered to oppose it self to this passion in his heart; but it was already so violent, that changing his sentiments in few days, he thought of nothing which took up his whole mind before, and derided his former ambition. How obliged am I to *Clymene*, (said he one day to one of his intimate Friends for having cured me of a Passion, whose pleasures are always unquiet, and for having given me another whose torments are ever agreeable. I must have lost my reason, could I have thought it possible to be happy with good fortune only. For indeed, provided a Man be content, what matters it whether it be in a Cottage or a Palace. Things without us, are not those which give true satisfaction, but the sentiments of the heart; so that since I look upon *Clymene* as a person who alone can make my felicity, and whose beauty, wit, and virtue, are of greater value than all the treasures of the World, wherefore should I confound my self in seeking happiness by other ways. Riches are things which are not desired, but to have several others; but the possession of a person whom we love passionately, and with reason, is satisfactory of it self. I confess to you (said his friend to him) that I find true wisdom, in that which you say; but that which amuses me, is, that thing of things, which you did not dream of a few days since. And yet you are not much improved in Wit in that time. I grant it, (replied *Hesiod*) but I have more Love, and contrary to the custom of that passion, which often enough injures Reason, it fortifies mine, and makes me know, that ambition is for the most part rather a weakness than a true greatness of Soul. If a Man could by just ways become Master of all the favors that a great Prince can confer, I conceive generosity would require him to endeavor to frame himself to do good to others; but however, I know not whether Reason would oblige him to put his Virtue to so difficult a proof. The danger is, (added he) that a man whose inclinations are very liberal when he is in credit, may sometimes be carried to some injustice by a principal of Virtue, and be as unjust as one that is covetous, to the end to obtain wherewith to be prodigal; but though this should not be, yet he is always lyable to be accused. All miserable persons believe, if they were in the places of those who are happy, they should do admirable things. In the mean time

we see the greatest part of those whom fortune has raised, use their happiness ill, and forget their past infelicities, for fear of having pity of those of others. I could never have believ'd, (said *Hesiod*'s Confident) your Love could have so well taught you morality. You deride me (answered *Hesiod*) but did you know what sweetness I feel being free from ambition, you would judge I have cause to hold my self extremely obliged to *Clymene*. Alas! my dear *Hesiod*, (replied he) A person that begins to love, sees only delightful things, hope renders all easie, he is so glad that he loves, and so delighted only in thinking that he may be loved again, that his heart abandons it self to joy, without having cause to do so, but if you continue to love *Clymene*, you will soon tell me other news. Do not doubt, my dear friend, (said *Hesiod*) whether I shall continue to love *Clymene*, for I find I shall love her till death, and I take no other care but to be loved, again by her. To which purpose *Hesiod* omitted nothing that might conduce, of all the diligences which an ingenious, amorous, and gallant person is capable of using, when he designs to be beloved. But though *Clymene* esteem'd him infinitely, notwithstanding her reluctance (for she desired to hate all men, and lived with such reservedness that there was no reasonable ground to hope to become happy) yet its true, hope so easily arises in the heart of a Lover, who loves ardently, that he can never absolutely despair: besides, *Belintha* loving *Clymene* very dearly, could have wished she did not hate *Hesiod*, to the end she might have loved her Defart less; and moreover, having much kindness for *Hesiod*, she could have been glad that the love he had for *Clymene*, would more straitly have confined him to *Lori*, than he was by the favors of the Prince and *Lyfcrates*, who being always desirous to establish himself more in the reputation he was in, was not unwilling to fasten *Hesiod* to his interests, to the end he might converse with the Prince, and have a faithful friend to accompany him in all his pleasures, when he could not himself. But this was so far from giving *Hesiod* contentment at that time, that he was disgusted with it, and ambition became so weakned in his heart, that he resented no other than that of being loved. He had also so great a contempt of *Lyfcrates*, in regard of what had passed between him and *Clymene*, that if prudence had not withheld him, he had rejected his friendship; for he not only undervalued all the agreeable qualities of *Lyfcrates*, but hated him, as if it had been himself that had been offended by him. Yet he perceived this sentiment was something strange; for said he, one day to himself, though unworthiness may be found in the procedure of *Lyfcrates*, yet it does not concern me to hate him; for if he were not guilty of this crime, he would be loved and happy, and I a thousand times more miserable than I am. 'Tis not added he, but that he contributes to my unhappiness another way, for he is the cause that all men are suspected by *Clymene*, and that she defends her heart against me, as she would do against him, if he should attempt to reconquer it. However, I ought not to despair, though I have no cause of hope given me: for as it is out of a sentiment of glory, that *Clymene* hates *Lyfcrates*, so

so its possible out of a sentiment of equity, she may love a man who is totally contrary unto him. In the mean time, though *Hesiodo* visited *Clymene* very often, there was scarce any besides she, that understood he had no more ambition; for he frequently attended upon the Prince too, and *Lyfiscrates*, and deputed himself so prudently, that there was none but *Clymene* and *Belintha*, who observed the great passion he had in his Soul. So that *Antiphanes*, and *Gauetor*, *Clymene's* Brothers, looking upon him as a person that was much respected by the Prince and his Favorite, went to see him every day, and testified much friendship to him. On the other side, *Hesiodo* to render them favorable to him, ingratiated himself a little more in the Court, to the end he might do them some good office there, and have the more liberty to visit *Clymene*. But when this fair Lady in the beginning of the Spring returned to her Desert, it was easie to observe, that the cares of *Hesiodo* were divided; for he did nothing but make appointments to go see her, sometimes with her Brothers, very often with *Belintha*, and sometimes alone; no longer caring for Favor or Fortune, nor any thing but to see *Clymene*, to write to her, and to make Verses upon her, under the name of a Shepherdess. For his inclination leading him to speak of Countrey matters in his Verses, he conceived Love in Poetry had something more charming and more sweet with that resemblance of simplicity, than with that of Nymph or Goddesses. *Clymene* taking good notice of his sentiments, intreated *Belintha* several times, to endeavor to make *Hesiodo* change his intentions, but his Friend told her smiling, that till she forsook her solitary humor, she would rather send her a thousand Lovers, than free her from one. Things being in this posture, *Hesiodo* went for two days to the House of *Clymene's* Aunt, with her Brother, during which the Prince was gone to one of his houses in the Countrey, and had dispensed with him for following him. *Belintha* was likewise of this Company, with two other handsome Ladies her friends; so that the Desert was then very delightful. When *Hesiodo* was ready to set forth, a Packet was brought him from *Lyfiscrates*, and delivered to one of his attendants; he was minded to read it presently, but being told the Company waited only for him to depart with them, he referred the reading of it till he came upon the way. Yet he did not perform his intention, for *Clymene* so took up his mind, that he never remembered the Packet he had received, though he did not question but there was something in it which concerned the Prince's interest. So he went to *Clymene's* house in this forgetfulness, and which was more strange, was there till very late the next day without thinking of it; and 'tis likely he would have returned to *Locri* in the same manner, had not an accident befallen him. The house where *Clymene* dwelt being seated in a pleasant Countrey, walking was the chiefest delight it afforded. So, as soon as the Sun permitted the Ladies to enjoy that divertisement commodiously, *Clymene* obliged her friends to take the ayr. The company being one evening in a Meadow beset round with Willows, and divided by a River whose Banks were all covered with various sorts of flowers, they divided themselves insensibly; so that *Clymene* and

Hesiodo found themselves alone; separated from all the rest about thirty paces; some walkt, others sat down, and others sung. As for *Clymene*, having found a little flowry place on the bank of the River, where the little Dog she loved was layd down, she leaned against a Willow, and shewing *Hesiodo* the goodliness of the Countrey endeavored to hinder him from speaking to her of that which she saw well he had in his Soul. But to imploy him the more, she intreated him to shew her once again the Verses he had read to her an hour before, wherein he described the Countrey life after a very handsome manner. *Hesiodo* was willing to obey her with diligence, and sought for the Verses, but instead of them drew forth the Packet of *Lyfiscrates*, which he had not yet opened, and had received at his coming from *Locri*. This sight surpris'd him; but instead of being troubled at this adventure, as *Lyfiscrates* was for that of his own, when he let fall a Letter of *Clymene* in her presence without having opened it; *Hesiodo* laugh'd at it, and would have put up the Packet again without opening it, if *Clymene* who knew the hand and blusht at it, had not askt him whether he newly received it. No, Madam, (said he to her) and *Artemides* at whose house I Lodge can testify to you that I received it when I came from *Locri*. But why then did not you read it upon the way, or since you were here? (said *Clymene*.) Because I am wholly unlike *Lyfiscrates*, (answered he) and whereas Ambition destroyed love in his heart, love destroyes Ambition in mine. *Clymene* blusht at this discourse, and was very sorry for having been so curious; but because what *Hesiodo* spoke might still be diverted, she made no application of it, and without answering to it told him, it was fit he opened his Packet, for fear least there might be some Order from the Prince in it. For though (added she) I am an enemy to great Ambition, yet I am none to your happiness. If it be so, Madam (said he to her) it will be very easie for you to render me happy. In the interim, if you desire I should know the import of this Packet, be pleas'd to take the pains to read it; for in a place where you are, I can do nothing but behold and admire you. Though all that comes from *Lyfiscrates* displeases me (answered *Clymene*) yet out of respect to you I will see what he commands you: and accordingly she opened the Packet, and beheld in it a Letter from *Lyfiscrates* who desired him to come to the Prince, who had writ with his own hand these words at the bottom of the Letter;

I will not command you to come, because I would be more oblig'd to you if you come as soon as you know I desire it.

When *Clymene* had done reading the Contents of this Letter aloud; But what will you say to the Prince (said she) for not having obey'd him forthwith? I know not (answer'd *Hesiodo*) but I know I care not what he will say of it, provided that without being offended, you will suffer me to thank you for having cur'd me of Ambition. For indeed, Madam, though you should be all your life ungrateful to the most respectful passion that ever was, I ought always to thank you, for having

having freed me from one, which has none but false pleasures, to give me another whose torments are delightful, and make me account my self more happy in being with you on the bank of this River, than I should be with the greatest Prince of the World if I were his Favourite. You are so perswaded (answer'd *Clymene*) of my hatred to ambition, because I hate an ambitious person, that you mind only speaking on that subject. But to hinder you from constraining your self unprofitably, I will act with you as with a man I esteem, and in whom I see a thousand good and delightful qualities——. I beseech you, Madam, (reply'd *Hesiod*) go not to cast me into despair, and fear nothing from my passion. If it be disgusting to you, I will conceal it as long as I live; but do not attempt to destroy it, for it would be in vain. And to hinder you from believing that I dissemble, when I say Love has destroy'd Ambition in my heart: If you please, I will never see the Prince nor *Lyfcrates* more, I will renounce all kind of society, I will disclaim all the World, and all my Friends; for you are all the World to me, you have united all my passions into one, and I consider only you in all the Universe; I will even renounce glory, if you desire it, though I have always much affected it, and there is nothing which I will not do to testify that I love you ardently. *Hesiod* spoke this with an earnestness so full of love that *Clymene* was surpris'd at it; notwithstanding she continu'd firm in the resolution she had taken, and answering with very much discretion, I confess to you (said she to him) the manner after which you speak, both surprises and afflicts me: for I know you so well, that I think I ought not wholly to dis-believe the truth of what you tell me. And therefore I am sorry to see that so deserving a person as you, constrains me to tell you things which afflict you. But I should be ingrateful, unjust, and a dissembler, if I conceal'd from you the true state of my Soul. I beseech you, do not conceive an ill-grounded hope of my sincerity; for I will hide nothing from you which may be to your advantage, nor dissemble that which is against you. I confess to you, that 'tis now some time since I understood I was not indifferent unto you, and though I believe you love me a little less than you think, yet I am convinc'd you love me more than I desire. I shall tell you once again that I esteem you as much as I can, that I see nothing in your heart, but what seems to me noble, nothing in your wit but handsome and excellent, that in renouncing Ambition for love of me, you do that only thing of the World which can be most agreeable unto me. But after all, *Hesiod*, I have so much injustice, as that I can never confide in the virtue of any whatsoever, after having been deceiv'd. And though you should believe I might in time change my sentiments, yet there is another obstacle which you can never surmount, which is, that you know I have lov'd *Lyfcrates*, and so I cannot think, if I should admit your affection, but that you would believe I had an easiness in my heart, which I have not, and that there needed no more but saying to one I love you, to oblige me to answer favourably. In the mean time this is so remote from truth, that with all your merit, and all the affection you profess for me, I believe you can never oblige me to

love you: the most obliging expression I can give you, is, that if I had always continu'd to see you, when I first saw you at *Helicon*, and you had always lov'd me, no doubt I should never have lov'd *Lyfcrates*, but should have affected you. But, Madam, (said he to her) since you do me the honor to tell me, that if you had lov'd me heretofore, you would love me still, why will you not love me for the future, since you love *Lyfcrates* no longer? No question, I am not less worthy of your affection, than I was at that time; and I love you a thousand times more: consider then, Madam, consider well what you say, and do not attempt to deprive me of all hope, for I cannot but hope that the constancy of my Love will overcome all the obstacles, which oppose my happiness, and that you will not be always unjust. I beseech you, Madam, wherefore ought I to be punish'd for the unworthiness of my Rival, since I do not resemble him? He loves Fortune more than you, and I despise it only because I love you; Ambition grows in his heart in spite of his Love, and Love in mine, in spite of my Ambition. *Lyfcrates* could live no longer without a Palace, without Magnificence, and without a great number of flatterers which encompass him; and I should live happy with you only in a simple Cottage, in the midst of a wilderness, without all society but yours. Moreover, you ought not to imagine that I would think you had a general facility in your heart, if you favour'd my passion; for a Lover is not worthy to be lov'd, if he can suspect his Mistress of so great a defect; and he is not so much as worthy to be esteem'd, if he loves a person ardently whom he does not esteem infinitely. And besides, Madam (added he) having refus'd the heart of a Prince, and of a gallant and deserving Prince, you are sufficiently justify'd from that kind of weakness. Should all you say be true (reply'd *Clymene*) I should still have several reasons, which would oblige me to defend my heart obstinately; and therefore, *Hesiod*, leave me in peace in my Desert, and forsake not Fortune for a person who can never be but her own. Once more, leave her in quiet in her solitude, to enjoy a tranquillity, which gives time for agreeable musings; and continue in the tumult of the world, which has so much pleas'd you, and pleases you still more than you believe. You are unjust, Madam (answer'd *Hesiod*) for above these fifteen days I remember every moment four Verses, which I made in an ardency of mind, since I saw you, and repeat them sighing, a hundred times a day.

*O peaceful quiet, happy solitude!
Could I forsake you for inquietude?
Farewell Ambition, with Disasters cross,
What avails Greatness, when Content is lost?*

After this, Madam, (added he) will you still say you have not inspir'd me with the love of solitude: and accuse me always of loving the tumult of the Court, and the turmoil of affairs? I, (I say) who speaking against those who enrich themselves by unjust ways have declar'd that they were unhappy in not knowing, that sometimes the half is better than the whole, and that men were miserable in being ignorant, how sweet it is to live with the Herbs of ones own Garden;

Garden; since if they knew it, the labour of one day would suffice for their subsistence all the year. Judge then, if you have reason to accuse me. The Verses (reply'd she) which you recited, and those you speak of, please me well; but, you know, Poetry is oftentimes guilty of untruth. However, suffer me to thank you for having spoken so well of musing in few words; for it is really more Mistress of the World than is believ'd. After this *Clymene*, notwithstanding *Hesiod's* reluctance, went to join with the company, who all re-assembled together in a place very delightful, *Belintha* knowing *Clymene* and *Hesiod* admirably well, perceiv'd, as soon as she saw them, they had been speaking of something which employ'd their wits, whereupon, when night was come, and *Belintha* and *Clymene* were retir'd into their Chamber, *Belintha* ask'd her friend smilingly, if *Hesiod* recited Verses to her all the while he entertain'd her apart. I wish he had with all my heart (answer'd *Clymene*) he would less have perplex'd me than he did. But what was it he said (demanded *Belintha*) that troubled you so much. I beseech you, my dear *Belintha*, (answer'd she) do not still oppress me, but suffer me to forget all his discourse. When we desire so much to forget things (reply'd *Belintha* smiling) we never forget them at all: and moreover, to speak truth, I cannot conceive that so worthy a person as *Hesiod*, has told you any distastful matter; for he has not told you that he hates you. No, (answer'd *Clymene* blushing), but he has been so bold as to tell me he loves me, and to tell me so in such a manner, that persuades me he speaks no untruth. How? (said *Belintha* hastily) and is it the declaration of the love of a very worthy person that you would forget? Believe me (added she) do not endeavour it, for I have an absolute persuasion, 'tis the only thing of the World that was never forgotten by any. You speak with so little seriousness (answer'd *Clymene*) that I am almost inclin'd not to answer you any thing. You speak with so little sincerity (reply'd *Belintha*), that the best course I can take, is to discourse with you in raillery. You believe then (said *Clymene*) that I am willing *Hesiod* should love me. No, (answer'd *Belintha*) but I have a strong belief, that if *Hesiod* never does any thing but love you very respectfully, and very ardently, you will not hate him for it. Hatred is a great word (reply'd *Clymene*) but in the sentiment I am in, you will do me a very great pleasure, if you can hinder *Hesiod* from persisting to love me; for I am persuaded, the kindness you have for me, and that which he bears to you, makes more than half of his passion; and I am confident, the desire you have to draw me out of my Desert, has induc'd you to put the folly into his head, wherewith he entertain'd me to day. I should confirm your opinion more (answer'd *Belintha*): if I should tell you that he has spoken to you by my counsel, and give you occasion to believe, that what he has said to you is but a fiction; but being I am too sincere to do that, I tell you what I think, which is, that *Hesiod* loves you a thousand times more than *Lyfiscrates* ever did. However, (added she subtilly) I offer to do all that I shall be able, to hinder him from coming hither again, and I will also peremptorily forbid him in your name, if you please. I spoke

to him with an aspect (reply'd *Clymene*, without taking notice of her friends subtilty) that perhaps will deter him from continuing to speak to me of his pretended passion. I will then say nothing to him (answer'd *Belintha* smiling.) Ah! cruel friend (cry'd *Clymene*) will you always deride me? After this, *Belintha* discours'd to her more seriously, telling her a thousand things to the advantage of *Hesiod*, conceiving nothing could happen more advantageous to her, for one of her humour, than to be lov'd by so excellent a person as he, and whose passion was both respectful and innocent. Nevertheless *Clymene* continu'd in her ordinary sentiments, however, in the bottom of her heart, she was not sorry that *Hesiod* lov'd her. Wherefore she recounted to *Belintha* very exactly, all that he had said to her, and the adventure of *Lyfiscrates's* Letter, very different from that of that ambitious Lover, towards whom she found her hatred and contempt increas'd, the more she began to esteem *Hesiod*. In the mean time, having read what *Lyfiscrates* had written to him, and the Prince's Postscript, she would oblige *Hesiod* to depart the next morning, to go to him; but he refus'd it, and chose rather to hazard the Prince's displeasure, than forsake *Clymene*, and give her ground to believe, that he was not capable of abandoning all for her sake. Yet he return'd at length to *Locri*, without having gain'd any thing upon the mind of this fair Virgin. At the return of the Prince, he excus'd himself the best he could, without much earnestness; but from that time, getting always greater familiarity with the brothers of *Clymene*, he was oftner in her Desert, than at Court: so that having such frequent occasions of speaking to her, and testifying his love, he began to shake the resolution she had taken, of never loving any. Nevertheless she conceal'd her sentiments for a long time, although she knew none ever had a more tender passion, than that of *Hesiod* for her. He admir'd all that she spoke, the least of her actions charm'd him, he lov'd the same things that she did; he observ'd even the places, where she us'd most frequently to walk, to the end he might go muse there alone, when she was not there, and he could not be with her. *Clymene* on the other side understanding his worth, virtue, and love more, resent'd a secret delight in being lov'd by *Hesiod*; and though she believ'd not that she lov'd him, yet she did not wish he would cease to love her. But at length the constancy of *Hesiod*, the counsels of *Belintha*, and *Clymene's* own inclination caus'd her to consent that he might speak the most secret sentiments of his heart to her; and, by degrees, she came to acknowledge that he had mov'd hers, and that, provided his affection were innocent and constant, he might assure himself he should be tenderly belov'd. *Belintha* also understood this strait engagement, and was the only Confident of this virtuous love. *Hesiod* desir'd then to oblige her to suffer him to speak to her relations, that he might marry her: but she told him, that having been once deceiv'd, she crav'd his pardon; if she could not so soon trust his affection, that she was a profess'd enemy to repentance, and that to the end they might never repent of their mutual affection, it was requisite they made yet a little longer tryal, whether it were as firmly establish'd as she desir'd.

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In the mean time they did not cease to fancy to themselves a thousand contentments in a sweet and quiet life, which they design'd to lead, when their fortune should be inseparable. In which expectation, they enjoy'd a thousand innocent sweetnesses; their love was tender, delicate, and ingenious, to make them find out ways to render it secret. *Belintha* alone knew all that pass'd between these two persons; for after *Hesioda* came to be favoured by his Mistress, he spoke no more of his passion to that friend of his, to whom he had communicated something of it in the beginning. A slave, who was very faithful and ingenious, called *Troilus*, carried his Masters Letters, and brought him the answers of them. *Hesioda* and *Clymene* made little presents to one another of several gallant things, which pass'd not in the sight of the World but for gifts of friendship, though they were indeed testimonies of Love; they told one another all their thoughts; *Hesioda* writ nothing but he shew'd it to *Clymene*, and *Clymene* had not a thought but she told it to her dear *Hesioda*. She did that for him out of gallantry, which *Belintha* told him she would never do; for she gave him that beloved dog of hers, for her kindness to whom she had been so much reproacht. Thus by a thousand little obligations (which afford the greatest pleasures of love, when they are done with a certain way of dearness, which redoubles the sensibility of the hearts of those to whom they are perform'd) *Hesioda* and *Clymene* enjoy'd a thousand innocent pleasures. In this conjuncture (as all Courts are subject to sudden revolutions) so great a disgust hapned between the Prince and *Lyfcrates*, upon occasion of an Office which he had dispos'd of, that all the favor he could obtain of him, was to have permission to abide at an antient house of his in the Countrey, which was near to that where *Clymene* resided. This disgrace of *Lyfcrates*, no doubt did not much afflict this fair Virgin; nevertheless she was much troubled at his coming to be her neighbor, and much more some days after, when this disgraced Favorite, finding her by chance in a Walk, out of an odd humoursness of love felt his first flame so ardently rekindled, that without sticking a moment, he accosted *Clymene*: and seeing her alone, with two Women that follow'd her, while her Aunt was walking at a good distance with an old Priest; You see Madam (said he to her) that bad fortune returns me to you; but I shall take it for good, if you will please to forget all the crimes whereof you have accus'd me though they be not perhaps so great as you have believ'd them; for you know I began to be ambitious only for your sake. Is it possible *Lyfcrates* (answer'd she roughly) that you can have the boldness to speak to me as you do? and can you believe, without having lost your reason, that I am so poor of spirit, as to endure your affection again? No doubt you would be glad to find some consolation during your exile, and that in a time wherein all your flatterers have forsaken you, if I would admit of your flatteries; but, *Lyfcrates*, you are mistaken, it can never be, it will be much easier for you to make your peace with your Master, than to obtain your pardon of your Mistress. Bethink yourself therefore of returning to Court, and leave me in my desert; for if you make a custom to come and trouble me, I

shall soon forsake it, only to be at distance from a man, whose discretion has been so bad, as that he has chosen rather to follow capricious fortune, who at length forsakes all whom she favors, than to be faithful to a person who lov'd you sufficiently, to esteem her self happy without the assistance of her benevolence. I beseech you, charming *Clymene* (cry'd *Lyfcrates*) do not cast me into despair; I consent, that all my past services be lost, do but you grant me the favour to begin anew to serve you, without having any other right to your affection, than that which a thousand diligences and respects may acquire for me in the time to come. No, no, *Lyfcrates*, (answer'd *Clymene*) I will not do what you desire; he that is once gone out of my heart, never finds re-entrance. If I hated you still (added she with a coldness full of scorn) perhaps it would not be impossible, but that I might love you again one day: but the manner of your acting with me, having made me pass from anger to hatred, and from hatred to contempt, and from that to a total indifference, no change can ever happen in my mind to your advantage. However, being you are unhappy, a little kind of generosity makes me forbear to speak any thing more severe to you; and I content my self with forbidding you ever to speak to me of your pretended affection, or to come to see me. After this *Clymene* left *Lyfcrates*, who dar'd not follow her, for fear of incensing her more against him: but love having really assum'd its antient place in his heart, he went the next morning to visit *Clymene's* Aunt, who receiv'd him civilly as an unfortunate person. *Hesioda* was there at the same time; but there was much difference in the manner, wherewith *Clymene* spoke to these two Rivals; for she spoke not to *Lyfcrates*, except to upbraid him; but to *Hesioda* with extream sweetness, who notwithstanding could not but resent some small discontent, to see *Lyfcrates* renew his Courtship to *Clymene*, which he presently took notice of. Sincerely (said he with a low voice to this fair Virgin) the misfortune of *Lyfcrates* afflicts me, and gives me cause to fear; I could wish rather for my own sake, that he were still the Prince's Favorite. I should take this ill (answer'd *Clymene*) if you spoke it seriously; but being there's no doubt but 'tis only to shew that you apprehend all that can be apprehended of things, I pardon you. However, if *Lyfcrates* does not break off coming hither, I will soon cure your mind of an ill-grounded jealousy. To which purpose *Clymene* having in vain prohibited him coming to seek her, endeavour'd to oblige her Aunt not to admit him more. But she being a good and generous person, believ'd it would be something unhandsome to forbid an exil'd person her house: Whereupon *Clymene* conjur'd her that she would please to go to *Locri* for some time, to the end she might avoid the unwelcome visits of *Lyfcrates*. This resolution gave very much joy to *Hesioda*; *Belintha* also was extreamly glad of it; and *Lyfcrates* in his desert saw himself equally cast off by his Master and his Mistress, and to make him the more unhappy, the two most violent passions in the world, continu'd in possession of his heart. For being then without any near hope to satiate them, they did not destroy one another, and he was ready to give himself

himself again wholly to that which should afford him most ground of hope. In the mean time all the world rejoyc'd at *Locri*, for the return of *Clymene*, and *Hesiod* and she carried their affairs so well, that their affection pass'd rather for a gallant friendship, than a true love; because indeed among ingenious persons, there is a certain genius, which makes their affections mutually suitable and correspondent. About this time several Feasts were made, at which *Clymene* was present with delight; for though she always lov'd, and much affected solitude, yet she could not but love all companies where *Hesiod* made one, who, without variation of his sentiments, ever preferr'd her above all things, and was a thousand times more diligent in his attendance upon her, than on the Prince, whom he waited upon no oftner than decency enforc'd him, *Clymene* having never been so well satisfi'd as at that time, had never before appear'd so lovely; for besides that joy embelish'd her, she was of better humour, her wit was more pleasant, and she made so many conquests in a little time, that no discourse was more frequent, than concerning the charming excellencies of *Clymene*. The Prince himself having seen her again, after having broken off with a Mistress, whom he had at that time, re-engaged himself to love her, and resolv'd absolutely to conquer her heart by his addresses, without interposing his authority. By this means the felicity of *Hesiod* was strangely check'd; for though he had as much esteem as love, for *Clymene*, and when he listned to his own reason, could not suspect her to be unfaithful to him; nevertheless these two Rivals of his, strangely perplex'd him, and excited greater fear in him, than himself could reasonably approve. He was oblig'd both to the Prince and to *Lyfcrates*, reason and generosity requir'd him to be obsequious to the first, and respectful to the latter: but Love dictated to him to hate and destroy them, since they both employ'd all their endeavors to destroy his felicity, in establishing their own. But that which afflicted him most, was, that he could not reason to the contrary, but with like regret. If he consider'd that *Lyfcrates* was unhappy, and *Clymene* might, out of pitty, suffer her self to be regain'd by him; he imagin'd also that the Prince of *Locri* by the lustre of his quality and his authority, might at length come to please her: thus both the happy and the unhappy gave him inquietude. Yet the Prince's love gave him otherwise some consolation; for upon his declaring himself, that multitude of Lovers who throng'd to *Clymene's* house, retir'd, *Lyfcrates* also in his desert, was troubled to understand, that the Prince began to love *Clymene* again: that which augmented his grief, was, that he consider'd his Courtship as well prejudicial to his own passion, as to his ambition, because he fear'd lest this fair Virgin, to keep him in eternal exile, would admit of the Prince's affection upon that condition. *Clymene* on the other side, suffer'd as much as *Hesiod* and *Lyfcrates*: for being a person, whose affection was very tender and sincere for *Hesiod*, and whose great and virtuous soul was above ambition, she was extremely griev'd to see the love of the Prince and *Lyfcrates*, and to observe the discontent of *Hesiod*; for she knew not what remedy to use to it. When she was at *Locri*, the Prince visited

her every hour; when she was in the Country, *Lyfcrates* troubled her, as much as he could, and she had no pleasure any longer, but what cost her a thousand regrets. *Hesiod* liv'd still at the same rate with her; but he sigh'd so often, when he could do it, without being seen by *Clymene*, that it was easie to be observ'd he suffer'd more than he profess'd; for out of a deep respect he had to her, he did not let her know that he was desperately jealous: Not that *Clymene* did one action, or spoke one word, which he could condemn; but the conjuncture of things seem'd so cross, that he could not hinder himself from fearing least the same destiny which occasion'd it, reserv'd some other of greater cruelty for him. *Clymene* on her part, did all she thought her self oblig'd to, to content *Hesiod*. She did not speak to him of the sentiments which she observ'd in his mind, because she would not complain of them; so that this unhappy Lover, not having so much as the comfort which complaint affords, suffer'd more than can be imagin'd, especially because he thought it always unfit to make any discovery of his jealousy. For (said he to himself) when any one has ground to be jealous, he ought not to think of complaining, but endeavour to love no longer; and if his jealousy be ill-grounded, it is unjust to go to torment an innocent person. Thus *Hesiod's* greatness of mind and respect, restrain'd him from discovering his jealousy, and he was more unhappy than all others that are possess'd by that passion. That which tormented him yet more strangely, was, That the Prince intreated him to make Verses in relation to his Love; but though he judg'd he would be displeas'd with him, he excus'd himself from it, and told him it was absolutely impossible for him to make Verses of that nature, if his heart were not touch'd with the same passion, and if he did not express his real sentiments. At this time there arriv'd at *Locri*, two *Lydians*, very skilful in Musick, especially in that kind which moves the heart, and excites it to tenderness, languishing, and love. They were persons of wit and honesty, and very great friends one to another; they both plaid so admirably upon the Harp, that none was heard go beyond them, since *Orpheus*, whether they plaid together or apart. But the wonder was, they were so well conformed, that the same Instruments in the hands of an excellent Master, who has an exquisite ear, could not be more harmonious than their two Harps were. Their airs were very handsome, and accurately compos'd; and they sometimes made so mollifying and amorous a sound with the strings they touch'd, that without the assistance of words, the hearers hearts were melted, and their minds mov'd to a transport; whereby disposing the sentiments of those in presence as they pleas'd, they constrain'd them to conspire with their harmony, and become merry or sad at their Will. But besides this admirable faculty, one of them not only compos'd excellent Sonnets, as well as his illustrious friend, but sung after so passionate and affecting a manner, that there were no words but appeared amorous in his mouth. So that these two excellent men being arriv'd at *Locri*, were the admiration and divertisement of the whole Court, and consequently were caress'd by all persons. The Prince caus'd the fair *Clymene* to hear them several times; but, however,

none had so much interest in them, as *Hesiod*, who loved and understood Musick, and of whose compofure they sung several excellent Songs, having before been a long time in *Greece*. *Hesiod* knowing the power he had over them, especially over him that had the excellent voice, could not forbear to relieve the jealousy wherewith he was tormented, by making a Sonnet upon that Subject. Which when he had compos'd, he gave it secretly to that *Lydian*, who was so much his friend, and whose name was *Ufclames*, intreating him to set it to an air, futable to the words, and to tell the Prince and all the Court, when he sung it, that he had had it a long time, and knew not who was the author of the Verses: but to the end the business might be more concealed, *Clymene* was named *Iris* in the Sonnet, yet he would have the name of Shepherdess remain in it, that she whom it related to, might make the application of it, when she heard it sung. But after he had resolv'd the matter in this sort, he repented himself, and thought it would be better to use it otherwise. Therefore he requested that excellent Musician, only to make an air upon the words which he gave him, and set it down in Notes, without saying any thing, or taking notice, if it were shewn him to sing, that he had ever heard speak of it. And accordingly the matter was executed so; For after the air was compos'd, and the *Lydian* had delivered it to him in Notes, he writ the Sonnet all along in a disguised hand, to the end *Clymene* might read it afterwards. After which he folded it up, and by a slave unknown to his Mistress, sent it to her, with order not to discover who sent him. But the better to know how the thing would succeed, *Ufclames* who made the air, was at *Clymene's* house, when *Hesiod* sent the Sonnet; and as chance would have it, *Belintha* was there too; so that *Hesiod* could not fail of being well inform'd of that which past. The slave arriv'd, and presented the packet he was entrusted with to *Clymene*, who presently opened it, conceiving it was a Letter. But she was much surpriz'd when she beheld the following Sonnet in it, and sett two Notes after the manner made use of in Musick at that time.

Sonnet.

*I*RIS when first under your Empire brought,
The cruel'st martyrdom, was sweet, I thought
And while you tortur'd, you did chiefly bless,
Alas! no jealousy did then my heart possess.

I hop'd my constancy, whilst yet no sense
Of love, had made in you indifference,
Had undergone your greatest rigidity:
Alas! no jealousy did then my heart possess.

Who would have thought, my doubled cares to you
Should be to please you, and displease you too
At the same time, ungrateful Shepherdess?
Alas! no jealousy did then my heart possess.

As soon as *Clymene* had read the first couplets of this Sonnet, she knew *Hesiod* had made it, and

suspected he that was then with her, had made the air. But that she might not discover her self too much, in case she was deceiv'd when she had read the Sonnet, she gave it to *Ufclames*, and addressing to him, I beseech you (said she) take the trouble to sing this Sonnet to me, before I send away him that brought it, to the end I may know whether the air of it be as passionate as the words. But, Madam, (answer'd he) I shall sing it so ill, if I do it without having studied it, that I shall do injury to him that sent it you. However (reply'd *Clymene*) I request you to sing it as well as you can, and take no care for the rest. The ingenious *Lydian* made shew of seeking out the air, and drew towards a window to study it, and singing half aloud, one would have thought he endeavour'd to make strains on the sudden. But at length the love of his own work not permitting him to sing an air of his own composing, he sung it admirably well, and made it appear to *Clymene* and *Belintha*, that it was perfectly fitted to the words, and that it would be hard to make an air of four short Verses with more gracefulness, sweetness, and passion than this. In truth (said *Clymene* then to him smiling) If your self had been the composer of this air, you could not have sung it better than you have done. After which, calling for her Writing instruments, she writ the Letter which follows in answer to him that had sent her the Sonnet.

I have so good an opinion of him that made the handsome Sonnet I receiv'd, that I believe she for whom it was made, can never give him cause of jealousy; yet it would have been pitty if he had not been jealous, since that passion has caus'd him to make such excellent Verses, and so handsome an air. Adieu; When you are willing to be known, you may be so.

After *Clymene* had writ this Letter, she shew'd it to those that were with her, that she might seem to make less matter of it; but for that she fear'd if it should be publish'd, it might prejudice *Hesiod* with the Prince, she desir'd *Belintha*, and *Ufclames* to be silent of it; as accordingly they were. But *Clymene* did not think that she had a young Slave to her Servant, who had an excellent voice, and without her observation, had heard all that was said, saving the request which she made to *Belintha* and *Ufclames*, not to speak of this adventure. In the mean time *Hesiod* hearing in what manner *Clymene* had receiv'd his Sonnet, knew she understood he was the Author of it, and finding a sufficient sweetness in her Letter, he was glad he had intimated his jealousy to her without offending her. Therefore he thank'd *Ufclames*, and intreated him to keep his secret faithfully; and discover'd himself also to *Belintha*, that she might be the more secret in it; for a sincere confidence is more obliging to fidelity, than that which trusts a thing by halves. The next morning he went to *Clymene's* house, and came thither so conveniently, that he found her all alone. As soon as she saw him, she chang'd colour, and reproving

reproving him obligingly for his jealousy; Is it true (said she to him) that you have so bad an opinion of me as to be jealous? Ah! Madam (answered he) can you think it possible for me to love you without jealousy, when I see I have two such Rivals? *Lysicrates* as you know, has had the glory not to be hated so long as he was not Ambitious; and the Prince of *Locri* has so many qualifications to make himself loved, that I could not but fear he might come to be so. So that all I could do, was respectfully to conceal my jealousy from you. What you say, is ingenious, (replied *Clymene*) and there may be some appearance of love in it; nevertheless, there is none at all, and the jealousy you are possessed with cannot be caused but by a weakness of your heart, or an unjust diffidence of my fidelity. But to testify to you (added she) that I do all I can to comfort you, tell me what course I shall take to cure your mind. You know my unhappy fortune permits me not to be any where else but at *Locri*, or in the Country: if I am in my Desert, *Lysicrates* causes your suspicion; if I am here, the Prince's love makes you jealous; and in the mean time I know no where else to be. What then can I do more than I do? that is, I treat *Lysicrates* rudely, I give the Prince no hope, and I grant you all the innocent favors that Virtue permits me. Speak *Hesiod*; and if I can do any thing more for you, tell it me; but consult your reason a little, and do not follow only your passion. Alas! Madam, (answered he) I do no longer distinguish the counsels of my reason from those of my love, and I am so little master of my self, that I am not able to answer any thing. All I can say, is, that my jealousy is caused only by excess of love; for I esteem you more than you can imagine, and I can never believe you capable of doing any thing which is not just. But after all, I do not cease to fear, and I imagine sometimes that perhaps you ought not to love me, and that I am not generous enough in not counselling you to embrace the passion the Prince has for you, and to banish me. But to speak truth, this thought is so weak in my Soul, so little durable, and a moment after I find it so opposite to true love, that I repent of it as of a crime. You have reason (replied *Clymene*) and I like better your being jealous than generous in that manner, though I very much love generosity. I am obliged to you for this sentiment, Madam; (answered *Hesiod*) and I should be much more if you could take the resolution to prefer the dearth and fidelity of my love above all things. Is it not to prefer you above all things (replied she) not to love any but you in the whole world, and to condemn all mankind for your sake? 'Tis far more than I deserve (answered he) but 'tis not enough, to render me happy; for to overcome all the infelicities that persecute us, it is requisite you would please our fortunes should become inseparable. But *Hesiod* (replied she) do you not consider what you say; for do you think the Prince would leave us in peace if you had married me? and do you imagine my Brothers, whose inclinations are low, and devoted to interest, and who expect all their fortune from the Love the Prince professes to me, will consent to our happiness. No Madam, (answered he) but 'nce you love me so much as to despise the Prince's affection, and

consequently have no intention to advance the fortune of *Ganetor* and *Antiphanes*, at the loss of your own contentment; It will be requisite to render me happy without their consent, to forsake *Locri*, and go to *Helicon*, where I have fortune enough to content a person so generous as you are. Though that which you propose to me, (replied *Clymene*) be such that I think I cannot resolve upon it, yet I do not take it ill that you have proposed it; because it not being contrary to innocence, I am equitable enough not to be displeased that you desire a thing of me, which seemliness will not suffer me to grant. For though I have neither Father nor Mother, and my Brothers have comported themselves towards me after a manner, which may dispense with me for part of the respect I give them, yet it is something disagreeable to a person who scrupulously loves her reputation, to forsake her Relations and follow the Fortune of a man out of her Native Country though she marry him. Therefore I conjure you, make this proposal no more to me, and let us await our happiness from Time, and our own Virtue. If *Lysicrates* do not speedily make his peace with the Prince, I am persuaded the Prince will banish him out of his Country, and if Fortune recall him to the Court, he will leave me in quiet in my Desert, whither I will return as soon as he has left it. And as for the Prince, no doubt he will soon change his sentiments; for 'tis not the custom for persons of that quality to make long Courtship. Therefore have a little patience, and in the mean time if you will oblige me considerably, be not jealous at all, or at least be so indifferently; for as to wholly disclaiming that passion, I am not scrupulous to oblige you to a thing sufficiently difficult, if it be true that you love me ardently. Alas! Madam, (answered he) do not you know that 'tis almost as impossible to give bounds to jealousy as to the Sea; and that when a person begins to be possessed with it, he cannot hinder its increase? So that Madam, it is rather in your power than mine to restrain it; for I doubt not but if you will take some care of an unhappy person who loves you infinitely, you will hinder him from abandoning himself to that furious passion which wholly engages all that are possessed by it, and is a greater enemy to reason, than love which occasions it. After this, *Clymene* discoursed with *Hesiod* with so much virtue and dearth, that part of his jealousy was dispelled. Yet the calm which re-established in his mind continued not long; for the next morning there hapned an accident which afflicted him sensibly.

The Prince being in *Clymene's* chamber where those two famous *Lydians* made an admirable concert for an hour, which charmed all the company, afterwards obliged *Uscames* to sing an air; but whilst he was tuning his harp to obey him, the Prince began to reprove *Hesiod* obligingly, for having refused to make Verses at his request; who desiring to divert that discourse, took occasion to tell him that *Clymene* had a young slave whose voice was so excellent, that had she had the art of *Uscames*, she would have ravished all the World. The Prince who was willing to take notice of all that belonged to *Clymene*, desired the might be called, to the end *Uscames* might hear her,

her, and judge whether her voice deserved the trouble of teaching. Whereupon *Clymene*, who was more willing to entertain the Prince with singing than discourse, commanded the young slave to be called. She was cheerful, sprightly, confident enough, and very obedient; so as soon as her Mistress commanded her to sing, she began. But *Clymene*, *Belintha*, *Hesioda*, and *Uscames* were strangely surpris'd when they heard her sing the first couplet of *Hesioda's* Sonnet, for they had taken no heed to this young slave, and suspected not she could have remembered it. *Clymene* blusht, *Hesioda* was amazed, *Uscames* beheld her with astonishment, and *Belintha* could not contain from bidding her sing another. Upon which the Prince observing these several commotions, asked *Belintha* why she would not have the Girl sing that song, which seem'd to him very pleasant? Because 'tis so old (answered she blushing) that no body sings it. For my part (reply'd the Prince) I never heard it. In truth, my Lord (said the young Slave confidently, whilst *Clymene* was whispering something to *Uscames*), 'tis probable you have not heard it; for it is so new that a man whom I know brought it yesterday in Notes to my Mistress. This answer raising the Prince's suspicion, caus'd him to ask her who gave her this Sonnet. This discreet Virgin, judging it more dangerous to deny than confess it, told him she knew nothing of it, and that *Uscames* was present when it was brought her. For my part (said *Belintha*) I believe it was intended more to *Uscames* than to *Clymene*; for it seems to have been made by some one, who would intimate to him that he is not the only composer of handsome ayrs. But why did you say (answered the Prince) that the Sonnet was old? In truth, my Lord (reply'd she) I can give no other reason but that I was so unwilling to hear an ayr sung ill, which *Uscames* yesterday sung admirably, that I endeavor'd to divert the Girl from singing it. Since *Uscames* sings it so well then (said the Prince) I desire I may have the pleasure to hear him. Perhaps my Lord, (answered *Uscames*), having sung it but once, I shall not well remember it. But being it was sent with Notes to *Clymene* (reply'd he) you may sing it as well to day as yesterday. *Clymene* conceiving it unfit to make so much difficulty to shew it, since the Verses were written in an unknown hand, gave it to *Uscames*, from whose hands the Prince took it, calling *Hesioda* to him, to help him (he said) to conjecture who was the Author of it. If it were a greater work (answered *Hesioda*) it would be easier to find out who had compos'd the Verses; but three couplets of a Sonnet, which run all in the same strain, are not very fit to discover the composer by. Yet there is a certain close (reply'd the Prince roughly).

Alas! no jealousy did then my heart possess.

Which makes me suspect one person. But to judge of the ayr as well as of the words, it is requisite to hear *Uscames* sing. Then this illustrious *Lydian* making semblance of not understanding it, sung it as if he were unassured whether he did right or no. But though he disssembled, the Prince understood that he had compos'd the ayr of this Sonnet, and suspected *Hesioda* to have

made the Words. This suspicion was no sooner in his mind, but he lookt upon *Clymene*, so unhappily for her, for *Hesioda*, and for himself, that he perceiv'd some kind of correspondence in the looks of *Hesioda*, and this fair virgin: so that recalling a hundred past things, he became jealous in a moment, and did not doubt, but that the negligent attendance of *Hesioda* on him, was an effect of his love to *Clymene*, and that the rigor of *Clymene* was an effect of her affection to *Hesioda*. For (said he within himself) if she were amorous of no person, it were not possible but she would embrace the affection of a Prince, who is able to advance her fortune. Being of a violent humor, he could not altogether hide the agitation of his mind, yet he did not declare himself then, but went away in great haste, only telling *Clymene* as he departed, that the next time he saw her, he would tell her who had made both the ayr, and the words of this Sonnet. You will do me a pleasure, my Lord (answered *Clymene* coldly) for in truth I know him not. If you did not know him (reply'd he as he went forth of her Chamber) I should not, and I know him only because you do, and your eyes have told me. Having spoken this with sufficient fierceness, he went away: *Hesioda* was oblig'd to follow him, and so was *Uscames*: so that only *Belintha* was left with *Clymene*, who did not think it prudent to chide the young Slave much, who had caus'd so troublesome an adventure, but told *Belintha* she had not done well in saying the Sonnet was old. *Belintha*, answered, she was too much astonish'd; and thus unprofitably blaming themselves, they ended their discourse with complaints; for they very much feared the Prince would banish *Hesioda* if he came to know certainly that he was his Rival, and was loved. As soon as *Hesioda* could get at liberty from the Prince, he return'd to the house of *Clymene*, with whom he had discours'd with very tender resentment. Yet they resolv'd never to discover the truth, for *Uscames* was so much a man of honor, that they did not fear he would fail of his promise. In the mean time the Prince having well consider'd what had hapn'd, resolv'd not to testifie his thoughts openly, till he fully understood the matter: in order whereunto knowing *Clymene's* brothers were ambitious, and would sacrifice all to their own interest; that *Antiphanes* was subtle, and *Ganetor* sufficiently pragmatical, he resolv'd to make use of them, to discover really whether *Hesioda* were amorous of *Clymene*, and *Clymene* loved him. He spok to them both therefore apart, and gave them ground to hope all things from him, and intimated as if it were possible he might marry their Sister, in case he could be loved by her, and so at length dispos'd them to be faithful Spies for him with her. But though he had much recommended the secret to them, and told them all he thought concerning the Sonnet, yet they communicat'd it to one who told it several others. So that within three days, it was nois'd throughout both Court and City that *Hesioda* was amorous of *Clymene*, and that he was jealous of her; and *Hesioda's* Sonnet was so generally known that there was scarce any person but sung,

Alas!

Alas! no jealousy did then my heart possess.

By which means the news of this adventure flying to *Lysicrates's* Desert, sensibly afflicted him, for he conceived that if *Clymene* loved *Hesiodé*, it would be impossible for him ever to regain her heart. Wherefore, having then no hope either to re-ingratiate with the Prince, or recover *Clymene's* affection, he found himself extremely unhappy, and more within a few days after, when *Clymene's* brothers, relating to the Prince whatsoever they heard or knew, to make themselves look't upon as necessary instruments, told him that *Lysicrates* was again become amorous of their Sister, although they had received divers good Offices from him during the time of his being a Favorite. The Prince was so incensed with this news, that he sent to command *Lysicrates* to depart his Dominions, and it was not without much difficulty that he obtained fifteen days to take order for his affairs. In the mean time *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* forgetting nothing in order to discovering the truth, having gained that young Slave to their purpose, who so unseasonably sung the Sonnet, they understood by her that *Troilus* the faithful Slave of *Hesiodé* brought Letters to *Clymene* very frequently, and that she used to put them in a Cabinet, to the sight of which she admitted no person besides her self. After they had learnt this, they made an appointment for a Walk of recreation in a place a good distance from *Lacri*, to the end their Sister might be obliged to be present at the entertainment. But at the very moment they were to set forth, *Ganetor* fained himself sick, and went not with the Company. As soon as they were gone, he sent away upon several pretended occasions all those that might oppose his purpose, and having none with him, but the young slave whom he had corrupted in *Clymene's* Chamber, he sent for a man who was very dextrous at such businesses to cause him to open and shut again *Clymene's* Cabinet, wherein she carefully kept all *Hesiodé's* Letters. By this means *Ganetor* came to know the whole secret of the innocent affection of *Clymene* and *Hesiodé*. But though he found nothing but what attested the virtue of his Sister, yet looking upon this Love of hers as an obstacle to the advancement of his fortune, he came on a sudden to hate both his Sister and *Hesiodé*. However, he caused the Cabinet to be made fast again, putting into it all the Letters he had seen, and the Verses *Hesiodé* had made in secret for her. And he did all this so exactly in the same order he found it, that *Clymene* perceived nothing at her return. But when *Antiphanes* spoke with *Ganetor*, he was much surprised to learn what he told him; but though they resolved absolutely to serve the Prince, even with the loss of their sisters glory if he pleased, rather than not promote their Fortune, after having well considered the matter, they thought it not fit to discover the whole truth to the Prince, because in case he should know *Clymene* preferred *Hesiodé* before himself, he might cease to love her. Therefore they resolved only to say that they had discovered beyond all doubt, that *Hesiodé* loved their Sister, but that they could not yet find out whether or no he were beloved by her. They also determined to speak to *Clymene*, very mildly at

first, and afterwards if she would not yield, to threaten her, and to have recourse to the ways of greatest violence. So they told the Prince all they had resolved to acquaint him with, who being assured of *Hesiodé's* love, began to hate him as much as he had formerly loved him, and took up a resolution to banish him as well as *Lysicrates*. Yet he deferred it for some days, because he was desirous to know fully whether he were loved by *Clymene*, which could not be discovered but during his abiding there. But upon divers occasions he made it sufficiently apparent that he had changed his sentiments towards *Hesiodé*. For falling in discourse to speak of *Homer* and him; he laughed and said, *Homer* was the Poet of the *Lacedemonians*, because he taught War; but *Hesiodé* only the Poet of the *Helotes*, because he treated very much about agriculture; detracting by this raillery from the glory of *Hesiodé*. In the mean time *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* took occasion one morning to speak to *Clymene*. At first they flattered her, and told her with much sweetness, all they desired from her; but perceiving that, though she answered them with much civility, they could not bring her to what they wish't, they fell into strange insolence against her. What? (said *Ganetor* to her) have you so pitiful a spirit as to prefer a man that pretends to be a Wit, before a Prince? to have no consideration of the greatness of your house, nor the fortune of your brothers, provided you may satisfy a foolish passion that is entered into your head? Ah cruel sister that you are! you shall repent it, and your best course will be, to be cruel to *Hesiodé*, if you love him. *Clymene* being transported with grief, to hear her Brother speak in this sort, could not contain from breaking out into these terms. Alas! (said she) how cruel are ye, who can have the injustice to think of destroying an innocent person, who has done you service in a thousand occasions, and whose virtue is far above the rank of the greatest Princes in the World? how can you be the confidants of the Prince's love, and purchase your advancement with the price of my honor, for without telling you that I love *Hesiodé*, or am loved by him, I only intimate to you, what you are not ignorant of, that Sovereigns never marry for love, and therefore according to reason being obliged to look upon the passion your Prince has for me, as criminal, you ought not to be his agents and confidants in it; you ought rather to die with shame, for seeking your fortune by so unjust a course; for if I were in your place, I should rather go seek it at the Wars, and owe it to my Sword, than to my Sisters eyes. Perhaps we will follow part of your counsel (answered *Antiphanes* sufficiently rudely) and taking his brother by the arm to cause him to go away out of *Clymene's* Chamber, these two furious persons left her. *Clymene* then repenting of having spoken so much to them, endeavored to retain and appease them, but they would hear her no longer, and left her in incredible sorrow. Her grief became yet more perplexing some days after, for *Hesiodé* discovered by the faithful *Troilus*, that *Lysicrates*, (who during the time of his being favorite, had gotten together wherewith to be rich, into what place soever he went) caused all his most precious things and wealth to be put into a ship; and to

revenge himself of the Prince, and satisfy his own love, he layd a design to carry *Clymene* away with him by violence; and being very much beloved by the Officers of the Prince, he was advertised that himself was suddenly to be banisht. *Clymene* was infinitely perplext at the understanding of these two misfortunes which were designed to her. On the one side, she was in fear for *Hesiod's* life, knowing that her brothers were capable of the most violent resolutions; she considered his banishment with more horror than death, and was more in fear of being carried away by *Lyfcrates*, than of dying, and she so dreaded to stay alone under the power of the Prince who loved her, that she knew not which of all her unhappinesses to fear most. Alas! (said she to *Hesiod* with extream sorrow) Is it possible for an affection so innocent as ours to be so unhappy? and are you a criminal for loving one that loves you? Ah! my dear *Clymene* (answered he) 'tis no crime of yours, for if you loved me perfectly, we should not be long unhappy. I have told you formerly, that I have wealth enough to be happy with a person that can be contented with things handsome and convenient. So that if you were capable of taking up a generous resolution, I would marry you with the consent of your Aunt, to whom alone you owe respect (since your brothers are not worthy to be what they are) and so uniting our fortunes together for ever, we shall escape both the violence of the Prince, and *Lyfcrates*, and the injustice of *Antiphantes* and *Ganctor*, for whom I will always have some consideration, though I know well they hate me in perfection. I perceive indeed (answered *Clymene*) that that which you propound to me, is the only thing which can rescue us from all the pressures of unhappiness together, but (my dear *Hesiod*) I have so little accustomed to do any thing inconsistent with ordinary seemliness, that I find a strange repugnance in my self, to examine only whether this ought or ought not to be done. And if we should not be able to execute our design, but be discovered, we should make our fortunes worse, and be a hundred times more miserable. Alas, my dear *Clymene* (replied *Hesiod*) Is there a greater unhappiness than to be constrained to be separated, and that for ever? This, no doubt, is the greatest (answered *Clymene*) but if I should see you a prisoner for my sake, and I should live under the power of the Prince, or in the possession of *Lyfcrates*, I should perhaps be in a condition more deserving compassion. But Madam, (replied he) when I shall have received the command, which must cause me to depart the dominions of the Prince of *Locri*, if I obey him, will you not find your self under his Power? will you not be in danger of *Lyfcrates's* violence? and if I do not obey him, as there is great likelihood I shall not be able to obey him, shall I not be in danger of the things which you can most fear? For as for my self, Madam, I confess to you, I cannot resolve to forsake you; and I conceive if you determine not to render me happy, I shall be forced to take some course to conceal my self here in the house of some friend, to the end to be always in place where I may defend you, or at least to have the sad consolation of dying near you. Con-

sider therefore Madam, what you intend to do; but above all things do not constrain your sentiments; and if to my unhappiness, there be in your heart any thought favorable to the Prince, be so generous as to tell me; for if it be so, I have nothing to do but dye, and I shall have respect enough for you, to go and dye out of your presence. Ah! cruel as you are (cried she) can you only imagine that what you say is possible? If it be not (answered he) why will you not resolve to take the only course which can render us happy; for if you do not take it, I declare to you, I cannot hinder my self from believing that I am not necessary to your felicity, that you can live without me, that you believe I am able to live without you, and that measuring my affection by your own, you are utterly ignorant what a true love requires. For where perfect love is, Madam, a person that is loved cannot be refused in any thing which is not contrary to love. And besides, is there any crime in my request? are not you alone Mistress of your own will? is it not free to choose with whom to spend ones life? and would it not even be against virtue, not to follow my fortune? You have promised me an eternal love, and notwithstanding you are willing to break it, without any other reason to tell me, than that in marrying you secretly, with the consent of your Aunt, who you know will approve it you shall commit, you say something incongruous to ordinary decency. Is it not sufficient (added he) that what I desire is not repugnant to innocence? grant it me then (continued this Lover falling upon his knee, and taking her by the hand, which he grasped with extream dearness, and do not render me, the most unfortunate of men. As *Clymene* was considering what she should answer, *Belimba* entered, who seemed very sad. A moment after, some person coming for some small business to *Clymene*, she was obliged to go to the door of her chamber: and *Belimba* took the occasion to speak to her apart: I am infinitely grieved (said she to her) that I must tell you what I newly understood, to wit, that your brothers have conceived so horrible a hatred against *Hesiod*, that you ought to fear all things from their violence: do not ask me farther, but if you will follow my counsel, oblige him to go out of the way for some time. *Clymene* then repented an extream grief, though she had not the liberty to relieve it; for at that very instant, the Captain of the Prince's guards came thither, who finding her at her chamber door, I desire your pardon, Madam, (said he to her) for the unwelcome commands I have to acquaint you with. The Prince having understood *Hesiod* was here, gave me order to come and seek him. *Hesiod* hearing himself named, advanced towards the Captain of the guards, who told him, with all the civility his office permitted him to have in this displeasing occasion, that the Prince commanded him to depart from *Locri* the next day, and out of his Dominions two days after. *Hesiod's* mind being prepared for this command, he appeared not at all surpris'd with it, but answered him that brought it, without being moved; who having done his Message, departed, and left these three persons at their liberty, of speaking what they thought for

for *Belintha* so well understood all that past between *Hesioda* and *Clymene*, that she did not prejudice their freedom. Then it was, the amiable *Clymene* felt her soul cruelly afflicted, and *Hesioda* making his last attempt to move her, desir'd the assistance of *Belintha*, as a faithful friend. For my part (answer'd this generous Lady) though I must lose *Clymene* if she does what I desire, yet there is no doubt, I had rather never see her more, than see her unhappy. And moreover (added she) having some relations at *Helicon*, I hope I shall not lose her for ever. Whilst *Belintha* was speaking thus, *Clymene* wept, and had not the power to speak. But at length after *Hesioda* had us'd the most passionate expressions in the world to her, and *Belintha* had press'd her to take up a generous resolution, she told *Hesioda*, that provided he would consent she should marry him, she would then consent to follow his fortune, and endeavour to get away secretly, in case her Aunt would not forsake her. *Hesioda* then express'd all that a dear Love could inspire him with, to thank *Clymene*: after which, *Belintha* went to move her Aunt, and acquitted her self so well of this commission, and so urgently represented all the sad consequences which might attend their adventure, that this woman (who hated her Nephews, lov'd her Niece dearly, had no children, whose treasure and jewels was easie to transport, and who was perswaded the Prince's love to *Clymene* was not innocent) easily inclin'd to that which *Belintha* propounded. Whereupon going to find *Hesioda* and *Clymene*, they consider'd all together what they had to do. The result was, that to take away all the Prince's suspicion, *Hesioda* should depart the next morning from *Locri*, and should likewise give out, that he intended to leave the dominions of the Prince within two days after; but should go and conceal himself in a little house of *Belintha*'s, upon the sea-side beyond *Molycria*, not far from the Temple of *Neptune*; in which, two days after, a great sacrifice was to be made, where every year was a great confluence of persons of all conditions. That in the mean time *Clymene*'s Aunt should be at the sacrifice, that afterwards *Belintha* should carry her to her house where *Hesioda* was conceal'd, and that the night following they should embark in a little Fisher's Vessel, to deceive those who might have any knowledge of their departure; that afterwards they should land fifty furlongs from thence, in a place where horses should attend them, that so they might go to a Town, and provide a chariot to carry them to *Helicon*, where their marriage was to be accomplish'd. *Hesioda* nevertheless, for his own satisfaction, desir'd *Clymene* that she would promise him to be his, in the presence of his Aunt and *Belintha*; which being done, fill'd him with a joy greater than he was able to express. But, not to give any suspicion, *Belintha* told *Hesioda*, it was not convenient for him to stay longer with *Clymene*; and accordingly, having entertain'd her apart a quarter of an hour, whilst *Belintha* was speaking to her Aunt, he bid her adieu; and though he knew this separation was not to be long, yet he was seiz'd with incredible regret, and fear'd in the bottom of his heart (notwithstanding all his endeavours against it) lest some great unhappiness should befall him, when he was gone out of her

fight. He fancied, that as soon as he should be out of *Locri*, the Prince would attempt to do some violence to him, or that *Lysicrates* would carry her away when she went to the sacrifice, *Clymene* perceiving so great a sorrow in his eyes, was so sensibly mov'd with it, that she could not contain from endeavouring to comfort him. She gave him her hand very obligingly, and looking upon him with as much love as modesty, You seem to me (said this discreet Virgin) so afflicted for an absence of three days, that I am glad I have not condemn'd you to eternal separation. Go then my dear *Hesioda*, go; but that you may expect me with some contentment, believe, I conjure you, that I should have been as miserable as you, if I had not consented to our happiness.

May I believe it, Madam (answer'd *Hesioda*) and may I go and wait for you with the satisfaction of thinking that you leave your Country without repugnance for my sake, and that without me you could not live happy? Yes, my dear *Hesioda*, you may, (reply'd she) and there is nothing so obliging which I do not permit you to believe, now virtue doth not prohibit me. After this he kiss'd her hand respectfully, and left her to go and provide for her departure. But *Antiphanes* and *Ganctor* causing *Clymene* to be always observ'd by the young slave whom they had corrupted, understood confusedly, that *Hesioda* had had a long conversation with her, *Belintha*, and their Aunt; and that this Lover parted from *Clymene* after a certain manner, which might seem to intimate, it was not with intention of never seeing her more; which highly exasperated their former indignation. In the mean time *Clymene*'s Aunt, to give the less suspicion of her design, went to her house in the Country without carrying *Clymene* thither. The next day after *Hesioda*'s departure, *Lysicrates* hearing of it, went to see her, and profess'd so violent a passion for her Niece, that he seem'd never to have been more amorous of her, than at that time. And indeed, pretending no longer to the Prince's favour who banish'd him, Love resum'd new force in his heart: wherefore confirming himself in the design he had to carry away *Clymene*, and knowing she was wont to go to the Temple of *Neptune*, the day the great sacrifice was to be made there, and then to go and lodge at the house of *Belintha*, which stood not far from the Temple, he resolv'd to execute his design that day, and took no other care but in order to it. On the other side, *Hesioda* obeying the Prince's Orders in appearance, departed from *Locri*, and being unwilling to carry any other attendants with him, besides his faithful *Troilus*, whom he had brought out of his own Country, he discharg'd the other slaves he had hir'd at *Locri*, and went only followed by this, to whom he carefully recommended the favour'd dog which *Clymene* had given him, as a token of love. All the Court was troubled for *Hesioda*'s exile, the Ladies, repin'd, and the people murmured after a manner, which made it evident how great his reputation was. As for the Prince, he was extream joyful, when it was told him *Hesioda* had obeyed his Orders: but at length, the day of sacrifice being come, *Clymene*'s Aunt, who was return'd out of the Country, took a Chariot with *Belintha* and her Niece, and went to that famous sacrifice, where a numerous multi-

tude was assembled, But as for *Clymene*, she went thither with a joy wholly peculiar to her self, in the thought, that after the sacrifice, she should go to the house of *Belintha*, that she should there see her dear *Hesiod*, and soon after be out of the jurisdictions of the Prince of *Locri*, without fearing the violence of *Lysicrates*, and that she should at length see her self inseparably united to the fortune of that man, whom alone in the world she could affect. Thus she went thither with her mind fill'd with a thousand delightful thoughts, she was indeed something troubled to think she should leave her dear *Belintha*, but the hope of seeing her again at *Helicon*, comforted her for part of that discontent. So they arriv'd at the Temple of *Neptune*, which stands on the Sea shore, not far from the Cape of *Rium*, in a very pleasant situation; for it has a prospect to the delightful City of *Molycria*, which appears in a half circle towards the Sea, which lies immensely patent to the view, from the gate of *Neptune's* Temple, which is bedeckt with Sea-ornaments. For between the pillars are seen several statues of the *Nereides*, and upon the bases of the pillars, and the friezes which are about the Temple, several large sculptures, representing the Trophies of prows of ships, oars put across, broken boats, and shatter'd sails. The day appointed for this famous sacrifice was so fair, that never was a more glorious seen; and the Sea so calm, that one would have thought all the waves had even'd themselves for the more decent celebration of this Festival of *Neptune*. The sacrifice was begun with all the customs requisite; but because there use to be several delightful passages to be seen on such occasions, Scaffolds were erected for the Ladies of quality, before the great Gate of the Temple, where the ceremony was perform'd. *Clymene* was upon one of these scaffolds, well dispos'd to take much pleasure in the ceremony; for though the Prince was present there, yet she was free from trouble, because it belong'd to him to be always near him that offer'd the sacrifice in his name and that according to the laws of the ceremony, he was not to go out of the Temple till night ended it. So his presence was no obstacle to the secret design of *Clymene*, wherefore she appear'd very pleasant, and took delight in beholding all the various offerings which were brought thither a little before the sacrifice. First, two hundred Fishermen, very agreeably attir'd, presented themselves with silk lines in their hands, and went respectfully to offer silver hooks to him that receiv'd the offerings. After them two hundred others, attir'd with fillets, and crown'd with sea-weed, went to present every one a fish, in baskets of bulrush covered with flowers; after them a hundred daughters of Fishermen, attir'd in green, and their hair dishevel'd like Sea-Nymphs, carried little baskets full of cockles, and offer'd them to *Neptune*. Then came a hundred old Mariners with Oars painted and adorn'd with Flowers, which they carried and laid down at the foot of *Neptune's* statue, to testify by that submission, that it was he that sav'd them from suffering shipwrack. When all these offerings were made, the accustomed sacrifice was perform'd, after which was heard a concert of voices, which sung a hymn in praise of *Neptune*, which *Hesiod* had compos'd

this year, and was accounted so admirable, that never had any comparable, to it, been sung before. While it was singing, and all the rest of the multitude was in profound silence, there was on a sudden heard a strange kind of noise among them that stood furthest off, with a great murmur and confusion of voices. A moment after, the throng was divided, and there were seen four Fishermen, bringing a dead man all bloody upon Oars laid across, who having found him in this condition, not far from the place where the River *Daphnus* discharges it self into the sea near *Molycria*, brought him hither where this great assembly of people was, to the end it might be known who he was. This lamentable object troubled the Assembly; but it afflicted the fair *Clymene* much more sensibly, who after the men had laid the body upon the ground, perceiv'd the Dog she had given to *Hesiod* amongst the Fishermen, and going to lye down upon the Corps, which she instantly knew to be *Troilus*, that faithful Slave of *Hesiod*; for the Scaffold whereon she stood was sufficiently near, and his attire remarkable, not to be unknown or mistaken. She no sooner knew him, but she made a great shriek; a moment after, a thousand voices forc'd her to turn her eyes towards the Sea, where the people imagin'd *Neptune* was ready to appear, because they perceiv'd the water rise up after an extraordinary manner, with something moving in it, which they could not well discern. *Clymene's* mind being then very inquieted with seeing the Slave of her dear *Hesiod*, in this condition, look'd upon this commotion in the Sea as others did, though her thoughts were wholly otherwise employ'd. Thus she stood and beheld, as all the rest of the World did, that this object which appear'd so confusedly, coming nearer and nearer, became more visible every moment. So that insensibly approaching it was perceiv'd to be a great Troop of Dolphins, who carried a body upon their backs by turns, discharging the burden from one to another, as they drew nearer towards the shoar. This object surpris'd the whole multitude in such manner, that it fix'd the eyes of all the company from the Prince to the meanest Fisher; but especially of *Clymene*, who no sooner perceiv'd it, but, without well knowing the reason of it, she was seiz'd with such a universal trembling, as fear gives them who are most capable of it. In the mean time these charitable Dolphins approaching always towards the shore, mutually aiding one another, came at length so near it, that they cast the body, which they had carried, upon the Bank, and that so gently, that it remain'd extended upon the Gravel, as if it had been a man asleep, having his countenance turn'd towards Heaven, after which they plung'd themselves again into the Sea, and departed from the shore. But this body was no sooner upon the Land, but the Dog which lay upon that of *Troilus* run to the shore, and howling in a most doleful manner, laid himself down upon the body which the Dolphins had brought thither. *Clymene*, who beheld the action of this Dog, first trembled with fear, and then suddenly blusht again; and advancing towards the side of the Scaffold which look'd towards the Sea, she heard several voices which said, It was the body of *Hesiod*, which was seen upon the Bank. Whereupon, resenting a passion

not

not to be express'd, and not being Mistress of her self, she stretcht out her hand to a man who help'd her down the Scaffold, and was follow'd by *Belintha* through the throng to the place where the body lay. But coming thither, she beheld her dear *Hesiod* dead, who having receiv'd a great wound in the Throat with a Sword, seem'd to have been assassinated. At the same instant *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor*, by the Prince's order, approaching towards the body, to the end they might ascertain him whose it was, came thither at the same moment that the unfortunate *Clymene* did. But as soon as they appear'd, the Dog which she had given *Hesiod*, and who then lay upon his body, leapt up with an extream fury, sometimes against *Antiphanes*, and sometimes against *Ganetor*, as if he would fly in their faces, and accuse them of the death of his Master, which *Clymene* observing, and all the people looking upon it as something prodigious, and perceiving the wounds of *Hesiod* begin to bleed afresh, and *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* appearing astonish'd at it, *Clymene* could not contain her self from saying in the transport of her grief, turning towards her friend who was near her; Ah! my dear *Belintha*, I see not only *Hesiod* dead, but I see also that they which murder'd him are my brothers. After, this fair and afflicted Lady being able to speak no more, resenting such an excess of grief, that she fell down in a swoon near the body of *Hesiod*. *Belintha* fate down by her, and holding her in her arms, did all she could to revive her. In the mean time the people having heard what *Clymene* said, comparing her words with the action of that faithful Dog of *Hesiod*, did not doubt but *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* had murder'd him; besides that, they appear'd so astonish'd, that their countenances accus'd them. Now *Hesiod* having been very well belov'd, and the people having newly heard a Hymn of his composing in the honor of *Neptune*, wherewith they were very much affected, believ'd they could do nothing more acceptable to the God, whose Festival they celebrated, than to sacrifice to him the Murderers of him, who had so excellently sung his glory. Whereupon, the Brothers of *Clymene* endeavour'd to return towards the Prince; but the multitude setting upon them, strangely treated and affronted them. It being not the custom to wear Arms, during the Solemnity of this Sacrifice, there was no difficulty in laying hold upon these two execrable murderers: who, instead of justifying themselves, desir'd they might be led to the Prince, and that the People would protect them from the violence of those that set upon them; but alledging the Prince would punish them for offering to revenge the death of a man whom he had banish'd, they made their own conviction evident. Whereupon the people crying out, it was fit to kill them, otherwise *Neptune* would be incens'd: This revenge becoming a zeal of Religion, it was impossible for the Prince or the Priest to rescue them from being torn in pieces by the multitude, and cast into the Sea. The unfortunate *Clymene* hearing the cry on every side, They are dead, and *Hesiod* reveng'd, understood her Brothers were put to death, after having slain her dear *Hesiod*; for it was presently known by some Shepherds, who had seen it, that these ambitious Brothers had murder'd him with *Troilus*, upon the Bank of the

River *Daphnus*, near the place where it falls into the Sea; that afterwards they had thrown the two bodies into the Sea, one of which was cast up again by the waves upon the shore, and the other brought by the Dolphins near the Cape of *Rium*. The Prince hearing *Clymene* was near the body of *Hesiod*, went thither to her, after he had dispers'd all the incensed multitude, who so well reveng'd the death of *Hesiod*, that they pull'd down a house standing not far off, which belong'd to *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor*. But as soon as *Clymene* perceiv'd the Prince, she shut her eyes that she might not see him, and making a sign to him with her hand to retire, turn'd her head towards the other side, and swoon'd with grief in the arms of *Belintha*. This sad accident so affected the Prince of *Locri*, that fearing his presence might occasion the death of *Clymene*, if he should continue near her, he intreated *Belintha* to take care of her, and retir'd. In the mean time, partly out of policy, and partly out of generosity, he commanded the body of *Hesiod* to be interr'd near a Temple of *Nemaa*, in the Countrey of *Locri*, which stood in the midst of a Wood; to the end it might be less in the sight of the people, and that the remembrance of his death might be the sooner worn out. Thus the Oracle which had formerly admonish'd *Hesiod* to beware of the Temple of *Nemaa*, was accomplish'd, though *Hesiod* forsook *Peloponnesus*, that he might be at greater distance from the Temple of *Nemaa*, which is seen there. *Belintha*, after the body of *Hesiod* was remov'd from thence, caus'd *Clymene* to come again to her self, and put her into a Chariot, into which her self and her Aunt likewise enter'd and commanded him that drove it, to go to a house of hers, which stood thirty Furlongs from thence. But, upon the way, whatever Consolations were us'd to *Clymene*, she answer'd nothing but, *Hesiod* is dead for my sake, and I will dye for his. And accordingly this fair Virgin, who till then, imagin'd her self still upon the Sea-shore, near the body of *Hesiod* (so troubled was her mind, observing at length she was in a Chariot, and no longer saw her dear *Hesiod*) believ'd they were carrying her to *Locri*, where the Prince would continue to importune her. Upon which, making a great shriek, Ah! no, no, (said she) it shall never be said, that I live after my dear *Hesiod*, and go to a place where he can be no more. And immediately, as if she had had the command of her Fates, she fell down in so great a swoon, that they were forc'd to stop the Chariot. Yet their succor to her was in vain, for she expir'd in the Arms of her Aunt, and her Friend, who were ready to dye with grief as well as she. But at length, seeing their tears were unprofitable, they continued on their way in the most sad manner imaginable. They had scarce gone five hundred paces into a Wood, but *Lysicrates*, without knowing any thing of what had happened, came attended with several Horsemen to stop the Chariot, with intention to carry away *Clymene*, and to put her into a Ship, which he had provided for that purpose. But how strangely was he surpriz'd, when, instead of living *Clymene*, he beheld the fair *Clymene* dead? Come, *Lysicrates*, come, (said *Belintha* to him, who knew his design) come see the fatal consequences of your ambition! For

if you had never been ambitious, *Clymene* had been still alive, her Brother and *Hesiod* would not have been dead, nor your self culpable and exil'd; but you would have been as happy as I foresee you will be miserable, for it is not possible you should be otherwise, after having caus'd so many miseries. Ah! *Belinthus* (cry'd *Lyfiscrates*, alighting from his Horse, and approaching to her) that which you say is too true, and I too criminal to be excus'd. But death (added this despairing Lover) shall without doubt punish me for my crimes; for since I am the cause of that of the most excellent person that ever was, I am unworthy to live. And indeed to increase my despair, (continued he) I will believe the unfortunate *Clymene* did not love *Hesiod*, but only out of revenge, and that it must be imputed to me whatsoever she has suffer'd by her affection to him. But since it is not possible for us to live together, yet at least we must reside in the same tomb, and all I have acquir'd by my ambition, shall be employ'd in that Structure. Which fatal thought coming in an instant into *Lyfiscrates*'s mind, *Belinthus* and *Clymene*'s Aunt endeavour'd to divert him from it; but in vain: for having a Chariot in that Wood, in which he had design'd to carry away *Clymene* to the Sea-side, which is not far distant from it, where a ship attended for him; he caus'd the body of *Clymene* to be taken by his followers, notwithstanding the tears and cries of these Ladies, and himself helpt respectfully to lift it into his Chariot. After which, he caus'd it to be put into his ship, and setting sail with all speed, cross'd the *Ionian* Sea, which is on the West side of *Peloponnesus*, and landed not far from the place where the River, which passes by the City of *Elis*, discharges it self into the Sea; and commanding *Clymene*'s body to be carried into a Temple of *Diana*, which was near the Bank of that River, he perform'd to her, all the honors of Sepultures, which being done, he gave himself wholly to bewail her death, and caus'd a stately Tomb to be built for her, in building of which, he, according to his promise, bestow'd all the riches his ambition had gain'd him, reserving only enough for his subsistence during that time: and as soon as the Tomb was finish'd, the unhappy Lover shut himself up in it, and dy'd for grief, in having been the cause of so many fatal accidents; though others have believ'd ambition had as great a share in his death as Love. Thus *Clymene* was reveng'd after her death; but she had not the sad happiness to be in the same Tomb with *Hesiod*, who has had a glory transcending that of all others; for the *Orchomenians* having consulted an Oracle, which promis'd them much felicity, if they could get the body of *Hesiod* into their power, they of *Locri* to hinder them from it, so carefully conceal'd the place of his Sepulture from strangers, that there are few persons know it. And moreover the Prince of *Locri* dying of Melancholly not long after, the *Locrians* augmented the honors which they paid to *Hesiod*'s memory, whose very name intimates in his own language how purely he writ, and whose glory is so celebrated throughout the whole World, that it may be justly thought, it will be so in all Ages.

Amilcar having done reading this History of *Hesiod*, perceiv'd the minds of the Ladies were ve-

rymuch affected with it, and that instead of delighting the company, he had afflicted them. In truth (said *Clelia*) the death of *Clymene* affects me very sensibly. For my part (said *Valefia*), I have a greater commiseration of *Hesiod*, than I am able to express. I have the like for *Lyfiscrates* (added *Clydamira*.) I am not of your opinion, (answered *Berelisa*) for I never have any pity for those that have once ceas'd to love, though that Passion revive again in their hearts; and I compassionate only *Hesiod* and *Clymene*. My commiseration goes farther than yours (said *Salonina*;) for I pity poor *Troilus* too. But mine is yet greater than that you boast of, (answer'd *Plotina* smiling) for I am almost dead for fear, lest that poor Dog, so faithful to his Master, after having discover'd his Murderers, be lost in the multitude of people, or died of grief, after having lost both his Master and his Mistress. All the company laugh'd at the pity of *Plotina*, and went forth to walk in several troops, except *Clelia*, *Valerius*, *Plotina*, *Anacreon*, *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who began to assault *Plotina* with raillery for her pity to *Hesiod*'s dog. No, no, (interrupted *Anacreon*) do not set upon her with your jests for it; perhaps her pity of that poor Dog, has a more real foundation than ours, for the death of *Clymene*; for to speak sincerely, though I am both a *Greek* and a Poet, and am somewhere mention'd in the Prophecies of *Apollo*, which you have read, yet I cannot but believe, but the History you have read, is almost all of it invented. Yet it is contriv'd ingeniously enough, (added he) for methinks, 'tis not only handsomer than the truth, but withal, more probable. History mentions nothing more of *Hesiod*, than that he dwelt at the Town of *Arcra* in *Baotia*, near *Helicon*, that the Muses inspir'd him, and that an Oracle which spoke to him, admonish'd him to avoid the Temple of *Nemæa*, which is in *Peloponnesus*; that he travell'd into divers places, that he obtain'd the Golden Tripod, and that he got advantage over *Homer*, in the judgement of *Panis*.

There are some who affirm these two persons did not live at the same time: however, all that have written of *Hesiod*, agree that he was at *Locri*, and content themselves to say, in three words, that he lodg'd at the house of *Antiphanes* and *Ganctor*; who had a Sister, and suspecting him to be the confidant of a Lover of hers, killed him together with his slave; that the body of the slave was found at a Cape or Promontory, which was afterwards call'd by the name of *Troilus*, in reference to him; that the body of *Hesiod* was brought by Dolphins near a Temple of *Neptune*, where a great sacrifice was solemnizing; that *Hesiod*'s dog occasion'd the discovery of his murderers, who were torn in pieces by the people; and that for fear the *Orchomenians* should get away his body, they conceal'd the place of his burial. As for his Works, he that invented this History, has fictitiously ascrib'd to him only the Sonnet, the four Verses which he relates *Hesiod* to have spoken, and the Hymn which he makes him Author of for *Neptune*'s Sacrifice. Now it cannot but be acknowledged, that fiction in this occasion has greater verisimilitude, than truth it self. When the purpose is to bring about extraordinary events, it is no question handsomer to introduce lover in them than

than any other cause: which has been practis'd by the inventor of this History; for by feigning the love of the Prince of *Locri*, *Lyfcrates*, *Hefiode*, and *Clymene*, he has made you know all these different persons; and oblig'd you to love them, which were to be the most unfortunate. In the next place, he has given probability to that which carry'd not much with it; for there is far more likelihood, that two ambitious and wicked Brothers, should be led to kill a man, whom they look'd upon as an obstacle to their advancement, by hindring their Sister from being favourable to a Prince, from whom they expected the making of their fortunes, than to kill him as a confident of their Sisters Lover; for, setting one crime against another, it was better to kill the Lover than the Confident. He has likewise had reason to suppose *Hefiode* Author of that Hymn of *Neptune*; for besides that, such a kind of composition is sufficiently suitable to his strain, it was a means to conciliate the peoples affection to him, who had newly heard those Verses sung: and it seems some such extraordinary cause was requisite, to induce the people to that extraordinary action; It was also pertinent to make his wounds bleed afresh at the presence of the murderers, and to represent *Clymene* so transported, as to accuse her brothers, without thinking to do it; for otherwise the people would have been very inconsiderate, to tear those two men in pieces, only because *Hefiod*'s dog set upon them. Wherefore I conceive a man that should have invented that which the History speaks concerning this adventure, had done incongruously; but he that compos'd the Fable *Amilcar* has read over, has made one according to the rules of Art. In truth (said *Herminius*) he has made good use of all that History supply'd him with: and I am wholly dispos'd to believe, that if it was not so, it is possible to have been so: since nothing more commends a well-invented Fable, than those historical foundations which are interweav'd throughout in it, and cause the Fiction to be receiv'd together with the truth. But to speak unfeignedly, 'tis more difficult than is believ'd, to mingle those two together aright: for they must be so handsomely blended, as not to be discerned one from another, and that which is invented, must generally seem more likely than the true: for Chance indeed may bring such things about as are incredible, but it is not lawful for a man to invent such as cannot be believ'd. If all that I have heard (said *Plotina*) be not true, I require *Amilcar* to restore me the tears which I have shed, or invent some other History as delightful as this is melancholly, or at least to describe how an invented History ought to be made, so as to be good: for, as for my part (added she agreeably) were I to invent a History, I think I should make things much more perfect than they are. All Women should be admirably fair, and all Men should be as valiant as *Heſtor*, all my *Heroes* should slay at least a hundred men in every battle, I would build Palaces of precious stones, I would make Prodigies fall out every moment, and without troubling my self to invent with judgement, I should suffer my fancy to act as it pleased; so that seeking out only surprising events, without examining, whether they were con-

sistent to reason or no, I should certainly make very extraordinary things; a continual Shipwracks, burning of Cities, and a thousand other like accidents, which occasion handsome lamentations and descriptions. *Plotina* spoke this with a certain sprightly air, which made it apparent, she knew sufficiently, what she said, was not that which ought to be done, and that she only design'd to draw *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* to speak, who no doubt were able to speak excellently upon this Subject. And accordingly she obtain'd the end she propos'd to her self: for *Anacreon* not knowing her yet sufficiently to be acquainted with all the ingenious subtilty she made profession of, turning towards her, and beholding her with a smile; Should you invent a History after the manner you speak of, amiable *Plotina*, (said he) you would do a thing no doubt sufficiently strange; for with rare Events, wonderful Descriptions, heroical Actions, extraordinary Matters, and Palaces of precious Stones, you would make one of the lewdest Fables that can be possibly invented; there being without doubt nothing worse, than to see things of this nature made without order and reason: Is there any thing imaginable more strange, than when 'tis in ones power to make such events fall out as he pleases, yet to introduce such as can never possibly arrive? But yet (said *Plotina*) how comes it to be so, and wherein is my opinion so absurd? Because (answer'd *Anacreon*) when you invent a Fable, your purpose is to be believ'd, and the true art of Fiction is handsomely to resemble truth. For when this rule is deserted, there is no longer any difficulty in any thing whatsoever, and there is no more proper occasion to display the wit, than to invent without judgement. For my part (said *Clelia*) I well understand what *Anacreon* speaks; for certainly things which have resemblance with truth, and seem possible to happen, affect far more, than those which cannot either be believ'd or fear'd. But if an Historian of this kind (answer'd *Valeria*) never relates things but such as appear to be true, and are of ealie belief, methinks his composures will be extream vulgar, and not much delightful. You are upon a tender point, *Valeria* (reply'd *Amilcar*) for in disallowing things incredible and impossible, it is not intended to imploy only such as are mean and common; there is a third way to be taken, which is the most delightful of all, and most reasonable. Wonderful accidents are so far from being forbidden, that they are necessary, provided they do not happen too often, and produce handsome effects; only odd and impossible things are absolutely condemned. For 'tis the occasion of disparaging the credit of the whole, when one thing is presented that surpasses belief. When any Slave of mine has told me a lye but once, I afterwards suspect all that he tells me; judge then if I can believe a man, who should recount extraordinary adventures to me, which my reason cannot consider as possible. So that impossible things, and such as are low and common, must almost equally be avoided, and such ways of invention follow'd, as are at once both strange and natural; for without this last quality, no wonder can please a reasonable person. I conceive, (answer'd *Herminius*) whosoever will invent such

such kind of adventures, as may both instruct and delight, he ought to consider all the World in general, as a Painter beholds his Pattern when he is at work. And as diversity or variety is the Soul of the World, he ought to take heed of making all men *Heroes*, all Women equally fair, the dispositions and humors of all particular persons alike and correspondent, and Love, Anger, Jealousie, Hatred, to produce always the same effects. On the contrary, he must imitate that admirable variety, which is seen in all men, according to the example of *Homer*. Which is not unknown to two Ladies I see here present; for there is seen so great a variety of representations in his Works, that 'tis not one of the things which makes me most admire him. Those two Lovers, who, in the beginning of their contest with one another, about a Captive Virgin, being of different tempers, act also after a different manner; and though they are both possess'd with the same passion, do not take the same course. There is seen in *Paris*, a representation of disorderly love, in which Virtue has no part; in *Hector* and *Andromache*, an Idea of virtuous love; in *Patroclus* and *Achilles*, one of Heroical friendship, and the better to understand this variety of Characters wherewith *Homer* has adorn'd his Works, it needs only to take notice in general, of *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, *Menelaus*, *Diomedes*, *Paris*, *Helen*, *Hector*, *Andromache*, *Priam*, *Penelope*, and of so many others, even to the pleasant Characters, as that of *Thirsis*, which is so particularly excellent, But 'tis moreover worth observation, that the persons which *Homer* introduces, are presently known and familiar to the Readers, because they always act according to the temper he attributes to them. Wherefore heed must be taken not to confound these different Characters: but above all things, the nature of the passions ought necessarily to be understood, and what they work in the hearts of those who are possess'd with them, after having describ'd them for such and such persons: for every one has his manner of loving according to his own humor. You have reason (answer'd *Plotina*) and I begin to conceive well what you say: but since any one may invent a History, why is it not lawful to invent all things, and to suppose such Countreys as are no where in the World; for it would spare much pains. 'Tis true (reply'd *Anacreon*) but it would also diminish much of the pleasure, if such places and persons only were us'd as were never heard of, there would be the less curiosity in the minds of the Readers to know them: and the imagination finding all things new, would be inclin'd to doubt of all; whereas on the contrary, when an Age is made choice of, which is not so remote, but that some particularities of it are known, not so near, as that all the passages of it be too well understood, which notwithstanding is so between both; that events may be introduc'd in it, which an Historian may probably have been ignorant of, or ought not to have related; there is more conveniency to make handsomer things than if all were invented. For when names of Countreys are employed, which all the World hears of, and wherewith Geography is exactly acquainted; and when great events are made use of, which are sufficiently

known, the mind is wholly dispos'd to suffer itself to be seduc'd, and to receive the fiction together with the truth, provided it be handsomely interwoven, and the Writer take pains to study the Age well he makes choice of, to improve all the rarities of it, and to conform to the customs of places he treats of, not to mention Laurels in Countreys where there was never any seen, not to confound the Religions or Customs of Nations that are introduc'd; though they may with judgement be a little drawn to the usage of the present age, to the end they may be the more delightful; I am confident if this be observ'd, and they which are introduc'd in a Fable of this nature, speak well, the passions be well painted out, the adventures be natural and prudently invented, all the little matter which discover the bottom of mens hearts, be pertinently plac'd; Vice be blam'd, Virtue rewarded, and Variety dispers'd through the whole, without confusion, if the fancy be always subject to the judgement, extraordinary events be rationally grounded; if there be knowledge, without affectation, delight, ornament, and pleasantness, wherever it is necessary; if the style be neither too high nor too low, and no violence offer'd to decency and good manners; I am confident, I say, such a Work will please all that read it, be more delightful to them than a History, and withal be more profitable. For a person who writes the History of a Prince, can blame only the vices of him whose life he writes: but he that undertakes to compose an ingenious Fable, may take occasion, if he please, to condemn all Vices, and teach all Virtues. And therefore I wish, with all my heart, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* would set about a composition of this nature. As for *Amilcar* (answer'd *Clelia*) I must dissuade him from it; for according to the humor he is of, he will never be able to resolve to blame inconstancy: but for *Herminius*, who makes profession of being constant, and knows all virtues, I wish he would take the pains to do it. I assure you (reply'd he) I should gladly undertake it, if I believ'd I could do it as well as I apprehend it might be done; for I am perswaded a Map of the World, and that a little embellish'd, would be a very delightful thing, and withal very profitable. But to speak freely, the undertaking is more difficult than it seems, and I believe it is easier to write a handsome History, than to compose an accurate Fable, after the manner I apprehend it may be made. Yet it is requisite an Historian have great accomplishments; he must have a wit of great extent which his fancy must adorn when it is needful, both which his judgement must guide and restrain, when 'tis convenient, and his memory ought never to be unfaithful to him. He must have an universal knowledge of the World, of the interest of Princes, and the humors of Nations; policy must not be unknown to him, nor the art of War; he must understand to describe battels; and, which is most of all necessary, he must be able perfectly to represent those Wars of the Closet, which are met with in all Courts, which consist in intrigues, delusions, and negotiations, true or feign'd, and which notwithstanding are of such importance, that 'tis in them the seeds are sown of the most considerable Wars, and

and on which the ruine or felicity of Nations, as well as the verity of History depends. It is requisite also to be skilful, how to represent the different passions of Princes, as those which govern; not to say too much, or too little of them, and never to write any thing, but what instructs or delights, and is either good or pleasant. However when a man is provided with faithful memorials, has liv'd himself in the world, and has part of the qualities necessary to an Historian, 'tis easie to make a History not wholly bad. But to compose an accurate Fable, adorn'd with all that can render it agreeable or profitable, I conceive it necessary, not only to have all that I said was requisite to an Historian, but to have a hundred knowledges more comprehensive and particular. Such a Writer must be (as I may so speak) the Creator of his Work; he must understand the art of setting forth Virtue, and exhibiting it as a thing not difficult to be practis'd. He must know the World, not only as the Author of a History ought, but he must understand the handsome mode of the World perfectly, politeness of conversation, the art of ingenious raillery, and that of making innocent Satyrs; nor must he be ignorant of that of composing of Verses, writing Letters, and making Orations. He must also know (as I may so speak) the secrets of all hearts, and be ignorant of not one of all the commendable Sciences; of which occasion may be sometimes offer'd to speak by the way. But above all things, he must know how to take away plainness and driness from Morality, and set it off in a dress so natural and so agreeable, that it may divert all those to whom it gives instruction; and as Ladies break not their Looking-glasses which show them the defects which they amend when they know; so they may not hate a Work wherein they oftentimes see things which none durst speak to them of, and which they would never speak of to themselves. Whence it is easie to judge, that it is much more difficult to make a Work of this nature, than to write a History. You discourse admirably well (answer'd *Anacreon*). I am of your opinion (added *Amilcar*): but that which seems strange to me, is, that if it were possible to find one that had compos'd a Fable of this nature, yet there would also be found a great number of people, who would speak of it but as of a meer trifle, and an unprofitable amusement: and I know divers ancient Senators here, and also several *Roman* Matrons, who would be so affrighted with a Love-story, that they would absolutely forbid their Children from casting their eye upon any such. That conceit, (answer'd *Herminius*) seems very unjust; for Love is not learnt in Books, nature teaches it all men; and in all places through which I have travell'd, I have found love every where: But I have found it more gross, brutish, and criminal, amongst people of no politeness, and such as are wholly ignorant of handsome gallantry, than amongst persons of worth and civil education. And besides, if it were unfit to read Books wherein Love is treated of, we must forbear reading of Histories, in which we find examples of all crimes, and wherein oftentimes the Criminals are happy, and cause desire in some to

imitate them. One day, History will record the abominable action of *Sextus*, the miserable death of *Servius Tullus*, the unjust Loves of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and a thousand other things of dangerous example; which need not be in a Fable according to the way I understand; for therein modesty may always be join'd with love, and no criminal loves be ever related, which prove not in the end unhappy. For my part (said *Clelia*,) I think it more important than is believ'd, to shew that there may be innocent loves and delightful together, for there are but too many who think this can never be. No doubt, Madam, you have reason (answer'd *Herminius*) wherefore those good Senators, and severe Matrons are too blame for hindring their Children from reading a Work wherein they might find wherewith to understand the practice of all Virtues, and by the advantages of which they might spare the pains of travelling, to become persons of worth and accomplisht; since there may be made so handsome a Map of the World, that it might be seen in Epitome, without going forth of their Closet. And as for Ladies, I conceive likewise that the reading of such a Work as I am speaking of, would rather hinder them from admitting of Gallants, than induce them to entertain them; for if they would compare the love pretended to them, with that they found describ'd in a Book of this Nature, they would apprehend so much difference between them, that they would never suffer themselves to be mov'd with it. I add moreover confidently, that such a Book might not only teach all Virtues, blame all Vices, and reprove all the little defects the World is full of, but it might also teach to reverence the gods, by the example given in the persons of *Heroes*, propos'd for a pattern; and that of whatever Nation or Religion the Reader be of, he might be profited by it. For when I behold a *Roman* adore the gods of his Countrey, I am not backward to improve by the example, (though I am an *African*) and thereby to remember I ought to worship those of my own Countrey. Therefore I do not weigh the morosity of some unreasonable people, who blame a Work of this nature; but at the venture of undergoing their injustice, I wish I were the Author of one. For I, being contented with my own intencion, should comfort myself against the severity of a few persons with the general applauses of the World, and the peculiar knowledge I had of the profitableness of this kind of Work in which may be had experience without the assistance of old age, precepts without severity, innocent Satyrs, judgement which costs nothing, and the means to learn that art of the World, without which it is impossible ever to be acceptable. If you make one (said *Plotina*) I promise you to read it with pleasure: For my part (added *Clelia*) I promise my admiration to *Herminius*. I promise him more than you (added *Valeria*) for I promise him to reform many defects which I have. For what concerns me (said *Anacreon*) I engage myself to sing his glory. And for my part (answer'd *Amilcar*) I promise him to read it with delight, to esteem it highly, to commend it in all places, and to do nothing which he shall say, for I never do any thing but what I say to myself.

And

And besides, he has such an inclination to constant love, that I should never conform to it. After this, all the company uniting again, the Musick began, and then the Collation was serv'd, which was as magnificent as the harmony was melodious; after which the conversation was extremely agreeable. But it being sufficiently late, the company separated themselves with the sorrow of knowing they should lose *Telanus* the next morning, because the Figure which the *Veien-*

tines were to deliver, was to arrive at *Rome* the day following. *Clelia* indeed was exempted from this discontent, though she very highly esteem'd *Telanus*, because thinking of nothing but what might have some correspondence with the passion she had in her Soul, she only mus'd upon the death of *Hesiodè*, imagining what grief she should resent, if during the War which was beginning between *Porfenna* and *Rome*, her dear *Aronces* should happen to perish in it,

The end of the Second Book of the Fourth Part.

CLELIA.

CLELIA.

A New Romance.

The Fourth PART.

The Third BOOK.

THE people of *Rome* understanding, the figure made at *Veii* by *Tarquin's* command, was arriv'd, testified an extream joy thereupon. Nothing so easily communicating it self as superstition in the minds of the Multitude. The Consul *Horatius* in the absence of *Publicola*, caus'd the figure to be plac'd in the Temple of *Jupiter*, and gave permission to *Telanus* to return. So that having no pretext to continue longer at *Rome*, he was constrain'd to depart from thence, and take leave of those illustrious persons, with whom he had pass'd some dayes so delightfully. 'Tis true, he left his heart with the aimable *Plotina*, and return'd with his mind so fill'd with the excellency of his Lady, that as courageous as he was, he heartily wish't the war would soon be ended. He parted from *Antilcat* with much dearness, notwithstanding his being his Rival; but for the three other his Rivals, he bid them not adieu. His civility was greater towards *Clelia*, to whom he made a thousand protestations of friendship, as likewise to *Ottavius*, who being better recover'd, had a long conversation with him before his departure, to oblige him to serve *Aronces* to the utmost of his power, since he was going to be of the same Party, intreating him to be confident, that if he could find occasion of seeing him, he would promote his interests faithfully with *Clelius*, and against *Horatius*. After which this generous *Veientine* having thanked *Clelius* for all the favours he had received from him, departed from *Rome*, where the same day there arriv'd news which was not very acceptable. For intelligence was brought, that *Porfenna* was so diligent in assisting *Tarquin*, that in a little time the troops of *Veii* and *Tarquinia*, would be united with his; and that he had resolv'd to be in person in the head of his Army. It was also inform'd that *Publicola* would return within three dayes, because having been advertiz'd by *Herminius*, that there was beginning of division in the Senate since his departure, he judg'd it more important to take care for the assuring of *Rome*, than to preserve the out-places of it. Besides his Army being too weak to undertake to sustain the first attempt of that of the King of *Heituria*, when the Forces of the *Veientines*, and those of *Tarquin* should be added to it, he thought it better to let the Enemies cool and weaken themselves, before he offer'd to fight them. The vertue of *Publicola* being highly respected by all the Romans, the news of his return produc'd a good effect in *Rome*. They who had begun to di-

vide themselves reunited, and had not the boldness but to appear zealous for their Country, before a man, who had no other interest, and who, having all the People at his devotion, might easily punish them for their delinquency. The return of *Publicola* was no doubt very acceptable to *Valeria*; but *Mutius* coming back with him, diminish't part of her joy; because he had such a kind of haughtiness in his deportment, that she had rather this imperious Lover would alwayes have been at the war, than return'd to *Rome*. The forces being also to come back, *Clidamirs* and *Berelisa* thought fit to defer their journey to *Praneste*, till the return of the Army: and moreover *Artemidorus* being at *Rome*, they had no great impatience to leave it. But as for this Prince, he ardently wish't *Berelisa* had been there alone, having scarce any opportunity of seeing her without *Clidamira*; for which reason he took no delight in seeing her, and was more frequently with *Clelia* than with her; for this aimable Lady looking upon him as *Aronces*'s friend, and a wife, good and discreet Prince, to whom she might communicate all the secrets of her soul, had very much affection and complacency for him. As they were one day together, a Slave of *Artemidorus* brought him a Letter, which oblig'd him to take leave of her, without telling her the cause of it. Tho the same night he return'd to her, to beseech her she would please to take a walk the next day with *Valeria*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina*, in a Garden not far from the *Sublician* bridge. *Clelia* not caring for divertisement, desir'd to be excus'd; but *Artemidorus* telling her the business was to do a good office to *Valeria*, and that he could not discover more of it to her, she promis'd she would be ready when *Cesonia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* should come to call her, knowing *Suspicia* would not refuse to let her go with those Ladies, her dear friends. And accordingly the next morning, they whom *Artemidorus* had nam'd, came to her house, there being no men in the company besides *Artemidorus* and *Herminius*. As they were going to the Garden, *Clelia* ask'd *Valeria* what service she desir'd of her? I should rather (answer'd she) desire to know what I may do for your service; for *Artemidorus* has told me you had need of me in relation to some affair. It is to be believ'd then (reply'd *Clelia*) that 'tis he that has need of us: but, in reference to my self I cannot but think him too blame for taking such a course, since I should serve him with joy. In my opinion (said *Valeria*) it must be for something which *Berelisa* is concern'd. Then they ask'd *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, if they knew what the bu-

finess was, which occasioned their going to that Garden. For my part (answered the first) I know no more of it, but that *Artemidorus* told me you both desir'd me to accompany you thither, and to take *Plotina* with me. 'Tis some satisfaction to me (said *Clelia*) that we shall soon know what the business is with us. When these Ladies were arriv'd at the gate of that garden, where *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* waited for them, they lighted from their Chariot, and entered into the Garden, where they found no person at all; wherefore they demanded what was the design of their coming thither. Be not impatient (answered he) you shall know it presently; but you shall not know altogether, but severally, what has induc'd me to deceive you, and bring you hither; at least *Clelia* and *Valeria* shall be together in one place, whilst *Cesonia* and *Plotina* shall be in another. If *Artemidorus* had not been well known to these four persons, this would have occasion'd strange thoughts in them: but being ascertain'd how prudent and discreet he was, their curiosity did not inquiet their minds at all. But (said *Plotina*) I desire to be satisfied, whether *Herminius* be more knowing than we are; He shall be so presently (answered *Artemidorus*) for he shall know all, that shall be told *Clelia* and *Valeria*, tho not till after them. For my part (said *Herminius*) I desire never to know any thing concerning my friends, but what they are willing I should. After this *Artemidorus* having been to give order that none should be admitted into the Garden, led *Cesonia* and *Plotina* into a walk which was on the far side, where they found an old man, who no sooner beheld *Plotina*, but he knew her, altho it was a very long time since he had seen her. But this fair Virgin could not know him otherwise than by his voice, and was some time before she could recollect her self. At length calling him to mind, she testified much joy to see him, and believing he was her Uncle, made him a thousand caresses; Alas! (said she to him, embracing him) where have you been for so long time? You shall know (answered he) when I have opportunity to tell you without any other witness than *Cesonia*, to whom I know you have such great obligations, that 'tis fit she be acquainted with all your fortune. Alas! (reply'd *Plotina*) my fortune is very easie to know; for when I have said I have lost my father and my mother, while I was yet in the cradle, and alwayes liv'd with the vertuous *Agesile* your wife, till my departure from *Ardea*, I shall have said almost all. You so little know your self (answered this sage old man) that you cannot well speak of your self, till after I have told you who you are. *Artemidorus* judging that his presence was not necessary in this place, and knowing that it was elsewhere, left *Cesonia* and *Plotina* with him that had so many important things to tell them, and returned to *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Herminius*. But to accomplish his design, he intreated *Herminius* to stay with him, and desir'd those two persons that they would please to go a side into a little Garden separated from the great one, where there was a little knot of flowers, enclos'd with pales and myrtles. So that these two fair virgins seeing there was no great danger in doing what *Artemidorus* desir'd, enter'd into it. Which they had no sooner done, but they beheld *Aronces* appear, coming forth of a little Arbor at a corner of the Garden. This sight surpris'd them strangely, but especially *Clelia*, who in the first instant resented nothing but joy in seeing her dear *Aronces*. Who, as

soon as he beheld her, saluted her very respectfully, and approacht towards her with all the transport that a true love can cause in a Lover, whose heart is tender and sensible, when he again sees the Person he loves, after a long absence. I have at length, Madam, (said he to her) in spite of all the obstacles that oppose my happiness, at least the satisfaction of being able to tell you all my misfortunes, and to understand from your mouth, what you will command me to do. Being assur'd *Valeria* knows all the secrets of your heart, that she is generous, good and faithful, I have been willing she should know I am here; for tho I have the unhappiness to have a father who is *Tarquin's* Protector, yet, I think, I ought not to be suspected by her. You have reason my Lord (answered that discreet Virgin) not to be distrustful of me; for I have so high an esteem of your virtue, that excepting *Clelia*, there is no person in the world was more affected with your loss than my self; and indeed (added she) I see already so much fright upon *Clelia's* countenance, for seeing you so near *Rome*, where you have more violent enemies than you believe, that I cannot but fear lest you should be seen. And therefore whilst you are speaking with *Clelia*, it will be convenient for me to take care that you be not perceiv'd. *Clelia* would have withheld her; but she retir'd back to the gate, where *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* were discoursing together, and from whence she might see, but not hear them. As soon as she was at a convenient distance, *Clelia* address'd to him, I confess to you, *Aronces*, (said she) the first sentiment I had in seeing you, afforded me joy, but alas! my reason begins to destroy it; for my father hates you almost as much as he formerly lov'd you; *Horatius* loves me more ardently than ever; his Kinsman is the second Consul, and *Publicola* is not at *Rome*. My brother no doubt is alwayes for your interests; but my father has so strong a belief it was you that wounded him in the battel, that he cannot indure you should be nam'd in his presence; and when he goes to exaggerate your wounding of his son with the same sword he had given you heretofore, he is so transported against you, that my mother dares not so much as offer to excuse you. I have here understood this unjust accusation by *Artemidorus* (answered *Aronces*); but if it were as easie for me to be happy, as it will be to justifie my self from it, I should be less to be pity'd than I am. For it was not possible for me to have that sword at the battel, in which I served *Rome* happily enough, and *Octavius* was wounded, since *Tarquin* caus'd me to be put in prison at my departure out of *Rome*, and it was taken from me; and when I got out of prison, there was no care taken to restore it to me; for I understood the Prince had given it to an Officer who took me. Besides, the sword I had in the battel when I was taken with *Horatius*, was broken in my hands before I was made prisoner. Thus this accusation falls of it self; and if I had known it sooner, I should have long since been justified in the opinion of *Clelia* and *Octavius*. As for my brother (answered she) he has been generous to believe that you wounded him unawares, and to say, it did not belong to the son of *Clelius* to revenge an injury done to the Prince of *Numidia*. But, for my father, tho he may be convinc'd, you did not wound my brother, he will not restore you to the place you held in his heart, as long as the King of *Meturia* shall be *Tarquin's* Protector, and *Rome's* enemy. Not but that he speaks things

things which seem to have some contrariety; for if you should desert the party of the King your father, and come to side with *Rome*, he would think the action unworthy of you; and however, when you do all that you ought, he will account you unworthy of me; and to this effect, he speaks to me as often as occasion is presented. But what then must I do (answered *Aronces*) can I not be the Son of the King of *Hetruria*? Does it depend on me to cause him to take which side pleases me; Can I be suspected to love *Tarquin*, to hate so many illustrious Friends as I have at *Rome*, and not to prefer you above all things? Is it in my power to reverse the Laws and Reason, and to cause Virtue to permit me to bear Arms against the King my Father, and not to bear them against a Rival so courageous and redoubtable as *Horatius*. I beseech you, Madam, (contin'd he) consider well the state of my fortune, as I am going to represent it to you, and then pronounce absolutely upon it. I know you have a great mind, a heart very noble, and a soul extremely generous; and I will also believe that you love me as much as you can love, tho in a degree infinitely below that in which I love you; therefore I engage my self confidently to do what ever you shall appoint me. But, I beseech you, have some consideration of my glory, as I should have of yours; and if you can find no means to reconcile my love and my honour, and to make me be both innocent and happy, I conjure you command me to die; for death shall be more sweet to me, than the cruel adventure of losing you, or committing a dishonourable action would be. Alas! my Lord, (reply'd *Clelia*) what do you desire of an unfortunate person? Would you have her counsel you against her own interests? By no means (answered *Aronces*) for I have none separated from yours; but I desire you would tell me positively what you would have me to do; and especially (added he) do not treat me as the Son of the King of *Hetruria*; remember the unknown *Aronces*, and believe you can do nothing more disobliging to me, than to speak as you did but now. I desire your pardon for it (said she to him) but since you will have me tell you what I think, first tell me how you came hither; for I believ'd you still a prisoner. *Aronces* then obeying *Clelia*, told her in few words, all that had befallen him since he last saw her, tho she knew a good part of it before. He told her likewise of the visit he had receiv'd from the Queen his Mother, and the Princess of the *Leontines*, and of the proposition the Queen had made him to feign himself amorous of that Princess; that he might know whether *Clelia*, who had a scrupulous mind would not take it ill that he consented to it, tho it was only to hinder the King of *Ceres*'s Daughter from being propounded to him in marriage. He added, that, seeing himself in so unhappy a condition, without being able to resolve what he should do, he excited so much pity, in him that guarded him in the Castle whereinto he was put, that tho he hazarded very much to satisfy him, he let him go forth one night upon his word, with an oath to return the third day, at the same hour. But how will your guards (said *Clelia*) not perceive that you are not in the Castle? By pretending that I am sick, (answer'd he) and that I am not willing to admit any person to see me. And the better to colour the pretence, there is a Slave lies in my bed; and another, who is privy to the business, makes shew of waiting upon me, according to his

ordinary custome; and besides he that commands those that guard me, is so much at the devotion of the Queen my Mother, who, he knows, embraces all my interests, that he hazards himself less in obliging me. But in brief, generous *Clelia*, the main importance is to consider, what I may, and what I ought to do. If I side with *Rome*, I am an unnatural Son, I ruin my self in the opinions of all persons of honour, and consequently in that of *Clelius*; I serve my Rival, I defend his life, and fight for his party; but yet I am near you, I see you daily, and dispute the possession of your heart against the merits of my enemies. On the other side, if I serve the King my Father, I do that which virtue and honour obliges me to, and I see my self with thy sword in hand against *Horatius*; but withal I serve *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, whom I hate in perfection, I am an enemy to *Clelius* and *Octavius*, my dearest Friends, Virtue, *Rome*, and to all that is dearest to me; and which is most cruel, I am absent from you, I abandon you in a manner to my Rival, and I have only your constancy to put an obstacle to his happiness. Thus, on which side soever I consider my condition, I am alwayes the most miserable of men. There might be a third course propounded to me; but as for that, Madam, I confess to you, I cannot embrace it, and that it is not possible for me to resolve to continue in prison, without taking one side; and poorly to expect the end of the War, inclos'd within four walls, without doing any thing but against my self and you, whilst *Horatius* is covering himself with glory, and forcing *Clelia* to recompence his services. This being so, there are but two things to be examin'd; speak therefore, Madam, and pronounce absolutely what my destiny must be. If I were happy enough to see the King my Father, as equitable in his sentiments for you as the Queen my Mother, I should have other matters to propound to you; but altho a King's Son, I have no assured retreat to offer you any where, tho I were able to perswade you to follow my Fortune. And moreover you have so often told me, you can never render me happy, if *Clelius* consent not to it, that your virtue supports mine in this occasion. But after all, (added he, transported with the excess of his Love) Why do not we courageously abandon our selves and the interests of *Rome*, and go to another end of the World, to seek a Sanctuary where we may live together? Our virtue would find us Protectors every where; and if your sentiments were like mine, we would be unhappy in no place, provided our Fortune were inseparable. I beseech you, (answer'd *Clelia*, discreetly) let us not amuse our selves to speak of a matter, whereof we ought not to think, and which we shall never do. Consider then the two proposals I have made you, (reply'd he) and then tell the unhappy *Aronces* what you please shall become of him. You know so well (answer'd *Clelia*) that I will never counsel you to do any thing you may be reproacht for, and which may be prejudicial to you, that you might spare me the grief of telling you my self, that you ought to follow that which reason directs you to; what that is, would be something difficult for me to tell you; and all that I can do, is to conjure you, that when you are in the War, you will remember my Father and my Brother may possibly be amongst the enemies you fight against, that you may avoid meeting them with your sword in your hand; for

if by ill Fate you should wound either of them two, you know I cannot without a crime retain any kindness longer for you. Think upon this my dear *Aronces*, and be generous enough to serve the cruel *Tarquin* and unjust *Sextus* with regret; but above all things (added she blushing) when you feign love to the Princess of *Leontines*, who I am told is very aimable, defend your heart against her charms, and remember whilst you are with her, there is an unfortunate person at *Rome*, who will treat *Horatius* ill for your sake, and who is like to be ill treated her self, because she will persist faithful to you. Ah! Madam, (cry'd *Aronces*) can you think me capable of such a weakness as this? No, (answer'd *Clelia*) but I can fear it, tho I cannot believe it. That distinction is very nice, (reply'd he) for people use not to fear except that which they can believe, and no person ever much apprehended impossible things. Do not fear therefore, Madam, that I can ever cease to love you, for you shall be alwayes my first and last Mistress; and there is onely glory alone that has any share of my heart with you, tho I am perswaded I should love it much less than I do, If I lov'd not you. Live then with satisfaction in this respect, and suffer me to fear with more reason, that whilst I shall act by constraint as an enemy of *Rome*, the love of your Country may destroy a love so just and innocent as mine in your heart, and that whilst I am fighting against *Horatius*, as a redoubtable Rival, he do not get the advantage of me in your affection. He will see you every day, you will hear nothing but vows made against me, all will be dissembled that makes for my advantage, and you will hear no good spoken of the unhappy *Aronces*, but what you shall speak to your self in seeret. On the contrary, all the actions of the *Romans* shall be imbellish'd and extoll'd, and especially those of my Rival; so that by degrees it may come to pass, that you may change your sentiments, and I shall be left to die with despair. No, no, my dear *Aronces*, (answer'd *Clelia*) do not fear, I will be ever guilty of any inconstancy towards you; or at least do not fear I can ever be capable of loving, after I have lov'd you. But that which afflicts me, is, that I cannot make vows for your party, but shall be enforc'd to make such as are contrary to it; and I doubt also whether strict vertue will permit me to make any for you in particular. However, I am resolv'd I will (added she without giving him leasure to interrupt her) and at the same time that I pray to the Gods *Rome* may gain the victory, I will beseech them to preserve you, and hinder you from hurting all the persons which ought to be dear to me; and thus accommodating my innocence and my affection the best I can, I shall no doubt lead the unhappiest life in the World. But there is remedy; for as I should not forsake the interest of my Father for your sake, so I will not oblige you to abandon those of yours for mine: Besides, as I told you, it would be no advantage to you with *Clelius*. Go then my dear *Aronces*; let us at least have nothing to reproach our selves for; perhaps our Patience will weary our bad Fortune, and oblige the Gods to render us happy. For when I reflect that it is possible for you to be discover'd, and that if the Consul *Horatius* knew you were here, you would be arrested the next moment, my mind is extremely inquieted. The King of *Hetruria* would think that you caus'd your self to be arrested, my

Father perhaps, would accuse me of having consented to to it, and indeed you would not be very happy to be a prisoner, in a place where I should no more see you, than if you were in the enemies Camp, where you would be prejudiced in all respects, where you would perhaps at last depend on your enemies, and whence you would not be releas'd till the end of the War. Therefore 'tis better for you to be in a place, where you may serve my Father, my Brother, and your Friends, if they happen to become Prisoners to your side, and from whence perhaps I may also sometimes receive tidings from you. You have then absolutely determin'd what my destiny must be (reply'd *Aronces*). I have not, (answer'd *Clelia*) but being I can never desire any thing that is unjust, I submit my will to reason, and content my self to beseech you to love me for ever, and to believe, that I shall be so faithful to you, that in case you should prove inconstant, I should never love any person after. Be confident, Madam (reply'd *Aronces*), you shall never have occasion to testifie that kind of fidelity: but if you do not promise me (added he) to be as fully assur'd of my constancy as I will be of yours, I think, I shall not be able to return; but without considering the particulars of my destiny, I will go find out *Clelius*. And withal (added he) I will undeceive him of the opinion he has of my wounding *Octavius*. It shall suffice (answer'd *Clelia*) that the Prince *Artemidorus* will take care to justifie you without your intermeddling in it your self. In the mean time (added she) I think it fit to confide in *Herminius*, whose probity can never be suspected by those to whom he is known. 'Tis my intention, (reply'd *Aronces*): but before I see him, permit me, Madam, to bid you adieu here apart, since my hard Fate will not suffer me to continue with you; for the sentiments of an amorous heart ought not to be divided.

Tell me then, Madam, that you will love me, that you will pity me, and that as soon as you can I shall be happy: and to assure you yet more of my fidelity, and take away all cause of doubting of it, know, that as often as you please, I will come, and give you an account of my actions, though I be put to enter *Rome* without a disguise; that as often as you please you shall make my arms fall out of my hands; and in a word, that you shall be always absolute Mistress of my destiny. But permit me also to hope that I shall have a share in all your thoughts, and that you can never be happy, till you have render'd me so. I promise you, (answer'd this fair person): but alas! (added she sighing) I fear we shall be alwayes miserable, at least, I know I am not able to foresee by what means we shall ever become otherwise. *Tarquin* may die, (reply'd *Aronces*), the interests of the King my Father may change, I may perhaps bend his mind, peace may be concluded, *Clelius* may cease to be unjust, and *Horatius* may be constrain'd to relinquish that which does not belong to him: therefore it is to be hop'd, that at length, by wayes which are unknown to us, Heaven will render us happy. 'Tis requisite indeed (said *Clelia*) to take up a hope to our selves, tho upon ill grounds, to avoid despair: but to speak sincerely, Fear is the Mistress in my heart. Yet I will hide part of it, (contin'd she) and content my self to conjure you to preserve your self for my sake. And now suffer me to call *Valeria*, *Artemidorus*, and *Herminius*, that you may depart; for tho the sight of you causes all the sweetness

sweetness of my life, yet I shall have no quiet, till I know you are return'd into your prison, where at least your life is in safety. Alas! I beseech you, Madam, (answer'd *Aronces*) that I may speak onely three or four words more to you, Speak then, (reply'd she) but speedily; for when once one has but three or four words to speak, 'tis almost as good to be silent. Alas! Madam (cry'd he) you know not what Love is, if you account three or four words nothing, since 'tis true, one favourable word affords a thousand and a thousand pleasures to remember it. Therefore give me some to keep in my memory, and to comfort me during an absence whose continuance is uncertain. Tell me then too, discreet person as you are, whether you love me? Alas! (answer'd *Clelia*) can you doubt of what I think, and can it be necessary to tell you that which has been prov'd to you by a thousand testimonies of dearness? If it be not absolutely necessary, (reply'd he, looking upon her with much love) yet it is perfectly delightful: tell me then positively that you love me, and that you will love me eternally, to the end I may have something to supply me with comfort in my greatest misfortunes. I tell you all that can comfort you (answered *Clelia*): but after this ask no more of me, for I have nothing but tears to give you. *Clelia* had no sooner ended these words, but she made a sign to *Valeria*, that she should oblige *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* to approach towards them; and accordingly having fastned the door of this little Garden, they drew altogether. Then *Aronces* made a thousand caresses to *Herminius*; for as for *Artemidorus* he had seen him the evening before, having first discover'd and intrusted himself to him. Yet the discourse of these persons was not long, because *Clelia* was in such fear, lest *Aronces* should be discover'd, that she was not satisfi'd till he was withdrawn into the Gardener's house, where he had pass'd the preceding night. Nevertheless *Aronces* first told *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* the reasons which oblig'd him to serve the King his Father against *Rome*, he intreated them to disabuse *Clelius* of that opinion, that it was he that had wounded *Octavius*, he conjur'd them to serve him with their mediation to him, to speak alwayes in his favour to *Clelia*, and to pity him, for being of a side, on which his heart was not, and not to love him less for it. It is so ordinary (answer'd *Herminius*) to see brave persons engag'd to make war for unjust causes, that there is no intelligent person, but instead of blaming, will admire that which you do; and I am confident *Clelius* will esteem you more for continuing fixt to the interest of the King your Father, than if the love you bear to *Clelia* oblig'd you to come and side with *Rome*. For after you alone have caus'd us to gain the Battle, which put us in power to defend our selves, it is easie to know that if honour permitted you, you would do that again for *Rome* which you have done against its enemies. Be therefore assur'd, that for my part, I shall promote your interests vigorously, and that it shall be no fault of mine, if justice be not rendred to your Vertue. After this, these two illustrious Friends parted, but *Artemidorus* continu'd with *Aronces*, till the beginning of night, when he was to go away. Yet this generous Lover took his leave a second time of *Clelia*, with more dearness and tenderness than before. *Herminius* would willingly have staid with *Aronces*, as well as *Artemidorus*; but it was fear'd, that might cause it to be suspected, that there was some person hidden

in the Garden; wherefore he went away with *Clelia* and *Valeria*, to rejoyne with *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, whom they beheld going out at the end of a walk; with an old man whom they did not know; who likewise took leave of them in that place, and went into the little Garden where *Aronces* and *Artemidorus* were. Well (said *Herminius* to *Cesonia* and *Plotina*) may I know your secret as well as I do that of *Clelia* and *Valeria*'s. No question but you shall know it, (answer'd *Plotina*) for I have so great need of the generous *Sevelia*, that without her I should scarce know what to do with the secret which has been reveal'd to me. In the mean time (added she) since there is no person here in whom I may confide, I shall not scruple to say, that this secret is so important to me, that it has inform'd me I am not what I alwayes took my self to be; for I believ'd I was born at *Ardea*, and I was not; I thought I was the Daughter of a man, who was only Friend to my late Mother, and I am quite another Person than what I imagin'd. *Clelia* hearing *Plotina* speak thus, could not contain, notwithstanding the other imployment of her thoughts, from asking her who she was. Alas! my dear *Clelia*, (answer'd she) perhaps you will know but too soon; however, I would tell you at this instant, but having been made to promise not to speak of it yet, I must be contented to tell you, that I am that, which I should never have believ'd I could be; and I conjure you to promise me, that when you know who I am, you will not love me for it less. I assure you (reply'd *Clelia*) that the friendship I have for you being founded upon your merit, tho your birth should be less noble than I have believ'd it, I would not change the sentiment, I have for you. That which you say is very generous (said *Cesonia*) but 'tis not for that consideration *Plotina* fears you would love her less; for her birth is nobler than she believ'd, but however, I am confident she will not tell it you presently; for he that can unfold this riddle, is oblig'd to return this night to a prison whence he came forth, to expect till a great Princess deliver him from it; and after that he will come back to *Rome*, to inform you really who *Plotina* is. Nevertheless (added *Cesonia*, speaking to *Clelia*) continue to love her dearly; for tho she says, she fears you should love her less, yet I must assure you that, on the contrary, you will think your self oblig'd to love her more. After this these Ladies went into their Chariot, and *Herminius* return'd on horseback. On the other side, night was no sooner come, but *Aronces*, and that old man, who so long entertain'd *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, return'd to the prison from whence they came, for this man came along with *Aronces* to *Rome*. As for *Clelia* being she look'd upon all secrecy as criminal, she told *Suspicia* she had seen *Aronces*, and she told *Octavius* likewise, to the end to satisfy him that *Aronces* could not have been the Person that wounded him, and this prudent Lady so faithfully related to them all the generous sentiments of that illustrious Prince, that they admir'd his vertue, and became confirm'd in the resolution to serve him still with greater ardour. To which purpose they oblig'd *Artemidorus* to tell *Clelius* he had understood at *Clusium*, that when *Aronces* was arrested by *Tarquinius*, his sword was taken way from him, so to evince him that *Octavius* receiv'd not his wound from his hand; adding that he wondred the truth was not conjectur'd, it being a general order to disarm

disarm all such as are put into prison: Whereby continued *Artemidorus*, it is easie for you to judge, that that sword you sometimes gave to *Aronces*, and which was drawn out of *Octavius*'s body after the battle, was not in *Aronces*'s hands when he was wounded by it: for when a prisoner escapes out of prison, it is not possible for him, to regain the sword which was taken from him. Besides that, I have been assur'd *Tarquin* gave that which was yours to one of his Officers. Tho' *Aronces* were innocent of the wounding *Octavius* (interrupted *Clelius*) it should not much advantage him in my favour; for since he is the Son of *Porfenna*, who is *Tarquin*'s Protector, and consequently *Rome*'s enemy, there needs no more to make me hate him. Yet you do not hate *Telanus* and *Mamilius* (answer'd *Artemidorus*) tho' they be *Venitines*; and the State of *Venii* a declared enemy to that of *Rome*. *Mamilius* and *Telanus* (reply'd *Clelius*) are two particular persons, who in their hearts do not approve the actions of those that govern their City. But *Aronces* is an illustrious unfortunate person (answer'd *Artemidorus*) who resents with much regret, *Porfenna*'s undertaking the protection of *Tarquin*. Whether that be so or no (reply'd *Clelius*), all that I can answer is, that I consider nothing more than the interest of my Country, that there is nothing I do not think my self oblig'd to sacrifice for it, and that rather then be ingrateful to it, I had rather be so to *Aronces*. Tho' indeed having done as much for him, as he has for me, I do not look upon my self as liable to an accusation of ingratitude, tho' I should hate him as much as I have lov'd him. *Artemidorus* was desirous to press him further, but perceiving no effect of his mediation, but a further exasperation of his disgust, he broke off his discourse. Two daies after *Publicola* brought back the Army, for the reasons before mention'd; but tho' the pretence of his return was an intention to spare the blood of the people, to avoid giving battle again, and to cause the enemies Army to perish before their Walls, if they should dare to march against them, yet his return caus'd a great commotion amongst the people. For the solicitousness of *Publicola* and the second Consul, in fortifying all the out-places of *Rome*, in redoubling the City guard, and commanding all the Corn which was about in the Country, to be brought in thither, and all the moveables of private persons, who had houses in the Country, the people well understood, that they who were acquainted with the secrecy of affairs, certainly foresaw, that *Rome* would ere long be surrounded with a leagure. Whereupon every one taking order for his particular subsistence, it was not possible for this to be done without some trouble and confusion. All the Streets of this spacious City were seen cover'd with chariots, horses, and with terrifi'd and afflicted people. Some were driving flocks, others removing household-stuff, some were loaden with corn and fruits, whilst others not solicitous of their goods, only lead their Wives and children into a place of safety. There were some that gave out they had seen the forces appear, tho' it was not true; others lying after them, and encreasing their untruth, related stories of the disorders those forces had committed. They nam'd the Villages which they had burn'd, and told so many circumstances of violences committed by them, that they caus'd affrightment in all that heard them. The people thronging into the City, the Gates of it were not sufficient to receive all those

conveniently, who endeavour'd to retire into it; so that there was a great tumult in the waies, gates, and streets; all the Tradesmen desisted from their works, and only beheld all these several passages with extreme sadness. There was also so great a disposition in them to murmur, that there was no person who did not complain. The poor said they only should suffer during the siege, and the rich were very forward to ingage in the war, because they knew well, that they should not undergo the inconveniences of it. They who inclin'd to Monarchy, said it was very incommodious to have so many Masters; Others, that all changes never brought any thing but mischief along with them; some others zealous for liberty quarrell'd with these, and maintain'd it was better to devour one another for hunger, and set fire to their City, than ever to yield to *Tarquin*. Some said it was not the best course to expect to be besieg'd, but rather to draw all the Romans out, and go and meet the enemy; others, that they would defend their wals, their wives, their children, their household-gods; but did not think fit to go and give battle: and the wiser and more understanding sort of people, endeavouring to reprove the multitude for their precipitious fear, fell into fury themselves, because they could not satisfy the people. Upon which *Publicola* having assembled the Senate, it was resolv'd, the only way to bring the people into their duty was to flatter them. To which purpose several Ordinances favourable to the Commonalty were constituted; for they were dispensed with from contributing to the charge of the war; a reasonable rate was set upon such things as were necessary for subsistence; the publick magazines were open'd; they were assur'd of all things necessary, as abundantly as the rich; it was given out by persons appointed to that purpose, that the enemies were not so strong, as was believ'd; shew was made of not fearing them; and the chief of the Senate made feasts out of policy, to intimate to the people, that they did not fear the wanting of any thing. So that as it is sometimes no less easie to appease a multitude than to move them, within two daies all the Tradesmen betook themselves to their callings as before; all the people that came out of the circum-jacent villages were dispos'd of in lodgings; and the false news changing the appearance of things, the same people who lately publisht other tidings so fatal and disadvantageous to *Rome*, now related a hundred contrary to *Tarquin* and *Porfenna*, which tho' they had no probability in them very often, yet there did not want some to believe them. In the mean time all these divers rumors hindred *Clidamirus* and *Berelisa*, from finishing their journey to *Præneste*, conceiving it better to remain still at *Rome*, tho' it were besieg'd, than to put themselves upon the way, at a time wherein there was yet no establish'd permission, and every one was taken for an enemy; besides that *Artemidorus* being at *Rome*, they had no great business any where else. As for *Anacron* he thought himself so well there, that he could not resolve to depart from thence so soon. *Thomistus* believing he could not pass the time of his exile more nobly than in beholding so important an action as this, which fortune presented to him, resolv'd to continue there to that end; *Meregines* and his other friend did the same; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* were not solicitous to go away, for several reasons; and *Amilcar* was then so strongly engaged to *Rome*,

Rome, that he did not think he should ever leave it. Amongst these illustrious persons was still enjoy'd part of the pleasures of peace, notwithstanding all the preparations for war. Yet the pretences for walking entertainments, were something relating to military affairs; for whereas formerly the Ladies were wont to make a walk to hear musick, they now went to behold the forces muster'd in the field of *Mars*, or see the pioneers making fortifications in several places of the City. Amidst all these disturbances, Love did not cease to exercise his dominion. Nevertheless, *Spinus* perceiv'd his affection did not so much proceed from the dearness he had for *Valeria*, as the hatred he bore to *Herminius*, *Amilius*, and *Mutius*, who understanding himself not so dextrous as his Rivals, in all those little diligences which Love inspires people with, whose genius is naturally sprightly, took up a thought to surpass them all in greatness of courage, and to exployt such extraordinary actions during the War, that *Publicola* should not dare to refuse *Valeria* to him, and his Rivals have no longer the boldness to pretend to her to his prejudice. As for *Horatius*, he had then more hope than ever before; *Aronces* was lost in *Clelius*'s favour, himself was very powerful in Rome, his Rival was in the Party of the Enemies, and he pretended his services to the Republick should be so considerable, as that nothing could reasonably be refused at the end of the War. *Octavius*, as soon as he began to go abroad, went to visit *Hermilia*; and finding her still possess'd with a sadness which something corresponded with his present humour, he was pleas'd no where so much as in her company. At this time it was known, that the Prince of *Messene*, instead of going to Rome, as it was believ'd, went and sided with the enemies party, to be opposite to *Themistius*, who thereby found himself more engaged, to pass all the time of his exile at Rome, and serve that State during the War. As for *Clelia*, though the posture of her Fortune was very unhappy, yet she resented much consolation in having seen *Aronces*, and perceiv'd in his eyes, she had all the reason in the World to hope he would be constant, and that all the obstacles ill fortune should obstruct their happiness with, would not change his sentiment. *Plotina*, after what she had understood from that old man who came with *Artemidorus*, was affected with a secret joy, which would have been perfectly sweet, if it had not been allay'd with the impatience she had, because she could not discover it. But tho' this sometimes gave her occasion to muse, she was not much the more melancholy, but took all opportunities to delight her self. *Amilcar* being one day in her chamber, at the same time with *Valeria*, *Berenice*, *Clidamira*, and *Cesonia*, there was occasion offer'd her to exercise her pleasant humour; for as it chanc'd *Acrisius* who talk'd too much, *Sicinius* who was too silent, and *Damon* who was of the Sect of *Pythagorus*, coming thither, *Amilcar*, and she, diverted themselves much to the disadvantage of these three Rivals, and especially of the last. While this company was speaking of several indifferent things, *Anacreon* and *Herminius* enter'd and said, they had newly learn'd some tidings which much affected them with compassion. *Valeria* demanded what they imported? whereupon, *Herminius* addressing to her, I understand (said he) the unfortunate *Calianthus*, who, as you know, desir'd permission to

build a Tomb for his two Rivals, who were slain in the last Battle, is himself slain by a party of the enemies, in defending the Tomb which he caus'd to be built. So that of four Lovers, who contended together, there is none living but *Melicerates*. Since none could be happy but he, (answer'd *Acrisius*) it is as good that they are dead; for what is life good for, when that cannot be enjoy'd which only is capable to render it delightful? *Acrisius* would have proceeded farther, if *Plotina* had suffered him to speak, but the better to silence him, she began to lament *Calianthus*, with much exaggeration; the other Ladies pitied him likewise, and *Anacreon* himself, as great a friend of joy as he was, testified his commiseration of his Fate. For my part (said *Damon* then, who alwayes spoke according to the sentiments of *Pythagorus*) my soul is not so sensible of compassion towards those who dye, as those who suffer any pain; for according to my apprehensions, such as dye, only change their Country and condition, but do not cease to be, so that the continual change which all souls undergo, makes their sorrow unjust who afflict themselves so much for the death of those we know, if they be not absolutely necessary to our felicity. For my part, (said *Plotina*) I know not how you understand it; but if I were of your opinion, I should not be much comforted in dying, tho' I should know my Soul were to pass into the body of the most jolly Turtle in the World; and besides, were what you say true, people would have some remembrance of things they had known before. But I am well assur'd I remember nothing; and I believe too with sufficient certainty, that when I shall be dead, I shall no longer remember any thing which I speak at present. Your education (answer'd *Damon*) having been amongst such persons who were not instructed by the learned in the Doctrine of *Pythagorus*, it is no great wonder if you do not comprehend what I say. However, 'tis certain, there is nothing more consentaneous to reason than the opinion of that Philosopher in this point. For whereas the gods, who are Masters of the World, change nothing in their workmanship, but we see alwaies the same Seas, the same Rivers, the same Mountains, that they have fram'd a certain number of Stars, which neither increases nor diminishes; it is easie to imagine that they have also created a certain number of Souls, which continually pass from one body to another, according to their pleasure. So that many times we bewail people, who are in a condition more happy than that which they have forsaken. But what serves this present happiness for, (said *Plotina*) since I remember a past felicity no longer, and I have reason to say, The things we remember no longer, are no longer ours. But, Madam, (replyed he, shaking his head a little) it is not be imagin'd, there is none in the World remembers what has been formerly; for I have heard several Disciples of *Pythagorus* affirm, there are some, who remember the actions of a precedent life perfectly. But do you remember (said *Acrisius*) what you have been? I am not so as vain to profess it, (answer'd *Damon* gravely;) for this seldome happens, but to persons who are of so exquisite a temper, as that all the faculties of their Souls are in their utmost perfection, by reason that the Bodies which they animate, are so well dispos'd, that nothing impedes or disturbs their imagination, memory, or judgement. I must then ask all

that

that are present (said *Plotina*) if they remember any thing. For my part (said *Cesonia*) I am very unlikely to remember what I was before my being what I am; for I scarce remember what I did yesterday. And I (said *Anacreon*) am so taken up with the present, that I cannot reflect upon what is past. To speak my thoughts (said *Valeria*), the future takes up my mind more than any thing else, so that 'tis no wonder if I remember nothing. I remember many past things (said *Berelisa*), but they are only such as I have seen with my own eyes. I am much like you in that (answered *Clidamira*); for I know many things which I shall not forget during my life, but they are not of the nature of those *Damon* speaks of. I confess (said *Sicinius*, then smiling) I so little love to speak of that which befalls me, that tho I should remember what I have been, before I became what I am, I think I should not declare it. For my part (said *Acrisus*) if I remembered any thing I should willingly tell it. I know not (said *Herminius*) whether it be the fault of my constitution, or of this Doctrine, but I remember nothing at all. Whilst the Company was discoursing thus, *Amilcar* appear'd pensive and musing, and spoke not at all; upon which *Plotina*, not doubting but he was contriving some subtilty, asked him, whether he would not declare if he remember'd what he had been before his last coming into the World. *Amilcar*, then returning from his feigned musing, answered ambiguously, and forc'd *Plotina* to command him to speak what he really thought. Sincerely (said he to her) you are a cruel person, to constrain me to be of the same opinion with one of my Rivals. How? (interrupted *Plotina* hastily, making shew of being astonish'd) is it possible an *African* should be of the Sect of *Pythagoras*? 'Tis to no purpose to deny it, (answer'd he, with a tone something serious): I am not only charm'd with his Doctrine; but convinc'd of it too by my own experience; and if I were at *Metopontium* or at *Crotona*, I should speak more freely of these matters than at *Rome*, where this opinion is not follow'd, though it be not generally condemn'd. At least, I know the memory of *Pythagoras* is in veneration here, and it is not unknown, that he was the wisest Philosopher that ever wore that name, the most gentle and humane. For, to give the more weight to this discourse, (added he) it is sufficiently apparent, that he was truly perswaded of the transmigration of Souls out of some bodies into others; since this, no doubt, was the cause of forbidding the use of any sort of living Creatures for food. You have made a great secret of your opinion (reply'd *Plotina*, who understood he derided *Damon*) but to punish you for your dissimulation, tell us, in brief, whether you, who have so handsome a wit, so quick a fancy, so faithful a memory, and a constitution so perfect, have yet any remembrance of what you were, before you came to be *Amilcar*. 'Tis certain (said *Damon* then) that truth constrains me to say, I never knew any man so fit as he, to remember what he was before his last birth: for he is of that happy temper wherein the Soul is so dis-intangled from the cumberfomeness of the Senses, that she may seem to be able to unloosen her self from them, and act without them, whensoever she pleases. I beseech you my dear Rival, (answer'd *Amilcar* with seeming anger) let us not mock one another in so good Company, by publishing things which they will

not believe. I engage my self to make you be believ'd by above half those that are present, (said *Plotina* pleasantly): therefore tell us whether you remember you were any thing, before you were the same Person which I see you. In the name of the gods (said *Damon* then speaking to *Amilcar*) if it has pleas'd destiny to make your birth so happy, as that you are one of the number of those, who have the preheminance to know what they have formerly been, speak it confidently, in the averment of a truth of highest importance, which perhaps you may convince some persons of, who may afterwards propagate it to all the most illustrious in *Rome*. *Herminius* observing, *Damon*'s zeal for *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine, made him liable to be abus'd, for the diversification of the Company entreated *Amilcar* to declare, as the rest, all that his memory inform'd him of. *Valeria* did the like; *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Cesonia* added their requests; *Acrisus* importun'd him to it; *Anacreon* desir'd him to do it, and *Sicinius* made a consenting sign to him, to signify that his desires were the same with those of all the Company; after which *Plotina* commanding him to speak, he did so in this manner: I am going to obey you, Madam, (said he to her) but I beseech your favour, not to reveal that which I shall tell you, and withal oblige those who are present to keep fidelity to me; for 'tis no great pleasure to be shewn in the Streets for a man, to whom extraordinary things has happened. *Amilcar* seem'd so serious in these words, that *Plotina* was almost ready to believe that he spoke in earnest. But at length all the Company having promis'd not to promulgate what he should tell them, he studi'd for some time and, seeming wholly recollected in him self, spoke in these words, addressing his words to *Plotina*. When you shall have heard what I have to tell you, (said he) you will less wonder at the boldness I have in loving you; for I have not alwaies been a Wit. 'Tis true my Soul has experimented a great variety of different Fortunes, and this very Spirit, which animates me, has pass'd through several bodies of no mutual resemblance. Moreover (added he, with a grave and imperious aspect) it must not be imagin'd that I speak without knowing what induces me to it; for tho I may seem a person fitter to compose a jovial Sonnet, than to understand the whole doctrine of *Pythagoras* to the bottom, yet if I embrac'd it, I would clearly give you to understand the most obscure matters, and so unfold to you the necessity that there be eternally a prefixt number of Souls in the whole Universe, animating all the Bodies in it, that afterwards there would be no place left to doubt of all the doctrine of *Pythagoras*. For it being constantly true, (contin'd he, after having made all the appearances of one that has a good opinion of that which he speaks, and who nevertheless studies a little what he desires to express) that the principles of things consist in numbers, that proportion and Symetry are found every where, and that the harmony which results from this exactness, is, that which maintains the World; it is easie to understand, that the number of Souls is not unequal. The order of the Universe is alwaies equal; there is neither more nor less matter in one age than in another; a Tree puts forth leaves in the Spring, those leaves fall at Autumn, and the Tree renders back to the Earth all it received from it; and if it be burnt, the ashes return to the same place with the leaves. People delight to make Water-

ter-courses to divide Rivers, and cause Fountains to spurt forth; yet there is not one drop of water less in all the Universe, in which is made a continual transmutation of all bodies. Since therefore matter is always equal, why should any imagine Souls not to be so too? The Stars are always in the same number, as *Damon* hath well observ'd; we see but one Moon and one Sun; and, were it not incongruous to make shew of learning before Ladies, I should swear to you by the number of Four, which is the greatest oath of *Pythagoras's* Disciples, you would soon believe all that I do. For my part (said *Plotina*) I am already almost wholly dispos'd to believe you; but being I always love Examples more than Reasons, and the principles of things and numbers are otherwise beyond my understanding, I intreat you to imagine I believe there is a certain number of Souls which pass successfully into the Bodies of Men and Beasts; for I am ready to die with desire, to know what beast or Heroe you have been. Ah! Madam, (cry'd *Damon*, who heartily wish't *Amilcar* had convinc'd her of his opinion) persons that believe so easily, do as good as not believe at all. Sincerely (answer'd she) I am the most dispos'd to hear *Amilcar*, that possible can be. Permit me then to speak (reply'd he); for it is not more true that the number of Ten is the most perfect of all numbers, according to the doctrine of *Pythagoras*, than it is true that I die with desire to tell you all I remember I have been. Speak then (said *Plotina*) and do not fear being interrupted, unless it be to ask you some particularities, which I shall be desirous to know. Know then (answer'd he, with a very serious tone) that the most ancient thing I can call to remembrance, is my having been a great Priest in *Aegypt*, a long time before the first of the Pyramids which are seen there, was built. But this I remember so confusedly, that there remains nothing of it in my mind, but the knowledge of Hieroglyphicks, which, no doubt, I understand still sufficiently well, therefore I shall not detain you in speaking of it, having other things of more curiosity and divertisement to tell you. After I dy'd in a Temple, my soul pass'd into the body of a young Prince, of a handsome, comely, and agreeable personage. But the strangest thing is, (continu'd he very seriously) that I cannot remember, what ever endeavour I make, in what Country I liv'd; I only know, that I liv'd in a Court of great splendor, that I had an amorous inclination, that I lov'd all pleasures of Converse, and could not endure solitude for so much as a quarter of an hour. I had also so great an inclination to all kind of Society, that I remember I promis'd above half a score of young Virgins to marry them, and I know not whether or no I did not marry two or three of them. Moreover I remember very well I loved flattery, and yet was not over-liberal in rewarding flatterers; that I easily enough forgot services that were done me, that I believ'd with an equal facility all the good that was spoken of me, and all the evil, that was told me of others, and was no very commendable friend. As for War I know not whether I lov'd it or no, but I know I di'd at no great age, and that never having had leisure to think of death, nor made any reflection upon it to compose my mind resolutely against it, I found myself much perplex'd when I saw it at hand; and to say truth, entertain'd it after a very unkind manner. But afterwards I was strangely astonish't,

after having been in so good company, to find myself a Phoenix in *Arabia*, and the only one of my kind; for without doubt, you know, Madam, there is but one Phoenix in the World. *Amilcar* spoke this so seriously, that none of the company had the confidence to dare to laugh; and they constrain'd themselves the more willingly, to further the mockery of *Damon*. How (said *Plotina* then to him) were you a Phoenix? Yes, Madam, (answer'd he) and if I were a considerable wit, I would maintain that I am one again at present; and that after having been a Phoenix in *Arabia*, I am again the Phoenix of Lovers in *Rome*; but because I am in a serious discourse this day, I content myself to assure you that I was really a Phoenix, and that never any thing troubled me more. I was indeed very comely, and, when I beheld myself sometimes in a River, I took sufficient pleasure in the handsomeness of my shape; but being I was destitute of love, and could not be otherwise, my beauty was sufficiently unprofitable to me. If I should desire your picture (said *Plotina*) now you are *Amilcar*, I think it would not be seemly; but I conceive there is no great danger in intreating you to give me your pourtraiture as a Phoenix. Since you command me (answer'd *Amilcar*) I will tell you that the Phoenix is as big as an Eagle, that the Feathers of his body and wings are half carnation, and half of the colour of gold; that his tail is of the most excellent blew that ever was seen, and his neck like a Rainbow, that he has a thick and large tuft upon his head of lively and well mingled colours, peircing eies, and feet resembling sprays of Coral. This is, Madam, the shape of a Phoenix, and such was I at that time: however I was extremely melancholy, tho I thought myself very handsome, and was in a delightful country; for there is a certain place in *Arabia the Happy*, where all Trees, Flowers and Herbs, have an odoriferous smell, where Incense is found in abundance, and where I perch'd myself when I pleas'd upon the Cinamon Trees. Thus a thousand agreeable odours perfuming the air, and a thousand handsome objects offering themselves to my eies from all parts, it may be thought I could not be otherwise than happy. But to speak truth, it being always impossible to be so without love, I was sufficiently miserable. For every year in the Spring, I with envy beheld Nightingales singing and making love. It was in vain for me to seek for any company; I found myself always alone; other birds went together sometimes by troops, whilst I remain'd alone with my beauty in an forc'd solitude, which was insupportable to me. But were you not happy (said *Plotina*) in not being subject either to love or jealousy, in being free from the trouble of building a nest like other birds, in being always the goodliest bird in the World, and consequently not envious of others? Alas! Madam, (answer'd he) I accounted it better to be envious than discontented, as the Phoenix is. Wherefore ever since (added he) I have always had very great compassion of those fair women, whom jealous husbands leave in deserts in the Country, where they see nothing they can love, and where solitude is not voluntary to them; for there is nothing so ungrateful, as to be constrain'd to be alone, when one desires to be in company. And I can assure you, that when I had liv'd 160 years, which is the ordinary life of a Phoenix, I was infinitely joyful that I was oblig'd to build my funeral pile, which I did with

all possible expedition, with Incense, cinnamon, and other aromatical woods, in the season the Sun is hottest. After which, putting myself upon it after a faint manner, I fell asleep through tediousness of my long solitude. During my sleep, I expir'd with weakness, the Sun fir'd the pile which I had made, and reduced me into ashes, to leave something, out of which my successor might arise. Moreover, I remember very distinctly, that my last thoughts, while a Phoenix, were extremely melancholy, for having spent so long a life without loving any thing; for when I call'd to mind, that I had a hundred and sixty Springs, seen all the birds of my lovely desert making love to one another, I was infinitely discontented; and therefore (contin'd he) if there be any in the company, who, to their unhappiness, have made a resolution not to love any thing, let them hasten to change it; for there is nothing more tormenting at the hour of death than the affliction of having not been able to love or be lov'd. I assure you (said *Valeria*) I believe it is very troublesome too, to call to mind an unsuccessful or impertinent love. However it be (said *Damon*, who was unwilling *Amilcar* should be interrupted) suffer the relation to be finish'd, which has been so delightfully begun; for though *Amilcar* alwaies mingles some raillery in what he speaks, yet credit ought to be given to his words, since all the company knowes 'tis his custome never to speak altogether seriously of the most serious things. You have reason (answer'd *Plotina*) therefore I desire *Amilcar* to continue his relation. After I had ceas'd being a Phoenix (said *Amilcar*) I chang'd my fortune and shape very much; for I became one of the most ugly men in the World, but in requital one of the most valiant; for I lov'd nothing so much as war, which I follow'd continually; not but that my heart was in some sort sensible of love, though it was a kind of souldier-like Love, which does not cause much sighing, but has something of freedom and jollity in it, but seldom any great matter of courtship; and therefore I took more pleasure in relating a handsome field wherein I had fought, a siege I had been present at, or a particular combate of my own, than in entertaining myself with the favours of my mistress. But perhaps (interrupted *Plotina* smiling) it was because you had not any great matter to say upon that subject; at least I know if any lov'd me after the military manner you have represented to me, it should be easie to reckon the favours I would do him. All women (answer'd *Herminius*) are not of your humor; for, some fancy those resolute gallants with fierce countenances, who speak with boldness, and have kill'd men, more than polite and civiler persons, who comport themselves with respect and tenderness. No doubt, *Herminius* has reason (reply'd *Amilcar*) for I was not very ill treated, and my stoutness caus'd me to obtain as many favours, as my wit and courtship. 'Tis true, I did not care over much for them; and I remember one thing which makes good what I say: One day I lost a picture which I had of my mistress, as I was fighting with a man, who had set upon me at an advantage, and I was much more joyful for having taken his sword from him, than troubled for having lost the picture. Indeed when a fancy takes a man to pass for one of greater courage than others, I assure you he is sufficiently employ'd; for he is possess'd with envy, jealousy, and ambition all at a time; danger is

fought with eagerness (though to speak sincerely, 'tis never delightful;) he alwaies desires to go beyond the rest, and is altogether incapable of quiet. Then, 'tis sufficiently troublesome to be sometimes wounded, and sometimes a prisoner; for the Kings and Princes, for whose service you hazard or lose your lives, take little care of you. However, since 'tis the mode, it ought to be follow'd and I follow'd it so well, that I was but twenty nine years old when I was slain. 'Tis true, I had serv'd in fourteen companies with sufficient honour to be content with life, were it not that it is alwaies sufficiently difficult to resolve to die. But afterwards (added he, not giving leisure to any to interrupt him) my adventure was strange enough; for after having shewn much bravery, the gods to punish me for being guilty of too much vanity in that respect, were pleas'd the same soul which in another body had been so stout and hardy, should animate that of one of the most pusillanimous men in the world. At first I was not very sorry for it; for I confess to you, I was a little weary with the tumultuous life which I had led, and those former impressions not being yet wholly blotted out, I imagined that choosing a kind of calm life I might spend my daies with sufficient sweetness. But, alas! I was deceiv'd; for as soon as it was perceiv'd I was one of no courage, I was expos'd to a hundred thousand troublesome occasions, and I assure you the people of the world who suffer most, are they who have the unhappiness to be cowards. For I dare maintain, it is a thousand times more pain to be void of valour, than to be too courageous; for a man who is valiant resolves upon death without fear at the beginning of the fight; whereas a poor wretch who is not, fears it in places where it is not to be met with. For my part, whilst I was a coward, I fear'd both my friends and my enemies; when I was forced to go to the war, and shame engaged me to be present in any encounter, the torment I suffer'd was above imagination. Example did not animate me, the noise of arrowes clashing together made my heart quake; I was alwaies prepar'd for a retreat, and alwaies observ'd to be last at the battle, and the foremost in the flight. I went whither I was unwilling to go, I did not go where I desir'd to be; I was possess'd with fear and shame: and amidst all this, with a sortish pride, which caused me to do things of which I repented a moment after. But that which afflicted me most, was, that though at my return from the war, I spoke as if I had been courageous, yet I knew it was understood well enough that I was not. Therefore I say once again, there is nothing more painful than to want courage; and a brave person that engages in a hundred thousand dangers, suffers much less than a man who continually fear things which are not to be fear'd. Now therefore (said *Damon*) can what *Amilcar* saies be doubted of? for could he invent an adventure of this nature, were it not truth that forces him to speak? *Damon* pronounc'd these words after a manner which surpriz'd all the company; indeed he was a person not absolutely without wit; but when a man is once capable to give himself up to believe a difficult & extraordinary thing, he maintains it more obstinately than if it were easie to be believ'd, and is so prepossess'd with it, that he is easily perswaded of any thing that may serve to authorize it. Thus the poor *Damon*, not perceiving that his Rival made sport with him, conjur'd him that he would proceed. *Cesario*

nia and *Valeria* did the same; *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, *Acristus*, and *Sicinius*, press'd him to it; so that refusing his discourse, I assure you, (said he) that Life, which they say is a thing very precious, is notwithstanding more painful then 'tis thought to be. For tho I remember every thing that I have been, yet I do not remember I was ever perfectly happy. Nevertheless, I was not altogether miserable after having been so fearful; for I was destin'd to become a Swan; I had also the good hap to be in one of the goodliest Lakes that ever I beheld, and to feed very frequently from the fairest hands in the world; for the place I was in, belong'd to a very beautiful person who lov'd me extremely. But at length it behov'd me to sing in order to my death; on which occasion, I found, that, tho they say the singing of Swans is very agreeable, it is so troublesome to the singers, that I was extremely willing to change my shape. I repented me soon after that wish; for, the gods, to punish me for being dissatisfied with my condition, when I was one of the fairest Swans that ever was in the world, made me a bad Poet. This was a state of great misery to me; not but that I accounted all that I compos'd, very good, and admir'd my self for it; but alwaies some adventure hapned, which made me know I was my own sole admirer. I bethought my self one day unhappily, to go shew some Verses I had made in a great Company, without declaring my self to be the Author, hoping thereby to be commended the more. But I repented my self of it extremely; for there was no person but judg'd them bad, and made a mockery of them. But that which afflicted me yet more, was, that I defended them in such a manner, as gave those who derided them, to understand that I made them; upon which, beginning to moderate what they had said, they wholly cast me into despair. Not but that I believ'd they judg'd badly of my Verses; but this did not hinder me from being possess'd with infinite indignation. I lookt upon the Age I liv'd in as ignorant, that people did not judge but according to their capricious humour or favour, that I deserv'd better than they who were commended above me; and at length I dy'd in the error I had liv'd in, that is, I alwaies believ'd my Verses were good, tho I remember well at this day, they were extream bad. But for that I had alwaies devour'd my self, the decree of fate was, that I should become a Pelican, which notwithstanding, is a Bird sufficiently rare, and of which kind, there are not many more than of that of the *Phoenix*: but at last dying to give life to my little Pelicans, which were very sprightly, my Soul was sent to *Sparta*, to animate the body of a young *Lacedemonian*, who was the most dexterous Thief that ever liv'd. There I rob'd so cunningly, that one day a young and fair person, confest to me, I had stolne her heart above six moneths before she perceiv'd it. How? *Amilcar*, (cry'd *Plotina*, who only took an occasion to laugh) you put me in great fear, and I should be circumvented, if you should have taken my heart without my knowing any thing of it. As for that point, (answer'd *Damon* coldly) 'tis apparent, *Amilcar* is pleas'd to add an agreeable Fiction to Truth, tho he would do better to speak a little more seriously of a matter of such importance I will do what you desire, (reply'd *Amilcar*; without being mov'd) and tell you that after this, I became a jealous Husband; then, a jealous Mistress; shortly after, a jealous Lover, a jealous Wife,

a jealous Friend, jealous without cause and reason; and, in brief, experienc'd jealousy in so many manners, that I may say, I was, for several Ages extremely miserable. But that which is remarkable, (continu'd *Amilcar*) is, that I never was an old man; and therefore I am desirous, out of curiosity only to become so once. I believe it; (answer'd *Plotina* smiling) but not to let slip the occasion of contenting my curiosity, since you have made tryal of jealousy of all sorts that can be, tell us a little, whether a jealous Wife be tormented more than a jealous Husband? No doubt she is; (answer'd *Amilcar*) for the passions of Women when they love being more violent, it is easie to judge, that their jealousy is more tormenting to them than that of Men; besides, having not so much liberty to act in order to clearing their suspicions, nor so much power to be reveng'd, they must needs suffer far more. For my part, (said *Anacreon*) I would ask of you whether the jealousy of a Husband be more troublesome than that of a Lover? That of a Husband (answer'd *Anacreon*) is more troublesome for the Wife, than that of a Lover is for his Mistress; but as for him that suffers, I assure you, that according to the experience I have made of it, it is more incommodious to be a jealous Husband, than to be a jealous Lover. For my part, (said *Herminius*) I conceive, that instead of inquiring of *Amilcar*, those different degrees of jealousy, it were better he told us what jealousy is; for after having try'd it so much, methinks he should better understand it than we do. *Herminius* has reason, (said *Damon*) for by so many several effects, as *Amilcar* has seen of jealousy, he may have discover'd it's true cause and nature. I assure you, (answer'd he) jealousy is a thing harder to be known than is believ'd; and when I consider all my several jealousies, I find my self sufficiently perplex'd, to tell you what I conceive of that passion. Yet 'tis certainly a very powerful one, and more powerful than Love; since it sometimes extinguishes it. But that which is constantly true, is, that as a stone does more or lesse mischief proportionably to the strength or weaknesse of the arme that flings it; so jealousy is greater or lesse, according to the measure of Love, from whence it arises. But yet I desire to know, (said *Anacreon*) whether jealousy arises from the greatnesse of Love, or from the distrust one has of himself, or of the person lov'd? Why one cannot love vehemently without being a little jealous? and why it is necessary that the greatest punishment of life, should be inseparably conjoyn'd with the greatest pleasure in the World? The reason is, (answer'd *Amilcar*) because Love is nothing but a desire, desires are scarce ever without fear, and fear in Love not without jealousy. For as of necessity Love must precede jealousy, so of necessity likewise jealousy, must be preceded by fear. For, were it not fear'd a woman might prove unfaithful, no person would ever be jealous; if it were not fear'd a Rival might be lov'd, none would be possess'd with jealousy; so that it may be said, if there were no fear, there would be no jealousy; if nothing were fear'd, there would be no desires; and if no desires, no Love. But because people desire, therefore they love; because they love, they fear; and because they fear, they are jealous: So that to determine the original of jealousy, it must be held to be the daughter of desire and fear, and because one

cannot love without desire and fear, it is almost an impossibility to love long without jealousy. Your discourse is extremely rational, (answer'd *Damon*), but yet it would be better to proceed, to inform us what you have been in latter times. Of a jealous Husband, (said *Amilcar*) I became a Tyger in *Lybia*, a Shepherd in *Arcadia*, a Carver at *Corinth*, a Peacock in *Sicily*, a Painter at *Athens*, a Musician in *Lydia*, and an Owle at *Prænestæ*. But for that the relation of my adventures while an Owle, would not afford you much Pleasure, I shall content my selfe, to tell you only what I was before I was *Amilcar*. I beseech you tell us that presently, (said *Plotina*). I was *Servius Tullus*, (answer'd he, with a strange confidence). How? (said *Plotina*, with a fain'd astonishment) were you a King of *Rome*? Yes (answer'd he) and therefore it was I told you, in the beginning of my discourse, you would no longer wonder at my boldnesse in loving you, after you knew all that I have been; and this is the reason also that I hate *Tarquin* so much, and have lign'd my selfe to the service of *Rome*. For they who have any remembrance left of their several changes, have also some inclinations, in their present condition, correspondent to what they have been; and therefore you ought not wonder that I love *Rome*, altho I am an *African*. No, (reply'd *Plotina* maliciously); for *Rome* is sufficiently lovely of her selfe, to attract your affection: but I wonder very much at your so exact remembrance of so many things, and at my own remembring nothing at all. For, as for my part; I declare to you, I do not remember I was ever any other than *Plotina*. But perhaps (answer'd *Amilcar* smiling) it is, because you have not consider'd on it; for certainly it is not without the strength of deep reflection, that I have been able to recount to you all I have done. *Amilcar* spoke this with a certain air, beholding *Plotina*, which suddenly ligni'd to *Damon*, that this Rival had made pastime of his opinions, and fain'd these stories to divert the Companie. For my part, (said *Acrisius* then, who sought occasion onely to speak) I will endeavour to recite all the changes *Amilcar* remembers of himselfe. Do not give your selfe the trouble, (answer'd *Damon* rising up) for I am assur'd that tho it be true that *Amilcar* remembers what he has been, when I am gone, he will say, his intention was only to make pastime, and divert you with pleasant mockerie; but whatever he sayes, it is certain, the opinion of *Pythagoras* is that alone, which can be follow'd with reason. *Damon* spake this with something a sharp tone of his voice, which ligni'd, that he at length perceiv'd *Amilcar* only to deride his belief. *Plotina* therefore was offering to say something to to pacify him, but he went away, and would not continue longer. 'Tis true, he afforded great pleasure to the Company, and especially to *Plotina*, who had an extream desire to laugh in liberty at *Amilcar*'s confidence, in relating all those odd changes. For my part, (said she) I cannot understand how a man otherwise indu'd with reason, can be capable to believe things so extravagant. I am not of your mind, (said *Anacreon*) for I never wonder'd at any thing, and lesse at these kind of things than others; because there is never any prepossession of mind so strong, as that which has some appearance of Religion and Piety. For the morality of *Pythagoras*, having pleas'd *Damon*, because it was full of humanity and sweetnesse, he af-

terwards submitted his mind, to believe all that has been taught by a Man, whose Virtue charm'd him. For as we more easily believe what our Friends tell us, than what we learn from our Enemies, or people who are indifferent to us; so it often times falls out in the reading of Books. Men take an affection to the opinions of some persons, in certain matters; and when their affection is so settled, they are afterwards capable to believe all that he saies, upon his word, and in the mean time, thinks they are perswaded to do so by their own reason. But in briefe (interrupted *Plotina*) should the best of my Friends tell me, 'Tis further from the top of the Capitol to the bank of *Tyber*, than from the bank of *Tyber* to the top of the Capitol, I should not believe him; because my reason would inform me otherwise. As often as any one goes about to tell things contrary to a truth known to all the World: (reply'd *Anacreon*), you will not be perswaded to believe them; but when a person for whom you have a very great esteem, endeavours to perswade you to follow his opinion blindly, no question, it must be some thing of that kind, which no person can ever know perfectly, unless the gods reveal it to him, and which cannot be judg'd of but by conjectures; the testimonies are so frequently dubious, that they sometimes occasion great errors in the world. Which being so, it is not to be wonder'd, if a person who by his own reason cannot penetrate into the truth, gives credit to a man whom he otherwise infinitely esteems, and believes him to have discover'd what he is unable to do, blindly embracing his sentiments upon a false conceit of being induc'd to do so by a thousand reasons. Therefore they are to be excus'd, who are not of our sentiments; for the belief we have of things supernatural, does not depend absolutely of our selves. If I were an *Æthiopian*, I should not believe that which I now do; if *Amilcar* were a *Roman*, he would have other sentiments; if *Herminius* were a *Greek*, he would have opinions which now he has not, altho the *Greeks* and *Romans* agree in several matters. Wherefore, I think, I have reason to say, 'tis injustice to accuse those of folly, who endeavour to defend the opinions of their Forefathers, and their Country; and that their unhappinesse is justly to be pity'd, in being educated with a prejudic'd reason, which hinders them from discerning the truth; and it is charity to pray the gods to enlighten them. Let us therefore pity the poor *Damon*, (answer'd *Plotina*) for he is really worthy of pity for believing *Amilcar* was a *Phoenix*. After this, the Subject of the conversation being chang'd, they discours'd of a thousand delightfull matters, till *Artemidorus* coming thither, inform'd the Company, intelligence was brought that the Siege of *Rome* was resolv'd upon by *Porfenna* and *Tarquin*, and that in a few dayes they must look to see the enemy's Army about the walls. This news chang'd the discourse and oblig'd this noble company to retire. Three dayes after, there was a magnificent Ceremony in *Rome*; for, the Chief Vestal being dead suddenly, she that was to succeed her, and to whom she had voluntarily a little time before resign'd all authority, was put in possession of it, by the Chief of that Order, in presence of the Senate, and all the people. The deceased Vestal being Sister to *Clelia*. *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, thought fit to go and comfort *Sulspitia* and *Clelia*; but *Valeria* withheld them, telling them, that when a Vestal dies, after having satish'd all the engagements

engagements she was oblig'd to, it would be an injury in her Relations, to be afflicted for her death, there being nothing so glorious, as to have pass'd her life in keeping the sacred Fire, without having ever committed the least fault. And moreover (added *Valeria*) those two persons are at present sufficiently employ'd in conjecturing what the great Vestal intended to say at her death; for finding her self not well, she gave charge to one to desire *Clelia* to take care of *Plotina*, and to tell him she was the Daughter—— She would have said something more, but Death intercepted her speech: so that none can devise what to think of this adventure. In the mean time, great rejoycing was made at *Rome* by the People, when they understood, she that was going to be chief of the Vestals, was worthy of the honour she was to possess. Since we are Strangers here (answer'd *Berelisa*) I shall be glad you would please to make me know that person before I see the ceremony, which is to be solemniz'd this day, for according to the sentiments I have at present, if it were permitted to become a Vestal at the age I am of, and a Stranger might be one, I should gladly embrace that retirement. But since it is not I must be contented to be one of the friends of the Chief Vestal. And indeed *Berelisa*, whose jealousy daily encreas'd, being weary of residing all her life with *Clidamira*, had a desire to obtain the friendship of the grand Vestal, to the end that she might make use of her power in *Rome*, in case she should stand in need of it: wherefore pressing *Valeria* to describe her to her, and *Clidamira* not opposing her curiolity, *Valeria* satisfied her in the following words.

The prudent *Octavia* (for so is the Chief Vestal call'd) is so worthy of the rank she is going to possess, that since the first Original of that Order, there never was any whose birth was more illustrious, and vertue more glorious. For she is of a descent so noble, that none is more, whether you consider her Fathers Family or that of her Mother, whose beauty was so admirable, that they who have seen, affirm the splendor of *Lucretia's* was inferior to hers. She had also this extraordinary advantage, that time had respect to her beauty; for tho she was not young when she di'd, yet she then went beyond all other fair ones. She had likewise the glory, not onely to die with all her charms, but also to behold Death with so great Constancy, that she seem'd to triumph over it, tho she was constrain'd to yield to it; such admirable courage did she testify in that fatal encounter. But to return to the virtuous *Octavia*. You must know she was shut up in the Cloyster of the Vestals, when she was but seven years old, and being of a race to which beauty seems necessarily appendant, she was then the fairest Child in the World, and is yet at this day so fair, so lovely, and of so good and charming an aspect, that it is easie to conceive the truth of what I say. *Octavia* is tall, has much modesty in her countenance, and goodness in her looks, a thousand charms in her mouth, spirit and sweetness in her eyes, and sometimes cheerfulness too, tho she has the most prudent aspect in the World, and is really one of the wisest persons upon the face of the Earth. *Octavia* has a clear complexion, a round visage; little dimples in her cheeks and chin, blew eyes admirably handsome; and a certain air of freedom, goodness, and modesty, which is perfectly pleasing. Yet that modesty of hers has something of greatness

in it and does not detract from a certain noble aspect, which is peculiar to those of her Family. She has a young Sister, who has been brought up with her, and tenderly loves her, who is one of the fairest persons in the World; whose beauty has all that can aspire respect; for she is tall and of a handsome shape, her hair is of a light ash-colour, her complexion is the fairest that ever was beheld, she blushes after the most charming manner that ever any person did, she has extream lovely eyes, of a kind of blew, which renders them so sweet, that never was there more agreeable looks than hers. Yet the casts of her eyes are negligent, but so full of Love, that they inspire it to all such as are capable of it. Another wonder of the fair *Cerintia* is, that her whole Countenance is so graceful, her mouth so handsomely shap'd, her lips of so pure a carnation, and her smiles so charming, that nothing can possibly be fanci'd of greater perfection. Moreover her neck is so comely, that 'tis hard to know to what part to give the preheminance; but with so many perfections, which might excite her to pride, *Cerintia* is modest; she makes no account of her beauty, she passionately loves glory, and begins to see the World with as much prudence, as if she had had the leisure to know it. It may be said, her vertue surpasses her beauty, and that she will get as much esteem by her wisdom, as she will excite love by the charms she is Mistress of. But to return to *Octavia*, tho she has been shut up amongst the Vestal Virgins in her tenderest infancy, and be now of an age, in which it cannot be said she has had leisure to have much experience, yet she has a wit of excellent capacity, a Soul confirm'd in vertue by a thousand reflections upon the condition she has chosen, which she admirably acquits herself of. For tho *Octavia* be naturally sufficiently debonaire, yet she has been alwaies one of the most exact persons in the World to do her duty; and since the first being of Vestals, there never was any so careful and so punctual in observing all things which her profession requires. Whilst she was in the age of obedience, she obeyed with submission; when she came to command, she commanded with an authority that makes her be fear'd, and nevertheless makes her be lov'd too, even by those that fear her. She vigorously maintains the privileges of the Vestals, and gently remits her severity in favour of her Companions upon several small inconsiderable occasions, when nothing is concern'd but her own interest. Order is admirably observ'd in that Society, the Temple is well serv'd, modesty is eminent in all her deportment; there is constancy and sweetness, justice and mildness in her mind. Moreover *Octavia* speaks excellently well of all things, without affecting a certain capacity which reasonable persons cannot endure; and when any occasion is presented for her to speak to the other Vestals, to exhort them to their duties, she do's it with so much eloquence, that they as much admire her wit as they love her person. 'Tis also very considerable, that tho *Octavia* is a very fit person for the World, yet she continues most strictly confin'd within the bounds of her profession, and which is yet more strange, all her sentiments are heroical; she considers matters very scrupulously, she speaks and writes exactly, and, which renders her infinitely lovely, understands all the dearness of true friendship, and prudently chooses

chooses such as she makes happy with her own. She has also the good fortune that the other Vestals are worthy to be with her, especially three, who are all extremely amiable; but there is one amongst the rest, who has a great interest in her heart, and that deservedly: for she is a very rare person, of a graceful and lovely aspect; her birth is very noble, her heart is generous and tender, she is infinitely ingenious, her humour is sweet and complacent, and with all this she has the true aspect of a sincere honest person, and a tender, and a constant friendship for the admirable *Octavia*, who cannot be commended after all the manners she deserves, because she will not suffer her self to be commended with exaggeration. Yet it must be said further to her honour, that she loves glory passionately, that nothing affects her so sensibly, and when any thinks to commend her before the other Vestals, they say half of the rare qualities she possesses, and the charms which render her so admirable are not known. Do me then the favour which I infinitely desire (reply'd *Berelisa*) to bring me into the affection of the grand Vestal; you are so accusom'd (answer'd *Clidamira* tauntingly) to make your self belov'd by whom you please, that, if you have the desire, you need only seek out an occasion to make your self known. You seem to speak obligingly (reply'd *Berelisa*) but yet I assure you, I understand you as I ought.

After this *Valeria* having told them it was time to go to the Temple, if they intended to see the Ceremony, these fair Strangers accompani'd her thither. Where being well plac'd they saw *Valeria* had not flatter'd the grand Vestal, and that she was fairer than she had describ'd her. She perform'd this Ceremony with so much Majesty and so good a grace, that the charm'd all those that beheld her. *Berelisa* in particular looking upon her as a person from whom she expected to be protect'd, was engag'd to love her from that very moment. *Clelia* having lost her Predecessor was considering to gain her affection, to the end she might make use of her authority if she should need it; for the Vestals have a great interest in *Rome*. *Plotina* also hoping to know more fully by *Octavia* what her deceas'd Predecessor had spoken concerning her at her death, was solicitous of getting a place in her affection: Thus these several persons for different reasons purpos'd to acquire the friendship of the grand Vestal, who at the end of the Ceremony continued alone standing by the holy Fire, to shew an example to all the other Vestals. The next day a rumour was spread abroad that the enemies Army was upon their march with all speed. This news indeed was true; for the King of *Hetruria*, understanding the preparations that were making for the defence of *Rome*, thought fit to give no leisure to fortifie it more; and therefore hasten'd his design. And besides *Tarquin* himself press'd him so assiduously when he was arriv'd at *Clusium*, that he gave him no rest. 'Tis true *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* did all they could to protract matters in length; but being unwilling to become suspected, they dar'd not employ all their credit to that end. So that they could not much retard the execution of that grand design; but for that they desir'd at least *Aronces* might be free, they perform'd their promise made to that illustrious Prisoner, and perswaded *Porfenna* it was fit he should be brought out of prison on condition to serve in the Army intended for the siege of *Rome*; and told

him; during that time, they would incline him to embrace the propounded marriage of the Princess of *Ceri*, who was reported to be a great beauty. *Galerita* having promis'd in the name of *Aronces*, more than *Aronces* would have promis'd himself, *Porfenna* sent order to him who commanded in the Island of *Saules* to bring *Aronces* forthwith for *Clusium*. But when he receiv'd this order, the Prince was not yet return'd from that secret voyage, which he made to *Rome*, accompani'd with the old man who inform'd *Plotina* of so many things; so that this man was in a strange perplexity. At first he told him that brought it, the Prince was sick and not to be seen, and that a little time ought to be waited for his recovery, to carry him to *Clusium*. But tho he set a good face on the business he was in extream trouble, which nevertheless did not torment him long; for towards midnight *Aronces* according to his promise return'd into the Prison, to go forth again the next morning. For as soon as it was day, it was told him that brought the Order from *Porfenna*, that the Prince having slept well that night, was something better and would obey the King of *Hetruria*, and that he might go and assure *Porfenna* of as much. He was also introduc'd to *Aronces*, who spoke to him very respectfully of the King his father: but at length when this messenger of the K. *Porfenna* was gone, *Aronces* prepar'd himself to depart, and promis'd that Kinsman of *Plotina*, that he would in that time procure his deliverance out of prison, not doubting to obtain it by his interest in *Galerita*. But when he consider'd upon the way, that he was going to *Clusium*, only in order to go and besiege *Rome*, and that it behov'd him to live with *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, he was in extream despair. As for the Prince *Titus*, he was his friend, and he hop'd some consolation from his presence; but when he imagin'd the war was ready to begin, that he could not think of seeing *Clelia* so long as it lasted, nor reasonably hope to be happy, he suffer'd more than can be express'd; and if a sentiment of glory had not supported his virtue, he had taken some extream resolution, and could not have resolv'd to go serve Princes whom he despis'd and hated, against people whom he lov'd and esteem'd. But when he consider'd, that *Horatius* would defend *Rome*, he felt a secret desire in his heart to be enemy to it, notwithstanding all his reluctancy. With these thoughts *Aronces* arriv'd at *Clusium*; as soon as he was there, the Queen his Mother visited him to instruct him in the manner it was fit for him to speak to the King his Father, whom he saw the first time in private. *Aronces* being the goodliest Prince in the world, *Porfenna* could not behold him without having his heart mollifi'd, & *Aronces* was so absolutely Master of it in this occasion, that *Porfenna* was highly pleas'd with him. Indeed *Galerita* had prevail'd with the King of *Hetruria* not to say any thing to *Aronces* concerning his Love; but that which was most troublesome to *Aronces* was, that *Tarquin* and *Sextus* being then at *Clusium*, he could not avoid seeing them the same day. 'Tis true, it was in the presence of *Porfenna*, and so the matter was dispatch'd a little more easily. And besides, *Tarquin* being a subtle Prince, and one that had a great faculty of dissimulation, and *Sextus* being of a jovial easie nature, and capable to forget all things past in a moment; they both receiv'd *Aronces* as if they had always lov'd him, & as the son of a King from whom alone they could expect their reestablishment at *Rome*. As for *Aronces*, it was easie to perceive that the respect he would render to the King

King his Father, oblig'd him to receive the civilities of *Tarquin* and *Sextus*; he had also the generosity to express some tokens of the difference he made between the virtuous *Titus* and them, for he deposed himself after another manner towards him in the sight of all the Court. After this *Aronces* to follow the counsel of *Galerita* in all things, went to visit the Princess of the *Leontines*, whom he honor'd infinitely; for out of the design he had, not to be persecuted with the marriage of the daughter of the King of *Ceres*, he resolv'd to give *Porfenna* occasion to imagine that the Princess of the *Leontines* might cause him to forget *Clelia*. Not but that this kind of Artifice was displeasing to him; but having advertis'd *Clelia* of it, he resolv'd upon it, with the thought that at least he might often be at liberty to complain of his unhappiness, with a most generous Princess. When he went to wait upon her, he found a Lady there one of the most virtuous in the world, and who was extremely belov'd by her, as well as by *Galerita*. Her name was *Melintha*; for her descent being from *Greece*, her name came also to be of that Country. And being very powerful in this Court by the great number of Friends she had in it, the Princess of the *Leontines* was desirous *Aronces* should contract a friendship with her. And accordingly finding her at first gentle, sweet, ingenious, and compassionate, he desir'd to have some place in her affection, and intreated of her so obligingly, that she promis'd it him with joy; for she saw his unhappiness was as great as his virtue, and she was very willing to be one of his friends, especially because she had power to serve him. Upon the return of *Aronces* all the Court was fill'd with joy, all the young Persons of quality presented themselves to him, the people made a publick rejoicing, and there was no one fair Person, who did not hope to dispossess *Clelia* of his heart. Yet it was a very rash design, and prov'd very ill to those who attempted it; for *Aronces* tho civil and complacent, could take no pleasure but in the company of the Princess of the *Leontines*, with whom he talk'd in freedom, or with *Titus*, who loving *Rome* as well as he, pitied him with much dearness, and did not act like a Son of *Tarquin*, but as a real and faithful friend. In the mean time, as the friendship of Princes, especially when they are young, is easily misconstrued for Love, in a few daies it was reported in the Court of the King of *Hetruria* that *Aronces* was become amorous of the Princess of the *Leontines*, tho he did not profess Courtship to her; besides that, *Galerita* being desirous *Porfenna* should believe so, to the end the Prince her Son might be more ingratiated with him, contributed very much to make the rumor credited, notwithstanding *Aronces*'s reluctance, hoping this would hinder the King from urging his marriage with the daughter of the King of *Ceres*, which was only design'd to disengage his heart from the love of *Clelia*. And moreover *Aronces* was so frequently with the Princess of the *Leontines*, that it was imagin'd that the occasion of it could be no other but Love. Yet he entertain'd her only with discourse of his Passion for *Clelia*, and the excellencies of that admirable Lady. But as the Courts of Princes are never so splendid nor populous, as when a war is to begin, that of the King of *Hetruria* was at this time magnificent, and extremely numerous. *Tarquin*, *Sextus* and the Prince his brother was there; an old Lover of the Princess of the *Leontines* was there also, not so much

to serve *Porfenna* as to importune that generous Lady. The Prince of *Messene* arriv'd there, who was sufficiently surpriz'd when he understood the sister of *Artemidorus* was there; for it was reported that when she was in *Sicily* she was amongst the veil'd Virgins. Nevertheless, the case being otherwise, he render'd all the civility he ought her, tho he was Rival to the Prince her brother. Besides all these Princesses, all the people of quality of *Tarquin* and *Veii* came to *Clnsum*; *Telanus* amongst others repair'd thither, and acquitted himself punctually of what he had promis'd *Clelia* and *Octavius*: for he offer'd himself to *Aronces* as one wholly at his devotion in all occasions whatsoever. *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* being at *Rome*, the Princess of the *Leontines* was very desirous these combustions might be pacifi'd. She wish'd herself able to contribute to this great design, tho she saw no great likelihood in it; but she conceiv'd, if the War could be deferr'd for one year, she might possibly be then in a condition to hinder it; *Tarquin* was old, and several accidents might fall out to change the face of affairs: She imparted her thoughts to *Galerita*, who finding she had reason in her opinion, endeavour'd to bring it to pass, that some secret Negotiation might be undertaken. Yet she did not acquaint *Aronces* with her design, imagining that any thing, which might draw matters out in length would not seem advantageous to him, because Love causes prejudice in the minds of those that are possess'd with it. And accordingly these two Princesses acted with so much address, that *Porfenna* consented to the attempting to find out some expedient for the accommodating of affairs, to the end the War he intended to make upon *Rome*, might appear more just, if an equitable proposition were refus'd. *Tarquin* was extremely backward to consent to this delay, but *Porfenna* having promis'd him, that this Treaty should last but fifteen daies, he resolv'd upon it, on condition the business might be carried privately, that so in case it should not succeed it might not be reproacht to him, to have ask'd a peace of *Rome*. *Galerita* improving this occasion, propounded to request the Princess of the *Leontines*, who was of a condition fit to intermeddle in such affairs, and had as great a capacity as was necessary for the like transactions, that she would go to *Rome*, accompani'd with two men of quality. This proposition pleas'd *Porfenna*, because believing his Son enamour'd on this Princess, he thought she would preserve her conquest, and out of the desire of coming to be Queen of *Hetruria*, do nothing that might be advantageous to *Clelia*. The difficulty was, to propound something which might have some probability of succeeding; but several dextrous persons undertaking this affair, it was resolv'd it should be demanded the form of Government should continue Monarchical, that the Title of King should remain to *Tarquin*, and, that to satisfy the *Romans*, he should continue a year longer out of *Rome*, and so should *Sextus* too, provided the Prince *Titus*, who was not hated, should be admitted to dwell there. *Tarquin* did not oppose this proposition; not that it pleas'd him, but because he conceiv'd *Rome* would never accept it. When *Aronces* understood the business, he was extremely afflicted at it, but considering it well, he thought it would be advantageous to him, for the Princess of the *Leontines* to see *Clelia*. This design was soon put in execution. To which purpose *Telanus* was chosen to go to *Rome*, to demand safe conduct for the Princess

Princess of the *Leontines*. In the mean time *Aronces* mov'd *Galerita* to procure the deliverance of *Plotina's* Kinsman, who was prisoner in the Island of *Sauls*; she promis'd to do it, and desir'd some time to oblige *Porfenna* to set him at liberty. *Aronces* writ to *Clelia* by *Telanus*, and *Telanus* acquitting himself readily of his Commission, brought back all the assurances that were desir'd for the Princess of the *Leontines*, who knowing the credit *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had at *Rome*, would not have fear'd to have gone thither without any other assurance than that she might have expected from their interest. But at length having receiv'd instructions from *Porfenna*, and the most passionate expressions imaginable to *Clelia* from *Aronces*, who likewise gave *Telanus* a second Letter for that fair Lady, the Princess put her self upon the way to *Rome*. In the mean while, *Publicola* was not sorry for this delay, because it afforded him time to fortifie the City, and provide for its safety. The Princess of the *Leontines* had in her company, besides *Telanus*, two men of good years. And whilst this Negotiation was secretly treating at *Rome*, the Princess was receiv'd there onely as a Stranger come thither only out of curiosity. But *Publicola* and several others knowing what relation she had to *Artemidorus*, that her heart sided with *Rome*, and she was troubled at *Porfenna's* protecting of *Tarquin*, treated her in private with all imaginable honours. As for *Clelia*, she was very joyful for her arrival, out of a thought to get some place in her friendship, and to engage her to be more favourable to her interests. *Plotina* was also very glad to understand by *Telanus*, that he who was to inform her what she was, was to be set at liberty. *Horatius* being ignorant of the great intimacy she had with *Aronces*, render'd her all the honour which was due to her quality; but as for *Themisius*, *Meleagenes*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Octavius*, *Mertigenes*, *Anacreon*, *Æmilius*, and several others, they waited upon her every day. *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* likewise visited her constantly; and, the former desiring to obtain her favour, propos'd several things to her, relating to the conclusion of the peace, and her return to *Leontium*. *Valeria*, and *Plotina* were very diligent in waiting upon her. *Sulpicia*, *Sivellia*, and the Aunt of *Brutus*, who were the principal Ladies of *Rome*, went frequently to see her, and *Clelia* took occasion to do the like as often as she could. *Artemidorus* was very serviceable in rendring this society more free, for he told his sister so many things in commendation of *Clelia*, that nothing could be added more; and assur'd *Clelia* so fully of the good intentions of that Princess, that when they saw one another they were presently perswaded of their mutual friendship. The Princess of the *Leontines* found *Clelia* so fair, so lovely, and so charming, that she could not but commend *Aronces* for his constancy; and *Clelia* lookt upon the Princess of the *Leontines* as a person so Amiable, and capable to induce to infidelity, that she fear'd it might be dangerous for her interests, that *Aronces* should see her too often; and this thought made so strong an impression in her heart, that she could not contain from testifying something of it to her one day, as they were discoursing together with very much dearnefs. I confess to (you said the Princess of the *Leontines* then to her) I am so great a Lover of constancy, that I have hitherto serv'd *Aronces* to the utmost of my power, onely because I saw he was faithful

to you. But after having seen you, I shall serve him with greater ardour, because, having much friendship for him, I should be glad to assist him in the preservation of a good which is of infinite value. For, is there any thing so precious (added she) as the affection of a person endu'd with beauty, wit, vertue, goodness, and fidelity? I beseech you, Madam, (answer'd *Clelia*) do not extol me so much, and suffer me to take my turn of commending you, and to tell you, I find you have so many charms, that I fear much, lest *Aronces* become unfaithful. For sincerely I confess to you I know not how he can resist you, and I find you so far above me, that I cannot but look upon you with as much fear as pleasure. Your discourse has too much of Complement (repl'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) and is so ill grounded) that it would be a piece of vanity to answer it seriously. And moreover, (added she, smiling) you know your self better than you speak; but tho it were not so, and your modesty conceal'd from you part of your charms, yet you are well enough acquainted with the heart of *Aronces*, not to apprehend it impossible for him to be inconstant, Alas! Madam, (answer'd *Clelia*) I do not conceive there can ever be any assurance of not being liable to lose a thing, the possession of which is sweet. I agree with you in that, (repl'd the Princess) that it may be fear'd; but I dare say you cannot without injustice apprehend it possible for *Aronces* to cease to love you. Give me therefore your friendship without scruple, I conjure you, and believe, that Prince has the most tender and faithful affection for you, that ever any person had, and that I am dispos'd to love you with the most sincere and constant friendship that ever was. If it be so, Madam, (answer'd *Clelia*) I am perfectly glorious; for I look upon you as a person so lovely, that it will be an infinite contentment to me, to think I am lov'd by one that cannot be seen without being lov'd. This conversation would have continu'd longer, if word had not been brought to the Princess of the *Leontines*, that *Publicola* desir'd to speak with her. *Clelia* judging it was a visit concerning affairs rather than of civility, offer'd to depart; but the Princess intreated her to go into a great Closet, which was in her Chamber, with a Lady of quality that came with her, whose name was *Amiclea*, and who was a person of very much wit. A moment after, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, *Herminius*, and *Telanus*, came thither; so that there was a conversation not meanly delightful amongst these six persons. But that 'tis a civil custome to discourse with Strangers about such things as they know best, not onely for that reason, but also to understand something unheard of before, all these Ladies address'd their discourse to *Amiclea*, either concerning the Princess of the *Leontines*, or the Court of the King of *Hetruria*. *Valeria*, also so well understood that she did a pleasure to *Clelia*, by making a curious inquiry of all that pass'd at *Clusum*, that she ask't a hundred things of the amiable *Amiclea*, which otherwise she would not have spoken of. I beseech you (said she to her, after several things, which directly concern'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) tell us, what Ladies *Aronces* has most frequently visited since his coming out of prison, and whether it be true, that there are abundance of amiable women at *Clusum*. There are so many beauties there, (answer'd *Amiclea*) that handfomeness is there scarce accounted of. Yet that

that is not much the custome (repli'd *Platina*); for amongst young persons Vertue is far less extol'd than Beauty. 'Tis true, (answer'd *Amiclea*) but it must be spoken, in the praise of our Court, that a Woman who is no more than barely fair, draws some gazers, but does not acquire much esteem. Beauty, no doubt, is lookt upon there; but, above all, agreeableness, wit, excellent deportment, and a kind of secret charm, not consistent with stupidity, are principally sought after. But I beseech you, (said *Valeria*) answer what I desired of you, and tell me who those persons are *Aronces* visits most. I assure you, (answer'd *Amiclea*) tho' that Prince be very civil, and enforces himself to be so, as much as he can; yet it is well enough seen, that his heart is at *Rome*, that he takes not much notice of what he sees. Nevertheless, there are two persons which he visits very frequently, and who are his principal Friends. The Princess of the *Leontines* is certainly one, (said *Clelia*). 'Tis true, (answer'd *Amiclea*); and the second, is a Lady of quality, who has a very great interest in his esteem, and is so highly consider'd at Court, that there is none more admir'd. *Clelia* being then very desirous to know a little more exactly who this friend of *Aronces* was, made a sign to *Valeria*, who understanding what she meant, requested *Amiclea*, that she would please to tell her what excellent qualities the Lady had, of whom she spake. You ask more things at once than you imagine, (answer'd *Telanus*) for *Melintha* is a Lady of so great worth, that there are few her equals. I beseech you then, (said *Plotina* smiling) make me acquainted with her forthwith, in the best manner you can. That is, in a word, (added *Valeria*) all the Company are desirous you would please to make a faithful description of that Friend of *Aronces*, that we may know, whether or no we ought to fear he loves her more than us. I assure you (answer'd *Telanus*) if the lovely *Amiclea* draw her portrait exactly, you will find she cannot be lov'd too much, and all the Company will be persuaded she ought to be *Aronces*'s Friend. For my part, (said *Herminius*) methinks I love her already, I fancy her so rarely accomplish'd. Speak then I conjure you, (said *Clelia*) and omit nothing, which may serve to make us perfectly know this Friend of *Aronces*. Since you desire it, (answer'd *Amiclea*) I shall tell you that *Melintha* is a Lady of so rare a Vertue, that she deserves to be propos'd for an example to all others; there is something in her heart so noble, so great, so good, so tender, and so heroical, that it may be said the gods have achiev'd their master-piece, in making her. For there is nothing more difficult to find, than a Woman who possesses all the riches together, which go to the making up of a Man of honour, and which accomplish an excellent Woman. The same temper which gives a great heart and high generosity, is not always well accommodated for modesty: that which causes to love exact Justice, does not very often consist with that sweet and sociable complacence, which is so necessary for Ladies who converse in the World. That which gives constancy in important affairs, does not give mildness in less matters, that which makes capable of great actions, does not stoop to certain trifles which are nevertheless a piece of decency almost necessary to women in some occasions. Now *Melintha* having really in her breast all the virtues of an honourable Man, and all those

of an excellent Woman, deserves all the commendations that can be given severally to both sexes. As for her person, tho' she be infinitely amiable, of a handsome stature, and slender, has hair very bright, eyes full of spirit and sweetness, a sprightly, modest, and agreeable countenance, a certain languor full of charms, a peculiar kind of sweetness and tenderness in the tone of her voice, which affects the hearts of those to whom she speaks, and sings after the most passionate manner in the World; yet I may say, all this ought not to be mention'd; and that *Melintha*'s vertue, wit, deportment, generosity, and prudence, ought to be oppos'd to all the other commendations she deserves. 'Tis not without cause that I am impatient to speak of that sweet, insinuating, agreeable, and solid wit, which renders her capable of pleasing all sorts of persons, and which by its extent, capacity, and address, deserves to be interested in affairs of highest importance, which she is able to dispatch with prudence equal to the secrecy and probity of which she makes profession. Never was there a person more faithful, more sincere, or more generous than she. And that which is admirable in this illustrious Woman, is, that, together with that sweet and complacent air she has, and a delicate constitution, she notwithstanding has all imaginable greatness of heart, and is continually as active, as if the strength of her body equall'd that of her mind, especially when she finds occasion to do a civility to any of her Friends, or only to some unfortunate person, of whose merit she is inform'd. She neglects even her own affairs for those of others; she is incapable of ever failing of her word; she expresses humanity towards all miserable persons, her heart is the tenderest in the World, she loves all that she ought to do, and knows how to love, both with choice and constancy. She affects ingenious things, and understands them; as Musick, Poetry, Peinture, and the like; and tho' she is of a temper something inclin'd to Melancholy, yet she inspires a pleasing joy into those who converse with her, and tho' she seems not to intend it, suddenly wins the hearts of such as have the happiness to approach her. But not to suffer the tenderness her heart is capable of to be idle, and to afford her innocent objects worthy of it, the gods have given her an illustrious Husband, illustrious Brothers, illustrious Friends, and lovely Children. But, to her unhappiness, the valiant *Belisarius* was slain in the Wars, when fortune was ready to reward him for an infinite number of glorious actions, which gain'd him an immortal renown, and render'd him worthy of the love of the virtuous *Melintha*. In that illustrious Husband she found all that could be desir'd in a Man of honour: He was of a very Noble race as well as she; he had wit and courage; he was good and generous; he loved glory more than all things, and *Melintha* as much as glory. This generous Lady, hapned to be shut up in a besieged City, which her illustrious Husband defended with excellent valour and resolution, he endeavour'd to oblige her to go away out of it with her children; but she would never desert him, and, as long as the Siege lasted, afforded very great succour unto him. For during the few hours he took to rest in, she made it her care, that the orders of her dear *Belisarius* might be exactly observ'd, and gave some her self, with as much judgement as a great Captain could have done

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Being very well ascertain'd of her illustrious Husband's conduct, she never offer'd to oppose his courage. So that after *Belisantus* had defended the place beyond all appearance of possibility, he could not resolve to capitulate, but prefer'd a glorious Death above a Treaty, which notwithstanding could not have been otherwise than very honourable. Nevertheless, a sentiment of dearness for *Melintha*, obliging him to desire her consent, he propounded to her not to yield at all; and since the City was to be abandoned to the enemies, to make a Sally forth with all the people he had left, and attempt by his valour to make his way with sword in hand, and beat the Enemies at the same time he yielded up the place. The wise *Melintha* well understood all the danger of this resolution, but perceiving the aversion of *Belisantus* to surrender, she courageously consented to what he desir'd, and accordingly he dispos'd all things for that design. The Chariots of *Melintha* and her Children were made ready, and to shew the tranquillity of his mind in the sight of greatest dangers, he took care to cause several things to be put into them, which serv'd only for his pleasure. After which, being oblig'd to call a Council of War, the Officers so urgently represented to him the reasons which should oblige him to render himself without scruple, that at length he made a very glorious Capitulation: and thus the generous *Belisantus* marcht out of the place, the gaining of which was less glorious to them that took it, than to him that deliver'd it up, after he had destroy'd a great Army before it, and defended it two months, tho it was thought unable to hold out two dayes, and had no other strength but the courage of him that defended it. But to let you further see, that the heart of *Melintha* was as tender as resolute, amongst so many generous actions as she did, during that Siege, I must at last relate one to you. Her children being in a House which was not far distant from the Walls of the City, it happened one day that the Enemies suddenly bethought themselves to place Engines upon a Tower, which they had erected on that side. So that a great storm of stones was seen to be discharg'd in that place, which by the violence wherewith they were cast, overthrew all they fell upon, and slew such as were struck by them; *Melintha* was at that time at the house of one of her friends, on the other side of a large place, where that house stood, and seeing the fatal storm and horrible havock made by the Engines, both upon the house in which her Children were, and in the place which it behov'd her to cross to go to it, did not deliberate a moment, but being impell'd by the true tenderness of a generous mother, ran courageously through the hail of Stones to fetch her children out of so dangerous a place, and that with so much ardour and haste, that she scarce made any reflection upon so great a danger, till she had escap'd it; having at that instant nothing else in her mind but to save the life of her Children, and preserve them for her dear *Belisantus*, whose love she will be eternally sensible of. Which indeed she has in some manner repair'd, by choosing for a very lovely Daughter of hers an illustrious Husband, whose rare valour and activity resembles that of the greatest Heroes, and who by an hundred gallant actions has made it apparent how great a Lover he is of Glory. Besides, *Melintha* having two Sons very goodly personages, and whose inclinations have appear'd ex-

treemly noble from their infancy, it is to be hop'd they will prove worthy to be Sons of their illustrious Father. *Melintha* moreover has four Brothers, each of which in their way deserve, a thousand praises; she has also Friends, whose vertue is so great, that tho Fortune has been very liberal to them, yet they enjoy much less than they deserve; and perhaps some other occasion will be offer'd, wherein I may present you with a fuller description of all the persons I have mention'd. I beseech you (said *Plotina* agreeably) since you have the colours and pencils in your hand be pleas'd to draw the pourtraits at least of *Melintha's* virtuous Brothers. For my part (said *Clelia*) I desire onely to know one of her Friends. You ask too much for one day, (answer'd *Amiclea*); for *Melintha* has a Friend whom I cannot tell you of without recounting the History of all *Hetruria*, because the rare vertues of him I speak of are, at this day, one of the strongest props of his Country. therefore I will expect some other occasion, to let you know that incomparable Man, whose vertue is above envy, and whose moderation makes his vertue more eminent; and I will only tell you that *Melintha* is a Lady, who serves her Friends without interest, without vanity, and with all imaginable zeal. She conceals her self sometimes to do good offices; and I know a person whom she oblig'd after the noblest manner in the World, who durst not speak of the obligation he has to her, for fear of displeasing her, tho he is extremely desirous to testify his acknowledgement of her generosity, by publishing it. In brief, *Melintha* is one of those Women, who are so rarely found, that no Age or Country reckons above two or three whose accomplishments equal hers. After this that you have spoken (said *Herminius*) I am her friend for all my life. For my part (said *Valeria*) I shall not repine if *Aronces* has more friendship for her than for me. And I (said *Plotina*) should account my self extream happy, if I could have an interest in her Love. You have reason (said *Clelia*) since nothing is more desirable, than to have a friend of such worth; for 'tis not only an advantage to be lov'd by such, but the friendship of a person of great vertue reflects to the honour of those who possess it; you are a friend to almost all her friends, and after a manner enjoy her glory as your own, tho you merit not so much as she, and be far inferior to *Melintha*. *Clelia* would have proceeded further, if the Princess of the *Leontines* had not return'd to her; but for that, as she enter'd into the Closet, she heard the name of *Melintha*, she could not refrain from demanding what the discourse was concerning the most vertuous Woman in the World. And understanding *Amiclea* had newly finish'd her Character, she confirm'd all that was said of her with a thousand praises. This Princess being a very graceful Speaker, afforded much pleasure to the Company; but she discontented them at length, when she told them her stay would be shorter at *Rome* than she imagin'd, and that matters were not in a posture to hope for an accommodation. After which she continu'd there only four dayes; during which, *Zenocrates* durst not visit her constantly, because *Clidamira* might have been thereby induc'd to do some injury to that Princess. Which occasion'd this inconstant Professor, who seem'd then very sad and pensive, to be suspected of concealing a great Passion under his inconstancy.

During the four dayes the Princess of the *Leontines* stay'd at *Rome*, she us'd all endeavours she could to bring matters to an accommodation, but withal was solicitous to do some office for *Aronces* with *Clelia* and *Sulpicia*; which she perform'd after so handsome a manner, that it could not have render'd her suspected to *Porfenna*, had he known what she spoke concerning the Prince his Son. But at length the fruit of this negotiation being only apparent in the admiration of the rare accomplishments of the Princess of the *Leontines*, she return'd without being able to obtain any thing on the behalf of *Tarquin*, but she went away with the esteem of all such as had seen her. At her departure from *Rome*, *Clelia* told her all that a person indu'd with Wit, Love and Modesty could say, to oblige her to perswade *Aronces* continually, that he ought to be faithful to her: and the Princess of the *Leontines* on her part, express'd to her all that a faithful friend of *Aronces* ought to have said, to exhort her to constancy; after which they took leave: *Clelia* deliver'd a Letter to *Telanus*, who brought her one; *Artemidorus* had a secret conversation with the Princess his Sister, concerning their interests, which were not known to any but to *Clidamira*, *Berelisa*, and *Zenocrates*. *Telanus* bid *Plotina* farewell with much dearneſs, and they parted so well, as to excite some jealousy in the breast of *Amilcar*. After the departure of the Princess of the *Leontines*, preparations for War were expedited in good earnest; for it was judg'd, that as soon as she should be return'd, *Porfenna* would cause his Army to advance towards *Rome*. And indeed she was no sooner at *Clusium*, and had given an account of her Journey, but *Tarquin* fell earnestly to solicit *Porfenna*, and gave him no rest, who looking upon it as a great piece of glory to re-establish a dispossess'd King, omitted nothing, that might conduce to the good success of the War. Now did *Aronces* see himself brought into a condition, which of all things in the World he most fear'd, namely to be with his sword in hand against so many persons who were dear to him: but he had however the consolation to understand a thousand things that pleas'd him from the mouth of the Princess of the *Leontines*. For she extoll'd *Clelia* with such exaggeration, and assur'd him so confidently of his being lov'd by her, that he lov'd more than ever: At least, Madam, (said he to her) I have not made an ill choice of the person to whom I have given my self, since you judge her worthy of your esteem; but do not you believe (added he) that if the King saw her, he would excuse my passion, and that I cannot be blam'd, but by those who have forgotten that themselves lov'd heretofore, or such as are so insensible, as never to be capable of loving any thing? Then he spoke to her as concerning *Horatius*, and askt her, if she had seen him with *Clelia*; and tho he were not himself jealous, yet he could not but give several tokens of being so. But in brief, how amorous soever he were, it behov'd him to act like an enemy to *Rome*: Glory no doubt upheld his reason in this occasion; but the interest of his Love was added to it, to perswade him at length, that since it behov'd him to appear an enemy of *Rome*, it ought to be after a manner which might render him redoubtable, and make him worthy the consideration of either party. So he went to a Council of War, which was call'd before the marching of

the Army, wherein it was resolv'd to make only a shew, as if they intended to beleaguer *Rome*, to see if it were possible to surprize it, and if they who affect'd Monarchy, were in a capacity to make an insurrection; but in case this did not succeed, as in probability it would not, it was determin'd to besiege that great City effectively, to seize of all the avenues, to make sure of *Tyber* both above and below *Rome*, and to bring to pass, that the great number of inhabitants that fill'd it, might serve to destroy instead of defending it, by causing a greater facility of taking it by famine. The business being thus resolv'd on, care was taken for a speedy march; but for that *Porfenna* judg'd there was no great likelihood of taking *Rome* by violence, and that for that reason the siege would probably be long, he was pleas'd the Queen his wife and the whole Court should follow him, and go to a very stately Castle, not far distant from the place where his Camp was to be, but a few miles distant from the Tomb of the three Rivals, where the unfortunate *Calpurnius* was slain, and which part of *Porfenna*'s Army had already seiz'd on. To which purpose *Galeria*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, the vertuous *Melintha*, and several Ladies of eminent quality of *Clusium*, prepar'd to follow the Army, which was gone before. Then it was that an equal desire was seen in either party of gaining Victory. One contriving to assault *Rome*, and the other to defend it; sacrifices were offered to implore contrary successes; either of them believ'd they had justice on their side, and right to demand the Protection of the gods; but in the midst of so many opposite vows, *Clelia* and *Aronces* no doubt wish'd alwaies the same thing. *Porfenna* approaching near *Rome*, divided his Army into three bodies, out of a design to assault the City in three several places. The quarter on the side of *Janicul*. was that where *Porfenna* and *Aronces* were on; the second which was opposite to *Tiber*, was the entrenchment of *Tarquin*; and that on the side towards *Tarquini*a was taken up by *Sextus*. At the first appearing of the forces, there were several little skirmishes between those whom *Publicola* sent to descry the enemies, and those who went to take up the places wherein to encamp. But there pass'd nothing very considerable in them; for *Publicola* having a design to suffer the enemies Army to weaken themselves before he attempted any thing, contented himself with knowing the true manner of their entrenchment, and keeping himself upon his guard. On the other side, *Porfenna* desiring to put the *Romans* out of fear, that so he might upon occasion more easily surprize them, made shew, as if his only intent was to starve the City. He set a guard upon that River, both above and below *Rome*, he seiz'd upon all the avenues, he caus'd Forts to be rais'd at several distances, to make good the passes more easily; for *Rome* was not a City fitting to be compass'd about with a Trench, as *Tarquin* had done at *Ardea*. In the mean time *Aronces*, to whom the care of causing those little Forts to be rais'd, was committed by *Porfenna*, suffer'd extream grief in beholding *Rome* as an enemy, and wish'd that at least his Rival would come forth to interrupt the works he was causing to be made: that he might have occasion to see him with his sword in his hand. But for that the *Romans* had laid a contrary design, his desire could not then be satisfied. After *Porfenna*'s Army was encamp'd without any considerable occurrences in making their approaches towards *Rome*, Ga-

Teritia the Princess of the *Leontines*, *Melintza*, and several other honorable Ladies, arriv'd at the Castle which was prepar'd for them; whither, being at no great distance from the camp, *Porfenna*, attended with many persons of quality, went to to receive them. The Queen of *Hetruria* had lately receiv'd two young Ladies for her attendants, of infinite beauty, who, whilst *Porfenna* was entertaining *Galerita*, and the Princess of the *Leontines*, under a great porch which belong'd to the Castle, pass'd over a little narrow bridge, which went from the Castle into the garden, and lay cross'd the large ditches full of water. All the other Ladies continu'd in the porch, with several Officers that attended on the King, except two men, very handsome personages, who leaning over the portal where that bridge was, beheld those two fair Virgins, and spoke something to them. But that little bridge breaking on a sudden, the two fair persons fell into the water, and were indanger'd to be drown'd. As they fell, they parted several wayes, one towards the right hand, and the other towards the left; so that there was a considerable distance between them. They were no sooner fallen, but those two men who spoke to them, cast themselves into the water; but instead of separating themselves to succour them both, they leapt in on the same side, and thought only of saving one whom they held up by the robe, and so swimming drew her to land; for the ditches were very deep. The other lookt for nothing but to be drowned, and had been so indeed, if the great noise had not excited the curiosity of several people to come and see what caus'd it. Upon which, divers persons perceiving this fair one ready to perish, the Captain of *Porfenna*'s guards leapt in with all speed, and saved her life. This accident troubled the whole Court, for these two virgins were generally very well esteem'd of. There also hapned a dispute upon it, between two famous Soothsayers, who were then with the Queen of *Hetruria*; for one of them affirm'd, the broken bridge was a bad omen; and the other on the contrary maintain'd, that the bridges being broken upon the arrival of the King, was a very happy presage, and that for his part, he was perswaded if *Rome* were attacked by force, the enterprize would succeed. But whilst these two Soothsayers were in this contest, the two fair virgins were carried half dead into the same chamber, where care was taken for their recovery. The same evening the King return'd to the camp; but the next morning *Aronces* went to see the Queen his Mother, and the Princess of the *Leontines*. In the mean time the accident befallen the two fair virgins, was all the discourse of the Princesses and the Camp; every one wonder'd at the ill fortune of her who was ready to perish, and the happiness of the other, who had two men to succour her, while her companion had none at all, though she were as fair and lovely as she. Tho' *Aronces* had no purpose to stay long at the Castle, yet he could not refuse to accompany the Princess of the *Leontines* to the chamber of those two fair virgins, who were still indispos'd by their adventure of the preceding day. As they were going thither, they found the two men in a gallery, who had succour'd the same person, and left the other in danger of perishing. Whereupon the Princess of the *Leontines* not being able to refrain from testifying to them her astonishment, I beseech you said she to them) tell me why you did not separate your selves to succour both those fair virgins, since they did not

both fall on the same side. Was it because you both love her whom you succour'd, or hated her whom you left to perish? Or rather was it because you were lov'd by the one and hated by the other? Your question Madam (answer'd he whose name was *Æmylius*) is more difficult to be resolv'd than you imagine. For my part (answer'd the other who was call'd *Theanor*) I should be more troubled to resolve it, than my companion; but which is the worst of all (added he) I dare not enter into the chamber of her whose life I endeavour'd to save, because she whom I abandon'd is there too. And I also (said *Æmylius*) should willingly go and desire pardon of her whom I left to perish, but for that I fear to find her whom I have serv'd alwaies unjust, I cannot resolve to do it. That which you say seems so intricate (reply'd *Aronces*) that I am perswaded nothing but love can be the occasion of this perplexity. You have reason, my Lord (answer'd *Theanor*) and were we free both from hatred and love, we should be more happy than we are, and speak more intelligibly. But because we are possess'd with both these passions, we desire to be excus'd from making our selves further understood. The Princess of the *Leontines* perceiving these two Lovers had no intention to tell her more of the matter, left them, and went into the chamber of the two fair sick persons, hoping to draw a little more light from them, of what she desir'd to know. One of them was in bed, and the other stood by, undrest; for she who had been longest without succour, was more indispos'd than her companion. There was at that time in their chamber, onely *Porfenna*'s Captain of the guard, who had followed *Aronces*, and sav'd the life of the fair *Terentia*, who was in bed, and seem'd to be more sad than sick. She who stood by, and whose name was *Aurelisa*, to testify the greater respect, went to meet the Princess of the *Leontines*, and *Aronces*; but tho' she had reason to be cheerful enough for having escap'd so great a danger, yet there appear'd some discontent in her eyes. Upon which the Princess observing *Terentia*'s sadness, and *Aurelisa*'s discontent, demanded of them the cause; For (said she obligingly) my intention in coming was to rejoice with you; and, yet to judge of your thoughts by your looks, it seems the Prince and I ought to be afflicted, if we intend to partake of your sentiments. For my part (answer'd *Terentia* faintly) I do not look upon life as so great a Good, as to deserve much joy for not having lost it: however, I am very much oblig'd to *Cereontus*, whom you see there, for having preserv'd me, since his intention was to do me a very good office, to which he was not so much oblig'd as the other, who left me to perish. As for what concerns me (answer'd *Aurelisa*) it seems I have been more happy than *Terentia*; but in reality, I am not of that opinion; for it is sometimes more unacceptable to be too much oblig'd, than too little. I assure you (reply'd the Princess then, looking upon *Aronces*) I do not much better understand what *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* say, than what *Æmylius* and *Theanor* said to us, as we came hither. How? (said *Terentia* blushing) are *Theanor* and *Æmylius* here? Yes (answer'd *Aronces*) they are here, but tho' they were desirous to follow me, yet they dar'd not enter into your chamber. No doubt, (added the Princess of the *Leontines*) because they dare not see you, after having left you in danger of perishing. In truth (reply'd *Aurelisa*, changing colour as well as *Terentia*) I conceive

ceive they knew not what they did when they leapt into the water to save my life, and I am not certain but that they might take me for *Terentia*. As for me (said *Cereontus* then respectfully, as he was going away) my intention cannot be doubtful, and I very well understood I desir'd to succour you; but, least you should believe I look for praises for it, I shall retire. The more you speak, the less I understand, (answer'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) yet it would be very fitting (said *Amiclea* who accompanied the Princess) that you knew the truth of this adventure, for fear some inconvenience happen upon it. You so well understand all the secrets of *Aurelisa*'s, and my heart (answer'd *Terentia*), that it will be easie for you to satisfy the Princess; but, to speak truth, it were better to conceal our weakness than publish it: upon equitable consideration, I think there is no person amongst us but has their fault. *Terentia* spoke this with an air that augmented the Princess's curiosity, who understanding in effect, that there might be some occasion of quarrel between *Theanor*, *Æmilus*, and *Cereontus* told these two fair persons, she would not go forth of their chamber, till she knew exactly, all that was to be known of their adventures. I beseech you, Madam, (said *Aurelisa* then) do not give yourself the trouble of hearing a hundred unprofitable trifles, which are glorious to no persons, and will but make you lose time which you might better employ. No, no, (said *Amiclea* then) the Princess can do nothing more delightful to her self, than to hinder such worthy persons as those that sav'd your lives, from quarrelling; as I foresee they will do, if care be not taken to observe them, and suppress part of their resentment. *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* understanding in effect, that a quarrel might easily arise between those three men, consented to the desire of the Princess and *Arances*, who having two hours still to spend in that place, was not unwilling to employ them in hindering amorous persons from destroying one another; for he had heard it confusedly spoken, that *Æmilus* and *Theanor* lov'd *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*. Wherefore urging these two fair Ladies to consent that he should know their history, they did so, on condition that only the Princess of the *Leontines* and himself should know it, and that they two might not be present at the relation, which they could not hear without extreme confusion. But who then shall tell us your adventures (said the Princess)? *Amiclea* answered *Terentia*, who knows them as well as our selves, and who is so sincere, and so faithful, that I do not conceive she is suspected by *Aurelisa*, more than she is by me. You have reason (answer'd that fair Ladie) and I should more doubt my own memory, if I were to relate my adventure my self, than I do the sincerity of *Amiclea*. I am very glad you both know me (reply'd she); but withal, you ought to be assur'd that I will do nothing to render my self unworthy of the good opinion you have of me, and onely relate the pure and naked truth. After this, the Princess of the *Leontines* went to her own Chamber, whilst the Queen of *Hetruria* was in hers with the generous *Melintha*. As soon as the Princess was there, she commanded, No person should be suffer'd to enter, and then oblig'd *Amiclea* to relate all that had befallen her two amiable friends; in obedience to which command she began her story in these terms:

The HISTORY of AURELISA
and TERENTIA.

I will not detain you, Madam, with telling you *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* are descended from very noble families, since you know it already; or that *Theanor*, *Æmylius* and *Cereontus* are persons of quality; for 'tis a thing you are not ignorant of. I shall omit to tell you that these five persons are indued with great merits, because you know them sufficiently to be so; nevertheless, for that the Prince that hears me has not time to observe the humour of *Aurelisa* and *Terentia*, you must permit me to tell him that tho *Terentia* be brown and *Aurelisa* fair, one has black eyes, and the other blew, one be tall of stature and the other low, yet there is more difference in inclinations than in the out-side of their persons. Yet they have both very much wit; yea, they had for some time a considerable kindness for one another; but this has not hinder'd but that they have opposite sentiments, and in brief, can never agree in any thing whatsoever, not even in such matters as are of least concernment. If they be onely to walk together, one of them will go in the shade, and the other says she do's not fear the Sun, and much affects those great open quarters in Gardens which leave the sight free, and where the air is not confin'd. If one will have her Curtains drawn before her windows, the other maintains on the contrary that the clear day is advantageous to such as have a good complexion. In brief, they never had the same friends of either Sex in the very time they lov'd one another, and I may say I am the only except on to this general rule; 'Tis true, since 'tis a happiness I have to be oftentimes a friend to persons who have no resemblance, and whose interests are many times contrary, this ought not to be wonder'd at. But which is strange, these two persons, whose opinions are so different have yet so much reason that they never had any publick fallings out, and they have so well conceal'd their differences that I am almost the onely person that have had any knowledge of them. In the next place, Madam, you must know, that these two persons having both almost in the same time lost their Fathers and Mothers, they were plac'd under the Guardianship of a man of quality, call'd *Tolumnius*, whose wife was *Aurelisa*'s Aunt. As for *Terentia* she was Cousin to *Tolumnius*, who had two Nephews, not Brothers, to whom he intended to marry these two Virgins who have sufficient fortunes. In order to which, he educated them under his wife, whose name was *Elinysa*, tho he conceal'd his determination; however, he so expressly commanded *Æmylius* and *Theanor*, (who obey'd him as if he had been their Father) to insinuate themselves into the affection of these two persons, that they began to make Courtship to them, more out of obedience than choice, and consequently without Love towards them, or jealousy between themselves; for they had other things which affected their hearts. On the other side *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* having been advertis'd by one of their relations, that they were to prepare themselves to marry *Æmylius* and *Theanor* one day, lookt upon them as two men who in time might come to be their husbands. But as they could never love the same things, so they made different desires; for *Terentia* wish'd she might be lov'd by *Æmylius*, and

Aurelisa

Aurelisa that she might be so by *Theanor*. Nevertheless, these wishes were conceal'd from all the World, and they never spoke of them but when they were alone. Nor did they then think that they spoke very seriously. For my part (said *Aurelisa* one day) I shall never resolve to become wife to *Emilius*: not but that I see he is a person of much honour, but he is not such as I would have a Lover or a Husband: but the case is otherwise in relation to *Theanor*. As for my particular (added *Terentia*) I cannot think of marrying *Theanor*, tho he be a person of worth; but for *Emilius*, I could easily resolve to do it. What? (said *Aurelisa*) would you be the wife of such an inconstant person as *Emilius*, who has had a hundred Mistresses in his life. I would not marry him inconstant, (answer'd *Terentia*) but I should like well enough to cure him of his inconstancy, and should not be loth to marry him when I had render'd him faithful. But can you your self (added *Terentia*) resolve to love and to marry *Theanor*, who you know loves a certain woman ever since he came to the use of reason, who makes a profession of being the most constant person in the World, and yet when he has marry'd you, will not cease to love his former Mistress? No, no, *Terentia*, (repl'd *Aurelisa*) I do not understand it so; but, to speak freely, I should take as much pleasure to render *Theanor* unfaithful to her that he loves, as you would have, in rendring *Emilius* constant. Our two wishes are very different (answer'd *Terentia*) for I desire to remove a defect from *Emilius*, and you would confer one on *Theanor*. In truth (repl'd *Aurelisa*) I think we do not yet very well know what we would have; but the best I see for us, is, that in all probabilities we shall never desire the same things, and so having different pretensions, we shall always live in peace, tho our inclinations be contrary. However from that day *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* found arising in their hearts a kind of particular esteem for those two men, which had scarce any other apparent cause than the desire of contradicting one another. For, because *Aurelisa* esteem'd *Emilius* less than *Theanor*, therefore *Terentia* lov'd *Theanor* less than *Emilius*; and for the same reason, *Aurelisa* knowing *Terentia* prefer'd *Emilius* before *Theanor*, she gave the preheminance to *Theanor* to the prejudice of *Emilius*. Nevertheless, they so well conceal'd their sentiments, that they were taken notice of by no person whatsoever. But whilst they contested thus, *Emilius* and *Theanor* who were friends, and mutually communicated most part of their sentiments, beheld these two Virgins as most men do those whom they think they ought to marry, that is with an affection without ardour, and little better than ordinary civility; nor did they so much as inquire how their Uncle intended their marriages should be made; for *Emilius* having at that time three or four Mistresses, and *Theanor* one who absolutely took up his heart, they onely consider'd that they whom they were to marry would be rich, without troubling themselves further, except that they told their Mistresses, A wise man ought to marry only for his familie's sake, and to love onely for his own. They endeavour'd also to persuade them, that a marriage was not a real infidelity; and they were happy enough to be believ'd; for the inconstant *Emilius* lov'd none but Gossips, and the constant *Theanor* loving a woman

which could not be his, he persuaded her the more easily to what he desir'd. Things being in this posture, I contracted an intimate friendship with these two young Beauties, and I hapned one day to be at *Elinysa's* house with whom they dwelt, when *Theanor* and *Emilius* came thither with two Ladies of no discommendable beauty. So that this conversation being wholly compos'd of young persons (for *Elinysa* was gone out of it about some affairs) it suddenly became very agreeable and gallant. This hapned so much the more easily, for that one of the Ladies who came with *Theanor* and *Emilius*, and whose name was *Cleonia*, being much addicted to make sport with her best friends, and to do it sometimes a little too pressingly; cunningly brought it in, to speak of unfaithful and constant Love, intending to give some light gird to those that were with her. She ask'd the other Ladies what they would do if they were necessitated to chuse a husband of two men, whereof one had a hundred Mistresses, and the other but one, whom he loved ardently. For my part, said one of the Ladies, I would have neither of both; for certainly 'tis no great pleasure to be wife to one of those profess'd Weather-Cocks, who because they converse with none but Gossips, slight their Wives, and every day do a hundred things very displeasing to be seen; and 'tis yet less to be Wife of a Man who every moment is ready to sacrifice all his family to the person whom he loves, whose thoughts are wholly taken up with her, who never stirs from her, who is weary of all other places, who is prodigal in what concerns his love, and covetous in all other respects, and who will not have any thing that he do's, seen; or when it is observ'd, will not allow it to be complain'd of. And which is strange, both that husband who lends out his heart to whomsoever will have it, and he that gives his intirely to one person, do nevertheless require their Wives should keep a more exact fidelity to them, than any others. But since I may be mistaken (added she) I would know *Aurelisa's* opinion upon this case. *Terentia* then lookt upon *Aurelisa*, calling to mind what they had talk'd of together some daies before; whereupon, (perceiving it was believed, she was going to declare her true sentiments, and consequently to determine, that she lik'd a Husband better that had one constant Love, than one that had many) on a sudden to have the pleasure of deceiving her friend, she disguis'd her sentiments, and took the contrary side, with intention to anticipate all that she desir'd to say. For my part, (said she, smiling) I see no ground there is to doubt; for 'tis better, no question, to be Wife of an unconstant Husband, provided he carry his business discreetly, than to be a Wife to a constant Lover, who perplexes his Wife with continual capricious. For inconstant Lovers, are almost generally of a good humour, whereas, on the contrary, Lovers scrupulously faithful, are for the most part sullen natur'd. *Terentia* observing *Aurelisa's* subtlety, could not restrain her self from contradicting her, tho in reality she contradicted her self. There is some wit in what you say, (said *Terentia*) but yet it is certain, that it were incomparably better, to be the Wife of a man who has a great passion, than of one of those that are inconstant to a thousand Loves, of whom every day a hundred stories are told, which divert the whole Court, and perplex his Wife in all companies, since she can scarce

scarce go into any place without finding some Mistress of her Husband's with whom she is at a loss how to comport her self: but it is not so with a Husband that has but one Love; for provided you keep but some measure of civility to his Mistress, if he be ingenuous he will thank you for it, and if he does not love you, yet at least he will esteem you. While these two Virgins maintain'd the side they undertook, which is sufficient weakness, because it did not agree with their real sentiments, *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, to whom this conversation was displeasing, by reason of their being concern'd in it, believ'd that these two fair persons thought what they spoke, and thereupon *Theanor* was incens'd against *Aurelisa*, and *Æmilius* against *Terentia*. And either of them desiring to make good their side, produc'd all the reasons for it they could invent. For my part, (said *Æmilius*) I see not how the thing can be doubted; for I conceive nothing is more troublesome to a Wife, than one of those Husbands with a great passion, & nothing more convenient than one that is a Gallant. For he is scarce ever at home, some Feast alwaies takes him up, and as he is unwilling to be constrain'd, so he gives the same liberty which he desires to take. On the contrary, a Husband of the other sort, is insupportable; for out of cross intention, that he may have something to blame in the deportment of his Wife, to the end that may excuse his own, he has continually his Spies to observe her. But however, (interrupted *Theanor*) the Husband you represent so, loves some person, and so his Wife has some ground to hope, if he can cease to love his Mistress, her self may at length get into his affection. But what can be hop'd from an inconstant person, who is never capable of loving any thing? If he do not love his Mistress (said *Æmilius*) why should his Wife take it ill? But if the Husband who has a constant Love, (answer'd *Theanor*) does not cease to use his Wife civilly, what reason has she to complain? since you do not believe it necessary to her happiness, that she be lov'd. For my part, (said *Aurelisa*, contrary to her own sentiments again, because she had begun so) I am against *Theanor*: And I (added *Terentia*) against *Æmilius*. In my apprehension, (said I then) you are not against any body; for to speak sincerely, you do not well know what you would do, if both of you had Husbands, which did not love you. It is not material for what reason you are not lov'd; since in what manner soever the matter is, it is alwaies troublesome. However, whether you be lov'd or hated, you ought for Virtue's and your own sake, to be as faithful to a Husband that does not love you, as to one that does; for it is not fitting ever to revenge your selves to his prejudice; nor to offend by example. No doubt *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* thought the same thing that I spoke; for they are both very discreet; but they were in a manner not to agree to it, to the end they might have occasion to contest. Nevertheless, seemliness restrain'd them, and so the conversation ended; after which, *Theanor* went away with a secret indignation against *Aurelisa*, and *Æmilius* against *Terentia*, tho in truth *Æmilius* was oblig'd to love *Terentia*, and *Theanor* *Aurelisa*. When they were return'd home, (for they lodg'd together) they fell to speak concerning these two Ladies, and resolv'd between themselves, that if their Uncle should oblige them to marry them, *Theanor* should marry *Terentia*, and *Æmilius* *Aureli-*

sa. In the mean time, these two fair Virgins being retir'd, *Terentia* ask'd *Aurelisa* why she would not speak her mind really? 'Twas to hinder you from speaking yours, (answer'd she, smiling) for I conceiv'd you would not be of my opinion. But by obliging me not to speak what I thought, (reply'd *Terentia*) you did not speak your own thoughts, 'Tis true, (said she) but do not you know, that sometimes the mischief you do others, compensates us for part of that we do our selves? You may judge, Madam, by what I say, in what condition things then stood. But how weak soever this beginning of aversion was which *Æmilius* had against *Terentia*, and *Theanor* against *Aurelisa*; and how slight soever an inclination *Terentia* had for *Æmilius*, and *Aurelisa* for *Theanor*, these first impressions were the true cause of all that have befallen them since. For *Theanor* after having had so long and constant affection in his Soul, was insensibly cur'd of that Love by another, and had a great dearnefs for *Terentia*, alwaies remembring the sentiments he had observ'd in her mind, at the time of that contest, at which I was present. About the same time too, *Æmilius* being weary of the turmoil, occasion'd by the necessity of entertaining several gallantries together, accusom'd himself to take more pleasure than usually in the company of *Aurelisa*; and thus these two friends by degrees became very amorous of the two fair Virgins. But by a strange crossness of Fate, the first inclination of these two persons continuing, and being not alwaies able to restrain themselves from bearing envy one towards another, *Terentia* could not endure *Theanor*, and with so ardently *Æmilius* would love her in stead of him, that she seem'd to love him already. *Aurelisa* on the other side, accounting *Æmilius* insupportable, desir'd *Theanor* would please himself less with the company of *Terentia*, and more with hers. Not but that these four persons were every day together; but it is often seen; that tho persons be in the same place, their hearts are far distant from those in whose presence they are. However they all conceal'd their sentiments, and not knowing precisely in what manner he on whom they depended, would dispose of them, they expected till he declar'd his mind; every one of them desiring in their hearts, his pleasure might not check their respective inclinations. But it was in a short time perceiv'd, that some change hapned in the minds of *Æmilius* and *Theanor*; for the ancient Mistress of this latter, being possess'd with extreme jealousy, utter'd several expressions, which intimated that *Theanor* could not but have an other Love. All the Mistresses of *Æmilius* did the like, and within a very few daies it was generally talkt of, that *Theanor* was became unfaithful, and *Æmilius* constant. It was also added, that the cause of the constancy of one, and of the infidelity of the other, must needs be in *Elynissa's* house; but however, it could not be conjectur'd, whether it were *Aurelisa* that *Æmilius* lov'd, or whether it were *Terentia* that had cur'd *Theanor* of his first passion: for these two Lovers not knowing the intention of their Uncle, durst not declare themselves, and liv'd in partial civility towards these two Ladies, for whom they had notwithstanding very different sentiments, and by whom likewise they were lookt upon after a very different manner. I being then their intimate friend, inform'd them of the rumour that was reported concerning the constancy of *Æmilius*, and the unfaithfulness of *Theanor*, and ask't them for
whose

whose sake *Theanor* was become unfaithful, and *Æmilius* constant. For it is not doubted, (added I) but 'tis for the sake of you two, that these Lovers have chang'd inclinations. For my part, (answer'd *Terentia* suddenly, and blushing) I know not whether *Theanor* loves me, but I know well *Æmilius* does not. I am very well assur'd, (said *Aurelisa*,) *Theanor* is not faithful for my sake; and as for *Æmilius*, I care little for knowing wherefore he ceas'd to be inconstant, that I have not at all taken notice of it. Yet I wonder, (added *Terentia*) you have not observ'd, that he takes more pleasure in speaking to you, than to me. I assure you I have taken notice of it, (answer'd she), but I have observ'd upon divers occasions, that *Theanor* uses all his address to avoid discourse with me, and seeks to place himself near you, as often as he can, without doing me incivility. If it be (so repli'd *Terentia* coldly) I have reason to complain and pity my self, and I wish *Æmilius* be more happy than he. If he have any such intention towards me as you speak of, (answer'd *Aurelisa*) he will not be more happy than his friend nor I than you. In truth (said I to them then) I see not, however the business be, how either of you can be unhappy; for *Theanor* and *Æmilius* are both such deserving persons, that you cannot make a bad choice of either of them. They were going to answer, but these two Lovers enter'd, who, to confirm what they had spoken of, handsomely sought to place themselves according to their inclinations. *Æmilius* approacht near to *Aurelisa*, and *Theanor* to *Terentia*. At which both of them blusht; which the Lovers observing, interpreted to their own advantage, (as persons, in their condition, use to take all occasions of flattering themselves) tho in truth it was to their prejudice. For *Terentia* blusht out of spight, to see that *Æmilius* prefer'd *Aurelisa* before her self, and *Aurelisa* out of anger, to observe that *Theanor* neglected her in respect of her friend. However, being both intelligent, they suppress'd their sentiments, and the conversation was nevertheless sufficiently agreeable at the beginning. For coming to speak of gallantry, the question was put, whether that love were greater that could not contain from declaring her self, or that which was conceal'd out of respect. *Terentia* being in a great fear lest *Theanor* should tell her he lov'd her, and more, lest *Æmilius* should declare his mind to *Aurelisa*, made haste to answer that there was no cause of doubt, and that there was more love in not telling that one loves, when respect alone causes the Lover's silence, than in going to tell it with precipitancy. *Aurelisa* now found her self a little perplext; for she lov'd not to be of *Terentia*'s opinion, and was as unwilling to take upon her to maintain, that it was fit to declare one's love, for fear of encouraging *Æmilius* to tell her something that might not please her. Therefore she chose rather to say nothing of her self, but asked me, What I thought of the case? For my part who had no interest in it, I spoke sincerely what I thought of the matter, and endeavour'd to maintain, that a Lover who could restrain himself from declaring that he lov'd, had a less passion than he who in spight of the respect he bore to his Mistress, and in spight of his own reason, was enforc'd to profess that he was in love. *Æmilius* was of my opinion, and *Theanor* intending his silence should be a declaration of his love to *Terentia*, maintain'd the contrary, and was of her opinion: So that this dispute lasted for a

good time. For my part, (said I) I confess to you, I fear people who are not able to contain from saying they love, have nothing in their hearts which torments them very much; and there is no surer token of a luke warm affection, than the long silence of a Lover. For, is not complaint an infallible sign of great sorrows? little diseases are easily pastover in silence, but the wisest complain of such as are great, and all the Philosophy of the most insensible persons, can scarce ever keep from crying out when they suffer very much. So that as, no doubt, it cannot be prov'd that silence is a sign of great pain in the body, no more can it be made out to be an evidence of great grief of mind. But, do you make no difference (said *Theanor*) between a great love and a great pain? No, (answer'd I); for, besides that I am perswaded there is no love without inquietude, which is a kind of pain, I am so also, that a Lover who has not declar'd his passion, has so vehement a desire to tell it, that he suffers one of the greatest torments in the world. You have reason, *Amiclea* (said *Æmilius* to me) and I can answer you, that for certain it is the greatest misery that can be imagin'd. 'Tis no doubt a great trouble (repli'd *Theanor*) but for that reason it is a great sign of love; for is there any thing more obliging to a Lady, than to make her know, that the fear of displeasing her, and the respect you have for her, obliges you to be silent, and to suffer without complaining? and besides (added he) to speak equitably, was a Lover ever believ'd upon his word? and if he does no more than say, I love you, would any Lady in the world believe him? And if so, the best way or course to prove one's love, is by a thousand cares, and a thousand services, sighs, glances, and a thousand other wayes more effectual than words, without offending a fair person, who will not have the respect due to her, lost. Believe me (said I then to *Theanor*) the sighs, glances, cares and services you speak of, may be compar'd to metal, (of which not long since money has been made at *Rome*) whose value is redoubled by the Prince's stamp. For all that is done for a fair person before a man discovers himself to be a Lover, is lookt upon but as testimonies of esteem and friendship at most, and, till after such declarations, she does not look upon the services render'd to her, as testimonies of love. What you say, is, no doubt, very well spoken (said I to him) but it must be added, that when people are forbidden to speak, 'tis taken for no great offence if they break that prohibition, in case they be esteem'd, and they knew how to do it handsomely. But, *Amiclea* (answer'd *Terentia*) I think you have lost your reason, in accusing women of such a defect as this; For, I conceive, a deserving person can never be more oblig'd than when she fees her displeasure is dreaded, and that she is fear'd and respected. 'Tis true (repli'd I) but if a Lover do not profess himself to be such, how will he ever be lov'd? I know not whether he will be lov'd or no (answer'd *Terentia*) but I know well, that a Lover who should tell me rudely that he lov'd me, should be hated. When *Amiclea* (repli'd *Æmilius*) maintains it fit for a lover to declare his passion, she does not mean he should do it after an unhandsome manner. As I was going to answer, the Lady which *Theanor* had lov'd so long, arriv'd with two others; her name was *Menefile*, and it is not to be doubted, but she is a very confident person, and passionate. This visit very much

much surpriz'd the company; for she did not ule to visit *Elyssa*. But jealousy exciting a desire in her to see what pass'd in this cabal, she caus'd her self to be introduc'd by one of *Tolumnius*'s friends. Nevertheless *Theanor* the better to make known his love to *Terentia*, continu'd with her, tho he did not speak to her apart, for should he have desir'd it, she would not have given him occasion. When *Aurelisa* beheld this Lady enter, she well understood that a sentiment of jealousy induc'd her to make this visit; so that perceiving she still lov'd *Theanor*, this redoubled the inclination she had for him, as well as the envy she bore to *Terentia*; for she was extremely sorry that she was not the person to whom he prov'd unfaithful. A quarter of an hour after, three of *Æmilius*'s ancient Mistresses arriv'd; but he saluted them so coldly, and lookt upon them so little, that it could scarce be thought he had ever seen them before. Whereupon *Terentia* observing that this unfaithful person was become constant, was extreamly perplexed it was not for her sake that he despis'd all his former Mistresses. And so she became as melancholick as *Aurelisa*. However, civility obliging them to entertain those that came to visit them, they fell to discourse of several things; after which the conversation being chang'd on a sudden, they inveighed very much against men in general. It was affirm'd that they were very frequently unjust, vindictive, inconstant, insensible, and given to distraction. *Theanor* and *Æmilius* then maintain'd the cause of their own sex, defended themselves the best they could. But at length, I know not how it came to pass, but one of the new-come Ladies, who did not love *Menefile*, askt me if I believ'd that a woman whom a man ceas'd to love, ought to be more offended than another, who could not gain the affection of a man she lov'd. This proposition made *Menefile*, *Terentia*, and *Aurelisa* blush, which nevertheless was observ'd only by my self. *Menefile* recollecting her self in a moment, had confidence enough to make good her own cause. 'Tis so easie to answer to what you demand (said she) that tho many persons be present here, who have more wit than my self, I think I shall have enough to convince you, that 'tis greater shame not to be able to make one's self be lov'd, than to be abandon'd. For the shame reflects upon the desertor, and not on her that is forsaken. I know not whose the shame is (repl'd I) but I believe the anger is on her side that is relinquisht, if she persists to love. I believe (said *Menefile*) the cause of the anger is for having been deceiv'd; but however, a person that cannot make her self be lov'd, is not only angry, but ashamed of her own weakness: and whereas a woman that has been lov'd, and is so no longer, is possessed onely with despight, hatred, and contempt of her Renegade; she that loves without being lov'd, comes at length, when she has any heart, to hate and despise her self; which, no doubt, is the cruellest thing in the world. While *Menefile* was speaking thus, *Terentia*, *Aurelisa*, and *Theanor*, were extremely perplext, being inforc'd to hear an unpleasing discourse, without answering to it. I observing their trouble, answer'd *Menefile* and desiring to make a third party, In truth (said I to her) whether a woman loves without being lov'd, or whether her Lover forsakes her, she is worthy of pity if she be vertuous; for as for such as are not, they ought never to be pitied. But I would know further (said she who made this proposition) who

suffers most of the two. She that loves most (answer'd *Terentia*). That is likely (repl'd a Lady of the company) to be the forsaken Lady; for I cannot understand that he that is not lov'd, can love very ardently. For my part (said another) I do not conceive a woman can love, if her affection be not answer'd when she gives some Testimony of it; but I do not believe it impossible but a vertuous person may have a secret and hidden inclination which may lead her to love rather one man than another; tho without testifying any thing of it. If it be so (answer'd *Menefile*) I believe really she that is forsaken suffers more than she that is not lov'd; but if she believes that her eyes have betray'd the secret of her heart, and that he that she loves understands her affection without answering to it, I conceive she undergoes the torment of a shame of greater pain to her, than the blackest infidelity can cause. For in this case the remedy is at hand by scorning him from whom the injury is receiv'd. Whil'st *Menefile* was speaking thus, *Æmilius* talk't low to *Aurelisa*, who at that instant lik't rather to hear him, than to be oblig'd to answer *Menefile*. You are very melancholick to day, Madam, (said he to her) altho I do not complain of your silence; for it being a kind of consent, I presume you agree that *Amilcar* had reason to say: There is greater love in not being able to contain from discovering that passion, than in being silent out of respect; and therefore to avoid giving you leisure to change your sentiments, it is best for me to tell you in the most respectful manner possible, that of the most inconstant of all men you will make the most faithful Lover in the World, provided you will please to fasten the Knots which tye me to your service. I beseech you, *Æmilius*, (answer'd *Aurelisa* much astonish'd) do not force me to speak more rudely to you than I would: you know I have respect for *Tolumnius*, and that I should be extream sorry to displease him. However if you accustom your self to speak to me as you do, it shall be hard but I will find out wayes to deliver me from your importunity. *Aurelisa* spoke this with a certain severe aspect, which sensibly afflicted *Æmilius*; but in stead of being repell'd by it, he became more amorous; for he was one of those to whom the difficulties of things encreases the desire of possessing them. Wherefore he spoke again to *Aurelisa* to the same purpose, but so respectfully, that she had no pretext to be offended with him. On the other side *Theanor* observing all *Menefile*'s discourse was only to despight him, design'd to take advantage of her anger: so that when all the company was gone, he continu'd last, and approaching to *Terentia* who was musing by a window, If you remember, Madam (said he to her with a low voice) all that you have heard spoken indirectly against me, remember also at the same time, that I have suffer'd it for your sake; and that if I had not an infinite respect for you, I should tell you, that did I not love you, I should not be unfaithful. I assure you (answer'd she) I will alwaies remember the quality you give your self, to the end I may not be endanger'd to love you more than I do; for in brief a man that can forsake one woman for another when he is lov'd by her, may prove unfaithful to all that shall put confidence in him. After this, going aside to *Aurelisa*, *Theanor* was constrain'd to go away without saying more to her. The rest of the evening *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* were sufficiently melancholick, they undrest themselves almost without speaking to one another, tho they lay in the same Chamber,

and it was not till the next morning that they spoke any thing. When, after they were dress'd, according to their custom, they went into a little Closet not far from their Chamber, expecting the hour to go to the Temple. As soon as they were there, *Aurelisa* (who naturally was more debonaire than *Terentia*) ask'd her with a something forc'd smile, whence it came to pass she was so pensive that day; For (said she) they ought not to be melancholick who have gain'd a victory. You ought then to be more frolick than you are (answer'd *Terentia*) for you have triumph'd more gloriously than I. If you will change your victory (reply'd *Aurelisa*) I am content. I assure you, it shall not be my fault (answer'd *Terentia*): not that I absolutely agree to what I perceive you think; but I answer to your words rather than to the truth of the business you set upon me for. But I shall alwaies draw this advantage from what you have said, that I see *Emilius* has mention'd his love to you, and I did not convince him yesterday. I acknowledge it (reply'd *Aurelisa*, knowing it would afflict *Terentia*): but now confesse to me whether *Theonor* did not make you know he loves you; and that as I have made a faithful Lover of an unconstant one, you have made a man unfaithful who was reputed the most constant in the World. Your sincerity requiring the like from me (answer'd *Terentia*) I confesse to you, *Theonor* made me understand he loves me. Ah! *Terentia* (said *Aurelisa*) why have you not made *Emilius* your Lover? Ah! *Aurelisa* (say'd *Terentia*) wherefore have you not gain'd the heart of *Theonor*, which I know not what to do with? The misery is (added she) that I perceive 'tis *Tolamnius*'s absolute pleasure we should marry his Nephews; and that, according as your heart and mine are dispos'd, we shall be alwaies unhappy. For I tell you again, I shall never be able to live with *Emilius*, tho he is a person of merit. I say the same of *Theonor* (answer'd *Terentia*). After this, the like unhappiness uniting the hearts of these two Virgins, they promis'd much friendship and fidelity one to another. But, in order to seek some remedy to their hard fortunes, *Terentia* promis'd *Aurelisa* alwaies to treat *Theonor* ill, and never to marry him, what command soever *Tolamnius* should lay upon her to that purpose, whom she obeyed as her own father. And *Aurelisa* likewise promis'd on her part, never to speak any thing favourable to *Emilius*, nor marry him, whatever command should be lay'd upon her to it; they promis'd also to relate sincerely all that those two Lovers should say to them. But alas! (said *Terentia*) all our providence will perhaps be unprofitable to hinder us from being unhappy; for it is in our power not to marry those we do not love, but if it should be propounded to us to marry those we do not hate, perhaps we shall not be able to refuse them, tho they do not love us; and 'tis possible *Theonor* and *Emilius* will have the weakness to obey *Tolamnius* out of a regard to their interest. However, I confesse to you, I should think my self as unhappy to marry a man who should not love me, and I should affect, as to marry one whom I had no affection for, and lov'd me. You have reason (answer'd *Aurelisa*). But since hope is not to be disclaim'd to the last, we ought to hope that being united as we are at present, it may fall out that we may change our destiny; *Emilius* may come to love you, and *Theonor* not to hate me. After this they made a thousand caresses to one another, and

express'd a thousand blandishments. At the end of this conversation they went to the Temple, where their two Lovers were, who confirm'd by their looks what they had spoken the day before. At their return from the Temple, they were told, one of her Friends desired they would go in the evening into the Gardens of the Palace, whither, as you know, Madam, the whole Court resorts very frequently in fair weather. Accordingly they went thither with a Kinswoman of theirs, imagining their Friend would take the pleasure to walk with them; but they found it was to hear musick-entertainment which *Theonor* and *Emilius* had prepar'd for them, and that she in whose name they were requested to come, knew nothing of this gallantry; which, instead of exciting joy in them for whom it was intended, afforded them but regret and discontent. Some daies after, these Lovers gave a magnificent Collation to the same persons, in that delightful Grove which is call'd the Grove of the Spring, because the verdure appears there sooner than any other where, and all the World resorts to walk there in that season: and to make their love more taken notice of, one evening they gave a Ball under a magnificent Tent in the middle of that Meadow, which is call'd the Meadow of *Flora*, because indeed it is always cover'd over with flowers. *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* were at a desperate loss with these contrivances of their two Lovers to please them; but yet it behov'd to be present at all their entertainments for fear of displeasing *Tolamnius* and *Elmyssa*. Not long after, they were joyful to understand that *Tolamnius* had resolv'd to go and spend some time in the Countrey at a very fair house of his near *Chusum*. They understood also that I was to be of the company; and accordingly I departed two daies after with them upon which occasion, as friendship is more speedily contracted during a little journey into the Countrey than in the City, they were pleas'd to make me privy to the fear they were in, lest *Tolamnius* should determine to marry them after a manner contrary to their own inclinations; and, in brief, they told me all the principal secrets they had in their breasts. I confesse to you they caus'd me to pity them, and finding an occasion to intermeddle with love innocently, I promis'd to do all I could to change the hearts of their two Lovers, who were both my familiar friends. During our Countrey-journey, there was nothing but continual feasting; but these two Virgins desiring me not to desert them at all, that so their Lovers might not have the liberty to speak to them apart, I did it indeed so handsomely, without *Emilius* and *Theonor*'s ever suspecting my design to hinder them from discoursing to them, that they could not say any thing to them concerning their passion. I did not content my self with doing this office to these two Virgins, I spoke severally to both their Lovers, in order to perswade them into sentiments contrary to their own. For speaking to *Emilius* I extol'd *Terentia* with exaggeration, and did the like for *Aurelisa* speaking to *Theonor*. But, to speak truth, I did not observe they commend'd them with the same ardour. On the contrary when I spoke of *Aurelisa* to *Theonor* he spoke to me of *Terentia*; and as soon as I nam'd *Terentia* to *Emilius*, he mention'd *Aurelisa* to me. In the mean time these two Lovers were so solicitous to get

get themselves lov'd, that they did not perceive they were lov'd by those whom they did not affect. 'Tis true, *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* being both discreet and vertuous, they conceal'd their sentiments the best they could, and did not cease to seem pleasant, to be sociable, and shew an equal civility to those for whom they had very differing sentiments. That which render'd them the more unhappy, was, that tho *Theanor* were in love with *Terentia*, yet he did not cease to live much in favour with *Aurelisa*; and tho *Amylius* lov'd *Aurelisa*, yet he was much complacential towards *Terentia*. Now it falling out that these two Lovers had Affairs at Court, they made but little journeys on a day. They made very urgent requests to *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* that they would permit them to write to them, but they would not grant it. Yet I, who lov'd news well when I was in the Countrey, desir'd one of my friends who was one of theirs too, to send me not only what he knew at *Clusium*, but likewise all intelligence he should receive from any other place, for he was one that had correspondence throughout all *Italy*. Not that I car'd much what pass'd in places where I knew no person, but *Tolumnius* loving to know all that was acted all the World over, I was willing to divert him during my residing at his house. And accordingly, that Friend of mine several times sent me very ample relations of all that pass'd at Court, with the extracts of Letters which he receiv'd from *Rome*, *Vei*, *Tarentum*, *Cuma*, *Volaterra*, *Panormus*, *Capua*, and divers other places. So that this affording divertisement to *Tolumnius*, and the news of the World giving sufficient pleasure to *Terentia*, *Aurelisa*, and my self, we awaited with much impatience the day that we were to receive Letters. One night we went to walk, expecting their arrival, and thinking to have them a moment sooner. And as we were between two Meadows border'd about with Willows, we saw him arrive who was wont to bring my Packets, and who now deliver'd me several. Amongst the rest, I beheld one which I did not know, so that the desire of knowing who writ it, caus'd me to open it first; which done, I found it was a relation divided into distinct Articles like those I was wont to receive, tho I did not know the Character of it. *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* observing my astonishment, approach't toward me; and all three of us sitting down at the foot of a Tree, I began to read the relation which was in effect the same I am going to repeat to you; for I know I shall not alter the sense; however, I may something change the words.

Of the Court.

Persons envious, discontented, and ungratefull are alwayes to be found here; they to whom any thing is given, believe they deserve more; they to whom nothing is given, think that rob'd from them which is given to others; in the mean time all the World is oftentimes in a hurly burly without knowing wherefore. There are found there ambitious persons without merit, flatterers ill rewarded, false friends resembling true, an out side of goodnesse which charms new-comers, and yet do's not deceive them who have experience; in brief, imposture and fraud is seen every where, and handsome deportment without honesty. As for love, there is little can be call'd so; altho sometimes certain frivolous loves are to be seen there, which are fit only for young idle persons that know not what to do,

and many times too know not what to say. Loves of interests are seen there likewise, which inspire onely unworthy actions, and there is scarce ever any sincere love to be found unlesse it be in the breasts of *Theanor* and *Amylius*, whose hearts they say are in the Countrey, tho their persons are seen every day at the Queen's Palace, where they appear so melancholy that all the Ladies complain of them.

Of CLUSIUM.

All the envious Fair ones rejoice here, for the absence of the two fairest persons in the World; yet they do not draw much advantage by it: for all worthy persons are so afflicted with it, that all their conversations are turn'd into sadness. There are some who affirm two of their Loves are in danger to die of sorrow if they do not speedily return, tho it be not the custom to die for the absence of a rigorous Mistress; Otherwise, *Clusium* is as it is wont to be, that is, the powerful oppresse the weak; every one seeks that which pleases him; those which govern are repin'd at, projects and designs are contriv'd to no end, little true vertue is to be found there, but much hypocrisie, disorderly magnificence, excessive avarice; injustice, irregularity and confusion.

Of the Gardens of the Palace.

All the Ladies who were wont to pull down their Veils, when they fear'd lest their beauty should be constrain'd to yield to that of *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, walk with open countenances during their absence; but for that the image of those two fair persons remains in the hearts of all those who have judicious eyes in relations to beauty, they have never the more admirers, and the remembrance of those who are no more seen there, still prejudices the glory of those that are.

On the Grove of the Spring.

Tho all the Trees be here as green as usual, yet there is much lesse company than was wont; not but that there are still a hundred thousand Birds which make the most delightfull melody that can be heard; but the reason, no doubt, is, for that the crowd of honorable persons who came to walk here the last year, came not so much to hear the Nightingals sing as to behold the two fairest persons of the Earth, who were seen there almost every day. Now, instead of them, two melancholick Lovers are seen very frequently there, who came to sigh in the most solitary places of the Grove. Sometimes they loose themselves in it, their griefs so possess them; and there are some also who assure they have made very amorous Verses which have been found carv'd upon the Trees, by which it appears that one of them loves a handsome fair woman, and the other a beautiful brown. However, this Wood appears so solitary, that there is cause to believe there will be no more resorting to it, if those two fair ones who are absent do not speedily return.

On the Ball, upon the evening of Juno's Festivall.

All sorts of people are seen here; some dance well, others ill, and many others do not dance at all. There are seen also several Ladies who ought not to dance more, because 'tis too long agoe since they begun to dance. There are young people too, who begin to see the World by the Ball, and are so out of countenance, that they cannot dance according to the right cadence. Here are also knots and

factions, tho the design oftentimes is only to dance ill. But, what is most resented, is, that the fairest ornament of the Assemblies at Clusium is no longer seen here, namely Terentia and Aurelisa. And 'tis for the same reason, that Theanor and Amilius are not seen here, who like better to be in solitude by themselves than to be seen at the Ball, where they cannot see the only persons that can please them.

On the Medow of Flora.

All the World is much amaz'd, not to see any longer here that abundance of Flowers which were wont to be seen every year. Indeed, they say the West-winds, which serve to maintain the freshnesse of Flowers, have follow'd those two fair ones that love them, and that this is the cause the Medow has almost no Flowers this year. They speak of sending to request them to return; but very many beauties oppose it, because they like better the Medow should be without Flowers, than to see the admirable complexion of Aurelisa and Terentia outshine the lustre of their own.

On the Temple of Venus.

A great sacrifice is preparing here for two unfortunate Lovers, who cannot be lov'd by their Mistresses, tho they have the most ardent and faithful passion in their breasts that ever was. There are some believe, that if they do not resolve to reward their fidelity, the Goddesses they adore will revenge their deaths after a strange manner; for 'tis the custom of this Goddess, when she is offended with Ladies rebellions against the Laws of her son, to take away their beauty immaturately, or cause them to love without being lov'd. Therefore 'tis to be wish'd, those two fair persons would reward their Lovers for being so faithful. If they do so, they shall be happy in the highest degree, nothing being more sweet than to love and be lov'd, nor nothing so miserable as not to love at all.

Well, (said I to Aurelisa and Terentia, after I had done reading this news) What think you of that which you have heard? Me thinks, (answer'd Terentia) to my great discontent, Amilius has a great wit. How? (reply'd Aurelisa roughly) do not you know 'tis Theanor that made this gallantry? For my part, (said I to them) if you ask me what I think, I shall tell you I believe it belongs to them both in common, that they have joyn'd their brains together, that they have both contriv'd the design, and afterwards caus'd it to be written by an unknown hand. No, no, (answer'd Terentia) 'tis not Theanor that writ these news; no question he has much wit, but it does not lye this way, and 'tis only Amilius that could invent this folly. On the contrary (reply'd Aurelisa) it looks so like Theanor's, that I cannot be mistaken. However it be, (said I to them) if the Author of this Gallantry be doubtful, the cause of it is not so too, and you may easily judge that it was made for your sakes. Alas! (answer'd Terentia) what am I the better, if this contrivance be ingenious and handsome, if Love inspir'd Amilius with it only to divert Aurelisa? Good gods, (reply'd that fair Virgin) what advantage is it to me, that Theanor had a hand in this agreeable folly, since you were the only occasion of it? 'Tis very strange, (said I to them) that by these news it cannot be known, whether Theanor intended it to Terentia or Amilius to Aurelisa. Alas! (answer'd Terentia) the matter is not dubious; for after what they have told us, they conceive we easily make the application of what they write. However, all their wit

is very ill bestow'd in the manner they employ it. But wherefore (said I) do not you both strive to conform your minds to your fortunes, and to love them that love you? Ah! my dear Amiclea, (cry'd Terentia) how happy are you in being ignorant of the power of a vehement inclination! and how cruell (added Aurelisa) in thinking we do not do all we are able, to love those that love us! At least, I know I have omitted nothing to effect it, nor neglected any endeavours to love Amilius, and hate Theanor. I have done more than you, (answer'd Terentia) for I have attempted to bring my selfe to that passe, as to be only indifferent for both, and I could never effect it, and notwithstanding all my endeavours, I have still an inclination for Amilius and aversion for Theanor. However, out of respect both to Vertue and Seemlinesse, both the one and the other ought to be equally conceal'd, for fear of offending Tolumnius; and that which renders me more miserable, is, that I believe, if Amilius knew I did not hate him, and you did, it is possible he would love me. I have believ'd as you do, (reply'd Terentia) that if Amilius were not ignorant of your aversion against him, and the inclination I have to love him, in all probability he would love me; but at present I believe it lesse than I did. Therefore that which pleases me most in this Gallantry of Theanor and Amilius, is, that these two Lovers however suspect nothing of our weakness towards them, and so I may see them without blushing; for if they had had any such suspicion, they would not have said in this last Article of news, that when Venus is offended, she punishes the fair ones, that have disobey'd her, by causing them to love without being lov'd. In truth, (answer'd Aurelisa) our destiny is sufficiently intricate; for according to all probability we are likely to be very unhappy. After this, she took the pleasant news that was written to me, and read it over from the beginning silently, whilst Terentia was in a deep musing, and I stood by observing them both. After Aurelisa had read the packet, Terentia took her turn to read it too; and tho it was sent on purpose to divert them, yet it made them both very sad. Nevertheless, they had some consolation the next day; for Tolumnius speaking to me in private, told me he had a purpose to marry Terentia and Aurelisa to his Nephews, and therefore desir'd me to know of these two Ladies what their inclination was, it being more just (as he said) to know the true sentiments of those which ought to obey, than of those who are to command. Wherefore (taking this occasion to do a service to my friends, tho it were against the inclination of my two of the other Sexe) I told him it was not necessary for me to speak to Terentia or Aurelisa, and that since I understood them better than they did themselves, I could assure him Terentia would never be happy, if she marry'd Theanor, but that she might be so with Amilius; on the other side, that Aurelisa would be miserable with Amilius, and very well satisfi'd with Theanor. If it be so, (reply'd Tolumnius) it will be easie for me to content them; for Theanor and Amilius will not dare to disobey me; and besides, (added he) I believe their hearts are free enough at present, not to make any resistance to my commands. Moreover, both Terentia and Aurelisa are so well educated, that it will be no difficulty for them to comply with my pleasure. I thought to tell him then that he was mistaken,

mistaken, but I was afraid to speak too much; and therefore I left the matter in this condition, and went to find my Friends. *Terentia* presently blush'd at what I had said, but *Aurelisa* thank'd me for it; for I see not (said she) how any inconvenience can follow upon this adventure; for if *Theanor* and *Emilius* readily obey, it will be a sign the passion they have for us, will not be strong enough to hinder us from hoping to be lov'd by them; and if they absolutely refuse to obey, indignation will cure us, and perhaps lead us to admit of the affection of them that love us. For my part, (said *Terentia*) I hope nothing, and I fear all; but when all is done, the case having no remedy, must be resolv'd upon. The same evening these two Lovers desiring to know how their news was taken, arriv'd, and made shew as if they knew nothing of it. But I being desirous to oblige them, commended that Gallantry before them; I shew'd them it, and I brought them at length to confesse in secret, that they had contriv'd it together, as I had imagin'd. After all the Company was retir'd, *Tolumnius* did not fail to cause them to be call'd, that he might tell them what he had resolv'd upon. You know (said he to them) what command I lay'd upon you, to accustom to visit *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, and that 'tis my pleasure you should marry them; but since it is hard for a Man to be contented with the deportment of his Wife, if he be not lov'd by her, I have observ'd and caus'd the inclinations of the two persons I design for you carefully to be noted by a person of their familiarity. So that it shall be your own fault if you be not happy; for in brief, I know *Terentia* has for you (said he, looking upon *Emilius*) all the inclination a vertuous Virgin can have for a Man whom she looks upon as he that is to be her husband; and I know also (added he, speaking to *Theanor*) that *Aurelisa* has a deareness for you, which ought to oblige you to prefer her readily before *Terentia*. Is it possible, my Lord (answer'd they both at once) that you should be well inform'd of that which you speak? Doubt not of it, (reply'd he) and conform your selves to my will; for tho' you should have no great affection for these two Ladies, yet must think of nought but to marry them. They are fair, young, prudent, and rich; and that's sufficient. If you do not love them before you marry them, you will love them after; as well as it oftentimes falls out, that they who love their Wives before, come shortly after not to love them at all. Marriage and Love are two things, which are not frequently long together; and therefore determine only to obey me, for all my estate is for them who obey me, and not for others. As for what concerns me, (reply'd *Theanor*) no respect of interest shall ever cause me to do any thing. And for my part, (added *Emilius*) nothing can ever induce me to marry *Terentia*. For, in brief, (added he) since it equally concerns *Theanor* and my selfe, to let you know the truth, we ardently love *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*. But, my Lord, 'tis because we love them that we cannot marry them in the manner you propound to us; for *Theanor* loves *Terentia*, and I love *Aurelisa*. But since *Aurelisa* loves *Theanor*, (reply'd *Tolumnius*) and you are lov'd by *Terentia*, it concerns you to enforce your sentiments; for it is much more dangerous for a man to marry a Wife by whom he is hated, than it is for him to marry one whom he loves not, if he be lov'd by her, especially when she is fair and wise.

However it be, (said he to them) I will not lay any constraint upon the two young Ladies, whose Parents at their death left them under my Guardianship. But since you depend on me, and have a thousand obligations to me, and since I can ruine you when I please, you ought to yield to my will: do so if you be wise; for assuredly you shall repent your selves if you do otherwise. *Tolumnius* spoke this with an aspect of choler, which hindred *Theanor* and *Emilius* from answering him; besides, having made them a sign to retire, they were constrain'd to go forth of his chamber to their own, but with so much affliction, that they spent the night without sleeping: for *Tolumnius* having told them he knew the inclinations of *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, they imagin'd it was an artifice of those two Ladies who hated them, to put an obstacle to their design. The next morning they were so sad, that never was a day pass'd after a more melancholy manner than that; for *Tolumnius* was possess'd both with grief and indignation; the two Lovers were alike in despair; and *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* were both equally afflicted and ashamed. Not long after *Tolumnius* told me, it very much troubled him, to find that *Theanor* and *Emilius* had dispos'd of their hearts otherwise than they ought, but he intreated me to say nothing of it to *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, and assur'd me he knew well how to make himself be obey'd. Yet this news did not rejoyce these two fair Ladies, from whom I thought I ought not to conceal it; for when they came to consider, that if *Tolumnius* persecuted *Theanor* and *Emilius*, they might be hated by those whom they lov'd, their minds were in a strange perplexity. On the other side, the two Lovers, who were intimate friends, were in an unconceivable trouble; for if they resolv'd to obey, they should marry Women whom they did not love, either of them remaining amorous of one another's Wives. You may easily conceive that this gave them no small affliction. Indeed in this condition they knew not what to say, either to her that they lov'd, or to her that they did not affect. Wherefore they chose rather to return to *Clusum*, than to continue in a place so unpleasant to them. Their departure offended *Tolumnius*, and sensibly afflicted *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*. Sometimes they had sentiments of hatred, sometimes thoughts of love, and scarce ever any other than apprehensions of despair. For my part, I did all I could to appease *Tolumnius*, and to comfort the two afflicted Ladies; but at length the time was come to return to the City, where all these persons were in a new perplexity. Before *Tolumnius* had spoken to the two Lovers, they did not perceive that themselves were very much hated or lov'd; but after he had told them they were not lov'd at all, and yet that they were not hated, they wonder'd they had no sooner understood the truth. When *Theanor* beheld *Terentia*, he observ'd in her eyes a forc'd civility, which caus'd him almost to dye with grief, and when he look'd upon *Aurelisa*, he saw in hers something so sweet and modest, which intimat'd so much obligation, that he wonder'd he had not before perceiv'd it. *Emilius* on his part, when he look'd upon *Aurelisa*, perceiv'd such a kind of fierceness in her eyes, that he could not see her without discontent; but he observ'd obliging languor in those of *Terentia*, tho' he avoided her looks as much as he could, that it made him think himselfe still more unhappy. Having taken notice of these different sentiments

ments, the two Lovers became more miserable; for before they comforted one another, but after that time they had severall fallings out, and accus'd one another unjustly, for the causes of their unhappiness. But yet from time to time, the equality of their ill fortune reunited them, and they contested again as often, and were possess'd with jealousy, altho they had no cause for it. For sometimes *Theanor* accus'd *Æmilius* of not being displeas'd for being too much lov'd by *Terentia*, and presently after *Æmilius* reproacht to *Theanor*, that he was glad for being lov'd by *Aurelisa*. In the mean time they were possess'd with so violent a passion, that they could not resolve ever to obey *Tolumnius*. Who being an imperious man, was extremely disgusted with them, inasmuch, that he said publickly, he would give all his estate to *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, and marry them to others. And no question it was easy to find persons that would marry two fair, young, rich, and virtuous Ladies; in order to which he propos'd to match *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* to two men of quality, who were amorous of them. But these two Ladies requested him with very much generosity, not to take away his estate from his nephews, and refused to marry the persons he propounded to them, telling him, that if the business were once accomplished, they that should marry them, would not require what he gave them, and that for their parts it was not possible for them to resolve to see two such deserving persons as *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, unhappy, for their sakes. However, 'tis certain Love had a share in their generosity, and it was not in their power to marry two men whom they did not love. *Tolumnius* esteeming them the more for this deportment, hated his nephews more, who on the other side were desperate at so generous actions, because they found it did not prejudice their love: for their passion increased from day to day, and they were so unhappy, that I could not but commiserate them. Mean while, they to whom *Tolumnius* pretended to marry these two fair virgins, looking upon *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, as the obstacles of their happiness, did not see them but with trouble and indignation; and *Æmilius* and *Theanor* on the other side, considering them as persons that intended to make advantage of their unhappiness, sought occasion to quarrel with them, which they soon found, and sought. *Theanor* encountred him that was to marry *Terentia*, and *Æmilius* was matcht with him that was to have *Aurelisa* to his wife. The first of them mortally wounded his enemy, and *Æmilius* disarm'd his. Indeed their victory cost them dear; for they were both very much wounded. This combat further increased the anger of *Tolumnius*, and caus'd much grief to *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*: for the latter was afflicted to see *Theanor* ardently lov'd by *Terentia*, and the former was so, to observe how much *Æmilius* was enamor'd on *Aurelisa*; but these two Ladies were much more troubled when they understood their two Lovers were in danger of dying. For, being possessed with great discontent, their wounds became sufficiently dangerous, and it was believ'd they would dy, tho their strength was still very vigorous. However, *Tolumnius* would not see them, but *Elinysa* visited them without her husband's knowledge. During their weakness, *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* omitted no obliging care towards them both, without distinction. The two lovers requested *Elinysa*, she would please to let them see their fair Mistresses

before they dy'd. Who being good and compassionate, promis'd them they should, and entreated me to persuade my friends; whom with no great difficulty I brought to consent to it, not knowing but in this condition the two Lovers would resolve to render justice to their affection. They requested me that I would be one in this sad conversation; and *Tolumnius* being then at his house in the Country, *Elinysa* lead us to the lodgings of these unhappy Lovers, either of which desir'd to speak one after another to their Mistresses. After the first civilities, I betook my self to discourse with *Elinysa*, whilst *Theanor* was speaking to *Aurelisa*, and *Æmilius* to *Terentia*. I desire your pardon, Madam, (said *Æmilius* to her, by whom he was lov'd) for the trouble I give you; but I find my self so unhappy, and so criminal, that I have not been able to refuse my self the consolation of justifying, or at least excusing my self to you. For, in brief, Madam, when I first began to visit you, I observ'd my friend lov'd you; and I have alwaies found him so deserving a person, that I could not doubt but that he was lov'd again. Wherefore suffering my heart to be surpriz'd by the charms of *Aurelisa*, I was not in a condition to dispose of my self, when I understood you had an aversion against *Theanor*, tho he had a great passion for you. However, you have not ceas'd to be good and generous; and, to perfect your being so, (added he), pardon me a crime which I cannot yet hinder my self from committing, and save the life of an illustrious friend, to render justice to the affection *Theanor* bears you. For, in brief, amiable *Terentia*, I do not love *Aurelisa* more ardently than *Theanor* does you. I wish to the gods (answer'd she sighing) I could love *Theanor*, I should be more happy than I am; but however, I can assure you I pity you both, and am much afflicted I cannot contribute to the felicity of either. Alas! Madam, (reply'd he) for my part I seek nothing but to dy a little lesse criminal in your esteem, and a little lesse hated by the charming *Aurelisa*. I understand you well (answer'd *Terentia* blushing) and I will make you see that it is not my fault that you are not happy. At these words this fair virgin arose up, and told *Aurelisa*, *Æmilius* desir'd to speak with her. Upon which *Theanor*, who had an extreme desire to speak with *Terentia*, told her with much civility, he conjur'd her to go and revive his friend, by giving him some small hope. *Aurelisa* not daring to refuse, because *Elinysa* was present, went accordingly to speak with *Æmilius* whom she affected not, after having had a conversation with *Theanor*, almost like that which he had had with *Terentia*. When she approacht to him, Well, Madam, (said he to her) shall the unfortunate *Æmilius* be hated when he is a dying? and shall he not have at least the consolation to think that you will pity him, and that if *Theanor* dyes as well as he, all your tears shall not be spent upon that ungrateful person, who loves you lesse than another Lady, very amiable indeed, but yet much lesse than you? *Terentia* (answer'd *Aurelisa*) is more amiable than I, and you are so oblig'd to her, that you are as unjust in not loving her; as I am unjust in not loving you: But, in brief, we are not governors of our own destiny. However, believe that I pity you, and if I could render you happy, I would do it with joy. You may at least let me dy with some consolation (reply'd *Æmilius*) by permitting me to believe that you would not hate me, but only because you love *Theanor*; and that,

if

if you lov'd him not, you would perhaps look upon me more favourably. After this, Madam, I shall desire nothing more of you. Whilst *Æmilius* was speaking thus to *Aurelisa*, *Theanor* us'd all the sweetest and most affecting expressions to *Terentia*, that the most tender love could inspire him with; but this Ladie's mind being disturb'd, for having found nothing but generosity in *Theanor*'s heart towards her, answer'd him so negligently, that this afflicted Lover was ready to die at that very instant, and lost his speech through the excess of his grief. But tho' *Terentia* was extremely perplex'd to understand how ardent *Æmilius*'s affection was for *Aurelisa*, yet she left *Theanor* very hastily, and came to help *Elinysa* and me to succour him; inso-much that not being able to suppress his complaint, O gods (cry'd he lifting up his eyes to heaven) with how many torments, would I have deserv'd *Æmilius*'s death? In speaking which, this furious Lover offer'd to pluck off all that was laid upon a wound he had receiv'd in the left arm; whereupon *Aurelisa* leaving him by whom she was lov'd, to go to succour him whom she lov'd, tho' he did not affect her, restrain'd his hand; and, making use of the power her friend had over him to withhold him. In the name of *Terentia* (said she to him) taking him by the hand, restrain part of your grief, and believe (added she, transported by an excess of tenderness, which the danger she saw him in, excited in her heart) that it shall not be my fault if *Terentia* do not render you happy. Yes, *Theanor* (continu'd this afflicted beauty) since you cannot live for me, and cannot live without her, I will become the Confident of your passion, and serve you with her, tho' it be to act against my self. Alas! Madam, (said she to her) 'tis enough that I die with grief, without causing me to die with confusion. Leave an ungrateful person, leave me to die, and succour the unfortunate *Æmilius*, who adores you, and dies only for your sake. As we were in this perplexity, word was brought to *Elinysa*, that *Tolumnius* was fallen sick at his house in the Country, and sent for her to come to him. So that it was requisite to depart, which nevertheless we did not do till after *Æmilius* was recover'd from his swoon, and those that attended on them were call'd for. But in fine, Madam, (to shorten my relation as much as I can) these two Lovers were cur'd in spite of themselves, and *Tolumnius* dy'd in the Country; but at his death he gave all his estate to *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, and requested *Elinysa* to do the like at hers, if *Theanor* did not marry *Aurelisa*, and *Æmilius*, *Terentia*. These two generous Ladies after the death of *Tolumnius*, would not accept what he had given them, *Terentia* resolving to confer her part on *Æmilius*, and *Aurelisa* hers on *Theanor*. But they being as generous as their Mistresses, refus'd this high munificence. *Theanor* told *Aurelisa*, it was sufficient he could not give her his heart, without taking away from her an estate which belong'd to her, and *Æmilius* said the same to *Terentia*; inso-much, that *Elinysa* has been constrain'd to take care of all the estate of *Tolumnius*, till these four persons resolve what they will have her to do with it. The relations of *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* after the death of *Tolumnius* desir'd to take away these two Ladies from *Elinysa*, and place them about the Queen, where they have been ever since, with sentiments of equal affection, without being able to succeed in changing their hearts; tho', during four months, *Theanor*, *Æ-*

milius, *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, have done all they could to overcome themselves. In the meantime *Terentia* has not omitted to do any good offices for *Æmilius*, nor *Aurelisa* for *Theanor*, either with the King or Queen; so that, with the consent of these two Lovers, I may say there is no person in the world to whom they have so much obligation, as to these two Virgins, whom they can never love. 'Tis true, *Theanor* has more obligation to *Aurelisa*, than *Æmilius* to *Terentia*, because she has really done all she could, to persuade this fair Virgin to marry him. And therefore 'tis a sentiment of gratitude, which caus'd that Lover to act, as all the Court has seen, when they were in danger of being drown'd. For you must know, Madam, that yesterday whilst the King was speaking to the Queen and you, *Terentia* and *Aurelisa* passing out of the porch to the bridge which lies over the ditch to go into the garden, *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, who attended on the King, were leaning against the gate to speak to them; and, as (persons that love never speak but what has relation to their passion, when they can) these two Lovers were rejoicing that the Queen being near the Camp, they could at least have the consolation of seeing them sometimes during the War. *Theanor* offer'd to speak some obliging words to *Terentia*, who rejected him uncourteously to speak to *Æmilius* who was on her side, tho' his heart was *Aurelisa*'s. So that this unhappy Lover, not being able to discourse with her he lov'd, was oblig'd to speak to her that lov'd him. For my part (said *Theanor*) all the joy I have in the Queen's being near the Camp, is, that if I die at the siege (as I wish, since I can never be happy) *Aurelisa* will hear of my death one day sooner, and have the contentment, to see her self delivered from an ungrateful person. However, (answer'd *Aurelisa*) then I have cause to reproach you, that 'tis not my fault that you are not happy even at the loss of my own felicity. As she ended these words, the bridge broke, *Aurelisa* fell on the side where *Theanor* was, to whom she had spoken so obligingly, and *Terentia* fell on the side of *Æmilius*. I having since discours'd with those two Lovers, am inform'd what they thought in that occasion, in which their passions and their reasons had a contest of a moment's duration, which caus'd them to act after a very different manner; for *Theanor* finding himself on the side where *Aurelisa* was fallen into the water, his first thought was to succour her: for having his mind then fill'd with what she had spoken so obligingly to him, the affection he had for her, the thousand offices he had render'd her, and the thousand rigours of *Terentia*, which excited indignation in him, gratitude carried him at that instant above his love: Inso-much, that out of generosity he leapt into the water, and went to succour *Aurelisa*, by whom he was lov'd, and whom he did not love. At the same time, *Æmilius*, tho' he saw all imaginable dearnefs in *Terentia*'s eyes for him, and had a thousand obligations to her, no sooner beheld *Aurelisa* in the water, than forgetting all he ow'd to *Terentia*, and all the rigours of *Aurelisa*, he did not deliberate between his gratitude and his love, but cast himself into the water as well as *Theanor*, to succour *Aurelisa*, whilst the poor *Terentia* was ready to perish in the sight of one Lover whom she lov'd, and another who lov'd her. But to her good hap *Cereontus*, who was alwaies believ'd incapable of love, was found to have a conceal'd passion for that Lady, which he discover'd ve-

ry opportunely to save her life : for, as you know, Madam, if he had not leapt into the water to rescue her, she had without question been drown'd. Thus, Madam, you understand the adventure of *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*, but that which is rare, is, that *Terentia*, who found no lover to succour her, has at present two, who pretend notwithstanding to dispute her affection ; for *Cereontus* affirms, *Theanor* has no longer any right to *Terentia* ; and *Theanor* maintains, that the excessive gratitude he had for *Aurelisa*, is a pure effect of the innocent love he has for *Terentia*. But as for this fair Virgin, I assure you, she is to be pitied. Who ever saw (said she to me last night) a misfortune equal to mine ? for is there any thing more cruel, than to see one's self deserted in a great danger, by a man that is lov'd more than all the rest of the world ? and withal by another, that has sworn to me so long, that he loves me a thousand times above all the rest of the earth ? As for *Aurelisa*, she is much more happy than I ; they whom she hates, and they that hate her, save her life ; but as for those whom I love, and those by whom I am lov'd, they equally abandon me ; and for my last unhappiness, the insensible *Cereontus* comes to rescue me from death, to the end to make me better feel all the rigour of my misfortune, and to prepare also a new persecution for me. But, *Amiclea*, (said she to me again) I will equally hate both him that I lov'd, and him that lov'd me ; and since ingratitude has not hindred *Aurelisa* from being succour'd by *Æmilius*, I will be ingrateful to *Cereontus* too, and, instead of giving him thanks for having sav'd my life, I will accuse him of part of the miseries which I suffer. Yea, I will hate him too (continued she) for my weakness is the true cause of my misfortune ; and, according to my present sentiments, I find nothing in the World but what is worthy to be hated and scorn'd. On the other side he us'd such expressions, that he could not but be pitied. *Aurelisa* too complain'd she was more oblig'd than she desir'd to be. And *Æmilius* looks upon himself as more unhappy than before, since the services he renders do not make him lov'd the more : and *Cereontus* also is in a strange fear, lest *Terentia* prove unjust towards him. Wherefore, Madam, it lies in your prudence, and that of the Prince, to hinder such brave persons as these from quarrelling, and to seek some remedy to the unhappinesses of two Virgins so amiable as *Terentia* and *Aurelisa*.

Amiclea having finish'd her relation, found it was not unprofitable ; for *Aronces* promis'd to take a particular care of those three Lovers ; and the Princess of the *Leontines*, of the two amiable persons who caus'd the unhappiness of the rest by their own. After which, they went to the Chamber of the Queen of *Hetruria*, and *Amiclea* return'd to that of the two afflicted Virgins, with whom she found *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, who after having deliberated a long time were at length enter'd into their Chamber, tho' *Terentia* was unwilling to see either of them. *Theanor* was upon his knees before *Terentia* who lay upon her bed, and *Æmilius* stood near *Aurelisa* who sat leaning upon a Table. Whereupon *Amiclea* approaching to *Aurelisa*, without *Terentia*'s observing it, *Theanor* was not at all interrupted. You see, Madam, (said he to her) an unhappy person who confesses his Crime. No, no, (answer'd *Terentia* with a Tone sufficiently herce) : do not go about to excuse your self ; you had reason to go,

and succour a person by whom you are lov'd ; and to abandon one that does not love you. But as for *Æmilius*, if you had reason, he is a Criminal ; for he succour'd a person by whom he could never be lov'd, and deserted one that would have given her own life to save his. *Æmilius* hearing himself nam'd, drew near to her, and *Aurelisa* and *Amiclea* did the same, upon which there began so pathetical a conversation between these four persons, whose interests together were so hard to be disintangled, that scarce ever was the like seen. *Theanor* appear'd very much afflicted, *Aurelisa* extremely perplex'd, *Æmilius* absolutely inrag'd, to see himself no more lov'd than before his succouring *Aurelisa* ; and *Terentia* so incens'd both against *Theanor* and *Æmilius* that she could not endure the sight of them. Go, (said she to them) go, unjust persons as you are, and leave me at least the liberty to bemoan my self in quiet for my unhappiness, in being lov'd by a man of such gratitude, that rather than be ungrateful to another he suffer'd the person he lov'd to perish ; and for a second unhappiness in loving one so ungrateful, that he had rather save her life by whom he is hated, than hers from whom he has receiv'd a thousand courtesies. But, Madam, (repl'd *Æmilius*) if I am ungrateful towards you, are not you so towards *Theanor*, and is not *Aurelisa* the same towards me ? In truth (answer'd this fair Lady) I know not whether we be ungrateful, but I know well we are extremly unhappy. However it be (said *Terentia*) I have this advantage of my infelicity, that I owe nothing any longer to *Theanor*, and have so great cause not to love *Æmilius* more, that if indignation do not induce me to mistake, I am ready to hope I shall renounce my passion. As she ended these words, one came and inform'd *Theanor* and *Æmilius* that *Aronces* was returning to the Camp ; which summons constrain'd them to go away without time to speak four words, or hear one that pleas'd them. *Aronces* being more sensible of the misfortunes which are caus'd by love than of any others, when he was upon the way, did not cease to speak to *Theanor* and *Æmilius* ; he pitied and comforted them, and pittied himself too tho' without comfort, not having so much hope as to see a possibility of ever becoming happy. At his arrival at the Camp, he found a Council of War ready to be assembled, so that it behov'd him to make truce with Love, and bestow at least part of his mind upon the cares of the army and the siege. Now the *Tuscans* being a superstitious people, the accident of the broken Bridge, and the interpretations of the soothsayers upon it, gave occasion to several rumours among the Souldiers, some affirming that if *Rome* were attacked by force it would be taken ; others on the contrary maintaining, that if the course were attempted, it would not succeed. Nevertheless, the first opinion being more generally prevalent than the other, *Porfenna* and *Tarquin* conceiv'd this belief would probably excite the Souldiers to act with greater courage. Whereupon understanding by some Spies, that it was believ'd at *Rome* that they had no design to storm it by force, they took up a resolution to endeavour to surprize it. *Tarquin* being perfectly acquainted with the strength and weakness of the City, and instructed concerning the Fortifications made there since his absence, advis'd to make the principal onset on the side that

appear'd

appear'd most inaccessible (tho indeed it was not so) because it would be the least guarded. That for this purpose it was requisite to seize upon *Janiculum*, and become Masters of the Sublician Bridge, which would afterwards be easily kept, because the Hill that was to be seiz'd on too would command it: That in the mean time no care ought to be omitted in order to such things as were necessary for the happy success of the Siege, in case this design should not take effect. Accordingly *Porfenna* sent order for the Boats which he had provided, to come away, not only with intent to stop up the *Tiber* with them both above and below *Rome*, but also to make two Bridges with them, which might be serviceable for the communication of the several Quarters of his Army. The resolution therefore of attacking the Hill *Janiculus* being taken, order was given for the Forces design'd for the attempt to be in readiness to march at the first break of Day; and for those who were to make false assaults in several contrary places to be ready also to execute what should be commanded them, and likewise for all the rest of the Army to be in arms. *Aronces* was the man to whom this bold enterprize was encharged, *Titus* was commanded to back him, *Porfenna* and *Tarquin* remaining in the Camp to give orders according to occasion, and *Sextus* was intrusted with the care of the false assaults. Nevertheless he was desirous to be in the most dangerous place of all; but *Tarquin* knowing how violently he was hated by the *Romans*, conceiv'd if they should know him during the fight, it would make them become the more valiant. This design having more need of Foot than Horse, because it behov'd them to seize on a Pass, the access to which was difficult. *Aronces* put himself on foot at the head of the Forces intended for it, and a Horse was led by, for him to make use of, when he shall see it convenient. There was this difficulty in the thing, that the attack could not be begun till it was day; because the Souldiers being to pass through rough and intricate places, would have molested one another; if they had gone in the dark without seeing their way. But not to lose time, *Aronces* march'd away in the head of his Forces as soon as the first appearance of day light. The Cavalry kept themselves on both sides of them, either to withstand such as might come out of *Rome* by the *Sublician* Bridge, where the Hill *Janiculus* was attacked, or to oppose such as might come from the Hill by any other side. *Titus* kept in readiness to back *Aronces*, if there were need of it; and *Aronces* prepar'd himself to shew the Friends he had in *Rome*, and the Enemies he had in the Camp, that he deserv'd all the glory he had acquir'd in so many several occasions as he was present in. *Telanus*, *Æmylius*, *Theanor*, *Lacilius* and *Cesonius*, brothers to the generous *Melanthus*, and all the other brave persons of the Army fought near *Aronces*, whose mind was then very much employ'd; not onely with the care of coming off handsomely in this great enterprize, but also with the passion he had in his breast. For he was now beginning to draw his sword against *Rome* for whose interests he had gain'd a Battle, and he was going to see the house of *Clelius*, if his attempt succeeded; for it stood at the end of the City, on the side of the Hill *Janiculus*. He had indeed the consolation of apprehending, that neither *Clelius* nor *Octavius* would be in this attack, for the hill *Janiculus* was a kind of out-piece of the City, which in all likelihood a man

of *Clelius*'s age would not go to defend, nor was it probable *Octavius*'s weakness occasion'd by his wounds would yet permit him to come into the field. He had likewise understood by a Spy, that *Mutius* was upon the guard of that place; and therefore knowing how courageous he was; and looking upon him as Rival to *Herminius*, and consequently no friend to himself, he went to this assault with a resolution to signalize himself highly in it. He fanci'd also some pleasure in thinking that after the taking of this Hill, he might be able to seize on the Bridge and the Gate, and that his valour might have the fair eyes of *Clelia* for Witnesses, it being sufficiently difficult for the last daring Ladies to refrain from beholding that, which nevertheless they would be willing not to see. *Aronces* therefore went to the fight with all the ardour of an Heroe, that would make it the interest of his Love to be courageous, to the end he might be more so. He caus'd his Forces to advance in so good order, that their march did not break them, tho they were necessitated to pass through a way sufficiently troublesome, and they came very near the Hill *Janiculus* before *Mutius* discover'd them; for they took a certain by way the which kept them from being taken notice of. Besides that a good thick mist being risen that morning which held for an hours space, it was not easie to discern them. 'Tis true, *Mutius* did not fail to send forth every night a party of Horse, to serve for a Guard to the Place he was Commander of; but *Aronces* took a way, by which he did not look to be assaulted. So that he was sufficiently surpris'd when he saw himself forc'd to prepare so suddenly to fight; but having an undaunted heart, he soon resolv'd upon it. However he sent forthwith to advertise *Herminius*, Who kept Guard at the Gate of the Bridge, to send him aid; and accordingly *Horatius* in the Head of the Principal Troops of the second Legion, went to assist *Mutius* to defend a hold of such importance. When he arriv'd, *Aronces* had already beaten back the Enemies to their first Trench; for when *Porfenna*'s Troops advanc'd, *Mutius* came out in person against his Assaulters; upon which *Aronces* seeing an Enemy against him, which he could not overcome without Glory, encourag'd his Souldiers with his voice example, and went directly up to him, conceiving that if they could kill him, he might then easily carry the Pass which he guarded. The fight was very sharp, and very Bloody in this place; for the example of two such valiant men so animated both parties, that if it had been possible to resist *Aronces* long, *Mutius* had not yielded to him. But this Prince being this day more redoubtable than ever, there was no means to hold out against him. Every blow that he gave was mortal, all his Orders were executed as he could have wish'd, his example redoubled the Valour of his own Party, and weakened that of his enemies. *Mutius* himself was amaz'd at it, and soon constrain'd to abandon the first Trench, to the end he might better defend the second. But *Horatius* being arriv'd in the Head of the Troop which were sent to aid *Mutius*, *Aronces*, after having first forc'd the Trench, found the number of his Enemies redoubled, but as it is the custome of those who have great hearts, for their courage to encrease when the danger is so, *Aronces* being follow'd by all the brave Persons that accompani'd him, charg'd his Enemies with such

vigour that they were astonish'd at it, and constrain'd to withdraw from the second entrenchment, as they had done from the first. Now altho *Horatius* ow'd his life to a Rival more than once, and in spite of his love was loath to be ingrateful to him, yet he did not cease to prepare himself to fight with him in this occasion, after having ralli'd and encourag'd his Forces; for the interest of *Rome* being contended for, and they in opposite Parties, he made no scruple of defending himself against him that attack'd him, how oblig'd soever he was to him. So he help'd *Mutius* to bear up against the violence of so redoubtable an Enemy; but tho his valour was not easily parallel'd in the World: yet that of *Aronces* was greater than his; for without looking whether he were follow'd or no, he still charg'd forward, and suffer'd none to stand against him. *Mutius* himself was wounded by *Aronces*, and carry'd out of the fight, tho it was not mortally. So that *Horatius* perceiving it would be impossible to hinder *Aronces* from making himself Master of the Place, judg'd it more requisite to think of going to defend the Bridge, than to persist in the unprofitable maintaining of a Post which he could not keep. Nevertheless he made a great shock to beat back the Enemies: but *Aronces* coming up to him, brandishing his sword, This is the day, *Horatius*, (said he to him) that we may end all our differences, and perhaps, our misfortunes. Since 'tis lawful for me (answer'd *Horatius* fiercely) to fight against all Enemies of *Rome* whatsoever, I am willing that we determine all our quarrels with our swords. In speaking of this, these two valiant Men began to fight, which in all probability had not ended but in the death of both, if *Publicola*, who was advertis'd of the state of the matter had not sent order to withdraw the Forces from the Hill *Janiculus*, and to take care only for the defence of the Bridge. 'Tis true this order was in a manner unprofitable; for the valour of *Aronces* and those who follow'd him, had already driven the Enemies to that choice. Wherefore *Horatius* observing the disorder of his Forces, bethought himself of retiring. Which yet he was much put to't to do. For *Aronces* having pass'd upon him, seiz'd upon his Sword, and took it from him: but *Horatius* being strong, disengag'd himself from his Enemy, and drawing back towards his Souldiers to get a Sword, they enclos'd him, and shrouding him from the sight of his Rival, constrain'd him to obey the Orders of *Publicola*. *Aronces* all fierce with his victory, sought for his enemy, whom he had overcome; but not finding him, he sacrific'd to his revenge, all such as dar'd to resist him, and made himself absolute Master of the Hill *Janiculus*. After which conceiving it requisite to make sure of the place he had gain'd, he staid there to give necessary orders for the guarding of it, and causing fresh Forces to come to seize upon the Bridge, whilst *Telanus* in the head of a part of the victorious Troops pursued those that retreated, with intention to begin the assault of the Bridge, and so to become Master of the Gate which *Herminius* guarded. But the Tuscans found this design was not so easie to execute as they had believ'd; for *Horatius*, being provided of another sword, stay'd at the end of the Bridge, and bore up against all the impetuosity of the Enemies. *Aronces* indeed was not there, but he had so many Enemies on all sides, that any other but he would never have

dar'd to think of resisting. In the mean time there was a strange confusion in *Rome*: the affrighted People believ'd the Enemies were coming in upon them on all sides, the Women went to the Temples to supplicate to the Gods, the Old Men encourag'd their Children to the defence of their Country, all such as bore Arms, went whither the Consuls commanded them to go: and *Publicola* without being terrifi'd gave such orders as was necessary for the conservation of *Rome*. During this great Tumult, *Clelia* was at a window of her Closet with *Valeria* and *Colatina*, who were then at her house, and who suffer'd more than can be imagin'd; for they might probably undergo considerable losses in both parties. It was known by wounded *Mutius*, that *Aronces* was in person at the Hill *Janiculus*, and that the Prince *Titus* was there too; for his Troops advanc'd for the winning the second Trench, and *Valeria* seeing her dear *Herminius* at the guard of the Gate which was expos'd to the Enemies, thought her self every moment in danger of losing all the lov'd, as well as *Clelia* and *Colatina*. They having a true love to their Country in their hearts, pray'd the gods for the preservation of *Rome*: but at the same time they pray'd for those that assaulted it, and made as ardent vows for *Aronces* and *Titus*, as for the liberty of their native City. No question but they judg'd it a dreadful spectacle, to see all the Mountain which lay at the end of the *Sublician* Bridge cover'd with Souldiers, who throng'd down it to back those who attack'd the Bridge, and to see the Roman Souldiers at the same time daunted with the approach of that multitude of arm'd Men, who came upon them, as to an assur'd victory, and retiring in Confusion, and entring tumultuously into the City, for all the resistance of *Herminius*, who endeavour'd to hinder them from it, and could not so much as cause the Gate to be shut. So that *Horatius* saw himself left alone, to bear up against the whole power of the Enemies. 'Tis true, *Herminius* and *Spurius* soon joyn'd themselves to him, and these three Lovers did prodigious things in the fight of their Mistresses. Whether flie you, Cowards as you are, (said *Horatius* to the Souldiers that forsook him) do not you see, that if you abandon the defence of the Bridge, there will presently be as many Enemies, in the *Palatine* Hill, and the Capitol, as in the Hill *Janiculus*? At least (added he) if you will not fight, break the bridge, and leave me alone to bear the shock of those Enemies, who are not terrible but because you fear them. At these words the affrighted Souldiers chose rather to break the Bridge than to fight; and accordingly they began to break down the Bridge with all the dilligence of people possess'd with fear, whilst *Horatius* accompani'd onely with *Herminius* and *Spurius*, sustain'd the whole power of the Enemies, without other arms than their bucklers and swords. 'Tis true he appear'd with such a boldness, that the fierceness wherewith he repell'd those that assaulted him, struck terrour into them, and sometimes forced them to recoil. *Herminius* and *Spurius* seconded him likewise with very great valour; but at length the Bridge being almost broken, and nothing left but a small Plank to pass from one side to the other, he told *Herminius* and *Spurius*, it was time for them to retire; and accordingly these two gallant persons imagining he intended to pass over the plank as well as themselves, retir'd. But *Horatius* led by an Heroical ardour, fiercely commanded

commanded the Romans to break down that Plank, and staid alone for defence of the Bridge, sometimes defying the *Tuscan*s, and sometimes reproaching them for their injustice in protecting a Tyrant; and sometimes threatening them as fiercely, as if it had been in his power to overcome them, tho he stood alone against a whole Army. This extraordinary action so amaz'd the Enemies, that for a small while they suspended the violence of their valour, not knowing almost what they were to do. But at length seeing *Horatius* going from side to side with his sword in his hand, to the end he might take up all the Bridge, they were so struck with shame, and enrag'd, that in an instant a storm of Arrows falling upon him, his Shield was broken all to pieces. At which moment *Herminius* and *Spurius* perceiving *Horatius* had not pass'd back upon the plank, offer'd to return to him; but they could not, because they, who were set to break it, having done it according to *Horatius*'s orders, and that part of the Bridge being fallen into the Water with a great noise, all the Romans sent forth such loud cries of joy, that the Enemies withheld their fury for an instant, whilst *Horatius* observing *Rome* was in safety, lifted up his eyes to Heaven and cry'd, O god of *Tyber*, receive favourably into thy bosom, a man who has never been willing to live or die but for his Country: In saying which he leapt into the water, and turning his face towards the windows of *Clelia*, which lookt out on that side, he began to swim, without forsaking his sword or his shield so shatter'd with the Enemies arrows. But tho this spectacle deserv'd only admiration, yet the *Tuscan* Soldiers looking upon *Horatius*, as a man, who alone had hindred them from taking *Rome*, began to shoot upon him such a great multitude of Arrows, that he could not have fail'd to perish, if the valiant *Aronces*, after having assur'd the Post which he had gain'd, had not arriv'd on Horseback upon the bank of *Tyber*. Where being inform'd of what had pass'd, and being not able to hinder himself from admiring his Rival, the same Prince who an hour before endeavour'd to kill him, could not suffer that so valiant a Man as he should perish after so strange a manner. Yet he wisht he could have fought with him, and advanc'd towards the River for the purpose; but *Horatius* was already so near the other side of the *Tyber*, that he could not come at him. Wherefore not being able to overcome him gloriously, he would not that he should perish in his presence, after having done so glorious an action; and,

out of unparallel'd generosity, forbad his Souldiers to shoot upon *Horatius*. Ah Cowards (said he to them) you ought to have overcome him with your swords, and forc'd the Bridge which he defended, and not cover him with Arrows when he can no longer defend himself. These words having stoppt that clouds of Arrows which darken'd the Air, both parties beheld *Horatius* safely arrive at the other side of the River, and *Aronces* had the grief to imagine, that *Clelia* saw with her own eyes the great action of his Rival, and that she beheld at that instant the great honours the Romans were doing him. However there being nothing more to be done, *Aronces* was enforc'd to be contented with having gain'd a very advantageous place, which would extreamly inconvenience *Rome*, and prevented their making of Sallies, which might have much molested the Camp of the Besiegers. But tho this dayes actions were very glorious to him, in as much as he had wounded *Mutius*, disarm'd *Horatius*, and taken the Hill *Janiculus*, yet he was excellently afflicted. Not that he was capable of envy; but the Passion of Love in his breast, caus'd him to apprehend distasteful consequences of his Rival's glory. Accordingly the next morning he understood by a Spy, that the like honour had never been done to any other Roman since the foundation of *Rome*; that the Senate had decreed a Statue should be erected to *Horatius* at the end of the Bridge which he had defended, that *Clelius* was the Man that propos'd the rendring the publick testimony of gratitude to his valour, and that at the dissolving of the Senate, the same *Clelius* had carried *Horatius* to *Sulspitia* and *Clelia*. Dispatch, Fortune, dispatch, (said *Aronces* in himself, as soon as he had opportunity to be alone) render me the most unhappy of all men, by wholly depriving me of hope and possibility of ever to become happy. For what ground is there to retain the least hope after that which is arriv'd? *Clelia* hath seen my Rival with her own eyes, doing the greatest action that ever was, and perhaps too she believes I was among those he fought with at the end of the Bridge, and puts me in the number of those that could not overcome him. But, alas! tho this should not be so, yet *Clelius* will make use of *Horatius*'s valour against me: for what can be refus'd to him, that has preserv'd *Rome*? Therefore I must resolve to see *Clelia* unfaithful, or *Clelia* persecuted; and consequently I must prepare my self to be always miserable.

The End of the Fourth Part of C L E L I A.

THE
Fifth and Last
VOLUME
OF
CLELIA,
THAT EXCELLENT
New Romance:
Being the CONCLUSION of the Whole
WORK.

Written in FRENCH
By the Exquisite Pen of Mounſieur de SCUDERY
Gouverneur of Noſtredame de la Garde.

Render'd into English by G. H.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the lower
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THE

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OF

TECHNOLOGY

AND

APPLIED SCIENCE

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

AND


OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
ELIZABETH
Countess of *RIVERS*.

MADAM,

 He unfortunate *CLELIA* having since her arrival in this Nation, sought a patronage from many noble hands, doth at length address her self to yours. As if those various adventures, which travers'd her illustrious life could not terminate in a compleat happiness before she were acknowledging to you for it, and that her vertue had not been sufficiently try'd to merit that felicity which was preparing for her before it had receiv'd a testimony from you, who are the perfect Patern of it. That she is worthy your protection I cannot doubt, at least if those excellent beauties of hers which are almost matchless in the original, come not sullied from my unskilful hands. And since it is reported it was not the illustrious Scudery, but that celebrated Vertuosa his Sister who finish'd the Romance after his decease, I could not make a more apt Dedication than the work of a Lady to the most Noble and accomplish'd Person of her own Sex. That which may cause you to make some difficulty in the reception of *CLELIA*, is the person of him that shall assume the boldness to present her to you. Yet it cannot seem strange an unknown person should thus presume, since an heroick vertue, such as yours, commands the addresses and devoyrs of all that honour it; the sence of which I cannot better manifest in my self, than by my humble desires to be admitted together with *CLELIA* in the quality of

MADAM,

Your Honours most obedient
and devoted Servant,

G. HAVERS.

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CLELIA.

A New Romance.

The Fifth and Last PART.

The First BOOK.

WHILE *Aronces* was possess'd with an opinion that his present condition rendred him the most unhappy Man in the World, *Horatius* sometimes enjoy'd all the delectation that glory together with hope is, capable to excite in a heart truly amorous. He tasted the joy of being satisfi'd with himself; which is the highest pleasure possible for a rational person to resent: He had perform'd a piece of singular service to his Country; and altho *Aronces* had disarm'd him, yet his last action afforded him satisfaction for that misfortune. Besides *Clelius* being so favourable to him, he had reason to conceive that the end of the War would prove the beginning of his felicity. And indeed he perceiv'd so unanimous a Resolution in the Roman Citizens to defend themselves to the utmost, that he would not so much as entertain in his thoughts a possibility for *Porfenna* to become Master of Rome. What place soever he went into, afforded him new cause of contentment, saving when he repair'd to *Clelia*, whom he alwaies found affected with the same aversion towards him. When he pass'd along the streets, the people attested his glory with a thousand acclamations; when he went to the Temple, he beheld Sacrifices offer'd there in thankfulness to the gods for the great action which he had perform'd; when he went to the Senate, he understood they had ordain'd a Statue to be erected to him as an eternal Monument of his valour: to conclude, only the fair eyes of *Clelia* depriv'd him of the hope, which fortune every where else suggested to him. And truly this was oftentimes sufficient to disturb all the pleasure, that hope could give him. The next morning after that great exploit, which had rendr'd him so eminent in Rome, *Clelius* bringing him to his house, and presenting him to his Daughter, he found cause to believe that what he had done had no influence to change the heart of that fair Lady. At first *Clelius* having beheld her with a sufficiently cold air, was immediately, out of an excessive affection for his Country transported against her. How? (said he to her with a low but angry Tone) dare you appear sad, when I bring the Deliverer of Rome to you? and have you the boldness to discover in your eyes the tokens of that obstinate and unjust passion which you harbour in your mind? *Clelia* hearing her Father speak in this manner, blusht and cast down her eyes;

so that *Horatius* not doubting, but that which *Clelius* spoke low to her, displeas'd her, was almost sorry for it, tho he apprehended the discourse could not but be in his favour. Wherefore advancing towards her, he interrupting the private communication, Permitt me to ask you, Madam (said he, perceiving *Clelius* retire) whether the general fright yesterday did not reach you too; and whether you had the resolution to behold from your windows, that multitude of enemies which would have surpriz'd the City, had not the bridge been broken down, at which they endeavour'd to enter. You speak very modestly of one of the fairest actions of the world (answer'd she) but to shew you that I am never unjust (added this prudent Lady) know, that tho you seem'd appointed by Destiny for the cause of the greatest infelicities of my life, nevertheless I did not cease to make vows in your behalf, when I saw you alone in the middle of the Bridge, sustaining the whole power of the Enemies. For indeed I saw all that pass'd in that great occasion; and I likewise beheld *Aronces* forbid his men to shoot at you, when you were in the River *Tyber*. I should myself have inform'd you, Madam, (repli'd *Horatius*) of that generosity of my Rival, tho you had not seen it; for I have heretofore often told you, that I yield to his merit and his vertue; 'tis only in point of Love that I contend with him for superiority. And to testify to you at least, Madam, that I do all that I can, know, I did not interrupt *Clelius*, but only because I apprehended he spoke sharply to you in my favour. I acknowledge it (answer'd *Clelia*) and I shall also acknowledge that you deserve my esteem and my friendship. Nevertheless, observing hope this day become more prevalent in your heart, I shall tell you once more (generous *Horatius*) that it will be best for you not to flatter your self into an error by it; since the more *Aronces* becomes unhappy, the more shall I be oblig'd to be faithful to him; and the more my Father persecutes me, the more resolvedness shall I have to withstand him. For in brief he has once given me to *Aronces*, and I have joyn'd in the gift; so that 'tis in the power of death alone to hinder me from being his. Moreover wete he no longer mine, I have told you an hundred times, I should never be yours nor any others. Content your self with being belov'd by the whole People of Rome; enjoy quietly the glory you have acquir'd; and do not render your self miserable, for a person, that can never make you happy. Other virilants hereupon

arriving, *Horatius* was constrain'd to withdraw, his heart being so full, that he could not but manifest part of his grief. And therefore he made a low reverence, without being able to speak any thing to *Clelia*, saving by some glances not less sad than amorous. As he came from thence he found *Æmilius*, who being unhappy as well as he, seem'd a fit person to be the confident of his sorrow. Walking along together, and *Æmilius* observing him very sad, What's the cause (said he to him) that you seem so melancholy in a day wherein you ought to know no other passion but joy? Alas *Æmilius* (cry'd *Horatius*) 'tis in vain that I have repell'd the enemies, since *Aronces* is not so absolutely Master of the *Janiculum*, which he hath seiz'd, as he is alwayes of the heart of *Clelia*; and should Fortune cause me to perform miracles for the safety of Rome, I should not thereby be less unhappy. In which regard, I can assure you *Aronces* is not at present so miserable as I; undoubtedly no unhappiness being so unsupportable as that whereby we find, that what ought to produce our felicity causes our misfortune. However (reply'd *Æmilius*) your misery is not so extraordinary as mine: *Clelia* lov'd *Aronces* before she knew you; she has lov'd him ever since, and you have not been able to win her affection. But as for me, unfortunate as I am, I have seen the cruel *Valeria* not to hate me, during the time she believ'd *Herminius* was unfaithful and dead: but since she understood his being alive and innocent, she has ceas'd to love me, and depriv'd me of all hope for ever. Ah! *Æmilius* (answer'd *Horatius*) that which you say causes your regret, is the very thing that ought to afford you consolation; For according to the transports of Love in which I am at present, I think if *Clelia* had lov'd me but only one day in all my life, the remembrance alone of so great a pleasure would suffice to keep me from being miserable the remainder of my days. But when I consider that my Rival is belov'd, that according to all probabilities he will be ever so, that I have never been so, for so much as one moment, and that perhaps I never shall be during my life; patience forsakes me, despair seizes me, and I wish for death every instant. Had I the same sentiments as heretofore (continu'd *Horatius*) when I carry'd away *Clelia*, I could easily induce *Clelia* to constrain her to marry me. After what I have perform'd, the people would approve the violence, and the Senate in the present posture of affairs would not offer to oppose my happiness: but (*Æmilius*) I know to my misery, that unless *Clelia* bestow her self, I cannot wish to possess her; since 'tis the heart of that cruel person which can cause my felicity. But (alas) that (to my misfortune) is in the power of a Rival whom I admire in spite of my self, for whom I bear as much esteem as hatred, to whom I am so highly oblig'd, that I cannot injure him without ingratitude, and who sets me such great examples of generosity, that it's necessary to be a Heroe to surpass him. Cease therefore to bemoan your self, or at the best think me the greatest object of commiseration. Yet on the other side generous *Horatius* (reply'd *Æmilius*) did you know what it is to have been lov'd and to be so no longer, you would change the thoughts; for no favourable glance has been formerly obtain'd, but then causes a thousand regrets; not an advantageous word heard, but occasions a thousand torments; and the opposition of misery to happiness, produces such a strange hurly-burly in an amorous breast, that the insensibility of a Mi-

stress is an affliction not comparable to what I speak of. Did I love a person insensible in reference to all love (answer'd *Horatius*) you would have reason: but I love a person that has a soft heart, that is able to love both with order and constancy, and consequently to resist whatever opposes the affection she has in her soul. When I spoke of an insensible Person (reply'd *Æmilius*) I meant in respect to you alone; for, as I said before, 'tis a more exquisite misery to be belov'd no more, than to have never been lov'd at all. I conceive indeed (said *Horatius*) it would be a greater affliction to fall into poverty after having been rich, than to have been alwayes poor; but 'tis not so in love: for in my apprehension, the thought of never having been lov'd, not being so at present, and despairing ever to be so, is the most cruel and insupportable of all those that can be inspir'd by an infortunate passion. *Æmilius* answer'd *Horatius* again, and *Horatius* yielded not to *Æmilius*; so that they parted without having convinc'd one another. But while these two Lovers bemoaned themselves together, there were others also who did the like. All *Plotina's* Lovers, looking upon *Amilcar*, as he that of all the rest injur'd them most, scarce hated one another at all, but hated him excessively, tho they dar'd not to express it. *Themistus* being always absent, and alwayes discontented, lamented himself amongst his Friends. *Artemidorus* being alwayes lov'd by two very aimable persons, had not a little to do. *Spurius* was displeas'd with himself that he had not been able to out-do *Herminius*, who signaliz'd himself most, next *Horatius*. And *Mutius* being as ambitious as amorous, was desperately afflicted for that he had not been able to defend the *Janiculum*, and had been wounded: for altho the wound he receiv'd was not dangerous, yet it confin'd him to his Chamber; where abandoning himself to regret, he revolv'd in his thoughts what ever most difficult attempts a great Spirit incens'd both against Love and Fortune could devise to overcome his misfortune. But having a Soul too noble to seek ways that were not honourable, he fanci'd nothing but what was grand and heroical. *Herminius* is belov'd (said he within himself) and deserves to be so; *Æmilius* is an amiable Person, and was not hated whilst *Valeria* believ'd *Herminius* had betray'd her and was dead; and *Spurius* is subtle, daring, dextrous and amorous. What then shall I do (continu'd he) to overcome such formidable Rivals? I must do some action transcending that of *Horatius* (added this afflicted Lover) and signalize my self so remarkably, that my Rivals may not afterwards dare to stand in competition with me for *Valeria*. I must save Rome with one stroke, if it be possible; and indeed it is too shameful to see it Captive when it boasts to be free, and to see it more miserable when it has no Tyrants, than when it was under the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*. After which *Mutius* having thought upon what he would undertake, took no care to be cur'd speedily, to the end he might execute the great design he had determin'd of in his mind. In the mean time *Aronces* maintaining his Conquest, and taking care to cause the *Janiculum* to be more fortifi'd on the side towards Rome, suffer'd more misery than can be imagin'd: for he well perceiv'd, that since this famous City could not be surpris'd at first, it would be very difficult to become Master of it by force, unless it were in a time so long, that *Horatius* would perhaps have leisure to work some change on the sentiments

ments of *Clelia*: not that he could believe her capable of infidelity; but tho he could not believe it, yet he could fear it; and the glory of *Horatius*, the authority of *Clelius*, the people's affection towards his Rival, the little probability there was that *Porfenna* would consent to his marriage, all these circumstances consider'd, together with his own absence, added weight to his fear, and diminish'd his hope. Nevertheless he trusted to the fidelity of his Illustrious Friends at *Rome*, and sometimes imagin'd secret consolations to himself, which enabled him to support all his misfortunes. Moreover, a sentiment of glory adding it self to that of love, the care of the Siege almost wholly employ'd his mind. But that which rendered him more unhappy, was, that he was constrain'd to see *Tarquin* and *Sextus*. He knew that the first always lov'd *Clelia*; and looking upon *Sextus* as one that had lov'd her, that might still love her, and that had caus'd the death of *Lucretia*, he hated and disdain'd him, tho he was not ignorant, that as voluptuous and unjust a Prince as he was, he had some qualities in him not displeasing to such as did not know him. *Aronces* likewise understood by a spy, that the Senate in testimony of greater acknowledgement to *Horatius*, had bestow'd on him as great a compass of Lands as two Oxen could in one day enclose with a furrow; that all the Inhabitants of *Rome* had particularly made him a present of something or other, to the end he might not suffer any inconvenience during the Siege; and that *Horatius* making a generous use of the same, had not only given to the poor all that they had offer'd to him, but moreover all that he had received from the rich. By which means the good fortune and the virtue of *Horatius* being alike terrible to him, this Prince was extremely miserable, and found no comfort, saving when he was free to go and entertain the Princess of the *Leontines*, a few moments, with discourse of his infelicities. Which notwithstanding he could not do often at the beginning of the Siege, by reason his presence was necessary in so many places, that he had scarce time to go see the *Queen of Clusina*. In the mean time it being resolv'd at a Council of War not to make more attempts to take *Rome* by force, order was taken to furnish it. To which purpose *Porfenna* caus'd little Forts to be rais'd at equal distances about the City, and the *Tyber* to be secur'd both above and below *Rome*, with Boats fastned together with chains; all these Boats being defended by Towers which were rais'd to that end on each side of the River; besides that there were also guards of Souldiers placed in several stations, which were reliev'd from time to time. These Boats serving at that time for a Bridge to *Porfenna's* Army, the *Tarquinius* pass'd over from the other side of *Tyber*, and extended their Camp into the Plain, after having pitcht upon a very advantageous place, where they might easily hinder any thing from being carried into *Rome* on that side, and from whence they sent parties out to waste, to make spoil in all the adjacent parts about that City. *Rome* was by this means begirt on all sides; but the more it was straitned, the *Romans* became the more courageous. *Herminius* being desirous to signalize himself, and accounting it a disparagement to be coop'd up, undertook to fetch provision into the City. Not that he believ'd that what he could procure brought in, would be capable to make it subsist any long time; but being a person of great prudence, he understood it was requisite to amuse the people, And he had occasion to take this course with them;

for as soon as all the avenues and passages of *Rome* were secur'd by the Enemy, the common sort began to have an extreme dread of Famine. But altho this fear seem'd but to encrease their hatred against *Tarquin*, yet there was cause to suspect it might at length administer occasion to a sedition; it being natural enough to the poor to murmur against the rich, and likewise sufficiently ordinary for the rich to have no great pity of the poor. *Herminius* therefore minding to prevent so great a mischief, told *Valerius*, it was requisite to send to the neighbouring people, to the end to obtain of them such things as they had most need of; and that, for his part, he would engage to secure the entrance of Convoys into *Rome*. Whereupon some persons were sent out by night, to go to the people of *Latium*, and to oblige them to succour the City; and others also to *Cuma* of *Campania*, and to *Pometia*: but the *Latins* refus'd to take any side between *Rome* and the *Tarquinius*, and they of *Cuma* answered ambiguously; only the people of *Pometia* promis'd provisions, conditionally they might be oblig'd to nothing more than to furnish the Waggons which were to carry them. Wherefore *Herminius* to acquit himself of his word, one night when the Moon did not shine, issu'd forth of the City with some Troops, and taking a by-way, which the Besiegers had not took care to secure, happily executed his design, and brought a competent supply of mouth-munition into *Rome*. The Enemies indeed being aware of it, there was a very sharp conflict between them and the Troops that guarded the Convoy; but the valour of *Herminius* held them off, till all the Waggons were enter'd into the City, without so much as the miscarriage of one; and this Illustrious Roman having born the stroke of the Enemies as long time as was requisite for the executing of his purpose, re-entred into *Rome*, about the break of day, in the sight of all the people, who beheld him as a second Protector, next *Horatius*. Moreover, to the end this might have the greater effect upon the minds of the multitude, all these Waggons were made to pass through the principal streets, before they went to the publick Store-houses. By which means they murmur'd less for some dayes than they had done formerly. But for that they were at that time above 30000 persons in the City, this supply was quickly spent; and the dearness of provision encreasing from day to day, the repinings of the Commonalty began also afresh. It was in vain that *Valerius*, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and the rest endeavour'd to appease the People; for the fear of Famine, and the present suffering render'd them so perverse that whatever was resolv'd upon, incens'd them. When sallies were made, it was said they were intended only to occasion the slaughter of men, and that there might be a less number to feed; if none were attempted, it was publish'd about as cowardize to suffer themselves to be shut up by so few Besiegers: If the Publick Stores were set open, they rumor'd that all the Provisions would soon be consum'd and that only the creatures of *Tarquin* gave this counsel, which was far more dangerous than it seem'd: If there were any speech of shutting the same up, and preserving the Publick Provisions against extremity, presently it was threaten'd to set fire on the Stores: In brief, nothing could be more difficult than to find out some fit means to compose the discontents of the City. *Porfenna* and *Tarquin* having intelligence of this disorder, sent Heralds to demand to speak to the people. Then it was that all the intelligent persons in *Rome* stood in

fear; for they conceiv'd it was to make some Proposition of Peace, with intention to cause the people to mutiny, if it were not receiv'd. Wherefore the Senate was minded to send back the Heralds unheard. But the multitude was so tumultuous, that it was necessary to hear them; all that could be obtain'd from the provoked people, was, that those Heralds should not enter into the City, but make their Propositions at the Gate. To which being accordingly oblig'd, they declar'd there aloud, that *Porfenna* sent to acquaint the *Romans*, that if they desir'd to be deliver'd from the War and Famine, and to avoid inevitable destruction, it was yet possible, and they needcd onely to admit *Tarquin*, to secure their Peace; *Porfenna* engaging to cause him to pass an Amnclty for all that was past, and to protect them also against him in case he falsifi'd his word. The Consuls trembled at this Proposal, fearing lest the present misery might induce the people to prefer a shameful Peace before a glorious War: but the matter had a better event than they imagin'd. The name of *Tarquin* was so odious to the People, that what *Porfenna* caus'd to be declar'd to them, to the intent to cause the sedition, produc'd a calm; for scarce had the Heralds done their Message, but the multitude who had beset all the Ramparts, relating to one another confusedly the Proposition that *Porfenna* made to them, cri'd all with one voice, No, no 'tis better to die, and we will rather set our City on fire, than receive *Tarquin* into it: and their fury transported them in such sort, that they had shot their Arrows against the Heralds, and violated the Law of Nations, if the Consuls had not restrain'd them. So these Messengers of *Porfenna* were enforced to depart; and the people, after this, seeing nothing to be chosen but War or the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, generously resolv'd upon suffering, and endur'd all the inconveniences of this Siege with admirable patience. Soon after, a private Council of War was held in order to attempt to break those two Bridges of Boats which secur'd the River, since had it been free on one side onely, *Porfenna's* design had been destroy'd, and this Prince would have found a necessity of giving over the Siege. It had been sufficiently experienc'd that sallies serv'd only to weaken the Cavalry which was in the City; for there being no other Forces in the Compagned design'd to relieve it, all sallies were unprofitable, and did not sufficiently facilitate the passage of Victuals for the subsistence of it. So that the only way to deliver it, was to render their River free. To which end it was resolv'd an attempt should be made, and that above *Rome* rather than below, since by that means it would be commodious for the Vessels to come down with the stream, for carrying necessaries into the City; whereas on the other side it would be requisite to row up against it. The on-set indeed was very difficult, but the designing to put good Rowers into all the Boats appointed for the attaque, made that no obstacle. *Themistus*, tho a stranger, was called to this secret Council, and propounded to set the Enemies Boats on fire, in case they could not be forc'd; and accordingly preparation was made for this. In order to which, two Boats were fill'd with several kinds of combustible things as Pitch, Sulphur, Bitumen, and divers Gummes; and a hundred others were chosen out and fill'd with resolute Souldiers. Every Boat had a particular Commander in it; and besides the Souldiers, and the Rowers, there were also men with

Axes to break and loosen the Chains which fastned the Boats to one another. This enterprize being accompanied with much danger and difficulty, all the Gallants were eager to be in it. *Mutius*, who was almost cured of his wound, desir'd the command of a Boat; *Themistus*, *Herminius*, *Emilius* and *Spiritus* did the like: *Artemidorus* and *Marigenes* were in the same Boat, *Amilcar* was in that of *Herminius*, *Zenocrates* commanded one by himself, in which *Octavius* was pleas'd to be; *Horatius* had the conduct of one of the Fire-boats, which was fastned to his own, and *Herminius* had charge of the other, altho *Mutius* had us'd all possible endeavours to get that employment. *Damon*, *Sicinius*, *Acrisius*, and divers other Gallants, were dispers'd in all the Boats. In the mean time, tho all care had been taken to keep this enterprize secret, yet the Enemies got intelligence of it, and prepar'd themselves to be assaulted. But for that they could not learn whether they should be attaqued above or below *Rome*, they were necessitated to divide their Forces; and moreover, the better to deceive them, a false attaque was thought fit to be given on that side which was not intended for the place of on-set. The *Tuscan*s and *Tarquinians* had rais'd little Forts at both ends of that Bridge of Boats, which stoppt up the River, and serv'd for the communication of the distant quarters of their Army: & this no doubt augmented the difficulty of the *Romans* attempt. But how hard soever it was, it was resolv'd upon; and all things being ready for it, precisely at midnight, all the Boats appointed for both purposes put forth upon the River. But those which were to make the false attaque, set out first, to the end to divert the enemies Forces to that side; and a quarter of an hour after, the others moving in order, and taking up almost the whole breadth of the River, in several ranks went to encounter the Enemies with so much greater hope of Victory, for that they knew *Aronces* was not on that side, pretending to make use of their Fire-boats according to the occasion they should have for them. But, for that it is alwaies a little lighter in the night-time upon the water than upon the land, the *Tuscan*s confusedly perceiv'd those that were coming to attaque them, and provided for their defence. So that the Bridge of Boats, and two little Forts defending it, were soon beset with Souldiers, and especially with Bow-men, who seeing the *Romans* within reach of their Arrows, shot with such eagerness, that the multitude of Arrows made a greater darkness thereabouts than that of the night. But because they shot at a venture, this first discharge had no great effect, and hinder'd not the *Romans* from approaching the Bridge with cries so fierce, that they seem'd to be a presage of Victory. All the Boats as they drew near to those which upheld the *Tarquinians* Bridge, hooked themselves thereunto, and they planted little Ladders against them for the Souldiers to mount upon the Bridge, whilst the work-men did what they could with their Axes to break the Chains that linked the Enemies Boats together. On the other side, *Horatius* and *Herminius*, who were the chief Fire-boats in this enterprize, went to fasten the Enemies opposition; and having left a hidden fire in the two Boats, which would break out suddenly after they retir'd, one went towards the right hand, and the other towards the left, to encourage their men to make themselves Masters of the Bridge, and to endeavour to mount upon it themselves, which

which was no easie matter; for the Enemies who stood thick upon it with their swords in their hands, repell'd them impetuously either into their Boats or the River. *Mutius*, *Artemidorus* and *Merigenes* mounted twice upon the Bridge, and were as often beat back into their Boat. *Acrisius* laying hold of a plank of the Bridge, and being almost got up, was wounded in the right hand: *Zenocrates* also mounted upon it courageously; but for that they which follow'd him were cast into the River, he found himself alone amidst many enemies, who seizing upon him, threw him into the River also on the other side the Bridge, after he had wounded one or two of them. Nevertheless losing neither his courage nor his judgement, he swam back under the Enemies Bridge with his sword in his hand, and got into one of the Boats again, to return to the assault. *Amilcar* being got up the Bridge, and perceiving himself the sole man of his party there, counterfeited a *Tuscan*, and had the good fortune to leap back into *Herminius's* Boat without being taken by the Enemies. *Horatius* was four times repuls'd; *Spirius* had like to have been drown'd, and so had *Emilius*; but *Herminius* was so fortunate, that he caus'd one of the Enemies Boats to be loosned, at the same time that the Fire-boats doing their effect immediately burnt down the middle of the Bridge, which consisting only of planks and faggots was soon consumed. Then was there heard a most terrible noise, for the *Romans* sent forth a thousand cries of joy, and the *Tuscans* contrarily a thousand tumultuous shouts, which testified their astonishment; for the fire having taken away the middle of the Bridge, depriv'd them of communication from one side to the other, and opened a passage for a great Convoy which they understood was prepared in Boats under the walls of a little very strong Town, where the *Romans* knew the supply was which they expected. And things were accordingly so happily executed, that the Convoy was already very near, when the middle of the Bridge was burnt. Wherefore so soon as the fire mingled with Sulphur and Bitumen began to destroy the middle of the Bridge, *Horatius* & *Herminius* easily caus'd as many Boats to be loosned as was requisite for the passage of those which carried the Provision: for such as were appointed to that purpose, with great hooks dispers'd those burnt Boats, which separated one from another, and being driven by the stream towards *Rome*, consum'd by degrees, and cover'd all the River with flaming wracks not without some terrour in the spectacle. In the mean time, as soon as the passage was open'd by the flame, the attacke of the Bridge was given over, there being no likelihood of doing any good upon the two Forts, and the only business being to procure a safe entry for the Convoy. Wherefore as soon as the River was free, at the first signal that was given of it, all the Boats drew together, and one half of them following *Herminius* went to meet the Convoy, and the other commanded by *Horatius* stay'd to guard the passage. At which time the Enemies discharg'd a storm of Darts both upon those that stay'd to guard it, and upon those that conducted the Convoy. Which while they were approaching some Gallants amongst the Enemies got into the Boats which remain'd at the two ends of the Bridge at the foot of the little Forts, and came forth to chase away the *Romans* from the place. And indeed they being assisted by those of their party, who still stood with their swords drawn upon both the ends of the broken Bridge, where they had at length stop't the course of the fire, *Horatius* be-

ing unable to master those that guided the Boats, was in a short time constrain'd to desert the passage of the River to the Enemies. So that when *Herminius* came back with the Convoy, he found that he was to fight again if he intended to pass. It was about day-break, and precisely at that time the Prince of *Messene* coming to second *Titus* who commanded the Souldiers in the Boats, appear'd with his sword in his hand upon the end of the Bridge. But when he perceiv'd *Themistus* in one of *Horatius's* Boats, he leap'd into one of those that maintain'd the passage, desiring to take this opportunity to encounter his particular enemy amongst the enemies of the side he had chosen. *Themistus* also knowing him, caus'd his Boat to advance neerer than it was, and with a threatening action signifi'd to him that he was glad to see him in a place where he might evince that himself was more worthy of *Lindamira* than he. Matters standing thus, *Herminius* appear'd in the head of the Conduct of the Convoy; for *Horatius* was constrain'd by the advice of all the chief Officers to defer charging those that defended the passage, till they might be attack'd on both sides together. And accordingly *Horatius* and *Herminius* advancing at the same time, and being follow'd by as many Boats as were necessary to possess the passage, went to charge them with their swords in hand. Whereupon ensued a very terrible combat; for from the Forts and the two sides of the broken Bridge, a storm of Arrows like hail was sent both upon *Herminius* and *Horatius*. But without taking unprofitable care to secure themselves from a danger which they could not avoid, but by deserting their intercept, they minded only the overcoming those who obstructed them. *Horatius* leapt into a Boat which *Telanus* defended, *Herminius* into another; *Themistus* and the Prince of *Messene* having the same purpose, executed it so exactly, that at the same time that *Themistus* leapt with his sword drawn into the Prince's Boat, the Prince pass'd into that of *Themistus*. But perceiving their error, they endeavour'd either of them to return into his own Boat; which as they were doing, they grappled together, and fell both into the water. As they fell, they were parted by their own weight; and being both skilful in swimming, as soon as they got their heads above water, they approacht to one another and exchanged some blows; and this strange combat would probably have prov'd fatal to both, had not a *Roman* Boat drew towards these two Rivals. Which as soon as the Prince of *Messene* saw, he endeavour'd to avoid being taken, and began to swim towards one of the Forts; but finding that he had received a slight wound in the right hand, his sword dropt from him. Wherefore *Themistus* seeing him without arms, and streaming with blood, would not kill him in that condition; but entering into the Boat which came to his succour, suffer'd him to get the bank of the River, where he was receiv'd by those of his party. In the mean time *Horatius* and *Herminius* being seconded by all the other Gallants, maugre the resistance of the *Tarquians*, sunk two Boats, slew almost all that were in the rest, and became at length so absolute Masters of the passage, that they got the Convoy clear through it. They had a mind to have maintain'd it afterwards, but it was not to be done, for the Enemies possessing the Forts still, and the two ends of the Bridge, would not have suffer'd them in the place. So that it behov'd them to content themselves with carrying their Convoy to *Rome*, which was likewise more considerable in respect of the joy and hope it excited

cited in the people, than of the real succour it brought to the Publick necessity: for in these occasions, the multitude alwaies magnifies things, and do's not carry their fore-sight so far as to destroy the pleasure arising from a present relief. This victorious Fleet therefore return'd to *Rome*, which was received there with a thousand acclamations. It had cost the life of some few Souldiers, and their were also certain persons of quality wounded. *Spurius* was shot with an Arrow that rais'd his shoulder, *Damon* was wounded with a sword in the side, *Horatius* receiv'd a slight hurt under the right eye, and *Meleagenes* on the arm. But however, this Victory did not prove a bloody one, and the action was accompani'd with great glory. The better to set it off to the people, thanks were render'd to the gods in all the Temples, the price of Victual was abated, part of these Provisions brought into the City were distributed to the people, and they were put in hope that other Convoys would also shortly come by land. As for those that had made the false attaque, Fortune was not so favourable to them as to the others, and they were forc'd to fight more than they intended; for *Aronces* hapning to be on that side, because it was believ'd it would be the most dangerous, came forth to meet them with armed Boats, and repell'd them so vigorously, that they were constrain'd to return towards *Rome*. He also took two of their Vessels: but understanding the real attaque would not be on that side, a sentiment of glory made him regret his absence from the place of greatest danger. Nevertheless soon after, a sentiment of Love made him the less sorry, inasmuch as he could not be accused by *Clelia* for being instrumental by his valour to encrease a necessity, in which perhaps she might be concern'd, by hindring Provisions from entering into *Rome*. But being desirous to send her some tidings of himself, and not being able to go where the conflict was, since *Rome* stood between him and the place, he writ a short Letter in his Tablets, and gaveliberty to a Commander of a Boat whom he knew was alli'd to *Clelius*, on condition that he would deliver the same to *Clelia*. This person at his return to *Rome* made good his word to *Aronces*, and went to carry the Prince's Letter to that Illustrious Roman Lady, who found these words in it.

ARONCES to CLELIA.

Since it has not been my fortune to be any wise concern'd in the danger of this daies action, know, 'tis alwaies with regret that I fight against Rome, and that for your sake I comfort myself more easily for loosing an occasion of honour, because I am more solicitous to give you testimonies of love, than to shew signs of courage to all the world. The Prisoners I send you back, will tell how highly I respect all that belong to Clelius. This is all can be said to you at present by a Prince, who has the unhappiness to be in an Army that is Enemy to Rome, and who is faithful enough to adore you in the midst of your Enemies.

This Letter gave much joy to *Clelia*, but withal it augmented her persecution; for *Clelius* understanding it, told her, she was infinitely culpable for receiving it; that there could no longer be an inno-

cent correspondence between her and *Aronces*, since himself prohibited it; and that *Rome* having daily greater obligation to *Horatius*, it behov'd her to look upon him as the man that was infallibly to marry her at the end of the War. *Clelia* answer'd to this speech of her father with her accusom'd constancy; & tho she said nothing inconsistent with the respect she ow'd to such a relation, yet withal she said nothing prejudicial to the fidelity she had promis'd to her Lover. In the mean time, to keep up the peoples hopes, who were troubled that the Enemies had again stopt up the passages of the River, sallies were frequently made upon them, and one day the herds of Cattle were driven forth out of the City, both to signifie to the Besiegers that they wanted nothing, as also to let the people to see, that it was not so straitly begirt. Moreover *Publicola* had a design to draw the Enemies to a conflict by this Stratagem, imagining they would soon have notice that the droves of Cattle were to go out of the City; for every day some treacherous slaves slunk out of the City into the Enemies Camp. *Publicola* therefore commanded *Herminius* to go with a small number of resolute Souldiers and ly in ambush along the great way of the *Gabinians*, in a little wood two miles distant from the City; and appointed *Spurius* who was accompani'd with a troop of young men lightly armed, to stay at the *Colline-gate* till the Enemies were pass'd by it, to the end to intercept their way of return. On the other side, the second Consul went forth at another gate, and getting to the top of mount *Clelinum* with foot only, he appear'd first to the Enemies with the Romane Ensigns, to the end to draw them out to fight. And accordingly *Tarquin*, whose quarter was on that side, first sending his forragers to attempt the driving away the Cattle, commanded other Troops to second them, who halstned to the place whither they were directed, with all the eagerness that useth to be in people that hope to make a great booty. *Herminius* no sooner saw them advanc'd, but giving them a smart charge, he drave them towards the second Consul. The *Tarquinians* thereupon ralli'd themselves, and encouraging one another to fight stoutly, made head on both sides: but at the same instant a great noise arising about the *Colline*, and the *Nevian-gates*, they understood they were inclos'd round; so that on a sudden losing their courages, they forsook their ranks, and were all taken or cut in picces. Whereupon the people beholding the Prisoners brought in, and afterwards the Cattle, fell into an excessive joy, without considering that the City was thereby no better provided for than before. But the Consuls, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and all the other chief Romans well understood that this small advantage was far from being decisive of the main War, and that unless the Forts were taken that defended the broken bridge which the Enemies had repair'd, it was impossible to have the River free on that side, and consequently *Rome* could not long hold out. Therefore they resolv'd to make a great attempt to accomplish this; which resolution was kept with much secretie, to the end they might, if possible, surprize the Enemies. Nevertheless they accounted it fit to defer the execution of this design for some daies, during which nothing pass'd very considerable either in the Camp of *Posenna* or in *Rome*. In the mean time *Aronces* omitted nothing to which honor obliged him, and was depriv'd of all consolation, saving what the conversation of the Princess of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha* gave him. The Prince *Titus* was also very much

much devoted to his interest, and *Telamur* acquitting himself of the promise he had made to *Octavius*, rendered him all offices in his power. As for *Tarquin*, his solicitude of regaining the Throne wholly took him up; *Sextus* liv'd after his accustomed manner, to wit, as voluptuously in the Camp, as in time of peace: the fierce *Tullia* bestir'd her self continually at *Tarquinius* to promote the design of *Porfenna*, who aim'd at the glory of compelling the *Romans* to receive a King from his hand: But altho War be a great affair which employ's all the world, even to those which go not to it, notwithstanding there wanted not some persons at *Rome* who diverted themselves agreeably; and War and Love have such a sympathy, that they sometimes produce one another, and often subsist together without mutual prejudice. Thus there wanted not good company at the houses of *Domitia*, *Valeria's* Mother, *Sulpicia*, *Berelisa*, *Cesonia*, and divers other houses of quality: and all the Lovers, how courageous soever, fail'd not to find opportunities to make visits to their mistresses. They also who were not amorous, but yet had pleasant wits, and were of a debonair humor, frequently diverted themselves with the misfortunes of others. *Amilcar* found pleasure to himself in a hundred things, which nevertheless had something of sadness in themselves. *Damon* furnish'd him with a sufficiently ample subject, for tho he hated *Amilcar* ever since he perceiv'd that he derided him, in pretending to remember what he had been before he came into the world, yet he thought him of the Sect of *Pythagoras*, and that he wanted only firmness enough of mind to own an opinion publicly, which was generally so little receiv'd. Wherefore being very ill of the wound he had received at the attack of the *Tarquini-ans* bridge, and believing he should die (tho his attendants thought otherwise) out of Zeal to the Sect he was of, he sent to desire *Amilcar* to come to see him; for one of the principal Precepts of *Pythagoras* was, Never to sleep with hatred in the Heart. Now *Damon* having pass'd many daies and nights without being able to cease hating *Amilcar*, desir'd to see him before he di'd, that he might be reconcil'd to him and admonish him, since they were of the same Sect, not to make a secret of it, but to maintain that important verity; wishing passionately, that he might retain the remembrance of it when his Soul should be inclos'd in another body, as he believ'd it would in a short time. *Amilcar* at first much commiserated the prepossessed fancy of a man whom he saw really very sick. But there being no hope to cure him thereby, he answer'd him according to his desire. When he was gone out of his chamber, and had that object of compassion no longer before his eyes, and moreover understood by those that attended on *Damon*, that whatever he fanci'd, there was no danger of his dying, his jolly humor could not let pass so ample a subject of divertisement, but at night he compos'd a Dialogue between himself and *Damon*, which the next morning he sent to *Plotina* by an unknown person. When *Plotina* receiv'd the Pasquil, *Valeria*, *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, *Herminius*, and *Anacreon* were in her chamber. The hand being also unknown to her (for *Amilcar* had caus'd his composition to be written by one of his Attendants) she imagined it might haply be something to declare her condition to her, and inform her who she was. Wherefore rising up to open it, and withdrawing towards the window, she was immediately surpriz'd upon reading these words;
A Dialogue between Damon sick, and Amilcar in health.

This odd Title excited such laughter in her, that *Anacreon* told her she would be very unjust if she depriv'd the company of reading that which made her so pleasant. I assure you (answer'd she) 'tis not my intention, for I think the pleasure the company will receive in seeing that which is sent me, will augment my own. And accordingly *Plotina*, having resum'd her seat, and intreated her Auditors not to interrupt her, began to read that which follows, with that sweet and agreeable Air that was natural to her.

A Dialogue between *Damon* sick, and *Amilcar* in health.

Amilcar.

What has mov'd you to send for me? Am I not your Rival, and consequently your Enemy?

Damon.

Alas! When a man is at a point of death, and perhaps ready to become a Crane the same moment, he has no longer power to hate any person: for, in brief, *Amilcar*, I may undergo that destiny if the Gods please, and if *Pythagoras* be not mistaken.

Amilcar.

Since I conceive Cranes are very beastful (for in my opinion they are birds which do not much torment themselves with the affairs of this world) I should as soon chuse to be a Crane in health, as to besick *Damon*. But however, for what reason have you sent for me hither?

Damon.

To conjure you that you would cease deriding the Doctrine of the greatest Philosopher that ever liv'd; since I am fully perswaded you are of his opinion, and 'tis only out of an evil bashfulness that you dare not own it seriously.

Amilcar.

But what are you concern'd whether I believe that which you do, or no?

Damon.

'Tis because I would be assur'd to leave a *Pythagorean* Lover to *Plotina*, to the end he might perswade her of so important a truth as that of the Metempsychosis (or transmigration of Souls) is.

Amilcar.

How? Would you have me perswade her, that perhaps she has been a Stork, and may possibly become a Hinde; which are difficult matters to believe, when one is not accustomed thereto? I, that cannot perswade her that I love her passionately, tho it be sufficiently probable for a man that has black eyes, an aery mind, and a sensible heart, to love the most charming person in the world?

Damon.

At least be so generous to perswade *Plotina*, that if the Gods hear my prayers, my Soul shall pass into the body of some pretty little Dog, which may divert her, tho she should receive it from your hand.

Amilcar.

Could I know you in that condition, I should beware of giving you to my Mistress; for you might be so dispos'd as to retain the hatred of a Rival under the form of a Dog, and to bite me as one of those Creatures when possess'd with madness, if I should offer to kiss the border of her robe.

Damon.

Alas! What then can I wish to be, that I may once again enjoy the presence of *Plotina*?

Amilcar.

Verily I think your case very hard herein; according to all likelihood, you can never see your self her Lover again,
tho

tho the same moment ensuing your death should be the first of your second life: for twenty years hence you would be quite a new Lover, whom she would much condemn; and besides, she makes so little reckoning of her beauty at this day, that it's likely she would then much less esteem it. But if you will believe me, desire to become a Mouse, and to be hid in her closet. I have sometimes made a Metamorphosis of a Mouse into a woman, doe you make one of a Lover into a Mouse.

Damon.

But you do not consider that she would not love me, but rather do all she could to cause me to be taken.

Amilcar.

You have reason, and I am mistaken; not but that, according to the example of the Mouse I once told you of, which gnaw'd Mars's Love-letters, you might have pleasure enough in gnawing all the sweet Letters that should be written to her; and especially mine.

Damon.

'Tis true; but however, I cannot think fit to become a Mouse.

Amilcar.

Indeed 'tis sufficiently difficult to chuse to be a Beast in the company of Plotina.

Damon.

Yet I should rather like to be some poor little Animal and made much of, than to be a Lover and ill treated.

Amilcar.

Every one has his fancie; but in conclusion, what doe you resolve upon?

Damon.

To die without knowing what I would be, that I might still serve for something to Plotina.

Amilcar.

Trouble your self no more about this matter; for I swear to you with all the sincerity of a Rival, that whatever you may possibly become, I will make you serve for divertisement to Plotina as often as I shall talk with her about your Pythagorean opinions. And now die with joy, since you can have no greater contentment, having troubled her during your life, than after your death, to serve for the pleasure of the fairest and most amiable person in the world.

It must needs be confest (said Plotina smiling) that Amilcar is not over-wise; for certainly 'tis he that made this Toy. Rather say (answer'd Valeria) that he is an agreeable person, and of an ingenious and diverting humor. For if Damon did not speak what is in the Dialogue, 'tis possible he might, according to the humor that I understand he is of. 'Tis true (reply'd Herminius) that a man who could believe Amilcar remembered he had been a Phoenix, might say all, that is here ascrib'd to him. I beseech you (said Berelisa to Plotina) give me a Copy of this Dialogue. And I desire the same favour (added Clidamira) and if you please, will writ it out immediately. Amilcar's consent must be ask'd (answered Plotina seeing him enter) for no question he has more right than I in what you demand. I do not think that can be (said he) tho I know not what you speak of. We speak (answer'd she) of the pleasant Dialogue between Damon sick, and Amilcar in health. How? (cry'd he) as for the Amilcar you speak of, I assure you I do not know him; but thanks to your eyes, he that speaks to you is more sick than Damon. Since your malady does not appear in your aspect (answer'd Plotina) it is not ealie to believe you; therefore you may please to suffer me to take you for the Amilcar in health, who has made Damon speak a thousand follies, and who

alone can grant me permission to give Berelisa a Copy of the Dialogue which he has made. Amilcar thereupon said, it was true he had a discourse with Damon which deserv'd to be witten, but he endeavor'd to deny that he had sent any thing to Plotina. Yet it was in vain; for all the company so confidently maintain'd that it was he, that he could no longer defend himself. Well then, Madam (said he to Plotina) since 'tis your pleasure I should pass for the Author of the Dialogue in question, I consent to it, for I am the most complacent person in the world. Since 'tis so (said Berelisa) you shall give me a copy of what you have made. If Damon dies (answered Plotina) I shall consent to it; but if he does not, I conceive it will be best not to let this toy run abroad in the world, for fear at length he be angry in good earnest. On the contrary (reply'd Amilcar) if he dies, 'tis fit it die with him; but if he escape, as they who attend him believe, I care not if it be seen: for since Damon is of a Sect according to which it is not lawful to sleep with hatred in the heart, he will doe me no great mischief. In truth (said Valeria) I conceive, whether Damon die or no, 'tis best to give no copy of Amilcar's Dialogue, tho it be very agreeable. Your goodness extends too far, Madam (answer'd Berelisa) and 'tis enough to say only that 'tis not fit to publish this pleasant Toy, but too much that it ought not to be given to any whatsoever, since delightful things are not made with intent not to be seen. No (reply'd Amilcar) but foolish things, as this in question is, ought not to be made common. Nevertheless (said Berelisa) when a copy of them is given to a discreet person who promises not to lend them, and swears to be faithful, to entrust them is not all one as to publish them. The world (said Plotina) is full of such discreet persons who promise all, and perform nothing which they promise. But for my part (answer'd Berelisa) I am not of that number, and none can be more exact than I am. For my particular (said Clidamira) when only Verses, Sonnets, or such like things are delir'd I sometimes suffer my self to be perswaded to shew them, tho I have promis'd the contrary, because for the most part I believe they who make so great secrets of such kind of trifles, do it not but only to make them be thought the better. All such little infidelities (answered Berelisa maliciously) produce a strong disposition to greater. I am of Berelisa's opinion (reply'd Herminius) and for that reason I judge it requisite to accustom ones self to be exact even in the concernment of small things. In good earnest (said Amilcar) 'tis more trouble than 'tis imagin'd to keep a secrecie of trifles: for as for those greater serious secrets (added he) all people keep them that have but a little sense of Honor, or only a little prudence. But as for the secrets of Verses, Sonnets, Dialogues, or pleasant Novels, 'tis very difficult not to reveal them to some or other. Nevertheless, I confest 'tis dangerous enough to give Copies of Letters or Verses, when 'tis not desir'd they should be common. For the more loth you are to have them seen, the more they are shewn; and which is worst, such Copies pass through ignorant hands, who change and pervert the sense of the Copies which they transcribe. I remember I one day made a Sonnet which I was unwilling should goe abroad at that time; yet I gave it to a Lady who promis'd me not to shew it to any person living: the first Stanza was this which I shall repeat to you, if my memory doe not deceive me.

Reason

*Reason and Love are at perpetual strife:
Who so with that partaker is,
Becomes an Enemy to this.
But without Love there's no content in life.*

Nevertheless this faithful friend who should not have shewn it to any one, gave it privately to a friend of hers, that Friend to a Lover, that Lover to another Mistress (for I am not the only man in the world that has more than one Mistress at a time) that Mistress to a Kinswoman that sung well, and that Kinswoman to a Master that taught her Musick, who immediately made an Air to it. But this miserable Stanza having pass'd through several hands, was so transform'd, that I could scarce own it: see how that simple fair one sung it.

*Destiny and Love are at perpetual strife:
Who so with that partaker is,
Becomes an Enemy to this.
But without cause to laugh's a pleasant life.*

* Seriously (said *Plotina* smiling) I think I like this non-sense Stanza as well as the other, for the last Verse seems to me perfectly pleasant. Since it is so (said *Amilcar*) I consent that the Dialogue be given; for perhaps it will be as pertinently chang'd to divert you, as the Stanza of my Sonnets, which nevertheless astonish'd me when I heard that fair ignorant sing it, and account it the pleasantest thing in the world. 'Tis true (said *Anacreon*) this is a hard fortune. For my part, I remember I one day made an Ode, in the beginning of which I mention'd a Swallow; and as this composition had the good fortune to please, it was talk'd of sufficiently at the Court of *Polycrates* where I then was, and at length was so often repeated, and so many Copies made of it, that I met with one of it, in which in stead of the two first Verses which might be thus translated:

*Thou in Spring-season each year dost return
Too happy Swallow ———*

was put

*Thou as a Locust each year dost return
Too happy Turtle*

So that this handsome Metamorphosis being made of a Swallow into a Locust, my poor Ode became a strange peice of non-sense. But people that understand a little sense (answer'd *Berelisa*) perceive well that it was not made so. No doubt they do (reply'd *Herminius*) but sometimes there are things whose meaning cannot be conjectur'd, and all that can be known of them is, that they are not understood: Wherefore the less a man can expose himself to these events, the better; and yet they would be avoyded, if all the world were exact. 'Tis so troublesome to be always exact (answer'd *Chidamira*) that nothing requires more pains. All other things have their bounds, but exactness has none: it is diffus'd every where, and there is scarce any thing in which it may not be found. When exactness is excessive (reply'd *Plotina*) I confess 'tis something inconvenient; and if you observe, they that profess it have a kind of a constrain'd Air, their complements favour of ceremony, their familiarity is so nice that the least thing hurts it, and there is no quiet from them. He that is guided by true reason (answer'd *Herminius*) never

address himself to any thing in the excess, but acquires a certain habit of being exact, which affords delight in stead of trouble. For I conceive they who are exact, as vertuous persons ought to be, cannot but always continue so. They are so, without perplexity, constraint, or ceremony; and because they understand exactness to be a point of elegance, that it is necessary to Society, and finally, that without it a man can promise himself nothing from any other person. For when I tell a small secret to a friend who promises me not to reveal it; if I know he is not exact, I am always in fear. Moreover, for a man to comport himself rationally in friendship, it behoves him not only to conceal what he is desir'd to keep secret, but sometimes also not to divulge things which he is not requested to be silent of; because generosity requires him to have a certain charitable discretion, even towards those that are not wise enough to be absolutely discreet in their own concerns. For indeed, it is never commendable for a man to lose an occasion of testifying to himself that he has more prudence, goodness and vertue than another. He ought to make a secret delectation to himself by acting better than others do, and account it a glory to supply the reasons of others by his own, and not be like those who more frequently speak what they never ought so much as to think, than what is fitting to be spoken. I confess (said *Amilcar*) they who have no exactness are sometimes injurious to others; for I remember I saw a man at *Carthage*, that through want of it committed the greatest extravagancies in the World. I remember one day he invited me to dine with him, but being invited himself about an hour after to another place, he made no scruple to goe thither, without so much as sending to advertise me of it. For my part (said *Plotina*) I shall never pardon a man who promis'd me a basket of Orange-flowers, and sent them not; and I shall remember another as long as I live, that sent twice to know whether I would be in my chamber that he might come to visit me. His messages were accompani'd with such earnestness, that imagining he desir'd to speak with me concerning a business relating to a friend of mine, of which he understood something, I broke off an appointment I had made, and sent him word, I would attend him. And so I did to no purpose, and that with very much regret. For it being a fair day, in which all the world went abroad to walk, no body came to visit me, and I was all the afternoon turning my head as often as my chamber door was open'd, thinking always 'twas he that I waited for. And which was worst, I understood in the evening that this shuttle-brain'd friend had spent the day walking with the Ladies which he met as he was coming to me. Judge therefore (said *Herminius*) whether the little exactness which troubled you in so inconsiderable matters, would not disgust you in more important occasions. Besides, 'tis certain, that when a person makes a custome of not being punctual in small things, he easily fails to be so in great, and consequently many times hazards the displeasure of his best friends. And therefore the surest course is to be punctual. In truth (said *Amilcar*) I am of opinion, all things are dubious, that there is no side but may be defended; and if I were to establish a Sect, I would have it lawful to doubt of every thing, except matters of Religion. For there is nothing we can be confident of. Many times we are ignorant of what we fancie we know, and know what we take our selves to be ignorant of. There

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are whole Nations which have Opinions, that pass for errors amongst others; and as all men have a constitution and temper particular to themselves; so every Kingdom, every Country, every City has its peculiar manners, customs, inclinations, and opinions too; so true it is, that reason varies according to the Climates and Nations: For the most part we believe what our Fathers believ'd before us, without searching into the reason of our belief; onely there are a few sublime Wits who pry into things in their Original; who seek to make a perfect discovery of their Opinions, and after all their pains find it almost impossible to be done. For indeed our Reason from the very first use of it is prepossess'd with the sentiments of others, and can't without violence clear it self from all that entangles it. In which respect I am perswaded, men are almost always deceiv'd, even in things wherein they think themselves erre least; and the surer course would be, as I said before, to doubt almost of every thing. And to prove what I say; is it not true, that till the daies of *Pythagoras*, the most learned men believ'd the Evening-Star and the Morning-Star to be two distinct Stars? And nevertheless, the knowing Philosopher has discover'd to us, that the same Star which we behold so twinkling at the beginning of night, is the same which is so fair at break of day. All men before, judg'd of it in that manner; and two names were given it, which it bears still: and yet we see manifestly that all men were mistaken. That which you say is true (answer'd *Anacreon*) but the same man that could discover a truth that had been unknown before, teaches a ridiculous falsehood in his Metempsychosis. 'Tis in that regard (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I have reason to affirm, 'tis best to doubt almost of every thing; since the greatest men are lyable to be deceiv'd in something. For my part (said *Herminius*) I cannot conceive that that excellent man positively believ'd that which his Disciples teach; for the Moral Precepts are so excellent, that 'tis hard to believe his Doctrine could have been so foolish. As for my particular (said *Berelisa*) I confess I cannot yet very well believe that he thought he remember'd he had been a Cock, and *Euphorbus* at the War of *Troy*, could be of any great judgment. Nevertheless 'tis certain (answer'd *Herminius*) that *Pythagoras* was one of the wisest men of the World. But what then (said *Plotina*) did he teach so Excellent? A thousand things, Madam, (answer'd *Herminius*) and to tell you some of them, he commanded his Disciples to honour the Gods, and never to desire any particular thing of them; maintaining, that no man knows exactly what is fit for him, and that 'tis more respectful to submit totally to the order of Heaven, than to endeavour to alter the Decrees of Destiny according to ones humor. What you say, has no doubt something very excellent in it (reply'd *Valeria*) for I conceive indeed that all men know not what is proper for them, and that the cause of disorder, division, and Wars in the World, is, for that in general all men desire good, and know not what it is. But to return to the excellent man you speak of, I remember I once heard the Illustrious *Brutus* (who was an intimate friend of the wise *Damo*, daughter of *Pythagoras*) say, that this great man compos'd a thousand excellent Verses concerning heroical Friendship. 'Tis very probable (answer'd *Herminius*) and to the same purpose he establish'd a Community amongst his Disciples; for he confidently maintain'd, that there ought not to be any

distinct interest amongst true friends, and that where there was, there was no friendship but society: and it may be averr'd, that never any before him so well understood all the duties of true Friendship. But that which makes me love him the more, is, that he was a profest enemy to Lying, which I hate more than can be imagin'd. No doubt Lying is an evil thing (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to say truth, it is sufficiently hard to renounce it absolutely; and upon due observation it would be found, that even they who hate it most, sometimes make use of it, notwithstanding their detesting it. At least I know that I do upon some occasions, and shall do still many times in my life. Not that I love to lye, but it has certain little conveniences in it very necessary. For example, is it possible to make a Story delightfully without lying, or adding some circumstance to render it more pleasant? Can one commend a woman, without speaking a little more good of her than she deserves? Can one speak ill of his enemy without aggravating his fault? Can one bemoan himself in Love, without making his misery a little greater than it is? And to prosecute sincerity to the utmost, could I have compos'd the Dialogue of sick *Damon*, if I would have confin'd my self to the truth? All the company laugh'd at this which *Amilcar* said; and as *Plotina* was going to answer him, *Emilius* enter'd, and ask'd if they had heard the great news which he lately learnt. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) that we have heard none all this day. I inform you then (reply'd he) that I am just now assur'd, there is a great division between *Tarquin* and *Porfenna*, and that it may be an occasion of raising the Siege and delivering *Rome*. As things desir'd are easily believ'd, this news was receiv'd with joy; and tho *Herminius* made scruple at first of believing that *Tarquin* would fall out with a Prince without whose protection his case was desperate, yet he yielded at length, and discours'd upon this surprising intelligence as the rest did. A little while after, *Flavia* enter'd, and having taken a seat, ask'd, whether they had heard tell of the apparition of the God of *Tyber*, who was reported to have threatn'd *Porfenna's* Camp; and then making the description of that God, repeating the very words that were attributed to him, and indeed speaking as a person well perswaded of what he affirm'd was true. For my part (said *Amilcar* smiling) I have walk'd upon the banks of the fairest Rivers in the World, and also upon those of the River *Alpheus*, so famous for his love of the fair *Arethusa*; but none of the Deities that preside over them would never yet do me the honour to appear to me: and therefore Madam, (added he, looking upon *Flavia*) you must permit me to expect till the news you speak of be confirm'd, before I believe it. *Flavia* was going to answer, but *Merigenes* being enter'd hinder'd her, for beholding *Amilcar* in the company, he seem'd so surpris'd at it, that as soon as the first civilities were past, he could not but testify his astonishment. I thought (said he to *Amilcar*) you had been gone disguis'd to the Enemies Camp, to foment the division which they say is between *Porfenna* and *Tarquin*; for I just now came from speaking with a man who confidently assur'd me he saw you depart thither. Well then (said *Emilius*) you understand by *Merigenes*, that I am not the only person that have heard report of the division amongst the enemies. But if it be no more true (answer'd *Herminius*) that they are divid-

divided than it is that *Amilcar* is gone disguis'd to *Porfenna's* Camp, there is not much ground to rejoice at this great news. But, I beseech you (said *Plotina*) from whom did you learn it? From a man (answer'd *Æmilius*) that I seldom see but in the Publick places, where they talk of general affairs. He seems to be ingenious, speaks much and well, is not much to seek for what he would say, and affirms things so positively, that none dare doubt of what he delivers. 'Tis certainly the same (said *Merigenes*) that told me you were gone disguis'd to the Camp of the Enemies. May it not be the same man too (added *Plotina*, smiling) that acquainted *Flavia* with that wonderful Apparition she tells us of? To speak truth (answer'd *Flavia*) I think all our news comes from the same place; for *Mutius* who inform'd me of what I have related to you, assur'd me, he heard it reported by an ingenious person in the Grand Court of *Hoftilius*. 'Tis there I was told of the division of the Enemies (reply'd *Æmilius*). And 'tis there also that I was assur'd (added *Merigenes*) *Amilcar* was gone out of *Rome* disguis'd, but with all the circumstances so precise, that any other besides myself would have been deceiv'd as well as I have been. Is he a *Roman* (demanded *Berelisa* smiling) that told you all this News? No, Madam, (answer'd *Æmilius*) and I find his pronunciation manifests him to be a stranger. Certainly then (said *Clidamira* to *Berelisa*) 'tis a man whom we know, who accompany'd us in our passage from *Cicily* to *Ostia*. I doubt no more of it than you do (answer'd *Anacreon*) and accordingly describing that person to *Merigenes* and *Æmilius*, they understood 'twas he of whom he spoke. But what is this universal Impostor? (said *Plotina*). He is a person of extraction good enough (answer'd *Berelisa*) born at *Lylybeum*; he spent his youth in *Africa*, and has got such a faculty of lying, that 'tis impossible to hinder him from it. So that I think I may safely affirm, he never spoke any truth in his life, but he thought he ly'd. Nevertheless, as you were told, he is ingenious, speaks freely, and delights those sufficiently who know him not for a Lyar; for he alwaies tells new things, his wit is never exhausted, and alwaies forging matter of discourse; he talks all his life, and withal hath the art to contradict himself less than all other great Lyars. But, for that I am a lover of truth, and very much abhor lying, I cannot endure him, and he comes no more to see me. For an hour or two (reply'd *Anacreon*) one may be diverted by him; but continuing longer, his conversation is insupportable; for what heed soever one takes, and what resolution soever one makes not to believe him, yet one is alwaies circumvented by him; and he speaks things with so free and ingenious an air, that he is able to deceive as long as he lives. 'Tis remarkable (said *Clidamira*) that he has been so horribly encounter'd for his lying, at *Lilybeum*, that he dares live there no longer; and for that he is perswaded 'tis impossible to speak truth alwaies, he is come hither with intention to go to *Præneste*, to inquire, whether it be possible there should be a veracious man in the World. If he please (answer'd *Amilcar*) I will shorten his journey, for I will assure him sincerely, that no man alwaies speaks truth, and moreover that there are as many great Lyars as speakers of truth. As for me (said *Herminius*) who make a particular profession to love truth and detest lying, I wish people would absolutely conclude that it behoves never to lye. How? Never? (reply'd *Plotina*) I do

not think it possible. For there are little Lyes of civility, which we cannot but sometimes make use of, and decency does not oblige us to decline them. There are also Lyes of generosity (added *Amilcar*) which sometimes are very convenient to be us'd. As for the pleasant Lyes (said *Anacreon*) I beg favour in behalf of them. For my part (added *Clidamira*) I approve using a Lye in way of excuse. For that I fear death much (answer'd *Flavia*) when I am very sick, I am contented that people should Lye, and tell me alwaies I shall recover, tho' they do not believe so. As for me (said *Valeria*) I will never use a Lye, unless when it may serve to save the life of some person. For my part (said *Merigenes*) I should extremely scruple to tell the least Lye in the world; but I confess, perhaps I might Lye, at the command of a Mistress. In good earnest (said *Berelisa*) there are more Lyars, than I imagin'd. Some there are to (answer'd *Æmilius*) who are Lyars, tho' they do not think themselves to be such. But since we are in the humor of speaking truth (reply'd *Plotina*) I beseech you let us establish Laws which may instruct us how far 'tis lawful to Lye. I confess (said *Herminius*) I am of opinion it behoves to have a general purpose, of Lying at no time, and not to produce in our selves a habit of those small Lies, which are not scrupl'd by any, and to which people insensibly become accusom'd. For since no crime is so easie to be committed, nor of more frequent conveniency than a Ly, we ought to restrain our selves from it to our power, and look upon Lying as a cowardly, low, weak, and infamous thing, arguing a less fear of the Gods than of men. But on the other side, we ought to look upon Truth as the Soul of Honesty, if I may so speak. And forasmuch as scarce any thing besides Speech distinguishes Men from Brutes, as being the image of their Reason, whose falsities it, renders himself unworthy to be a man. Beasts have no deceitful cries, except those terrible Animals that are bred upon the banks of *Nilus*; there is none but man, whose wickedness perverts the use of the Voice. Moreover, truth is the Universal bond, which maintains order in the World; the Publick-Faith, the Law of Nations, and Justice are founded upon it. It bears the supreme sway in Love and Friendship; without it, the World would be nothing but confusion, all men would be cheats, cowards, and impostors; and there would be neither honour nor pleasure in the World, if truth were banisht out of it. There is no greater inconvenience then a servant that is a Lyar, that assures you he has done what you commanded him, when he has not so much as thought of it. For my part, I confess to the shame of my Reason, I partly owe the hatred I bear against Lying, to a Lying slave that I had, who caus'd me to lose my patience a hundred times, and spoyl'd the order of my affairs by his continual falshoods. For he was so excessive at it, that sometimes he affected as much to accuse himself by lying, as to justify himself by speaking truth. But to return where I was; is there any thing more insufferable than an Artisan, who promises you what you have commanded him, and deceives you continually? Is there any thing more odious than the practice of those Great persons, who with favourable words cause a thousand favours to be hop'd from them, which they have resolv'd not to grant? Is there any thing more cruel, than to discover that a friend whom you love, did not tell you truth, when he told you, he lov'd you above all the rest of the World?

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And lastly, is there any thing more insupportable, than to have a Mistress that swears to love none but you, and nevertheless loves several other persons, or (to speak more properly) loves none? for a divided love is no love. A Lye serves for dissimulation, fraud, perfidiousness, cowardise, and almost all crimes, and 'tis only weakness or imprudence to make use of it. For a man continually incurs the commission of a crime that can never be committed but in publick, and by endangering himself to be convinc'd of it. To lye for nothing, is folly; to Lye for interest, is a great crime, since certainly there is nothing so contrary to the Gods as Lying; the Gods, I say, who are so true in the Oracles which they render. And moreover, do not we see that the search of Truth is the universal design of all men, and especially of the wife? That which I find yet more pernicious in Lying (said *Merigenes*) is, that it is a poyson which speedily communicates it self, and whose effect is scarce possible to be afterwards stoppt. For when any one relates a Lye in company, all that hear it Lye after him with confidence, and cause all others to Lye, to whom they impart such false relation; so that I conceive *Herminius* has reason in condemning Lying as much as he does. As for all great Lyes (answer'd *Amilcar*) I think no man can justify the practice of them at any time. I condemn the middle sort too (added *Plotina*) but as for those small ones which are in use all over the world, I think 'tis no easie matter to be able to disclaim them. For my part (said *Herminius*. I condemn all sorts; yet perhaps I can pardon some, but if I might prevail, none at all should be permitted. But then (said *Plotina*) 'tis requisite I should be fully instructed in this point, and propound Questions to the Company, which may teach me and correct me for the future. In the first place (said *Herminius*) it behoveth never to make either a great or a little Lye which may prejudice any person whatsoever; for since Justice and Generosity require not men to speak endammaging truths, they are far from permitting injurious Lyes. What you say, seems so equitable and generous (answered *Plotina*) that I will not contradict it: but however will you license those officious Lies, which turn to the benefit of our Friends, or serve to conceal their faults? I love my friends very well (reply'd *Herminius*) and I am very joyful at any occasion to serve them; but if I should be unable to do them a courtesie except by Lying, I should be extremely perplex'd. Then you would suffer me to die for want of a Lie? (said *Valeria* smiling) I find I could not (answer'd *Herminius*) but I confess, I should have very much regret to save your life by a way so little honourable; for in brief, every Lye is a crime, and all I can do in favour of officious Lies, is to account them excusable in certain occasions. But when a Lye injures none (said *Amilcar*) and benefits some person, is it not innocent? A Lye (answer'd *Herminius*) never fails to hurt him that uses it, tho it should injure no other person, and be only his own Lye; since it renders him less vertuous: and all that can be said, is, that to hinder a Friend from falling into a great misfortune, kindness may prevail above truth. But as for what concerns me, I confess, I should scruple to secure my self from a very considerable mischief by a Lye. Sincerely (reply'd *Plotina*) my generosity does not go so high as yours; for if I ly'd in behalf of another, I should also Lye in favour of my self. I am of your mind (said *Amilcar*) Nevertheless, that which *Herminius* says is very noble and generous (an-

swer'd *Merigenes*) for I think it shameful to Lye for ones self in any occasion; and it were better to undergo the mischief that threatens us, than avoid it by such means: so that I conclude, a man may Lye to save his Friend's life or liberty, but never for his own interests. I maintain too (said *Herminius*) that Lying is always a crime, and that even when a man Lies to save his friend's Life, he ought to do it with reluctancy and sorrow, because all Lying is unworthy of a man of honour. Moreover it ought not to be conceiv'd, that there is but one sort of Lyes, since there are a hundred different kinds. 'Tis oftentimes to make a Lye, not to speak a truth that is requisite to be spoken; and dissimulation is so dangerous a concomitant of Lying, that they may be confounded one with another. I confess (said *Plotina*) I could sometimes have justifi'd certain persons, if I would have declar'd what I knew: but I care not to oppose what people speak affirmatively, especially when it concerns only indifferent persons, and who are accus'd of no great crimes. But why will you by your silence (said *Valeria*) charge your self with a Lye which you do not speak? For if you can refute it, you are culpable of it; and I conceive well that *Herminius* has reason, when he saies, there are several kinds of Lyes; for there are Lies in deeds as well as in words, Lying looks, deceiving signs, dissembling smiles, and a Lying silence. *Valeria* has reason (said *Anacreon*) and I think too there are Lying civilities, and Lying courtesies; for sometimes people do services to some persons whom they hate, because they have need of them in some occasion, and to others out of fear and weakness; sometimes also they make shew of being glad to see persons that are extremely distasteful to them. I assure you (answer'd *Berelisa*) *Clidamira* is the person that of all the world has most of this Lying civility you speak of; for 'tis not three daies ago, since a young slave came to tell her there was a man desir'd to see her; *Clidamira* had no sooner heard his name, but she grew red with anger, because the slave had not told him she was not at home; then she sought all waies possible to cause him not to make his visit long, and gave order that a quarter of an hour after his coming, word should be brought her that she was expected elsewhere. After which, changing her countenance, action, and speech, it may be said she ly'd all the waies that can be in receiving this man. For she saluted him with an obliging smile, she caus'd him to sit down with all imaginable civility, and began to entertain him with so pleasing an air, that I am confident the poor man thought he should pass the whole afternoon with her, and that he did her the greatest pleasure in the world in visiting her. Nevertheless it is certain his presence was extremely disgustful to her. I confess it (said *Clidamira*) but how can we tell unwelcome persons that they are so? It would be discourteous to tell them so (reply'd *Berelisa*) but yet 'tis not necessary to make such a false countenance to them; 'tis enough to shew them only a kind of cold civility, that is inoffensive on the one side, and on the other is not treacherous, and does not attract people that are not lik'd. But does not all the world use to do so? (said *Clidamira*). For my part (answer'd *Valeria*) I could not. I confess ingenuously (said *Plotina*) sometimes I can Lye in this manner, but not so perfectly as *Clidamira*; for they that understand my glances and smiles, perceive well when they are feigned or sincere. In earnest (said *Amilcar*) you could not deceive me with them. But I would know further

ther (said *Plotina*) whether *Herminius*, who loves truth so much, does not make complements, as others do. Nevertheless, to speak sincerely, all complements are Lies. I grant it (answer'd *Herminius*) but for that they are known to be such, and no person laies any solid foundation upon complements, they are Lyes without malignity. People know well enough that no great credit will be given to them, they are return'd as they are receiv'd; and I conform to custome without scruple, yet with such moderation, that I make as few as I can. But as for pleasant Lies (reply'd *Anacreon*) you do as little condemn them; and should I go about to make a delightful relation, you would allow me to add something to the History; for truth has for the most part somewhat too serious in it, which does not delight so much as fiction. As for this sort (said *Herminius*) I think they may be permitted; for since stories are no more believ'd than complements, I leave your fancy liberty to invent what pleases it; and moreover, it belongs properly to you to enjoy the privilege of lying innocently. Indeed to speak strictly, there are no lyes innocent but those that are related for lyes, as all the ingenious Fables of the Poets; yet they ought to have the appearance and shew of truth; so true it is, that a lye is foul and unhandsome of it self. Yet there is a sort of lying (reply'd *Amilcar*) which is an inseparable companion of vanity; and I should be sorry if there were none of it in the world: for the lyers that use it, sometimes give me sufficient divertisement. What lyers do you speak of? (said *Plotina*). Of those (answer'd *Amilcar*) who commend themselves, every one according to their fancy: for some people are guilty of the weakness to desire the world would believe them to have a greater reputation than they have, and tell a thousand lies to make it believ'd. There are Hectors who make long relations of dangerous enterprises, in which they never were; these are false Gallants, who pretend to good fortune, and spend the nights in devising amorous adventures, and the whole days in relating of them, as if they had hapned to themselves. I know some such, as well as you (reply'd *Plotina*) and I know others as very fools too: for I know a man that had the impudence to tell me he was descended in a direct line from *Danae*, and yet 'tis known he is of a very mean birth. However, he has made a long Pedegree, with which he tires such as give him the hearing. As for false pretenders to Heraldry (said *Anacreon*) they distaste me as well as those that would seem wealthy, and think to keep themselves from being poor by lying. I assure you (answer'd *Amilcar*) I know some people very rich, that lye as ridiculously as these, who have a fancy to make it believ'd, that all that belongs to them is dearer than it is really, and devise a hundred extravagant lyes to publish their false magnificence. There are some likewise (said *Merigenes*) who have the boldness to say they have given things which it would not be often in their power to bestow. I know other lyers also (added *Anacreon*) that are sufficiently extravagant, namely, such as when they have been puzzled by some person in discourse, without knowing what to say, make the handsomest answers in the world at home, and which is more notorious, relate the same afterwards as if they made them upon the place. Moreover there are some (added *Clidamira*) so vain as to report that persons of quality write to them, and go to see them, tho they never so much as thought of them. The sum of all is (said *Hermini-*

us) that there are many fools and lyars in the world, and that I have reason to hate Lying perfectly. They that lye to prejudice others (added *Anacreon*) are worse than they that lye to commend themselves; but I look upon it as so ridiculous to tell lies out of vanity, that I find my inclination would sooner lead me to utter some lye a little malicious, than to commend my self, like those above mention'd. Yet some of those that lye in their own commendation (answer'd *Amilcar*) cause me to pity them, because they do it according to their judgments, and having a better conceit of themselves than there is reason for, lye innocently; but the worst for them is, that tho 'tis commonly said, The way to deceive others, is to decieve ones self, yet they do not perswade any to be of their opinion. But I beseech you (said *Plotina*) tell me further what you think of those that write careless and lying Letters both together, I think the same of them (answer'd *Herminius*) as of those who speak lying civilities. In earnest (reply'd she after a little musing) if truth were well establish'd in the world, people would speak almost nothing of what they use to speak. This intimates (said *Amilcar*) that we ought not to trust too much in your words. For the future (answer'd she) I promise you to be the truest person in the world; for to speak freely, all that *Herminius* has said in behalf of truth, and against lying, hath so affected me, that I will never lye more at all. And to shew you that I have profited well by what he has said, I conclude also with him, that every Lye is a crime, that if it were possible, lying ought in no case to be practis'd, that 'twere good never to employ a Lye to do a benefit, that it is less criminal to lye for saving the life of ones Friend, than ones own; that lying good-turns argue weakness, that dissimulation is a baseness, that lying civilities are blameable, that to lye for ones own commendation is ridiculous, and that complements are lyes so known, that they do no mischief to any; that there is an implicate lying in silence, which ought to be avoided; that the custome and habit of the least lies is a great fault, and that the Poets are the onely Lyars that deserve to be commended. You have undoubtedly benefited by the discourse (said *Valeria*) but methinks it might be further askt, whether a Lye be not more criminal in writings than in words? Do not doubt it, Madam, (said *Herminius*) and I wonder all the company has left this to be observ'd by *Valeria*. In brief (added *Anacreon*) I conceive that of all the manners in which lying can appear, there is none more criminal and unworthy than that of certain mean wits, all whose faculties and genius consisting in their own malignant humour, they employ themselves onely to heap falsities together, to the end to compose Satyrs of them. 'Tis possible no doubt, to make innocent Satyrs (said *Herminius*), but they ought to be against vices in general; and such as these do not make use of lying, but altogether of truth. But as for such as are made against particular persons, lying and calumny are inseparable from them, they are alwaies the issues of hatred or envy; and the composers being never able to keep themselves from Lying, are the most criminal of all others that practise it. For they endeavour to fix a Lye (if I may so speak) to render it immortal if they could, to impose upon posterity, and to accuse people even when they shall be no longer in a condition to defend themselves. But whereas the Gods

are just, those whose hearts are so ill temper'd as to affect making Satyrs, are alwayes hated and despis'd. even by them that laugh most at their calumniating lyes. They are like Tygers and Panthers amongst men; people desire to see them out of curiositie, but not to have them at their own houses. They are fear'd even when they sport themselves, and no trust can ever be put in them. And to speak freely, there is reason not to desire friends which are declared Enemies of Justice Humanity, Vertue, and Truth. I see well (said *Valeria*) that all the companie approves what *Herminius* has said; but I know not whether a Lye may be excusable in War and in Love, and whether equivocal and ambiguous answers which seem to be in the middle between truth and fallhood, may be permitted. As for equivocal answers (said *Herminius*) as they are the products of subtilty and deceit, I have great inclination to condemn them absolutely, saving in certain occasions wherein out of goodncs we desire to avoyd speaking truths that are disadvantageous to any. Moreover, I should not love to find my self constrain'd to use them, and to speak sincerely; it behoves alwayes to answer according to the intencion or meaning of the person spoken to, and not to endeavour to deceive him. As for lyes which are made in war (said *Anacreon*) I do not account them criminal, because as soon as War is proclaim'd, each party distrusts the other. I confess it (said *Herminius*) but yet I am assur'd no Heroe would take upon him the office of a Spy, or get a Victory to his party, only by a lying speech, without being otherwise instrumental to it. Wherefore without going about to examine whether in general a Lye be lawful in War, I confidently affirm, that I would never take a Commission to lye, and I should alwayes chuse rather to fight the Enemies, than to deceive them. But as for Lovers (said *Amilcar*) if you absolutely deprive them of the priviledge of lying, you take away all their strength. For true Lovers (answer'd *Herminius*) I think that at utmost I should but permit them to lye in Verse, provided they always speak truth in prose. But the case is not the same in reference to light impertinent Lovers, for I license them to speak all they please; for since they are in no great danger of being believ'd unless by Gossips that deserve to be gull'd, 'tis not needful to deny them their feigned sighs, and deceitful tears, flattering lyes, dissembled despairs, and a thousand other counterfeited toys. Should you have been all your life as very a flatterer as I (reply'd *Amilcar*) you would not better understand the practices of extravagant Lovers. If he has not been such (said *Valeria* smiling) he may be; and I know not if he follow'd his inclination, whether he would not be so a little. I detest lying so much (answer'd *Herminius*) that methinks I ought not to be suspected to be lyable to become a fond Lover; especially by the amiable *Valeria*, who is the fittest person in the world to cure those that honour her particularly, of such malady. *Herminius* had scarce ended these words, but one came to advertise him, that *Publicola* desir'd his presence; wherefore he departing at the same instant, the discourse was alter'd for a small time, and soon after the Company separated. Yet *Plotina* made an observation which caus'd her to judge it harder to speak truth alwayes, than it seem'd; for all the civilities made by these several persons, were for the greatest part more flattering than sincere. *Herminius* was no sooner arriv'd at *Publicola's* house, but he understood

it was requisite to hasten that design of attacking the two Forts of the Enemies, because it was known they were making new entrenchments, which would render the taking of them impossible, if it were longer deferr'd. An hour after, a Council of War having been secretly held, at which the second Consul *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Themistius*, *Mutius*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and some others were present. It was resolv'd not to attempt the taking both the Forts at the same time, because the Roman Troops would be too weak, if they were divided; and therefore that only a false assault should be made upon the Fort that was hardest to win, and in the mean time all the Troops should march directly to the other Fort. To this end Gabions, sheds of boards, faggots, platforms, rams, and other engines necessary in like occasions were provided; and for that the Romans would not be commanded but by a Roman, *Horatius* had the general command, and under him *Artemidorus*, *Themistius*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius*, had the chief Offices. *Merigenes*, *Amilcar*, *Meleagenes*, *Acrisius*, *Damon*, *Sicinius*, and all the other gallants mingled themselves amongst the Bands, or ranked themselves neer *Horatius*. As for the Consuls, they stay'd in Rome for the security of the City, and to send relief to *Horatius* in case he needed it, or to succour and receive him in case he were repell'd. But as a secret is the most difficult thing in the world to keep, when an enterprize of this nature is in agitation, *Porfenna* and *Tarquin* understanding the secret preparations that were making at Rome, did not doubt but they were intended for the storming of one of the two Forts; wherefore their Army being very numerous, they provided likewise to sustain both assaults. *Aronces* commanded on one side, and *Titus* on the other; the Prince of *Messene*, tho a little inconvenienc'd with the slight wound he receiv'd at the attaque of the Bridge, did not fail to accompany *Aronces*. The brave *Lucilius*, brother of the generous *Melintha*, was also on that side, and so were *Mamilius Tarquin's* son in-law, *Telanus*, *Theanor*, and several others; *Sextus* not daring to take any command, out of policy, for fear of incensing the Romans too much, and making them more valiant by their hatred of him, continued neer *Tarquin*, who commanded the Body of the Reserve, that he might succour those that should need it. But at length the day appointed for this grand action being come, the one side prepar'd to make a stout assault, and the other to sustain the force of the Assailants. Then it was that *Clelia* had an extreme great agitation of mind, for she doubted not but that this would be a very dangerous encounter, and that *Aronces* would expose himself to the greatest hazards of the day. And indeed this valiant Prince to comfort himself for not having fought in the most dangerous place when the Bridge was attack'd, resolv'd to signalize his courage this day, especially having understood that *Horatius* had the command of the Roman Troops for the execution of this enterprize. Not but that when he consider'd that he serv'd *Tarquin* who was a Tyrant, who had used *Clelia* unworthily, and was still amorous of her, and moreover when he reflected that he fought for *Sextus* who was the cause of *Lucretia's* death, and afterwards of that of the Illustrious *Brutus*; he resented an excessive grief, and judg'd it an intolerable cruelty to hinder provision from entering into a City where his Mistress was inclos'd. It was also very hard for him to see himself with his sword

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in his hand against his dearest friends: but however, honour and nature tying him to the side of the King his father, and his hatred of *Horatius* animating him to a new desire of glory, he dispos'd himself to fight with a certain kind of boldness, which raising fierceness in his eyes, made him seem to have a more high aspect when he was at the head of the Troops. The opinion of *Tarquin* was only to sustain the charge of the *Romans* in the Fort, but that of *Aronces* was to march out and meet them, and present them with battle. And this advice being follow'd, he went to take a stand between *Rome* and the Fort that was to be attack'd, and so marshall'd the Troops he had with him, that one would have said all *Porcenna's* Army was in the place. When the *Roman* Forces which march'd in order, appear'd, the two Armies were soon in a posture to joyn battle. *Horatius* beholding *Aronces* in the head of his Forces, was extreme joyful that he had an opportunity to draw his sword against him without ingratitude; and *Aronces* knowing him, felt all the motions in his breast, that hatred, love, and glory are able to inspire. the *Romans* being the Assailants, *Horatius* march'd up first to the Enemies, after having encourag'd them which were to follow him, both by his voice and action. Almost at the same time, *Aronces*, follow'd by all his party, advanc'd, and so bore up against the shock of the Enemies, that in stead of being broken by them, he broke their Forces. This is the day (cry'd *Aronces* speaking to *Horatius*) that must end all our differences. At these words the valiant Prince redoubling his ordinary valour, charg'd his Rival with such violence, that he gave him no time to deliberate what to doe, because he was constrain'd to defend himself. Yet he did not forget himself in this conflict, but as he ward'd off *Aronces* first blows, since my deliverer (said he) will take away my life, which he has sav'd more than once, I must shew him at least, that I know well how to defend it. Hereupon ensued a furious combat between these two valorous Rivals, and *Horatius* found himself in more danger by having to bear up against the single valour of *Aronces*, than he had been when he alone sustain'd the whole power of the Enemies in defending the *Sublician*-Bridge. At length, *Aronces* having slightly wounded him in two places, wrested his sword away, took him prisoner, and deliver'd him to be guarded by some of his Souldiers. whilst himself pursu'd his advantage. But when the *Romans* perceiv'd the taking of *Horatius*, they made so great a charge to disengage him, that they recover'd him indeed, whilst *Aronces* was fighting against many together, who having rallied, encompass'd him about. At another place the Prince of *Messene* who commanded the Cavalry, perceiving *Themistus* his Rival and fiercest Enemy in the front of him, preparing himself to receive him, he rush'd forward with his Horse at the same time that *Themistus* gave speed to his; so that meeting with equal impetuosity, the Prince was dangerously wounded in the breast, and *Themistus's* right arm was run through. The former reeling with the blow he had receiv'd, was reliev'd by his Souldiers, who carried him off to a place of security: and *Themistus* being unable to bear his sword with his wounded arm, put it into his left hand, and drawing back to the second rank, did not cease to give Orders till the end of the fight. In the mean time *Aronces* seeing the Victory was too long disputed with him, caus'd *Titus* to advance, who fighting with several Interests that

augmented his courage, seconded *Aronces* so well, that in spite of the *Romans* valour, they began to give ground on that side. *Artemidorus* seeing this disorder, and observing *Titus* in the head of the *Romans*, which were of *Tarquin's* party, made directly at him with his sword; but that of *Titus* breaking as he ward'd off the blow, he retir'd into the midst of his followers. But *Artemidorus* being unhappily carried forward by his valour in repelling the Enemies, receiv'd an Arrow into his flank, which was shot by a common Soldier, hid behind a bush; whereupon falling down, the Enemies had taken him prisoner, if *Mutius* follow'd by the courageous *Merigenes* had not arriv'd there at the instant to rescue him. Then it was that the valiant *Aronces* stood in need of all his courage and prudence; for he saw that notwithstanding all his endeavors, the *Romans* on a sudden taking heart again, had put their Troops in order; that *Octavius*, *Mutius*, and *Herminius* were advancing, and that his own Soldiers were ready to turn their backs to the Enemies. The Prince therefore taking up a daring and generous resolution, commanded his guards which follow'd him to kill all such of his party as offer'd to stir a foot, or refus'd to follow him. Whereupon joyning a great example of valour to this command, the fight was renew'd with more heat than before. *Horatius* on his part having resum'd his place, notwithstanding his wounds, perform'd his utmost either to overcome or die. So that in an instant all the forces being mix'd together, the persons of Quality all came to handy-blows, and signaliz'd themselves. *Mutius* perform'd admirable things, *Octavius* did no less. *Lucilius* on *Aronces's* party signaliz'd himself highly; *Emilius* fought like a brave and unhappy Lover, that hop'd for nothing, and fear'd not death; and in a word, all acquitted themselves courageously on both sides. But *Aronces* having too few foot, and for that to goe towards a Battalion which flank'd him there was a little Curtain to be pass'd over, where his Cavalry would be unprofitable, and besides, that his Infantry was extremely tir'd, he turn'd towards a party of his Horse-men, and propounded to them to forsake their Horses and follow him, they obey'd him, and furiously charg'd those they were to encounter. Then *Aronces's* Foot resum'd courage, and seeing those of Quality become equal with them in the danger they were to overcome, perform'd incredible things. In conclusion, in spite of all the valour of *Horatius* and the brave persons that accompani'd him, *Aronces* defeated them, and forc'd them to betake themselves to a retreat. Whereupon the Cavalry which were become Foot, in a moment, resum'd their Horses, pursu'd the *Romans* very neer to the City. Yet this retreat was made somewhat orderly; nevertheless it caus'd terrour and confusion in *Rome*; and had not the Consuls acted with prudence and authority, the affrighted people had shut up the gates against the *Roman* Troops, for fear lest the Conquerors should have enter'd together with the Conquered. The great number of the wounded which were brought back all bloody, further augmented the fear amongst the people: and if the love of Liberty had not been strongly impress'd in their hearts, they had certainly inclin'd to a surrender. Nevertheless, in the midst of the great tumult, no *Roman* was heard to propose the receiving of *Tarquin* in order to peace. On the contrary, their first fear turning into fury nothing was heard but imprecations against him, and the fierce *Tullias* and the most despairing amongst them

them said aloud, that they ought rather to set fire on the City speedily, than deliver up themselves; that it was better to perish quickly and generously by the flames, than slowly and shamefully by famine. At length the disorder became so great, that the like was never seen. There was a universal consternation in the streets and publick places. *Artemidorus* being brought in as the other wounded were, occasion'd more rumors still, because he was a person of very high Quality, and extraordinary valour. The wound he had received was so dangerous, that the Chirurgions would not promise for his life. Whereupon all his friends were extremely troubled, and *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* taking no care but for the preservation of this Prince, employ'd themselves in performing all services he needed in this condition. As for *Themistus* and *Horatius*, their wounds were so little dangerous, that they were not necessitated to keep the chamber. *Clelia* had very different sentiments in so great a disorder; for she lov'd her Country, she pity'd all its calamities, and hated *Tarquin*: but for that she affected not *Horatius*, and lov'd *Aronces*, it was something troublesome to her not to rejoice that the latter had overcome the other. But judging this secret joy criminal, she soon chang'd it into a lawful sorrow. Just Gods! (said she to her self, sighing) wherefore doe you permit me the use of hatred and affection; since my fortune is dispos'd in such sort, that I can neither love nor hate without a crime, nor grieve nor rejoice innocently? If I hate *Horatius*, I am unworthy to be a *Roman*, since he is a *Roman* that has sav'd *Rome*, that dayly hazards his life to defend it, and comes from shedding his own blood for the safety of my Country. On the other side, if I love *Aronces*, I love a Prince that besieges *Rome*, whose valour is employ'd to subject it to the Tyrant, or reduce it to destruction. But again; if I love *Horatius*, I am perfidious, unfaithful, unworthy to live: and if I hate *Aronces*, I am perjur'd, and the most ungrateful person in the world. What then shall I do, unfortunate as I am? (proceeded she) I will submit my self to the will of the Gods (added this admirable Lady) and without arguing so much upon events, or desiring to foresee what is to come, I will have respect towards my Father, pity for my Country, esteem for *Horatius*, affection and fidelity to *Aronces*, and innocence in all my actions. In the mean time the Consuls and the Senate were in a very great perplexity; for what course soever they could take, all things necessary for the subsistence of the people became so dear, that this farther increas'd the repinings of the multitude. The Enemies who were advertis'd of this disorder, taking advantage of it, freightned the City more than before, so that nothing at all enter'd into it. They dar'd not so much as drive the little remainder of Cattle in *Rome*, out of the walls of the City to feed; and all the Inhabitants were in extreme desperation. All sorts of divertisements were laid aside, even Lovers scarce spoke any longer love to their Mistresses; conversation was alike every where; and *Amilcar* and *Anacreon* who could not live without joy, profess'd they were more likely to dy of discontent than famine, if the state of things did not suddenly change. Nothing was seen every day but Funerals, either of those that had been wounded in the late fight, or whom the necessity of Fate cut off. There was a mortal paleness in most faces, and the fear of famine anticipating sad effects, caus'd the people to believe they suffer'd the

misery already which they did but apprehend. Things being in this condition, that which more exasperated the peoples minds was, that they understood the fierce and cruel *Tullia* was arriv'd in the Camp of *Porfenna*, and demanded to live at a Castle, near that wherein *Galeria* was, till the end of the siege. But *Mutius* who had long sought to signalize himself by some eminent service to his Country, and to compel *Valeria* to esteem him above his Rivals, went to wait upon her one morning; and saluting her with a countenance that discover'd he had some grand design in his mind, Suffer me, Madam, (said he to her) to take leave of you alone, and to reveal a secret to you of highest importance. I have long agoe known that the passion I have for you is displeasing to you, and that of four Lovers which adore you, at present *Herminius* is the only affected, *Amilius* the pity, *Spiritus* the hate, and you are insensible towards me. Nevertheless, Madam, in spite of my unhappiness, I have taken a fancie to have a share in your compassion, since I can have none in your affection. Prepare your self therefore, Madam, to bestow a few tears upon me, when you shall understand my death: for I assure you, you have more interest than my Country in the Design which I have laid to deliver it. I cannot speak more clearly to you, time will inform you further, and let you know that bidding you adieu this day, I believe 'tis the last time I ever shall do so: but least your answer should weaken my resolution (added he) I chuse rather humbly to take leave without expecting it. And accordingly without giving her time to answer a word, he went forthwith to the Senate, having first intimated to the Consuls he had something of importance to acquaint them with. When he came before the Assembly, beginning to speak with a heroical stoutness and a firm voice, My Lords (said he) I come to desire two favours of you: the first, that you would permit me to goe out of the City disguised in a *Tuscan* habit; the other, that you would not require me to declare what way I intend to attempt the deliverance of *Rome*. Secrecie is so absolutely necessary to the execution of my design, that I ought not to impart it to a great Assembly; and withal I have so high an esteem of your vertue in general, that I conceive I should doe you injury, if I offer'd to select any particular person of the company with whom to intrust it. Let it suffice that I assure you it is great, and may prove happy; and moreover, that if I dye, I shall account my life very gloriously bestow'd, since I shall loose it in recovering Liberty to my Country. *Mutius* having done speaking, the Senate deliberated upon what he had said; and tho there was little probability to think a single man could effect the raising of the Siege, nevertheless matters were in so bad a condition, that knowing him for a person of illustrious extraction, high courage, very zealous for Liberty, of a resolute minde, and much affected with a powerful desire of glory, they granted him what he requested. Upon which without loss of time, that very evening he disguis'd himself like a plain *Tuscan* Soldier, and taking advantage of the darkest time of the night to pass out of the City into the Enemies Camp, went forth of *Rome* with a Ponyard hidden in his cloaths, none besides himself knowing the great design, which affection to his Country, and love of the vertuous daughter of *Publicola* had together excited him to. *Mutius*'s Nurse having been a *Tuscan*-woman, he spoke *Tuscan* well enough not to fear being discover'd by his language. So he pass'd over

over the *Tyber* at midnight, and was so fortunate as to arrive at *Porfenna's* Quarter without being stop'd. When he was there, he thrust himself into the company of a great number of Souldiers, whom he beheld gather'd together before a Tribunal rais'd only two steps high, upon which stood a man of good aspect, giving orders necessary for the pay of the Soldiers, and who seem'd to have all the marks of Royaltie; for he had a robe of purple on, and guards about him. *Mutius* approacht as neer him as he desir'd; for appearing to have no arms, and being clad in a *Tuscan* garb, no body had any distrust of him. So he approacht the Tribunal, and apprehending the person upon it was *Porfenna*, not daring to inquire for fear of being discover'd, and doubting he should not find another opportunity so favorable to his purpose, on a sudden considering this man as the Enemy of *Rome*, the Protector of *Tarquin*, and finally as a Prince whose death was necessary for the deliverance of his Country, in a moment he divides the prefs, draws his Ponyard, falls upon him, and sheaths it in his heart, with such speed, that it was not seen till he had drawn it all bloody out of the body of him whom he took for *Porfenna*. This desperate act so surpris'd all that beheld it, that he that committed it might perhaps have sav'd himself in spight of those that encompass'd him, if *Porfenna* coming at that time forth of his Tent, which was hard by, and understanding the matter, had not commanded his guards to bring the man before him either alive or dead. And accordingly, *Mutius*, tho he easily enough escap'd with his Ponyard in his hand out of the throng of the terrifi'd Soldiers who Beheld his fact, was constrain'd to yeild himself to be conducted before *Porfenna* by the guards he had sent to take him. This Prince was at that time before his Tent, where he beheld the preparations of a Sacrifice which he caus'd to be offer'd to the Gods every morning, and had standing about him *Aronces*, *Telanus*, *Lucilius*, *Theanor*, and diverse other persons of Quality. *Mutius's* Ponyard wherewith he had committed that bold act being wrested from him, he appar'd without arms before *Porfenna*, but with a countenance full of fierceness, that spoke his regret for having fail'd in his enterprise, but no fear of the death which he could not but believe was prepar'd for him. As soon as he was come before the King, the enraged Prince frowning upon him, Who are you? (said he to him) whence come you? tell me, who sent you? who put you upon this? who are your Complices? and whether your aim was only against him you have slain, or you intended to take away my life too? I am a *Roman* Citizen (answer'd he fiercely) my extraction is noble, I am call'd *Mutius*, and the action I have newly done may prove to you that I want not courage. Considering you as the most dangerous Enemy of *Rome*, I resolv'd to take away your life; but to the end you may not think your self safe, when you have put me to death, know, I am not the only person that has layd this design, but there are three hundred of us that have sworn your destruction, of whom I am the most inconsiderable in greatness of courage. The lot is fallen upon me first, but I hope some of the rest will be more fortunate than I have been, and that by your death all the *Romans* shall be reveng'd for the wrong you commit in protecting an infamous Tyrant. But wherefore (repli'd *Porfenna*) have not the three hundred Conspirators you speak of, rather desig'n'd to assassinate *Tarquin* than me? Because (answer'd

Mutius) if the Tyrant were dead, your party would rather become stronger than weaker thereby; but if you were remov'd out of the world, *Tarquin's* party would be destroy'd. *Porfenna* being then more incens'd against *Mutius*, and desiring to know the names of those, he said, had conjur'd against his life, commanded his guards to compel him by force to discover what he desir'd to understand. But *Mutius*, to hinder them from executing his order, stept suddenly towards the fire that was prepar'd for the Sacrifice, and putting his hand into the midst of the flames, See (said he to him without changing his countenance) by the steadfastness I have to endure the rigour of the fire, how little they fear that ardently love glory, and judge by what I doe, whether I am likely to tell by force of torments what you desire to know of me. *Mutius* spoke this with so undaunted and bold an aspect, and beheld his hand burn with so calm a countenance, that *Porfenna* and all about him were so astonish'd with this action, that they express't their amazement in shouts which they were unable to contain. *Porfenna* himself advanc'd towards *Mutius*, and commanded his guards to withdraw his hand out of the fire. That which you doe against your self (said the King to him then, beholding him with admiration) is far greater than what you desig'n'd to doe against me; and if I had a Subject that had done as much for my service, there is no reward so high, but the greatness of his courage ought to expect it from me. Yet it were more noble, my Lord, (answer'd *Aronces*) to esteem greatness of courage in the person of an enemy than of a Subject. I grant it (reply'd *Porfenna*) and to evidence to you that I am of that mind, I give *Mutius* his life. I thank you for it in his name, my Lord (answer'd *Aronces* generously) for he seems to me so fierce as not to care for having a good render'd to him which he was willing to loose; and I thank you in my own, for having given me so great an example to follow. 'Tis true, my Lord (said *Mutius*) life is very indifferent to me: but for that 'tis an obligation, that the King is pleas'd to give me a thing which he believes ought to be acceptable to me, I will testifie my gratitude to him, by telling him once again, that his life cannot be in safety unless he give peace to *Rome*, and desert the interest of *Tarquin*, who is too unjust to prosper long. For, in brief, I am the least courageous of the three hundred that have sworn his destruction. Ah! *Mutius* (cry'd *Porfenna*) if I am so hated by three hundred such brave men as you are, that they resolve to destroy my life, an Army of a hundred thousand men could not preserve it; and to testifie to you how highly I esteem your courage, I will adde liberty to the life which I have already granted you. Since that is a thousand times dearer to me than life (answer'd he) I thank you for it, my Lord: but I cannot dissemble my sentiments; know, that as great a benefit as it is, I cannot accept it, if it be on condition to cease being your Enemy, in case you continue to be one to *Rome*. For inasmuch as I can never cease to be a *Romane*, so I can never dispenfe with hating those that would subdue my Country. Therefore doe not grant me liberty, if you intend thereby to ingage me in your interests. For, 'tis certain (added he fiercely) I can never be absolv'd from the Oath I have made with those three hundred *Romans*, who have sworn your ruine. *Porfenna* being still more astonish'd at the boldness of *Mutius*, commanded he should be led into a Tent, that his hand should be dress'd, that he should

be treated very well, and secur'd till further Order. After which *Tarquin* being arriv'd, express'd to *Porfenna* very much animosity against *Mutius*, and ask'd him what punishments he determin'd to inflict upon him. You ought rather to ask (answer'd *Porfenna*) what way I can secure my self from those three hundred resolute persons, who for your interests have conspir'd against my life onely. That which I speak, my Lord (reply'd *Tarquin*) agrees with what you say: for is there any other means to avoid the effect of that Conspiracie, but by striking a terror into the Complices by the dreadful punishments you shall cause *Mutius* to endure? But what can a man be made to suffer (said *Porfenna*) that comes in a manner to seek a certain death, that comes with a Ponyard onely, into the midst of an Army to kill me; that endures the fire without changing countenance, and will not accept either of life or liberty on condition to cease being my Enemy? Voluntary punishments (answer'd *Tarquin*) are no punishments at all: but if you force *Mutius* to suffer, you will see him change his language; especially if the torments you put him to, be long and often repeated. For when all is done (added the cruel Tyrant) fear is the surest guard of Kings in such cases. For my part (said *Aronces*, who could not endure *Porfenna* should hear the Tyrant's Counsels) I conceive that in stead of seeking which way the King may be secur'd from so many generous Enemies, it would be the best and surest course to seek the means to have no occasion to be secur'd from them. But how can that be? (said *Tarquin* roughly.) The matter would be very easie (answer'd *Aronces* generously) if the King would but make Friends of his Enemies. That Counsel (reply'd the Tyrant fiercely) must be extended further, and it should have been added also, that 'tis requisite for the King of *Hetruria* to make Enemies of his Friends. The Counsel of *Aronces* (said *Porfenna*, not permitting *Tarquin* to continue his discourse) is worthy of himself and of me; and when my friends betake themselves to consider only their own interests without considering mine, it will concern me a little if they become my Enemies; I shall then be more strong by having fastned generous Enemies to my Interests, than by losing self-ended Friends, who care only for their own. *Aronces*, *Lucilius*, *Telanus*, *Theanor*, and all the other Commanders that were present, having by a confus'd noise, testifi'd their approbation of what *Porfenna* spoke; *Tarquin* became extremely amaz'd and perplex'd: yet being a Prince whom Policie had taught to conform himself readily according to the most unexpected events, he made no long hesitation, but addressing to the King, My Lord (said he) to testifie to you that I have regarded only the preservation of your life, I without passion receive what you spoke last, and also advise you to clemencie, tho according to my judgement, that vertue ought to be practis'd but seldom, when a Prince intends to make himself fear'd and respected. Pardon *Mutius* therefore since you have such a desire, but doe not loose the opportunity of taking *Rome*, which it cannot avoid, if you will wait but a small time longer. It will not cost you the life of one of your Soldiers; famine is ready to destroy three hundred thousand men, and force them to yeild without conditions, or make a great bonfire of their City, to avoid falling into your power. Every one has his Maxims and his reasons (answered *Porfenna*) and the business is important enough to be con-

sider'd of at leisure. In the mean time (added the Prince) 'tis best to cause the Sacrifice which is prepar'd to be offer'd to the Gods in thankfulness to them for my deliverance from the danger intended to me, and to ask Counsel of them, which they alone can give me. *Tarquin* durst not contradict *Porfenna*; but in stead of being present at the Sacrifice, he withdrew, and went to consult with the cruel *Tullia* what was fitting to be done. As soon as he was gone, *Aronces* causing all his Friends to be assistant, continued the King his Father in the generous sentiments he had possess'd him with: But for that this Prince was scrupulous to make an absolute resolution, he required two dayes to consider. In the mean time, by reason of those three hundred *Romans* *Mutius* spoke of, the Kings guard's were doubled, none were suffer'd to come neer his person without first knowing what they were; all that approacht him were searcht, for fear they might have Ponyards hidden about them, as *Mutius* had, and so great care was taken for the guarding of this Prince, that he judg'd this inquietude worse than death. In the evening he went to the Castle where *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* were, who understanding what had hapn'd, and desiring to incline him to peace, commended him much for having given *Mutius* his life, and caus'd him to be advis'd by his principal Ministers, to send to offer peace to *Rome*. At first he refus'd it, alledging, that having undertaken the Protection of *Tarquin*, honour would not suffer him to desert him; adding also, that it might be thought the fear of being assassinated had induc'd him to take this resolution, tho it was principally because the action of *Mutius* recalling into his memory all the great exploits that had been done since the War, by *Brutus*, *Publicola*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and all the other *Romans*, he began to know that *Rome* was protected by the Gods, and *Tarquin* abandon'd by them. Wherefore having some kind of remorse for having protected a Prince so unjust, against People of so eminent vertue, he would willingly have granted peace to *Rome*, if he had thought it consistent with his honour. His mind being thus dispos'd, he understood that *Mutius*'s act render'd the valour of the *Romans* so formidable to his Soldiers, that forgetting the last advantage they obtain'd, a pannick fear seiz'd upon their minds in such sort, that at the least noise their Sentinels heard, they imagin'd they beheld the three hundred companions of *Mutius* coming to fall upon them. *Porfenna* understood at the same time, that *Tarquin* had drawn all his own Soldiers to his Quarter, which was on the other side the River; that he had had consultations with the fierce *Tullia*, that he had sent privily to the Cities of *Ceres*, *Cume*, and *Tarquini*a, and lastly, that *Tullia* was coming towards his Castle. Wherefore the proceeding of *Tarquin* incensing him further, he was easily brought to have such sentiments as *Aronces* desir'd he should. But for that *Galerita* fear'd the subtlety of *Tullia*, she took upon her self to receive her, whilst the King going another way return'd to the Camp. When that cruel Queen arriv'd, she was receiv'd by *Galerita* with the civility due to her condition. She seem'd surpris'd not finding the King there, with whom she desir'd to speak: but having a bold spirit, not easie to be daunted, she discours'd with *Galerita* as a person engag'd in her interests would have done. She conjur'd her to hinder *Porfenna* from deserting the Siege of *Rome*; for in fine (said she to her) should *Porfenna* desire to keep his Conquest, I should

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consent to it, and engage my self to cause *Tarquin* to consent also: there being nothing which I would not rather chuse, than to see *Rome* in liberty. But whereas it may be (added she) that the King of *Hetruria* desires not to usurp the State of a Prince, whose Protection he hath undertaken; when *Rome* shall be taken, I offer to take my Daughter from *Mamilius*, and to give her to *Aronces*, and afterwards to bring it about, that *Sextus* shall be contented to Reign in *Tarquiniæ*. For my part, Madam, (answer'd *Galerita*) I have nothing to say to the proposals you make to me, but only that 'tis easie for you to judge that the *Romans* will never suffer *Tarquin* to be King of *Rome*, that 'tis absolutely impossible to establish him, by reason of the horrible hatred they bear against him; and consequently *Porfenna* being unable to make war advantageously for *Tarquin*, may make peace honourably for him. Nevertheless, I know (added this wise Princess) the King will make what instance he can in favour of your interests: but however I am of opinion, it is not to cause the destruction of a great City and of a great Army, for a thing that is well known can never be brought to pass; especially (continu'd the Princess) when it is attempted in behalf of a Prince who considers only his own grandeur, and takes no care for the interests of those that hazard all for his. *Tullia* had much ado to restrain from returning *Galerita* a sharp answer; but for that she would not make an absolute breach, to the end she might have more opportunity to prejudice *Aronces* and *Clelia*, she disssembled her resentment, and told the Queen that it was necessary for her to go and satisfy the King of *Hetruria*, that he should not think strange that *Tarquin* staid at his Quarters till he had made his resolutions, for fear lest his Enemies should induce him as well to deliver him up to the *Romans*, as to abandon the siege of *Rome*. And so taking leave of *Galerita*, she went forthwith to the Princess of the *Leontines*, and handsomely intimated to her, that if she could bring it so to pass, that *Porfenna* took *Rome* and re-established *Tarquin*, she would cause her to be married to Prince *Titus*; after which she returned to her Chariot. Which she had no sooner done, but she was informed that the Souldiers that saw her pass along murmur'd openly in the Camp, because their courage was employ'd to replace a Woman upon the Throne, who had driven her Chariot over the body of her Father, and who ought rather to think of rendering an account to the Gods of all her crimes, than Reigning in a City where so many brave people were. This plain advice, which she receiv'd by the Captain of her Guards, caus'd her to change her resolution. So that instead of going to find *Porfenna*, she return'd to *Tarquin's* quarter, and endeavour'd to persuade him to surprise the Kings of *Hetruria's* Camp by night; or since he could not take *Rome*, to employ some correspondents she had in the City to set it on fire. In the mean time the proceedings of *Tarquin* having exasperated *Porfenna*, the siege being not likely to go on well longer between two divided Camps, and *Mutius's* courage, together with *Aronces's* counsel having prevail'd upon the heart of the King of *Hetruria*, he sent *Mutius* back again to *Rome* by *Lucilius*, who had order to offer the *Romans* peace upon reasonable conditions. *Tellanus* also accompani'd *Lucilius* to negotiate this grand affair. Their instructions were; first to demand once more the restoration of *Tarquin*, yet without much insisting upon an Article which was known could never be granted: Second-

ly to obtain at least, that all he had by Succession from the first *Tarquin*, and all he had gotten since, should be deliver'd to him; and thirdly that a small Territory near the *Veientes* should be restor'd to *Porfenna*, the *Romans* having usurpt it from him ever since the last War. Upon these Conditions they were to offer up the *Janiculum*, and withdraw the Army out of the *Roman* Territories. Moreover, to the end all acts of hostility might sooner cease, he enjoyn'd the Ambassadors to demand twenty Virgins of Quality for Hostages, and twenty Youths of Condition, till the perfect conclusion of the peace: refusing absolutely to yield up the *Janiculum* or withdraw his Army without this condition. *Lucilius* and *Tellanus* being well instructed what they should do, departed with *Mutius*, whose heart was possess'd with extream joy to see his design so happily succeed, and that his Lie was as serviceable to the deliverance of *Rome* as his valour: for it was not true, that three hundred *Romans* had sworn the death of *Porfenna*, and he spoke in this manner only to induce the King to raise his Siege. As for *Aronces* he was so joyful with the hope of seeing Peace, that he could not contain from going to declare it to the Princess of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha*. He was also much pleas'd that he could send that old Man to *Rome*, whom *Galerita* promis'd him to procure deliver'd, and *Plotina* so ardently wish'd to see, to the end she might learn her extraction, of which she was still ignorant. Wherefore to make use of this favourable opportunity of giving *Clelia* intelligence of himself, he writ to her by *Tellanus*, and to *Artemidorus*, *Herminius* and *Oclavius*, and several other friends, to oblige them to be diligent in promoting the peace. When *Lucilius* and *Tellanus* approacht the Walls, and the people beheld them coming with Palms in their hands to signify their bringing Propositions of Peace, they sent forth shouts of joy, they run hastily to the gate at which they were to enter, and express'd such earnestness to know what they had to say, that 'twas easie to judge they would be favourably heard. So they were immediately conducted before the Senate, to whom *Lucilius* presented *Mutius*; after which, relating in few words what had pass'd, and had handsomely magnifi'd *Porfenna's* generosity, who was capable not only to give life and liberty to a man that had resolv'd upon his death, but also to send to offer peace at a time when he might hope a happy event of the War; he dextrously dispos'd the minds of the Senators to hear the Propositions he had to make. Yet he was stop't at the first Article which he spoke of the re-establishment of *Tarquin*, and the Senate all with one voice said that death being eligible before servitude, no peace was to be hop'd, if it could not be made otherwise. Whereupon *Lucilius* having order not to insist upon that Article, he said that according to his instructions, that at least it was fit to restore the *Tarquins* what belong'd to them as ordinary Citizens; so that this qualification calming their minds they agreed the restitution of what could be yet found had belong'd to them, not as if justice requir'd it, but only in consideration that *Porfenna* had restor'd *Mutius*. After which *Lucilius* demanded that a small compass of Territory which had been usurp'd from *Porfenna's* Dominions should be restor'd to him; that twenty Virgins of Quality, and twenty youths of condition should be deliver'd to him in hostage; and told them then, that his Matter would withdraw his Forces out of *Janiculum*, open the passages, free the River, and cause all acts of hostility

to cease, without ingaging more in the affairs of *Tarquin*. *Lucilius* having lay'd open his King's demands, did not long withdraw, but all those that compos'd the Senate unanimously declar'd, they found no difficulty in granting what *Porfenna* required. Yet there were some that scrupled the Article concerning Hostages; but *Porfenna* understanding how important that peace was, and that they who stuck at it could not but have some secret inclination for *Tarquin* (because having no children themselves, they were unconcern'd in this Article) he oppos'd his judgments. No, no, (said he hastily) we ought not to stick at a just thing; for it is equitable that *Porfenna*, restoring the *Janiculum* before the final execution of the Treaty that is to be made, have Hostages for security; and it is not to be fear'd, that a Prince who sends back an Enemy whom he might with justice retain, will keep back Hostages, which he cannot withhold without violating the Publick-Faith. But how is it intended (answer'd a Senator roughly that was on the contrary opinion) that those twenty Virgins of Quality shall be chosen out? To testify to the Publick (reply'd *Publicola*) that I have no intention to except my own daughter from the general rule, and that all that is mine is the commonwealth's, my advice is, that the choice be made by order of Lot without any deceit, and that all the names of Youths of Quality in general be put into one Urne, and those of Virgins of condition in another; and that in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which ought to be shut up as soon as these Hostages shall be delivered, a young Child shall draw twenty of these Tickets which shall be well mingled before hand, after which without any contest they whose names shall be found in the twenty Tickets, to be sent to *Porfenna*. *Publicola*'s opinion seeming just and generous, they who had offered to obstruct the peace, durst not contradict it. But before they broke up, the Senate Voted to give *Mutius* the Meadow in which he had done that great action of enduring the fire with such extraordinary constancy. And accordingly that peice of Land was from that time called, The *Mutian-Meadows*; and he himself was term'd *Mutius Scvola* by reason of his burnt hand. After this result had been taken, it was signifi'd to *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, who nevertheless could not return till the day following, because the Senate would not absolutely conclude the business without the suffrages of the people. 'Tis true, it was easie to judge they would approve the deliberations that were made, for they had suffered far more than those of the better Quality. *Telanus* after he came out of the Senate delivered *Arncee*'s Letters to *Clelia*, and the rest he writ to; he intended also to carry the old man who accompanied him to *Plotina*; but he requested him to leave him at *Clelius*'s house. However *Telanus* desir'd at least to signify to that fair Virgin, of whom he was still amorous, that *Arncee*s had kept his word which he had pass'd; and to that purpose he went to wait upon her, where he found good company; for *Valeria*, *Berelisa*, *Anacreon*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Acrisius*, and *Spurius* were with her, as also *Ottavius* and *Horatius*. The action of *Mutius*, and the Peace being two matters new and important, they were talk'd of alone in all companies, every one magnifying or diminishing the merit of *Mutius*'s act, according to their own judgements or inclinations. For that *Telanus* was esteem'd by all the World, he was received with joy; he was askt tidings concerning *Arncee*s, he was thanked for the peace

as if he had made it, and a thousand caresses were made to him. For my part (said *Plotina* pleasantly) I believe *Berelisa*, *Clidamira* and my self see *Telanus* again with more joy than *Valeria*; for being they are not of *Rome*, and I think my self no *Roman*, (tho I know not precisely what I am) we are not in the same fear that she is of going as Hostage to *Porfenna*'s Camp. That which you do not fear (answer'd *Telanus*) is that which discontents me; for I should be sufficiently joyful that you were in a place where I could render you any service. 'Tis true (said *Valeria*) with a melancholy aspect) my joy for the peace is not absolutely pure, and fear left the Lot fall upon me, sufficiently disturbs me. Confess the truth (said *Berelisa* to her with a low voice) 'tis not that alone that causes the sadness in your eyes; but your fear lest *Mutius*'s action which produces peace to *Rome*, cause *Publicola* to change his mind, and be prejudicial to *Herminius*, occasions your discontent. 'Tis true (reply'd *Valeria* blushing) my Father is so accustomed to Sacrifice all things to the Publick-good, that I cannot but fear becoming one of the Victims of the Peace. Whilst *Berelisa* and *Valeria* were speaking low, *Plotina* not being able to contain from turning the most serious matters to railery: for my part (said she) I confess I have at present the greatest ardency in the world to know who were the three hundred men which 'tis said *Mutius* affirmed had conspir'd to kill *Porfenna*. I know at least I am none of them (answer'd *Herminius*). I should be very sorry to be suspected for one (added *Horatius*) I am of your mind (pursu'd *Ottavius*.) *Anacreon* and I (said *Amilcar*) being not born at *Rome*, we have no concernment in it, since *Mutius* said they were three hundred young *Romans* who had conspir'd against *Porfenna*'s life. As for me (said *Spurius*) whereas *Mutius* and I have not the same intimacy as heretofore, it cannot be believ'd that he communicated his design to me. And for my part (added *Acrisius*) I have several reasons for which I cannot be accus'd for one; as first, I was not born in *Rome*: Secondly, ——— Oh! I beseech you (interrupted *Plotina* laughing, and knowing how much *Acrisius* affected to speak) stop there, for I hate nothing more than those people who in a great company where every one has right to say something, begin to speak with First, and to proceed to Secondly, and Thirdly, and I am ready to dye with fear, lest they should go on till they come to Fiftiethly. All the company laughing at the manner in which *Plotina* interrupted *Acrisius*, he was a little abashed; but yet he was constrained to bear the railery whether he would or no, for fear of offending *Plotina*, of whom he was highly enamoured. However, this fair Virgin that he might not give him leisure to be angry, chang'd the discourse, and beholding all those that had spoken, But according as you all speak (said she) it might seem an injury to you to accuse you of being any of those three hundred Conspirators. To save you the trouble of searching for so great a number of them (said *Telanus* then) I shall assure you I believe *Mutius* was the sole person, and made use of that untruth to induce *Porfenna* to what he desir'd; for by the way as he came hither, he spoke certain things which suffer me not to doubt of it at all. If it be so said (*Plotina*) I think this unhappy adventure ought to reconcile *Herminius* to lying. 'Tis so far from it (answer'd he) that I shall hate it the more, for tho I am zealous for my Country, yet I confess I should not like to deliver

deliver it either by a Lye or an Assassination; and if I were to chuse either *Horatius's* action or that of *Mutius*, I should not deliberate a moment, notwithstanding the success of the last is far more considerable than of the former. But that it may not be thought I speak as a Rival or as an envious person, I shall commend *Mutius* for the constancy where-with he endur'd the torment of the flames that burnt his hand, and for his courage in attempting a thing in which it is probable he would perish: but as for the Lye and Assassination, I confess to you, I cannot find any thing in them that does not clash with my inclination. For according to my judgement, to do an action perfectly Heroical, not only the motive to it ought to be just, but likewise the means noble and innocent. Indeed (added *Valeria*) suppose an indifferent cause in the action of *Mutius*, he will be the greatest Criminal of all mankind, and the most inconsiderate; and he cannot be commend-ed saving for a happy rashness. Should you speak this at present in the Court of the Capitol (answer'd *Plotina*) the people would look upon you as an Enemy of *Rome*. Nevertheless *Valeria* has reason (reply'd *Octavius*). But however (said *Amilcar*) 'tis good there be Heroes of all sorts, that is, such as are scrupulous scarce of any thing, rash and Liers; for in brief, without *Mutius* you had had no peace: wherefore I conclude, that the Lye he made use of, be put in the rank of those innocent Lies of which we spoke so much here one day. It will be enough (answer'd *Hermianus*) to put it in the rank of happy Lies. In truth (said *Plotina* then) I perceive there are scarce any pleasures how great soever, but are mix'd with some sorrow. Peace which is so great a good, perhaps will shortly cause several displeasures to me: for I apprehend *Berulisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon* will speedily go from us: and besides, I am in great fear lest the Lot which is to appoint those twenty Virgins of Quality that are to be given in Hostage, should cruelly deprive me of all those I love best. As *Plotina* had done speaking, *Clelia* enter'd, who came to seek *Valeria* there. A little while after *Cesonia* brought *Clelius* into *Plotina's* chamber, with the same old man whom she had seen once before, and who was to inform her of her true extraction. As soon as she beheld him, she chang'd colour, out of fear it might be less honourable than she imagin'd. But she was not long in this uncertainty: for *Clelius* in the midst of the company embrac'd her very affectionately, and presenting her to *Horatius*, You know, generous *Horatius* (said he to him) I have treated you as one resolv'd to give you my daughter at the end of the War, but in the mean time before I make that promise good, I must give you a sister, who is a person unquestionably worthy of that Relation. Receive therefore *Plotina* as a generous Brother ought to receive her. But Moreover (added he, turning towards *Clelia*) I must give my daughter as well as *Horatius* a sister; and therefore (proceed-ed he, directing his speech to *Clelia*) embrace *Plotina* as a person united to you by blood: and you, *Octavius* (added he) do the same. The discourse of *Clelius* so amaz'd all the Company, and chiefly *Clelia*, *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Plotina*, that they beheld one another silently, without making the civilities to one another which this discovery requir'd. But at length *Plotina* began to speak, and addressing to *Clelius*, It is so little advantageous to you, my Lord (said she) to give such a person as I am, sister to *Cle-*

lia, that I doubt not you are my Father, since you pre-fess it your self: but I confess I do not apprehend how I can be sister both to *Horatius* and *Clelia*. Since 'tis a thing which must become publick (reply'd *Clelius*) it is not unfit to begin the publishing of it before such a Company as this is. For my part (said *Horatius*) I am so impatient to know how it comes that I have the happiness to be *Plotina's* Brother, and brother to a daughter of *Clelius*, and a sister of *Clelia*, that you cannot more sensibly oblige me than by declaring to me what I vehemently desire to understand. Know then (answer'd *Clelius*) that you were son of a woman of very great wit and virtue, for whom I had almost from my childhood the most respectful affection that ever was, and whose memory is still extreme dear to me. You know the lost her Husband during her banishment; that I was exil'd as well as she, that I have been so thrice in my life by the cruel *Tarquin*. During this banishment I became more charm'd with her constancy; and whereas melancholy had rendred her health very infirm, she fear'd to leave you without a careful guardian. Wherefore this consideration rather than that of the affection I had for her, oblig'd her to marry me secretly, as you may know of an ancient Priest still living, who is at present here amongst the *Salians*; for you were not then with her. Our marriage was thought fit to be conceal'd, because if *Tarquin* had known it, it had been impossible for us to hope ever to return to *Rome*, since hating us severally, he would have hated us more if he had understood our interests were united. During this secret Marriage, and whilst we were at *Ardea*, *Plotina* came into the world, and we conceal'd her birth. But eight daies after, her mother and yours dy'd; and this prudent old man whom you see, being our intimate Friend, took care of *Plotina*, whom he caus'd for some time after to pass for his own daughter, and that easily enough; because having one near of the same age that dy'd in the Country, he conceal'd her death, and substituted *Plotina* in her stead, without my knowing any thing of it, because I continued not long in that place. Your Mother before her death writ a scroll with her own hand that she left a daughter, and oblig'd me to deliver that writing to the Grand Vestal, who dy'd some daies since, and was her intimate friend, to the end it might remain in her hands as an indubitable testimony of the birth of *Plotina*. Shortly after I was oblig'd to depart from *Ardea*, and came back to *Rome*, where for the interest of my affairs I married *Sulpicia*; since which, you know I was compell'd to fly and go seek a Sanctuary at *Carthage*. At my departure I writ to that Friend I had at *Ardea*, but I had no answer from him. When I return'd, I inquir'd of him, and was inform'd it was not known what was become of him since the War *Tarquin* made against the *Tuscan*. I understood indeed he left a daughter, but for that it was after my departure that his dy'd, I did not imagine it was mine. Nevertheless the Gods have been pleas'd that this prudent old man whom you behold, became first a prisoner of War, and afterwards a prisoner of State for a great many years, without being known where he was: and the same Gods have permitted that by *Aruncus's* means he understood tidings of me, came hither first with that Prince, and has at length been set at liberty by his procurement, to come and oblige the wife *Octavia*, who is at this day chief of the Vestals, to cause the writing to be sought out which was entrusted with her predecessor, who at her death intended

intended certainly to speak concerning *Plotina* when she began to declare a thing which she did not finish, as all the world knows. Thus there is no doubt but *Plotina* is your sister; you know your Mothers writing, since you cannot but have many things by you written by her hand. The quality and vertue of him that brought up *Plotina* is not unknown to any, and I conceive you are sufficiently perswaded of my honesty not to doubt of what I say. In the meantime I declare to you, I do not intend *Plotina* should diminish any thing of your estate, I charge my self with her portion; and this sage old man before you, desirous not to cease altogether to be her father, tells me, he gives her all he has. *Clelius* spoke this with an air that took away all ground to doubt of what he said; and moreover *Horatius* was so joyful to find he had a sister that was able to do him good offices with *Clelia*, that he was wholly dispos'd to believe himself her brother. *Plotina* was also very much fastidied to understand she was a *Roman*, daughter of *Clelius*, and sister of *Octavius* and *Clelia*. Not but that I could have wish'd (said she, smiling) I had not understood this till four daies hence, to the end my name might not be put amongst those which are to be drawn by Lot to give Hostages to *Porfenna*. The case is now otherwise, daughter (answer'd *Clelius*) and it concerns you it were not; but I hope the Gods will exempt you from that trouble, as well as *Clelia*, who I ardently wish prove not one of the number of the Hostages. After this, *Octavius* made a complement to *Plotina*, *Clelia* did the same, and, in brief, all congratulated her for the discovery. *Amilcar* in particular us'd a thousand pleasant expressions to her, whilst *Clelius* and the old man of *Ardea* drawing *Horatius* aside, shew'd him his Mothers Letter to the Grand Vestal, and so manifested the business to him, that he could not doubt of so advantageous a truth. Indeed he did no longer doubt at all, but that now he had cause to redouble his hopes. The end of the War was near, he knew *Porfenna* had not changed his mind concerning *Aronces*'s love; he understood *Clelius* was already his Father-in-law, that he had a sister who was an intimate friend to *Clelia*, and was sister also to that fair Virgin as well as to himself. Wherefore he abandon'd his heart to joy, and testin'd it both by his actions and words. As for *Clelia* tho she had a great affection for *Plotina*, yet she was inwardly troubled at this adventure; because she perceived *Horatius* had still more power in the mind of *Clelius*, and fear'd lest knowing her self sister to *Horatius*, she should engage in his interest. But that lovely Virgin made not that use of her affinity; but on the contrary observing part of *Clelia*'s thoughts in her eyes, she handsomely separated her from the rest of the Company, and embracing her with tenderness, I beseech you, my dear sister (said she with a low voice) do not look coldly upon me as a sister of *Horatius* that intends to undertake his interests against you; for I declare to you, that by becoming his sister, I do not cease to be *Aronces*'s friend, and that I will not employ the right given me by nature of speaking freely to him, onely to tell him that since he cannot be lov'd by you, he ought not to seek his own happiness with the prejudice of yours; and I engage my self also to tell my Father whatever you dare not. And now after this, love me as before, and if possible a little more. I had long since so great an affection for you (answer'd *Clelia*) that it would be hard for me to augment it: but after what you have said, I assure

you, my dear sister, that if I cannot add to my affection, I will encrease my esteem, and will serve you in reference to *Sulpicia* as ardently as you shall me in respect of *Horatius*. As *Clelia* ended these words, *Horatius* approacht the two fair Virgins, and looking upon *Plotina*, Well my dear sister (said he to her) will you not assist me to overcome the obstinate constancy of *Clelia*? No, brother (answer'd she) but to give you the Counsel of a good sister, I will advise you to endeavour to overcome your self. She would have proceeded, but *Amilcar* imagining he should do a pleasure both to *Clelia* and *Plotina* by insinuating himself into the conversation of *Horatius*, went to them, and so did *Anacreon*; whilst *Clelius* was manifesting to *Cesonia*, *Berelisa*, and *Clidamira* the adventure he had related. *Plotina* not having chang'd her humour with her condition, smil'd after having mus'd a little while, and addressing to *Clelia*, I assure you (said she to her) I gain an advantage this day above you, which I much fear will be much disadvantageous to me in *Amilcar*'s opinion: for at the same time I know I am your elder sister, as being of the first Marriage; I also learn that I am at least four or five years older than I thought my looking-glass intimated to me, and I almost believ'd it, that I was only nineteen years of age; but I conceive by what *Clelius* has related, I am twenty four. Oh! amiable *Plotina* (answer'd *Amilcar*) you will never be above seventeen to me; for as long as a woman pleases me I account her young. And on the contrary, I know some Virgins of fifteen years, who seem to me above an Age old, because they do not please me. Moreover, to speak the truth of things, twenty four years are oftentimes the age of perfect beauty, and in which reason and beauty may most frequently be found together: for usually when reason comes, beauty departs: but at that time they are exactly together. Nevertheless, there is no general rule; for some women are more beautiful in the midst of their lives than in the prime of their youth; others too, more fools at the end of their daies than at the beginning of their lives; and there are some in whom reason is found from their very Childhood. For my part (said *Plotina*.) I am of this latter sort, and I do not remember that I ever was without reason: for from my tenderest youth, I knew I should one day be no longer young. I know above a hundred women (said *Amilcar*) that are not of your mind. You have reason (reply'd she) but I wonder all the fair ones do not foresee the end of their beauty. Yet I know some as well as you, that believe they shall never be above eighteen as long as they live; altho 'tis easie enough to judge time passes away very swiftly. Methinks, 'tis but a moment since I was a child; and if I should consider the future in the same manner as I do the time pass'd, I should think I should soon cease to be young. Believe me, amiable *Plotina* (said *Amilcar*) the pass'd and the future are not alike regarded. But how can that be which you say? (demanded *Plotina*) We see things pass'd clearly (answer'd *Amilcar*) but there is so great obscurity in the future, that the imagination not being able to penetrate into it, deceives it self, and believes that that which it does not see, is very remote; so that whereas people always love to beguile themselves to their own advantage, they look upon old age as so remote, and flatter themselves so pleasingly, that they do not fear even the things which must undoubtedly happen. That which further has perswaded me (reply'd *Plotina*)

aa) that I had use of Reason betimes, is, that from my first youth I extremely hated sadness, and lov'd every thing that was capable to please me. That sentiment is so natural (said *Clelia*) that I conceive you ought not to boast of it, and on the contrary I apprehend it to be the practice of reason oftentimes to accustom oneself to sadness, and to refuse delightful things. If what you say be true (answer'd *Plotina*) I shall never be wife as long as I live; for I cannot much refuse that which pleases me, nor accustom myself to that which does not. After this *Clelius* calling *Clelia* commanded her to go and prepare *Suspicia* to receive her Sister, assuring her he had acquainted her with the matter before he came. Then he requested *Cesonia* that she would please to lead *Plotina* to his house; and accordingly that amiable Lady accompani'd with *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Plotina*, and conducted by *Clelius*, went to *Suspicia*'s house, where *Clelia* was arriv'd before. But altho *Suspicia* very much respected her husband, and esteem'd *Plotina* infinitely, and altho *Clelia* had inform'd her of the generous and noble mind of this fair Virgin: yet it was easie to observe that she had a secret regret in the bottom of her heart, to see that *Clelius* had heretofore married a Person whom she hated, and had a daughter by her. Nevertheless she receiv'd very civilly all that *Plotina* spoke at her arrival at her house, and this interview pass'd as it ought among persons of honour and prudence. Moreover, he that had been instrumental to the owning of *Plotina*, continu'd also at *Clelius*'s house, who to testify more favour to *Horatius*, took *Plotina* by the hand, and beholding *Clelia* with authority in his countenance, 'Tis your part now (said he to *Plotina*) to promote the happiness of your brother, and to induce your sister to obey me willingly when the Peace shall be concluded. After which he left these two fair Virgins, without giving them leave to answer. The next morning the people being assembled confirm'd the Senates Votes with a thousand acclamations: which gave *Lucilius* and *Telanus* all the contentment they could desire. The people also would not consent that both of them should return to *Porfenna*, and therefore it was resolv'd that *Lucilius* should go to the Camp, and *Telanus* should stay at *Rome* to be present at the choice which was to be made of the Hostages by Lot. The multitude, on which the hardship of the Siege had fallen, being impatient to see the passages open, and the *Janiculum* restor'd into the power of the *Romans*, according to the conclusion of the Treaty, there was necessity of making haste, for fear of some sedition. Wherefore the Consuls caus'd notice to be given to all women of quality to bring their Daughters to the Temple of *Janus*. Things standing thus, *Horatius* being led by his passion, and forgetting what he one day promis'd *Clelia*, went to visit her Father, and addressing to him, My Lord (said he) I come to make a Proposal to you, which I know indeed contains something that may displease you; but being I act for your interest, and the quiet of my whole life, you ought to pardon me. You know (added he) that you have promis'd *Clelia* to me at the end of the War; and that lots are to be drawn for the Hostages which *Porfenna* demands. Now if it pleases fortune to chuse *Clelia*, she will not be long in your power, since the little Territory which is to be render'd to the King of *Hetruria* will not be soon restor'd; for besides that such like Articles are never perform'd speedily, Policy also requires, that *Porfenna*'s party be not strengthened till *Tarquin* be absolutely discarded by him. There-

fore, my Lord, to prevent *Clelia*'s going to a place whither you would be sorry she should goe, cause her to change her condition; for if I marry her to day, she will not be to morrow expos'd to the inconvenience of the Lot, since it concerns only Virgins, and wives are exempted from it. I wish with all my heart (answer'd *Clelius*) I could grant that which you desire; but I cannot do it with honour: for it would clearly appear that I hastned the match on purpose not to expose my daughter to the hazard of being given in Hostage; which were unworthy of a true *Roman*. But hoping I shall be more happy than to become oblig'd to let her goe into *Porfenna*'s hands, I promise to make her your wife as soon as the Treaty shall be accomplished. And so let us speak no more of this matter; for I will not be liable to the reproach of intending to effect an especial privilege to my self to exempt my daughter from a troublesome chance in which all others of her condition are concern'd. In fine, the business was perform'd the very next morning, and some *Roman* Ladies desirous out of generosity to testify their willingness to sacrifice all for their Country, brought their daughters thither to the Temple of *Janus*, for fear of being suspected of intending to exempt them from this ceremony. The generous *Kacilia* led thither the fair *Hermilia* her niece, whose countenance express'd all the grief she resent'd for the death of her illustrious brother and her Lover; and her sorrow renewing more in this occasion, appear'd so affecting an object, that it touch'd the hearts of all that beheld her. Indeed she was not the only person that appear'd sad; for the Lot being promiscuously contingent to all, there was none but fear'd it might fall upon her self, and accounted it a hard fate to goe to the Camp. *Clelia*, for her part, was not a little apprehensive of being under *Porfenna*'s power, *Valeria* fear'd to be remov'd from *Horatius*, *Plotina* to leave *Rome*, and her Friend, and all in general, to goe alone into the hands of an Enemy Prince. But all these fair Victims being at length ranked in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which was enlightned with a hundred magnificent Lamps, the Grand Vestal came, follow'd with three of her companions to render the ceremony more solemn, and that with such majesty and grace, that she drew the eyes of the whole Assembly upon her. The Consuls plac'd themselves beneath her in this place. But *Clelia* transcended all the other fair ones in beauty; *Valeria*, tho less fair, yet did not seem much less amiable; *Hermilia*, notwithstanding her sadness, wholly gain'd the heart of *Octavius*; *Coletania* also appear'd very fair to all that beheld her, and *Plotina* with her free, natural, and pleasant aspect and the amiable freshness of her countenance, augmented the love of *Amilcar*, *Telanus*, *Acrisius*, and *Damon* too, who presently departed. *Valeria* likewise increased the passion of *Herminius*, *Emilius*, *Spirius*, and *Mutius*.

But to be brief, the Priest having taken the names of all the Virgins of Quality, whose number was very great, put them into a large Urn, and having mingled them together, plac'd it at the foot of the Altar: after which offering a Sacrifice only of Incense and Flowers, the Grand Vestal in the name of all the fair Virgins tender'd their acquiescenceto the Gods, to the end that all submitting themselves to the Orders of Lot, all might have a share in the merit of the action, and in the Liberty of *Rome*. *Octavia* perform'd this with so noble an air, that she excited the

the admiration of all the Spectators. This being done, a young childe approaching to the Urne wherein all the names were confusely mingled, drew forth twenty of them one after another. The first was that of *Plotina*, who seem'd not to be discover'd for a *Romane*, but only that she might be presently given in Hostage. The second was of a sister of *Flavia*; the third of a niece of *Spurius*, who was very fair; the fourth of *Hermilia*, who could not hear her self nam'd without tears in her eyes; the fifth, of *Valeria*, who blusht when she heard her name; the sixth, of a daughter of the second Consul; the seventh, of *Colatina*; the eighth, of a Cousin of *Solomina*; and the ninth, of a niece of *Clelius*. After this ten more were drawn. So that there remaining onely one more to be drawn, it was thought *Clelia* would have escap'd. But at length the twentieth Ticket being drawn and open'd, *Clelia's* name was found in it. *Clelius* was very much troubled at it, but he conceal'd his discontent; which *Horatius* was not able to doe, but it was apparent enough in his eyes that he was extremely afflicted for *Clelia's* going to *Porfenna's* Camp, because he fear'd her vertue would mollifie the King's mind; or if it did not, she would not be well treated. *Octavius's* heart was mov'd to see *Hermilia*, so afflicted as she was, go into a Victorious Army which would alwayes bring into her memory the death both of her Brother and her Lover. As for *Mutius*, he was not very sorry that *Valeria* was to goe to *Porfenna*, by whom he hop'd to be protected, tho he had intended an attempt upon his life; but *Herminius* and *Æmilius* were so afflicted at it, that their sorrow serv'd to comfort *Spurius* for that grief he would have resent'd if he had been ignorant of their affliction. As for *Amilcar*, perceiving no very great sadness in *Plotina's* eyes, and being free to see her in *Porfenna's* Camp as well as at *Rome*, he thought to himself this change of life would give him a new affection without being oblig'd to change his Mistress. *Telanus* was very glad of this adventure; but *Acrisius*, *Sicinius*, and *Damon* much afflicted. As for *Clelia*, she did not certainly know what sentiments she ought to have: by reason of her natural modesty she could not but regret at her going to *Porfenna's* Camp; but otherwise her interests were so intricate, that she could not well disintangle them. She was not sorry to be remov'd from *Horatius*, and glad to think she should see *Aronces*: but she was to leave *Sulpicia*, and goe into the power of *Porfenna*, with whom she conceiv'd *Tarquin* and *Sextus* were not likely to make a total breach, and who she knew well did not approve the love *Aronces* had for her. Yet it was a consolation to her to have *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* for her companions: but for all this, she was very sad as well as the rest of her Friends. All the influence the Publick interest had in the minds of these fair Virgins, only caus'd them to constrain themselves as much as they could, that they might not seem much afflicted for a thing that conduc'd to confirm the peace. As soon as their names were drawn, crowns of flowers were put upon their heads, and they were oblig'd to thank the Gods for chusing them to establish the liberty of *Rome*. Moreover, the names of twenty young youths of Quality were drawn by Lots; after which it was resolv'd to send the Hostages as soon as *Lucilius* was return'd, and *Porfenna* had confirm'd the Articles of Peace carry'd to him; and every one departed home. Then the fair Virgins prepared for their departure, and receiv'd the Adieus of their Lovers

and Friends of both Sexes. *Horatius* express'd himself to *Clelia* in the most pathetical words the most violent love could dictate, and the most nice jealousy suggest to him. *Mutius* spok to *Valeria* with more fierceness than ordinary, and like a man that thought nothing could be refus'd him after having procur'd peace to *Rome*. I know well, cruel *Valeria* (said he to her) that you look upon what I have done for *Rome*, as if I had done it against you; but perhaps you will change your thoughts during your absence; in the mean time you must permit me to hope that *Publicola*, who is more sensible of the Publick-good than you, will thank me for what I have done for it, and be unwilling you should render me miserable. If my Father could render you happy (answer'd she) without violating his own word, and forcing my will, without doubt he would doe it; and were it in my power to hinder you from being miserable, I would doe it out of gratitude. But, *Mutius*, you require a thing absolutely impossible, therefore preserve no ill-grounded hope in your breast; *Herminius* is the only man in the world that I can love; and if I could cease to be his, I ought then to favour *Æmilius*, and not you. Ah! cruel *Valeria* (cry'd *Mutius*) consider what the Lover you despise is capable of doing, and fear lest he act that against his own Enemies which he has done against the Enemies of *Rome*. As you pretend to have perform'd a brave action (answer'd she) so there is reason to believe you will not blemish it by an ignoble one; and besides, to tell you freely, threatnings never cause any fear in me. You intend then (added he) that I must dye with despair, and burn eternally without hoping a moment of release in my torments. You can endure the fire so constantly (reply'd she with a little too sharp raillery) that you are less to be pity'd than another. But, in brief, *Mutius* (added she) content your self with the glory you have acquired, doe not blemish it with unjust menaces, addict your self rather to ambition than love, and leave me in quiet. I shall obey you, Madam (said he to her) and if I cannot leave you in quiet as you desire, I shall employ the same hand against my self that has lately given peace to *Rome*. Since I am alwayes alike equitable (answer'd *Valeria*) I oppose that which you intend to doe against your self, as I would oppose that which you should offer to attempt against another. No, no, Madam (said he to her) I have nothing to doe with your equity; and when the fancie takes me, I shall know well how to doe my self justice. In this manner *Mutius* parted from *Valeria*. *Æmilius* bid her Adieu like an unhappy Lover that dar'd not hope any thing, *Spurius* like a man that never despair'd of any thing, but alwayes believ'd what could not be obtain'd by merit or force, might be by subtlety. As for *Octavius*, his farewell to *Hermilia* was so respectful a declaration of Love, that this fair Virgin, as sad as she was, could not be offended at it. *Sicinius* following his own humor, bid *Plotina* Adieu in two words; *Acrisius* on the contrary employ'd a thousand in saying almost nothing to her. *Damon* who knew of the Dialogue *Amilcar* made while he was sick, spok to her more against his Rival than of his own passion; and as for *Amilcar*, he told her he would conduct her to the Camp, and assist *Telanus* to convoy her. *Colatina* had no Lover at *Rome* whom she regretted, and so was not troubled to bid adieu to any but her friends. *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were much afflicted to see all these fair persons depart

depart, and so was *Anacreon*. Indeed *Artemidorus's* sickness most of all took up their care; they went to visit him very frequently, sometimes with *Sulpicia*, *Berelisa*, or *Cesonia*; but with this advantage to *Berelisa*, that the Prince notwithstanding his weakness, observed this fair Virgin was more troubled for his wounds than *Clidamira*. He perceiv'd her more sad and dejected, and beheld in the other more pretence than true sorrow.

Lucilius being at length return'd, and having brought back the confirmation of the Peace, notwithstanding the negotiations of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* to break it, preparation was made to send away the Hostages. Accordingly the next morning all the young Youths that were to be given in Hostage, were led to the foot of the *Janiculum*, and the twenty fair Virgins conducted by their relations were put into the hands of the Consuls, who having caus'd magnificent Chariots to be prepar'd for them, caus'd them to be convey'd by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* with the Troops that accompani'd them to the foot of the *Janiculum*. By the way as they went, all the people made a thousand vows for their preservation; and being come to that place, *Lucilius* and *Tellanus* sent *Porfenna's* Orders to cause the passages to be quitted, and did the like to those that kept the *Janiculum*. Whereupon the forces that kept this place began to draw off towards the King of *Hetruria's* Camp, at the same time that those which follow'd *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* possess'd themselves of the Post which the other abandon'd. Then the twenty Youths and the twenty fair Virgins, being put under the power of *Lucilius* and *Tellanus*, began to march to a place where the Forces of *Porfenna* that relinquisht the *Janiculum* made a halt till these Hostages were arriv'd. *Horatius* separating himself from the Roman Troops, approacht to the Chariot wherein *Clelia* was; so did *Herminius* to that of *Valeria*, *Octavius* to that of *Hermilia*, and the other Lovers that follow'd, to the Chariots wherein the persons they lov'd were. But *Amilcar* follow'd *Lucilius* and *Tellanus*, and was alwaies near the Chariot of *Clelia*, wherein *Plotina* was. But for that there needed a good time for *Porfenna's* Forces to break up their Camp, and the Romans to take possession of the Post they deserted, all the Chariots wherein the Virgins were, stay'd in a Meadow at the head of those Troops, who put themselves in Battalia as they descended. In the mean time the fair Virgins discours'd together amongst themselves, or with *Amilcar*, who sometimes went to one and sometimes to another. They had purpos'd to be negligently enough attir'd, but they were enjoin'd to adorn themselves, to the end they might draw more respect, and be more fitting to be presented to the King of *Hetruria*, with whom it was not doubted but *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* would be, when they should be presented to him, so that they never seem'd more fair than now. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* were in the same Chariot; *Hermilia* and *Colatina* in another, every one having follow'd their own inclination. *Amilcar* being near *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina*, told them he had a great advantage in being an African at this time; for I may now accompany you throughout (said he) whereas, if I were a Roman, I durst not follow you this day, because the Roman gravity would not permit me to go into the Enemies Camp till matters were compleatly pacifi'd. But since I take special priviledges to my self wherever I am, I go boldly to *Porfenna*, as if I

were an Hostage. In good earnest (answer'd *Plotina*) you are so more than you imagine; for to speak sincerely, as often as you give your heart to any fair one, 'tis alwaies on condition that she shall restore it to you. Ah! perverse *Plotina* (cry'd he) if you were as long in *Porfenna's* hands, as my heart shall be in yours, you would never return to Rome. I assure you, (said she to him) that tho I hope restitution will shortly be made to *Porfenna* of that little corner of Territory that has been heretofore usurp'd from him, and consequently the Treaty being accomplisht, he will soon remit us back to Rome, yet I would not swear your heart should not go out of my power before I go out of that of *Porfenna*. But however that be (continued she) 'tis not the thing in Question at present, and only tell me, whether you know a man on Horse-back whom I see coming here, who methinks has a very blockish aspect, and is follow'd by five or six others that appear not much wiser. *Clelia* and *Valeria* turning their heads on that side, perceiv'd it was the infamous *Sextus*, who led by his own inclination, which alwaies carri'd him where women were, came insolently from his Quarter to see who they were that Lot had chosen out. For tho *Tarquin* was much discontented with *Porfenna*, yet he did not manifest it, and forbore to break wholly with him, hoping alwaies something would happen to disturb the Peace. As soon as *Clelia* and *Valeria* knew *Sextus*, they gave a great shriek, and turn'd away their eyes. But *Tellanus* who was in the head of the Forces, whil't *Lucilius* gave Orders in other places, encouraged them a little, judging it was not in *Sextus's* power to attempt any thing against them. Whereupon they took heart a little, and were contented to salute him with a sullen and cold aspect, which made it apparent that if he had not been son of the King, they would not have render'd him that civility. On the other side, *Sextus* who never consider'd any thing besides his own pleasure, judg'd *Clelia* so fair at this instant, that his old passion reviv'd in his heart for this excellent person. He beheld her with agitation of mind; and approaching to her Chariot with earnestness, he address'd his speech to *Amilcar* with the same cheerfulness he could have done at the time when he was in Rome. I confess (said he to *Amilcar*) I was in an error when heretofore I preferr'd brown beauties before the fair, since 'tis certain I never saw nor never shall see any person so beautiful as *Clelia*. This speech of *Sextus* minding *Clelia* and *Valeria* of the lamentable death of *Lucretia* (because it was in maintaining the beauty of that vertuous woman that he had spoken against the fair) they blisht with indignation, and *Clelia* speaking to him, No, no, my Lord (said she) do not give your self the trouble to commend me, but know there is no surer way to make me displeasing to my self, than to signifie to me that I please you. Therefore, if you believe me, depart from hence; besides (added she) I conceive 'tis no great pleasure to you to see the *Janiculum* delivered to the Romans. Your aspect, Madam (reply'd *Sextus*) makes them that behold it, unmindful of their own felicities. But, my Lord (interrupted *Amilcar*) I know not whether it be not a new unhappiness to you, to see *Clelia* according to the present posture of affairs; and therefore, I think it would be good you satisfi'd her desire. Go, my Lord, go (interrupted *Valeria*, who could not contain her self) go hide your crimes in some place so remote from Rome, that you may never there meet a friend

of *Lucretia*. But to what place soever you go, remember there is not a moment wherein a hundred thousand persons do not hate you. I should laugh at their hatred (answer'd he, without being mov'd) were I lov'd but by one person. If you desire to be so by any one (reply'd *Valeria*) go into some place where you are not known, and where you may change all your inclinations; for if you do not, you will be driven out every where, as you are from *Rome*: and remember, 'tis the most faithful friend of *Lucretia* that foretels you this day, you will alwaies be as unfortunate as you are criminal. Since there are pleasures in all places (reply'd he) I make no great reckoning of banishment. Pleasures (said *Plotina*) are not many to those that are exil'd. Not to such as are covetous and ambitious (answer'd he) but they are to be found every where by those that seek after them, and prefer them above all things. Whilst *Sextus* was speaking thus, *Amilcar* made a sign to *Telanus* of the disgust his presence gave to these fair Virgins; wherefore to deliver them from it, he commanded the Chariots to advance; for just about that time also all the forces of the *Janiculum* were arriv'd. So *Telanus* causing the Chariots to be drawn into the midst of them, *Sextus* was constrain'd to return to his own Quarter. But before he parted from *Clelia's* Chariot, Know (said he to her with unparalleled boldness) I lose not the hope to be happy; and having lost *Rome* for *Lucretia*, I should be still ready to lose a hundred Kingdoms for you, if I had them. After this, *Lucilius* coming up to joyn with *Telanus*, the whole body marcht towards the Quarter of *Porfenna*. Where when the fair Virgins were arriv'd, *Lucilius* went to know the King's pleasure concerning presenting them before him. But *Porfenna* having understood *Clelia* was amongst them, would not see them, and sent to seek the Prince his son, to the end he might not entertain them, giving order they should be put into tents, serv'd well, and guarded diligently. Nevertheless *Aronces* who had been advertis'd by *Telanus* that *Clelia* was amongst the Hostages, us'd his interest with the Princesses of the *Leontines* to oblige *Galerita* to come that day to the Camp; and he caus'd such diligent notice to be given him when the Chariots would arrive, that he was precisely at the place where they made a halt, whilst *Lucilius* went to receive *Porfenna's* Orders. He was habited this day more splendidly than ordinary, tho in a military attire. His Horse was of a dapple-gray, his Feathers were white, *Isabella*, black, and sky-colour, he had a scarf of the same colours buckled upon his shoulder with the muzzle of a golden Lyon enrich'd with great Diamonds. The guard of his Sword was of the same; and in short, his garb was so magnificent, that he drew the eyes of all. He was also lookt upon very favourably by *Clelia*, who made it very apparent that the sight of the person lov'd embellishes, at the first appearance after absence; for as soon as *Clelia* perceiv'd *Aronces*, her eyes became more sparkling, her complexion had a fuller tincture of carnation, joy augmented the gracefulness of her mouth, and all the charms of her countenance became thereby the more inevitable. *Aronces* on his part, could not at that moment reflect on all the consequences that might follow upon this interview, but so gave up himself to joy, that alighting from his Horse, he went directly to *Clelia*, who descended from her Chariot, together with her Companions; and it hapned to be in a place where she could do it conve-

niently, for there was a large and thick-spread tree about ten paces from her Chariot. Ah! Madam (said he to her, after having saluted her and those that follow'd her) is it lawful for me to rejoice to see you in a place where I am not Master? yet you would forbid me in vain to do so, for 'tis impossible for me to see you without resenting a pleasure which I am unable to express. That which I have to see you, my Lord (answer'd she) teaches me sufficiently, that the first sentiments of the heart are not in a people disposing according as the condition of their fortune requires; for tho I am alwaies very unhappy, yet I am extream joyful that I can also tell you I am alwaies the same, provided you be not changed. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that which you say is not obliging, and you have too little esteem of me, if you do not repent of it. After this, *Clelia* told *Aronces* that *Plotina* was her sister, and that tho *Horatius* was her brother, yet was she alwaies his friend: so that there was a very sweet and ingenious conversation among these amiable persons. As they were in it, *Lucilius* came to bring *Porfenna's* Orders; but they so strict, that out of friendship he counsel'd the Prince not to oppose them, nor provoke the King. This Order sensibly afflicted *Aronces*, *Clelia*, her Companions, and *Amilcar*, who was come to them; but yet it was necessary to obey it. So *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* re-entered into their Chariot, after *Aronces* accompani'd by *Amilcar* had told the admirable person he lov'd, that she ought to fear nothing, and that he would dye rather than be wanting in fidelity to her. *Aronces* being mounted on Horse-back, and the Chariots beginning to march in order to conduct the fair Virgins to the Tents which were appointed for them, they beheld a Troop of Ladies appear on Horse-back, in very great gallantry, and following a stately Chariot that went very slowly, which was the Queen of *Hercuria*, and with her *Melintha*, and a very fair and amiable person nam'd *Hersilia*. She that rid in the head of these Ladies was the Princess of the *Leontines*, her Horse being white with a black star in the forehead; her attire was of a flying stuff, silver and blue, and the shape of it very agreeable and advantageous; she wore hanging at a rich scarf that was fastned with a knot of Diamonds, a little Bow of Ebony garnisht with gold, and a Quiver of the same adorn'd with jewels. Her hair curl'd in half rings was carelessly spread upon her shoulders. So that having upon her head a great Plume of Feathers, the colours of which were pleasing and well suited, and the order irregular (as I may so speak) made an agreeable confusion, this Princess never appear'd more beautiful than she did this day. She was follow'd by *Aurelisa*, *Terentia*, and *Amiclea*, and several other Ladies very handsome and gallantly clothed. As soon as *Aronces* beheld this fair Troop, he left *Clelia* and went to meet the Queen of *Hercuria* and the Princesses of the *Leontines*, to the end to desire their protection of that excellent Virgin. In the mean time the Chariots of the twenty fair *Romans*, whom Lot had chosen for Hostages, turning to the right hand towards the *Tyber*, were not so distant but *Clelia* could discern the magnificent garb of the Princesses of the *Leontines*, and with what a respectful gesture *Aronces* saluted her; for indeed out of his desire to induce her to protect *Clelia*, he approacht to her with extraordinary respect. Upon which *Clelia* having her heart inflam'd with new affection towards *Aronces*, whom she lately saw, and affected with discontent occasion'd

tion'd by the rigorous order of *Porfenna*, her mind became so troubled, that she could not hinder her self from giving some signs of her inquietude. She chang'd colour several times, she had her head alwayes turn'd toward the side where the Princess of the *Leontines* was, as long as she was in sight, and moreover she sigh'd very heavily. But that which compleated her anxiety, was, that putting forth her head; she heard one of those that guarded her, saying to another as they beheld *Aronces*, See, our Prince there is much taken up with his new Mistress. These words were no sooner understood by *Clelia*, but jealousie as suddenly seiz'd upon her heart, as an hour before Love did upon that of *Sextus*. But whilst this secret trouble was exciting in her breast, *Plotina* and *Valeria* were reasoning concerning *Porfenna's* Order. Nevertheless the change hapned in *Clelia's* fair eyes did not escape their observation; whereupon *Valeria* addressing to this admirable person, Whence arises this new sadness? (said she) and what thought has come in your minde? Tho *Porfenna's* Order be something severe, yet we are delivered from an unpleasing ceremony, in that we shall not be presented to him. Therefore since I believe he dares not violate the Law of Nations, nor treat you ill, I see no cause for the excessive melancholy that appears in your eyes. For my part (said *Plotina*) I am of *Valeria's* mind; and therefore let me intreat you, my dear sister, not to abandon your self to sadness. When the heart is possess'd with jealousie (answer'd she blushing) it is not possible but that it should also be abandon'd to sadness. But how can you become jealous in so short a time? (said *Plotina*). *Clelia* seeing her self urg'd by her friends, told them what she heard, and what she observ'd. But do you not know (said *Valeria*) *Aronces* suffers it to be believ'd that he is amorous of the Princess of the *Leontines* to the end *Porfenna* might not propound to him the marriage of the Prince of *Ceres* daughter? I know it (answer'd *Clelia*) but I know too that the Princess of the *Leontines*, is infinitely charming, that I am unfortunat, and that it is not impossible but that *Aronces* conceiving he cannot marry me, has suffer'd his heart to be toucht with the beauty of that Princess; for, for my own part, I find that were I a man, I could not chuse but love her. Ah! my dear sister (cry'd *Plotina*) you think you should love this Princess if you were a man, only because you have at present a great disposition not to love her. That is, in brief, the jealousie which will cause you to hate her, makes her appear more lovely than really she is, tho she is so in a high degree. But however, you are unjust; for after all *Aronces* has done for you, you suspect him upon too light an occasion. No, no, (reply'd *Valeria*) blame not *Clelia* so much; for when a person loves ardently and is unfortunat, it is very easie for jealousie to arise without cause; and certainly only such as know not how to love, are wholly free from jealousie. These fair Virgins spoke many things more to this purpose, till they arriv'd at the Tents prepar'd for them, where they were receiv'd with magnificence and respect. *Lucilius* and *Telanus* caus'd them to be attended with all imaginable care, and omitted nothing that might serve to evidence themselves the most honorable persons in the World. Nevertheless at the same time, not daring to disobey *Porfenna's* Order, they caus'd them to be guarded diligently. This King (imagining there had been some deceit in the choice of the Hostages, and that *Clelia* was purposely sent to his Camp out of

hope to mollifie him, and to augment *Aronces's* love by her presence) was much displeas'd about it, both against the *Romans* and against *Aronces*, whom he suspected to have had some influence in the business. Yet seeing him arrive with the Princess of the *Leontines*, he knew not what to think of it. But *Galerita* and the Princess being much solicitous to serve *Aronces*, as soon as they came to *Porfenna's* presence, they declar'd the joy they resentid in seeing the peace so well advanc'd, and askt him wherefore he did not see the Hostages. Because (answer'd he) the person is sent amongst them who of all the world undoubtedly hates me most. And therefore (added he, looking upon *Aronces*) I absolutely forbid you to see her, or have any correspondence with her. My Lord (said the dejected Prince) the order you have given for the guarding of the fair *Romans*, is so strict, that it will be no merit to obey you; but if it be lawfull for me to answer something that is contrary to your sentiments, I shall beseech you to consider that nothing ought to be more sacred than the persons of Hostages. I grant it (reply'd *Porfenna*) and 'tis to that end that I require they be diligently guarded. *Aronces* judging then that *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* would doe him more service if himself were not present than if he were, he withdrew, and left them in effect the liberty to protect himself in protecting *Clelia*. Yet they durst not speak to *Porfenna* concerning that admirable Lady in particular, but only of her and all her Companions in general. At first the King of *Hetruria* would not allow that any persons should see them; but the two Princesses so earnestly represented to him that that would cause an ill rumor in *Rome*, as if they were kept Prisoners, that he yeilded to their Counsel, being contented only to prohibit the Prince his son the liberty of seeing them; but he granted the Princesses permission to goe and visit them. In the mean time the Prince *Titus* who alwayes lov'd *Colatina* passionately, went from *Tarquins* Quarter to that of *Porfenna*, to endeavour to get liberty to see her; *Sextus* who was become violently amorous of *Clelia*, went thither too with the same purpose: and the fierce *Tullia*, whose mind was alwayes bent to doe mischief to some or other, and to make all things subservient to her revenge, or ambition, devis'd in her mind (so fertile in inventions of wickedness) what she should doe to hinder the accomplishment of the peace, or at least to torment *Clelia*. *Tarquins* for his part, in the midst of his misfortunes had his thoughts employ'd upon *Clelia*, and was something pleas'd, to hear *Aronces* was deny'd liberty to visit her. The day after the fair *Romans* came to *Porfenna's* Camp, the Queen of *Hetruria* and the Princess of the *Leontines* went to see them; but by the way they met with *Sextus*, and could not hinder him from accompanying them, tho they urg'd him as much as they could to forbear. As for the Prince *Titus*, he was so belov'd by both parties, that they did not scruple to take him into this visit; and the curiosity to see these twenty fair *Romans* being almost general, the Princesses were accompany'd by the generous *Melintha*, the amiable *Hersilia*, *Amiclea*, *Aurelisa*, *Terentia*, and several men of Quality. The *Roman* Ladies having been advertis'd by *Lucilius* and *Telanus* of the visit they were to receive, they adorned themselves more speedily this day; and *Clelia* out of a jealous conceit, and to please the Queen of *Hetruria*, omitted nothing that conduc'd to make her appear amiable. Only *Hermilia* was in a negligent dress, which testifi'd she

did not care to please: yet being fair, young, and tall, she did not cease to be very graceful. It may be said, there was never a more glorious sight, than when these twenty fair Virgins went to receive the Queen of *Hetruria* at the entry of their Tents. For the Lot had so happily chosen them out, that there was not one of them but was extremely handsome and agreeable. *Valeria*, *Clelia*, and *Plotina* being in the front of this fair Company, the first as being daughter of the first Consul spoke thus in the name of all her Companions, when she saluted *Galerita*. Had my Companions and my self had liberty to do our duty, Madam (said she very gracefully) we should have had the honour to have gone and saluted your Majesty as soon as we saw you arrive in the Camp: But, Madam, since we are not in our own power, no doubt you are so equitable as not to accuse us of being deficient in the respect we owe you. The Queen of *Hetruria* very civilly receiv'd that which *Valeria* spoke to her, and also made an answer to it; but it was almost without thinking what she was doing; for the Princess of the *Leontines* having before caus'd her to take notice of *Clelia*, she beheld her with so great admiration that she could not refrain from giving advantageous signs of what she thought of her. As soon as she had done answering *Valeria*, she turned her self towards the Princess of the *Leontines*, and speaking to her, Report is injurious to *Clelia's* beauty (said she) for certainly it transcends all the praises that are publish'd of it, and I believe it can never be sufficiently extoll'd. *Galerita* had scarce spoke this, but all that accompanied her, perceiving it was free for them to speak what they thought, commended *Clelia* so highly, that she blusht at it; whereby modesty imbellishing her more, she confirm'd all the applauses that were given her. After which *Galerita*, having commended all these fair Virgins in general, separated *Clelia* from the rest, and talkt with her for some time, whilst the Princess of the *Leontines*, *Melintha*, *Hersilia*, and the other Ladies were speaking to *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and their companions. As for Prince *Titus*, he entertain'd *Colatina*, whom he had not seen since his leaving *Rome*; but *Sextus* was wholly silent, and only beheld *Clelia* so attentively, that it was easie to perceive that he had not lov'd the unfortunate *Lucretia* more ardently. *Amilcar*, who had follow'd the Queen of *Hetruria*, joyn'd in the discourse with the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Plotina*; *Tellanus* did the like; *Aurelisa* and *Terentia* admir'd these fair *Romans*; and *Valeria* and her companions returning them commendations for those they gave, this first conversation pass'd in reciprocal civilities. But *Clelia* spoke so handsomely to *Galerita*, that she was as much charm'd with her wit, as her beauty; yet she would not mention any thing to her concerning *Aronces*, but assur'd her in general, she would protect her in all things, and omit no opportunity to do her good offices. After which turning her self towards the other *Roman* Ladies, the Princess of the *Leontines* approacht to *Clelia*, with intention to assure her she would serve her with all her heart, and give her an account of the sentiments *Aronces* had for her. But *Sextus* coming to her at the same moment, it was impossible for her to execute her purpose; besides, that *Clelia* appear'd to her with so cold an aspect, that this did sufficiently amuse her. Nevertheless, soon after she thought *Sextus's* presence caus'd that coldness of hers, so that hoping to see her often, she

was not very earnest to discourse with her apart. On the contrary believing she should do her a pleasure in taking off *Sextus*, she pretended to have something to say to this Prince, and accordingly whisper'd a little to him; but presently after, the Queen of *Hetruria* being retir'd, she could do no more but tell *Clelia*, she would see her again speedily. Notwithstanding she spoke this with a very obliging air, yet the secret jealousy this fair Virgin had in her breast caus'd her to answer her with some coldness, tho' with sufficient civility. The Queen of *Hetruria* as she return'd spoke of nothing but the beauty of *Clelia*, and the charms of her mind. *Sextus* seem'd so transported with it, that he could not refrain from speaking things which made it apparent he was deeply enamour'd of her; and all that accompanied *Galerita* were so taken with her, that they commend'd who should extol her most. Her companions were also much Commended, and tho' fair Ladies love not very much to applaud those that own that advantageous quality, yet *Aurelisa*, *Terentia*, and all the rest acknowledg'd nothing could be seen so handsome as *Clelia*; and that next her, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, *Hermilia*, and *Colatina* were the most charming persons in the world. When *Galerita* arriv'd at her Tent, she understood that the cruel *Tullia* was in private conference with *Porfenna*, and she was told of it by *Aronces*, who was extremely troubled at it. And so was she too; for she knew well of what dangerous artifices this person was capable. But to comfort him, she talk'd with him so advantageously of *Clelia*, that it gave him satisfaction in some measure. You have reason *Aronces* (said *Galerita* to him) to prefer *Clelia* above all the rest of the world; for being noble, vertuous, ingenious, and the greatest beauty that ever liv'd, and having an affection for you, I conceive nothing is to be desir'd for your happiness but the consent of *Porfenna*. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that consent is hard to be obtain'd. I confess it (answer'd the Queen) but nevertheless I am perswaded, if the King saw *Clelia*, it would be more easie to prevail with him; and I purpose to continue some dayes in the Camp, that I may endeavour to bring him to resolve upon it. *Aronces* thanked *Galerita* for this design of hers, and afterwards requested the Princess of the *Leontines*, to assist her in moving *Porfenna* to see *Clelia*. As he left the Queen, he saw his Father the King, who seem'd to be sufficiently pensive; he understood by some of the Officers that were faithful to him, that when *Tullia* departed from *Porfenna*, he told her, he would keep his word, provided she kept hers; and that this Princess went away with an aspect sufficiently satisfi'd. But the unfortunate *Aronces* not being able to see *Clelia*, writ to her in the most passionate manner in the world, and oblig'd *Titus*, *Tellanus*, and *Amilcar* to tell her a hundred things every day in his name. At the same time, liberty of intercourse between *Rome* and the Camp being restor'd, excepting for such *Romans* as had follow'd *Tarquin*, the Princess of the *Leontines* went to see the Prince her Brother, who was a little recover'd; and *Hermilina*, *Horatius*, *Octavia*, *Emilia*, *Zenocrates*, *Anacron*, and many others caus'd themselves to be presented to *Porfenna*, to the end they might have liberty to visit the twenty fair Virgins that were given as Hostages. By this means the conversation became very delightful both at the Tents of the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, and those in which the fair

fair *Romans* were. As for *Mutius*, his mind was so incens'd with the last conversation he had with *Valeria*, that he would not go thither; and he was observ'd to avoid almost all the world, and to be discontented and pensive, tho' the glory he had acquir'd ought to have afforded him very great satisfaction. About this time the Prince of *Messene* found himself reduc'd to extremity; but at his death he caus'd *Themistus* to be advertis'd that he might go and receive the recompence of his fidelity, and that some daies before he had stopt a man that had order to deliver a Letter to him from the Prince of *Syracusa*, and another from the Princess *Lindamira*, which inform'd him that he might return. And accordingly *Themistus* understanding this agreeable news, and seeing the War ended, hied himself to depart as soon as the wound in his arm should be cured. The Prince of *Messene's* death, and the happiness of his Rival, serving then for discourse to all the world, it hapned that *Clelia* and *Plotina* observing *Zenocrates* very melancholy, the latter askt him if he had any particular interest in that adventure. Alas! Madam (answer'd he, sighing) I am concern'd onely with my own miseries, of which both the felicity and misfortunes of others do alike reduce the remembrance in my mind. Yet some troublesome thing must needs have befallen you within this little while (said *Clelia*) for the bare remembrance of remote unhappinesses does not produce the melancholy which I perceive in your eyes. 'Tis easie to appear sad (reply'd *Zenocrates*) when greater are apprehended to come. But *Valeria* interrupting this discourse by speaking something apart to *Clelia*, *Plotina* continu'd, and so urg'd *Zenocrates* to tell her the cause of his discontent, that he confest to her he was extremely jealous, but would not discover to her who was the person he lov'd. After which *Plotina* told *Clelia* what *Zenocrates* had confest to her. An hour after the Princess of the *Leontines* being arriv'd, *Clelia* heard *Amiclea* say to *Zenocrates*, as she pass'd by him, You are to blame, and more than you can imagine. She also observ'd that the Princess of the *Leontines* blush'd as she lookt upon *Zenocrates*, and that *Zenocrates's* dejectedness increas'd by beholding the Princess. So that comparing all these circumstances, she conjectur'd that *Zenocrates* lov'd the Princess, and that *Arances* was the cause of his jealousy. Which thought so augmented her own, that she was forc'd to pretend her self a little indispos'd, for fear lest the alteration of her humour should be taken notice of. Nevertheless she had so great curiosity to know perfectly the Adventures of the Princess of the *Leontines*, that she request'd *Plotina* and *Valeria* to ingage her to relate them; and these two fair Ladies acted with such address, after *Zenocrates* was gone, that they prevail'd with her to grant that which *Clelia* desir'd. That which you request of me (said this charming Princess to them) is harder to grant you than you imagine: but I cannot refuse a thing that is possible, to three such amiable persons as you; moreover, to speak freely, I foresee that within a few daies, that will be known which I have hitherto so carefully conceal'd. However (added she) *Amiclea* must relate to you what you desire to know; for I confest to you that I should not be able to tell you divers things, the bare remembrance of which makes me blush, tho' they be not criminal. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina*, having consented to what she desir'd, she went away, and left *Amiclea* with these three fair Virgins, who being

alone in their Tent, besecch'd her to give them a full Relation of all that concern'd the Princess of the *Leontines*. And thereupon according to the order she had receiv'd from her, she began to speak in this manner.

The HISTORY of the Princess *LYSIMENA*.

IF you did not know the Princess of the *Leontines*, I should begin her History with her Elogium, thereby to interest you in her misfortunes; but since you are not ignorant that she is very beautiful and very amiable, that she is a person of extraordinary wit and merit, and that nevertheless her vertue surpasses all her charms; it remains only that I acquaint you with her infelicities, to the end to excite your compassion to her, and to relate her Adventures to you, thereby to encrease your admiration of her. I will not take much pains to describe to you how the Court of *Leontium* stood when we were there; I shall onely tell you by the way, that there was none more delightful in all *Sicily*, tho' (as you know) there be a great number there, and it be at this day one of the places most fam'd for splendor and politeness in the world. The Country being very handsome and fertile, the air agreeable, and liberty sufficient, it is undoubtedly extreme pleasant living there. But it must be confest, that during the first years of the Princess *Lysimena's* life, the Court of *Leontium* was more delightful than it can be at this day. For when the principal Persons of a Court have well-temper'd minds, their example renders all their inferiors more civilis'd and vertuous. The late Prince of *Leontium* was certainly a very accomplish'd Prince; and the Princess of *Leontium*, his wife, was indu'd with all the Qualities that can cause a Person of Honour to be admir'd. Moreover, it may be assur'd that the Princess *Lysimena* resembles her as much, as *Artemidorus* does the late Prince, his Father. He that reigns at this day, has unquestionably some Qualities that ought to be commended; for he is indu'd with wit and courage; but he is naturally distrustful, excessively jealous of his Authority, when he need not, and besides has some inclinations to cruelty. But to return to the Princess *Lysimena*, you shall know, that she from her infancy was very amiable, & that at twelve years old she was the greatest ornament of the Court. It was believ'd at that time, that she had but one Brother, for you must know, *Artemidorus* at the age of ten years was taken by *Pyrites*, as the Prince of the *Leontium* sent him to *Greece* under the conduct of a wise Governor called *Cleanthus*, to be brought up there till he should come to the age of eighteen years, after which no tidings had been heard of him. So that when the Prince his Father dy'd, *Lysimena* remain'd under the Authority of the Prince of *Leontium* her Brother, who Reigns at this day. Whilst the Princess her mother was alive, she was not without some consolation; besides, being then but sixteen years old, grief more easily wore out of her mind, and she became capable of all the joy that can be found in a splendid Court by a Person that holds the chief rank there in all things, and sees her self as much superior to all about her both in beauty, wit, and Quality. The Princess *Lysimena* has always had the advantage to be free from one of those defects which are sufficiently common in those of her rank; for she had never any of that intolerable pride, through which such as are possess'd with it, think they do too much honour to those that serve them, when

when they only take notice of the respect they bear to them; who despise all that are not of a very considerable rank; who are not oblig'd by any thing whatsoever, who will be lov'd without loving again; who scorn gratitude, who will be yielded to in every thing, who understand nothing of liberality, and who have not so much as the art to chuse their own pleasures well. On the contrary, I can assure you she has alwaies very well known how to discern the truth of all things, she has lov'd those that lov'd her person more than such as respected her condition, and has been as diligent to render her self worthy to be lov'd, as if her birth and beauty had afforded her no advantage. And to speak truth, the diligence she has us'd has admirably succeeded. I was some years elder than the Princess; but she attaining to an early prudence, lov'd rather to converse with such as exceeded her in age, than such as were younger: so that my mother being very much belov'd by the late Princess of *Leontium*, I went frequently to the Palace, where I had the good fortune to be chosen amongst a hundred more amiable Virgins than my self, to be the Princess favourite. At that time a very near Kinsman of the Prince of *Syracusa* who dwelt at *Leontium*, became extreme amorous of *Lyfimena*; his name was *Meleontus*, and he is a person of undoubted courage, wit, and magnificence; but he is naturally distrustful: and tho he be very noble, yet he is so little master of himself when he is in choler that he is at such times capable of many things which he would not have done when his choler is pass'd. Moreover, *Meleontus* is a very goodly Person, and has a kind of noble boldness in the air of his countenance, which suits both with his Quality and humour. Being usually a partaker in all the pleasures of the Prince, he had the freedom to see the Princess *Lyfimena*, very often. Whereby it is to be wondred, if seeing a most amiable person every day, he could not hinder himself from loving her. Besides, to speak truth, it was so much the mode to love *Lyfimena*, that it was said at Court, She had not one slave that was not amorous of her. It was discover'd that a Painter, as he drew her Picture, became her Lover; and one of the Gardeners of the Palace, to whom she had spoken very often (because she much delights in flowers) lost his reason through the excess of love he had for her. Moreover, it was for this cause that she was styl'd so as she is at this day; for a certain person saying one day pleasantly, that to distinguish her from the Princess her Mother, who was call'd the Princess of *Leontium*, she ought to be term'd the Princess of the *Leontines*, since she reign'd in the hearts of all the Prince her Brothers Subjects; the conceit was taken up, and she came by degrees to be generally styl'd so. Nevertheless, this universal love caus'd her to be hated and envy'd by several beauties: *Clidamira* who you know, was certainly a little envious at her, but amongst others there was a woman of Quality, that thought her self more beautiful than *Lyfimena*, who proceeded so far to wish her as much mischief as if the Princess had undone her in her fortune, tho she was guilty of no other crime but being as amiable as you see. This woman, who is call'd *Amerimba*, is indeed very fair, and has no common temper of mind, as you shall know in the sequel of my discourse. *Meleontus* having been her servant for some time, and afterwards forsaking her to adore *Lyfimena*, she thereupon began to hate the Princess (as I told you) altho she dissimled it as much as she could. In the

mean time *Meleontus* omitted nothing which he judg'd might serve to make his passion known to *Lyfimena*, who had no inclination at all towards him. But because the Prince her Brother did not disapprove this affection, she durst not treat him unkindly: but her particular humor was so averse from all Courtship, that upon all occasions she commend'd Friendship above Love, maintaining that there is nothing more delightful than to have Friends, and nothing more troublesome than to have Lovers, whether they be lov'd again or no. And accordingly she was very severe to the former, and very gentle at the latter. *Zenocrates* was at this time at *Leontium*, where having been very amorous of an amiable Lady nam'd *Andromira*, his love at length turn'd into friendship. Which, besides, was a friendship without ardour, and not much pleasing; so that he said sometimes laughing, That there is far more pleasure in having a Friend of a Lady that had alwaies been a Friend, than in having one that had been considered as a Mistress, and is no longer lookt upon but as a Friend. *Andromira* being a little related to me, I frequently reproacht *Zenocrates* with his change, and this is no unusual subject of our conversation. If you did not know him, I should tell you of the goodness of his personage, the vivacity of his wit, and all the good qualities he is indu'd with; but it will be sufficient to let you know that he is of a very noble extraction, that he is Originally a Greek, tho he was born at a City call'd *Herbesa*, which was his Father's, and is not far from *Leontium*; I shall add further, that he was at that time of great esteem in this Court. That which hapned between him and *Andromira* being a very rare case, all the world talk'd of it, and *Lyfimena* making advantage of it in reference to her own sentiments, said, it was easie to perceive thereby the expedience of returning to Friendship. For my part (said I to her one day in the presence of *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates*) I do not conceive how any one is capable of Friendship towards another that has been lov'd; for if I had once had an affection for a man, I think I could not desist from it without hating him, or at least without having an indifference for him, which could never become Friendship. I am of *Amiclea's* mind (said *Meleontus*) and I do not think it possible for me ever to be a Friend to my Mistress. For my part (said *Lyfimena*) Friendship is so high in my esteem, that I account it good at all times. But how is it possible (said *Meleontus*) for Love to become Friendship? What becomes of the desires, impatiencies, melancholies, fears, transports, little and great pleasures, suspitions, hope, jealousy, and all the other passions that are inseparable from Love? In truth (said *Zenocrates*) I cannot tell you what is become of all these, but I know at present I have the greatest tranquillity of the world in reference to *Andromira*, and that she cannot give me either great trouble or great pleasure. I behold her without desires or without hopes, I should serve her if it were in my power, I esteem her, I love her, and I visit her also very often: but for the most part, our conversation is but luke-warm, and our Friendship has nothing in it that affords much inquietude or great delight. But did you ever love that person? (said *Meleontus*). More than you can imagine (answer'd *Zenocrates*). I can witness (reply'd I) that he has made very amorous Verses upon her, and I have seen him inquieted, jealous, and much solicitous concerning her. But that which I admire most

most (said *Lyfimena*) is; that *Andromira* should be capable of returning to Friendship as well as he. Ah! Madam (said *Meleontus*) *Zenocrates* must needs have lov'd but weakly when he was amorous, since he could become a Friend of a Lover; however, I am well assur'd (said he with a lower voice) I finde I shall never have any Friendship for the admirable *Lyfimena*. That which you speak is so disobliging to me (answer'd the Princess) that you deserve I should give you a sharp answer. That which I said is so true and so passionate, Madam (reply'd he) that I cannot believe it possible for you to be so unjust as to hate me for it. After this other Ladies being arriv'd, the discourse was changed. Nevertheless, from that day *Meleontus* became more confident to speak to *Lyfimena* concerning his Love, altho she always forbid him, and *Zenocrates* became so intimate a friend to her, that no man in the Court was so high in her favour, nor had so much liberty to see her. For *Zenocrates* had in a short time got such a reputation of being inconstant, that not fearing he would become her Lover, she was joyful that he was her Friend. We oftentimes reproacht him that he had only the beginnings of love; and he was so expert at raillery thereupon, that it render'd our conversation very delightful. *Meleontus*'s love in the mean time augmented to the highest degree he was capable of, he being a person more inclin'd to this passion than to Friendship. These two persons were often together, and seem'd to be considerably intimate, tho indeed they communicated nothing of importance one to another; for *Zenocrates* loves not to declare his secrets, and *Meleontus* is so distrustful, that he car'd not to put confidence in him, especially in what concern'd *Lyfimena*. 'Tis true, he had no great secrets to tell of in this respect, for tho he had the most violent passion for the Princess, that ever was, yet she answer'd it so little, that she afforded him no great matter for secrecie. Nevertheless, he was not discourag'd; for tho the Princess of *Leontium* did not much approve his pretensions to the Princess her daughter, yet the Prince her Son so upheld him in them, that he was not destitute of hope. In the mean time there were made continual feasts, at which *Zenocrates* was always present as *Lyfimena*'s friend. This Quality was no doubt very advantageous to him and gave him many occasions of conversing with her, which otherwise he could not have had, if his inconstancie had not secur'd him from being apprehended by *Lyfimena* as a man that was amorous of her. So that by degrees she came to have a very dear friendship for *Zenocrates*; who one the other side lov'd her no doubt as much as he could, and often told her, that he lov'd her more than four of his Mistresses. Thus *Lyfimena* taking much delight in the amity of such an agreeable Friend, and (if I dare say it) in mine, daily confirm'd her self in the opinion she then had, That Love is less sweet than Friendship. *Zenocrates* in the mean time was better treated as her Friend, than *Meleontus* was as her Lover. *Andromira* was sometimes present in their conversations, and one day the Princess ask'd her, whether *Zenocrates* were a more agreeable Friend than a Lover. In truth, Madam (answer'd *Andromira*, smiling) I cannot well resolve your Question; all that I can tell you, is, that when our affection was a little more tender than friendship, we had more pain and more pleasure; but at this day when it has chang'd its nature, we doe not divert our selves much in our

familiarity. That answer of *Andromira*, to *Lyfimena* seem'd to her so remarkable, that being alone the next day in her Closet, she made a description of that person's sentiments, she painted her out to the life, and did me the favour to shew me what she writ upon this subject, which was extremely pleasant. For without pencil or colours, she made so exact a picture of *Andromira*, that none could but know it. At first the Princess would have conceal'd this Portraiture; but telling *Zenocrates* of it, and *Zenocrates* not being able to hide a thing made for the honour of the Princess's wit, told it to the Prince, the Prince to *Meleontus*, and *Meleontus* to the whole Court. Upon which, as all the world is full of imitators, good or bad, in a few dayes all the men of the Court became Painters, and all the women made their own Pourtraits, without considering that it is very difficult to speak handsomely of ones self: for if a person set forth his own commendations, he becomes ridiculous and insufferable; if he blame himself justly, he would doe better to amend his faults than publish them; and if he speak neither good nor ill of himself he is sufficiently tedious.

But in brief, a Constellation stronger than Reason put all the World into this vein. The most excusable were such as overcommended themselves, for they delineated themselves according to their self-conceit; and the most faulty were such as made Satyrical Pourtraitures against persons whose goodness and vertue ought to have exempted them from envy. Tho indeed the Authors injur'd themselves, by describing themselves amongst all the worthy persons, and did no hurt to those they intended to injure. Upon this occasion all discourses were only concerning Pourtraitures, every one had some in their Pockets, and the end of the Composers was only to give Copies from one to another. One day, amongst an honourable Company, at the Palace of the Princess of *Leontium* where *Lyfimena* was at that time, arose a discourse concerning the Portraitures in fashion. For my part (said *Meleontus*) I like not this ardency of doing that always which others doe, and that because some one person has made a handsome Portrait, therefore all the world should betake themselves to make bad. In truth (added I) I believe there is not a person at *Leontium* that has a Looking-glass, but has made their own picture, excepting my self who could never resolve to speak either good or ill in my own behalf. After this, *Lyfimena* ask'd if there were any new Portraiture, and *Zenocrates* told her two were made of the same person by no ordinary invention; which the Princess desiring to see, *Zenocrates* who had them, gave them to her to read, telling her, the first of them seem'd to be made by some Lover or some friend of *Amerintha*. I easily believe (answer'd *Lyfimena*) it might be made by a Lover; but as for a Friend, I doubt it; for *Amerintha* loves not to have Friends, and I am perswaded few people have many, against their own wills. After this *Lyfimena* began to read that which follows.

The Portraiture of AMERINTHA.

A Merintha is of a tall and handsome stature, of a good aspect, and has all the lustre of a great Beauty: her eyes are sparkling and sweet, they excite love, fear, and hope, all at the same time. They are the fairest azure in the World, and

and her hair is of the most goodly flaxen that ever was seen. She has a little mouth, ruddy and smiling, and a thousand charms in the air of her countenance. Her complexion is clear even to admiration, and she has such an agreeable mind, in which sweetness and confidence, modesty and gallantry, cheerfulness and sometimes pensiveness appear together. She is obliging and civil, she speaks well, she has a good grace, she pleases all that see her; and whoever is not in love the first time he sees her, is incapable of ever being so. Her heart is resolute enough to undertake difficult things without scruple, nothing perplexes or astonishes her; she trusts always either to her beauty or to her address. And indeed she has reason to confide in them, since to this hour she has almost always done whatever she desired to do, nothing being able to resist her; and I believe she will perpetually do her own pleasure.

It must be confess'd (said Lysimena, after she had done reading) that Amerintha has all that this Portraiture attributes to her. I acknowledge it (answer'd Meleontus) but she has some things that are not express'd in it. Nevertheless (added I) there is none but would know her by this description. If it be so (said Zenocrates) you will not judge the other Portrait made of her to be very like. There are Pictures sometimes (answer'd Lysimena) that do not resemble one another, and yet are very like the persons for whom they were made: but to judge whether this be so, let us see it. After which she began to read the Second.

Portraiture of AMERINTHA.

AMerintha is a Person (you think perhaps I am going to say Wonderful, but it is more just to say) Incomprehensible; and no doubt you will agree with me by that time I have made her Picture. Her beauty is gay, her Complexion pale, her Eyes sufficiently terrible, and her words pass through one of the handsomest mouths in the World. Her Hair is fair, and the air of her whole Person noble enough; but her Hands are not made to catch Hearts, for they are so deform'd, that she always hides them in a corner of a great veil she wears, for fear she should shew them either to her Lovers or her self. Nor are her Arms more handsome; her neck too is sufficiently ill shap'd: and for my part, I confess my imagination persuades me that all which I do not see, more resembles that which displeases me than that which seems agreeable to me. But which is strange, that which is handsome in this Person serves only to injure her; since she does not attract Lovers but to make her self enemies; and it may be said she never causes her self to be lov'd, but the better to render her self hated. For they that do not love her, admire her more than they that do: because as soon as any one has had time enough to know her, he finds that she loves none but her self, that her heart is full of dissimulation, and that she uses a certain false goodness on-

ly the better to deceive such as she desires to destroy, that her Wit only serves her to frame intrigues, and to perplex all those she calls friends; that her confidence is seldom employ'd but to performe actions worthy to be repented of; that she does Civilities to none but those from whom she knows she shall receive greater; that she employs craft in all things, and understands not true Prudence. She is expert enough in disguising truth, tho on some occasions she has been liable to conviction of falsehood; she loves liberality in another, and never practises it; she would have it believ'd that she knows how to love, tho she never lov'd any. In the meantime she does many things which nothing but love seems to be able to cause them to do whom it absolutely possesseth. But lastly, the greatest truth that can be said of her, is, that no other Person ever excited so much love and hatred, or attracted so many praises and reproaches: and that which troubles her most of all, is, that all Persons begin with admiration, and always end with contempt.

Ah! Zenocrates (said Lysimena) If there were any stranger here, I would say this does not much resemble Amerintha, but since I conceive none can contradict what is here said of her, I must acknowledge this second Portraiture resembles Amerintha as much as the first; for tho one extols her, and the other blames her, yet both are like her. The first would seem admirably well made to a man that had seen her but eight days; and the latter to those that have lov'd her a long time. He that made this Picture (answer'd Zenocrates) calls these Pourtraits, two-fac'd Pourtraits; because in the one he speaks all the good, and in the other all the evil. This malicious invention has no doubt some wit in it (reply'd Lysimena) but for that it may prejudice virtuous persons, I will not commend it. Not but that Amerintha deserves her picture should be made in such manner, that it may please every one; but however, 'tis better to conceal the defects of others, than to discover them, altho it be never so ingeniously done. That which you say, is very generous, Madam (answer'd I) but above all things it behoves not to reproach any person for want of Beauty, or for bad fortune, unless people desire to be accounted malicious or scurrilous; and if it be lawful to speak disadvantageous truths, it ought to be against such as are wicked, back-biters, slanderers, cheaters, envious at others glory; because sometimes well drawing the Character of a bad man, vice may be render'd odious. But, withall, these descriptions ought to be general, and not to point at any one in particular, unless it be necessary to make perfidious persons known, for fear they deceive such as are not so. For as in certain places of great Rivers, Marks are set up, to advertise such as pass that way, of Rocks hid under the water, which might occasion Shipwrack; so sometimes dangerous persons may be made known, to the end the virtuous may more easily avoid them. That which you say is extreme reasonable (reply'd Zenocrates) and whereas so many unprofitable Pourtraitures are made, I wish some were compos'd that might be of good use. I would have an envious man painted forth, that so envy might be hated; a detractor, to the end to cause detraction to be detested; a deceiver, that

that perfidiousness might be render'd odious; and in like manner many other evil qualities. But as for an inconstant person (interrupted *Lyfimena* smiling) you say nothing of him. Tho I am perhaps less such than I am taken to be (answer'd he) yet I shall not at present offer to say I am not such at all; but only, that for the most part inconstant persons are rather reckon'd amongst the giddy-brain'd, than the wicked; and for that reason I did not think to mention them in this occasion. But as for *Amerintha's* two-fac'd Portrait, it was compos'd by one that desires not to make a secret of it; all the Court has seen it, and many have since attempted the like. Nevertheless, the Princess so openly profess'd her self an Enemy to all that made such kinde of things, that in a very few dayes none dar'd to write in that manner; and this is a great instance, that 'tis extremely important for persons of the principal rank in Courts never to approve of those that wound the reputation of others. And it concerns them sufficiently; for, by not permitting the glory of their inferiors to be blemish'd, they preserve their own, and place a Bar between calumny and themselves. Yet this discourse of *Lyfimena* did not hinder but that *Amerintha* understanding by *Andromira* (who told her of it unwittingly) that her Portraiture had been read in the Princess's lodgings, was extremely inrag'd at it, and design'd to doe her some mischief, tho in truth she had no cause to complain of *Lyfimena*. But dissimulation being necessary to all such as would doe an injury, she made no shew of any disgust at all; but contrarily she visited *Lyfimena* more frequently, she sought my friendship and absolutely gain'd that of a Virgin who at that time belong'd to the Princess of the *Leontines*. In the mean time *Meleontus* was infinitely amorous of *Lyfimena*, and *Zenocrates* thinking himself her friend, was her Lover; tho indeed he shortly perceiv'd that he deceiv'd himself. As for the Princess, she thought nothing of it, and was so pleas'd with his friendship, that she boasted of it to all the World. But as one day she was speaking of it to him, he found himself sufficiently perplex'd. For you must know, *Zenocrates* having deserted all his Mistresses for some time before, seem'd to have nothing else to doe, but to render his devoirs to *Lyfimena*. Upon which the Princess not desiring that her friendship should restrain him; told him one day pleasantly, that she in no manner pretended to ingross him; and tho she sometimes jest'd with him about his inconstancy, yet she would not hinder him from having some of those half Mistresses, who without possessing his whole heart, might afford him divertisement, and occasion him to write pleasant Letters, and delightful Verses. *Zenocrates* blusht at this speech of *Lyfimena*, and was much puzzled how to answer to it. For according to the thoughts he then had, he lookt upon the permission the Princess gave him, as the most cruel in the World. Yet he durst not give her any sign of his passion, of which he saw well she had not the least suspicion; nor was he willing to speak any thing that altogether oppos'd her Counsel. But answering ambiguously to that which she said to him, The Friendship where-with you honour me, Madam (said he to her) must needs be very weak, since instead of correcting my faults, you advise me to abandon my self to them. You have a hundred times reproacht me for my beginnings of Love, but I see now you would have me have three or four Mistresses at once? Is it, Madam (ad-ded he) because my frequent converse is distasteful to

you? In no wise (answer'd she smiling) but 'tis only because I have an extreme fear lest Friendship should become fastidious to you. As *Zenocrates* was going to reply, *Meleontus* enter'd; whereupon not being able to hide his discomposedness of mind, he withdrew sufficiently pensive. *Meleontus* had opportunity so seldom to speak to the Princess apart, that he would not lose this; and as soon as *Zenocrates* was gone forth, he began to speak to her of his passion. I know well Madam (said he to her) that I am going to displease you; but I know also, that if I do not speak to you of my love, I must needs lose either my life or my reason. Not but that I am perswaded (added he without giving her leisure to interrupt him) that you know I love you as much as I am able to love. All my looks, my words, and my actions declare it to you; the Prince likewise being my Protector, speaks to you to my advantage; and your own merit being favourable to me in this case, does not permit you to doubt of my passion. Yes, Madam, not so much but your looking-glass tells you I adore you; but however, I will declare it to your self, at the hazard of seeing as much anger in your eyes, as there is love in my heart. I know well, *Meleontus* (answer'd *Lyfimena*) that the Prince my Brother speaking to me in your favour, and approving your affection for me, I ought not to answer you sharply, and that I cannot be offended at what you tell me, without offending him. Therefore I will answer you like a good friend, rather than as an incensed Mistress. I tell you then, with much sincerity, I find no disposition in my heart ever to love any person; and If I did, it would not be your self. Not but that if the Prince my Brother went about to constrain me to marry you, I should be capable to obey him, rather than to make a great noise in the world: but *Meleontus*, you would be more unhappy thereby, and I should be more miserable too; for, certainly, the love you have for me would soon be chang'd into aversion, when you observ'd the indifference I have for you turn'd into hatred. For, indeed, if after what I have said to you, you should oblige the Prince my Brother to force my will. I should believe I had cause to hate you. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Meleontus*) what you say is extreme rigorous to me to hear, and sufficient to induce me to resolve to be reveng'd upon you, by marrying you against your will. For, altho, Madam, I should be enforc'd to hate you after having marry'd you, yet I should be more happy than I am in loving you without being lov'd, or hoping to be so by you. Hatred has its pleasures as well as Love; there is contempt and revenge in it: whereas when a person loves, tho he be ill-treated, nevertheless he cannot refrain from adoring the person by whom he is so receiv'd. But, Madam, let us not proceed to such hard extremities; doe justice to my love, suffer your self to be prevail'd upon by my constancy; and I assure you, as soon as you resolve to pity my unhappiness, you will account me less worthy of hatred than you doe, and your self less unhappy.

Lyfimena was going to answer, when the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd, who observing *Meleontus's* dissatisfaction in his countenance, drew the Princess aside, and told her so earnestly, that she would disoblige him if she did not regard *Meleontus* as a man deserving to pretend to marry her, that she was extremely afflicted at it. Nevertheless, she ingag'd her self to nothing, and yet did not absolutely tell the Prince, she was incapable to obey him. In the mean time, the

fair and dangerous *Amarintha*, being incens'd in her mind against *Lyfmena*, both because she had drawn away *Meleontus* from her, and because she believ'd she had took pleasure in reading that humorous Portraiture at her chamber, diligently set her self to observe her. Whereby, having a cunning wit, she came to know that the Princess had a very great aversion for *Meleontus*, and as violent an inclination for *Zenocrates*. Wherefore imploying both these passions for her revenge, she endeavour'd to cause *Meleontus* to marry *Lyfmena*, and to cause her self to be lov'd by *Zenocrates*, onely to the end to hinder the Princess from being lov'd by him. And indeed, within a short time her revenge became more easie, because the Prince fell in love with her. This induc'd her to give over the design of getting *Zenocrates* for her Lover; and she did all she could to augment the Prince's passion, that she might consequently more easily obtain the end she propos'd to her self. And tho she hated *Meleontus* as well as *Lyfmena*, yet out of a malicious craft, she acted as if she desir'd to render him happy, with a secret intention to make him miserable. For being perswaded *Lyfmena* hated him, and had a very tender affection for *Zenocrates*, she well saw, that she could do nothing more disadvantageous either for him or for her, than to oblige the Prince to force *Lyfmena* to marry *Meleontus*, tho the passion he had in his Soul suggest'd to him, that a greater felicity could not befall him. To this purpose a great reconciliation was made between *Meleontus* and *Amarintha*, who pass'd mutual promises to serve one another in all things. *Zenocrates* all this while was very amorous of *Lyfmena*, but dar'd not intimate the least sign of it to her; and having experienc'd that in loving *Amarintha* his love turn'd into friendship, he found that in loving *Lyfmena*, his friendship was become love. As for the Princess, she still thought her affection to *Zenocrates* was only friendship; so that she imparted all her discontents to him as well as to me: by which means he had the satisfaction to know that she had a great aversion for his Rival, but the grief too, to understand that the Prince highly promoted his interests, and to observe the intimacy between *Meleontus* and *Amarintha*, whom the Prince was passionately enamour'd of. *Amarintha*'s purpose on the other side being onely to torment *Meleontus*, she told him, she believ'd *Zenocrates* was in love with *Lyfmena*, and that *Lyfmena* took no notice of his boldness. But all the Court talks of it (added she maliciously) and I doubt not but 'tis very important to advertise her of it. Nevertheless, because she would receive this intelligence very ill, if I gave it her, I shall not meddle with the business. *Amarintha* had no sooner spoke this, but *Meleontus* wonder'd he had not suspected *Zenocrates* of loving *Lyfmena*; and as jealousy takes things alwaies in the extremity, he believ'd at the same time that possibly *Lyfmena* was in love with *Zenocrates*. Which thought taking deep impression in his mind, he resolv'd to be satisfied in the matter, thank'd *Amarintha* for the information she gave him, tho it render'd him more unhappy. Within a few days after, he went to the Princess, finding her alone, I know not, Madam (said he to her) how you will receive a matter which I have to tell you, but I know the respect alone I have to your glory, induces me to advertise you, that *Zenocrates* deports himself in such a manner, that it is believ'd he is extremely amorous of you, and that you cannot but perceive it. Because you believe jealousy is an indubitable proof

of love (answer'd *Lyfmena* with a cold aspect) no question you would make a Rival to your self, on purpose to have a pretext to act like a jealous Lover. But, *Meleontus*, have not recourse to such an extravagant device; for I have but too certain a belief that you love me: but to my unhappiness, the knowledg I have of your affection cannot produce the like in me; since to tell you sincerely (added she) I have done all I could to love you, but in vain. However, for what concerns *Zenocrates*, I answer you, that he is no more but my friend, and as long as he comports himself only as such, I will not be brought to treat him ill as a lover. The Princess had scarce ended these words, but *Zenocrates* enter'd: as soon as he appear'd, *Lyfmena* blush'd; of which *Zenocrates* not knowing the cause, the inquietude it gave him caus'd him to do the like. But he soon recover'd himself, and advertis'd *Meleontus* that the Prince enquir'd for him; so that this Favourite was constrain'd to leave his Rival with his Mistress. As soon as he was gone, *Zenocrates* perceiving some discontent in the fair eyes of *Lyfmena*, conjur'd her to tell him what she had in her mind. In truth, *Zenocrates* (said she to him) I wish you knew, but I think I have not the power to tell you. It must be some strange thing then (answer'd he) and I fear (added this secret Lover) 'tis some artifice of *Amarintha*. I do not doubt (reply'd *Lyfmena*.) But I beseech you, Madam (said *Zenocrates*, who is naturally very curious) tell me whether I am concern'd in that which you wish I knew. You are as much as my self (answer'd *Lyfmena*). 'Tis then some horrid wickedness I am accused of (reply'd he) if it be, I conjure you, Madam, to believe that I am perfectly innocent. I believe so (answer'd she) and to testify so much to you (proceeded the Princess, blushing) I will at this instant resolve to acquaint you with what *Meleontus* has told me. I shall be oblig'd to you for it, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) speak therefore I conjure you, and tell me exactly all that *Meleontus* said to you against me. He told me (answer'd *Lyfmena*, not imagining really that *Zenocrates* was in love with her) that all the Court believes you have an affection for me, and that I understand it without taking it ill. I leave you to judge (added she) whether this be well-pleasing to me to hear. Ah! Madam (cry'd he) I am unhappy. No, no, *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lyfmena*) do not fear that this accident shall deprive you of my friendship; for tho I am much troubled at the rumour, yet I will not punish you for a crime which you have not committed. Alas! Madam (reply'd he) you ill interpret my words. For, in brief (added he out of a transport of love) that which causes me to account my self unhappy; is, that the whole Court knows I almost dye for love of you, and you alone are ignorant of it. Yes, Divine Princess (proceeded *Zenocrates* with the most passionate looks in the world) I have not power to tell you that I do not love. I acknowledge, that without this occasion, perhaps I should never have told you that I love you, and I had almost resolv'd to dye without giving you any testimonies of my affection; but finding a necessity upon me to declare my self exactly, I am too sincere, Madam, to offer to excuse my self of a crime, which I esteem glorious to commit. For in truth, Madam, the seemingly inconstant *Zenocrates* is the most faithful Lover that ever liv'd; and moreover, you might have observ'd that for some time ago I have chang'd my manner of acting. But

But *Zenocrates* (answer'd the Princess much surpriz'd) you do not consider what you speak; for if you persuade me that you are amorous of me, you hazard the losing of my friendship. Should you deprive me of your Friendship, Madam (reply'd he) you would take nothing from me that could render me happy. No, Madam, that friendship as precious as it is, can no longer content me; I am a rash person, and have desires more ambitious. Nevertheless, I promise you to keep them secret for fear of offending you. But is it possible, *Zenocrates* (interrupted the Princess) that there should be any truth in your words, and that you will force me to banish you? I permit you still to contradict your self (added she) for I have so tender a friendship for you, that I will do all things to preserve it. Were I assur'd to dye at this very moment (answer'd *Zenocrates*) I could not resolve to contradict the most certain truth in the world. But, Madam, I conjure you by that Friendship wherewith you have honor'd me, have pity upon an unhappy Friend that has lov'd you in spite of himself, that has receiv'd love into his heart under the appearances of friendship; and do not destroy him, for perhaps you would regret him after you had destroy'd him (added he sighing). But *Zenocrates*, reply'd *Lyfimena*, what can I do for you in this case without acting against my self? Is it not true, Madam (said he) that if you had not discover'd I lov'd the Princess of *Syracusa*, or some other person that probably could not render me happy, you would have pity'd me, comforted me, and given me Counsel? I confess it (answer'd *Lyfimena*). Then I beseech you (reply'd he) comfort me, and counsel the unhappy *Zenocrates*. He desires no more of you, he has really ceas'd being your Friend, to become your Lover; but being thereby more unhappy, does not he deserve your compassion? I know I have told you, your friendship could render me happy no longer; but however, in the deplorable condition I am, become at least my Friend, tho I am no longer yours. I promise you, Madam, to do exactly what ever you please; you shall be Mistress of all my actions, looks, and words. Suffer me therefore to love you as I am able to love you, and love me also as you ——— But what say I? (added he). No, no, Madam, I know not what I would say; and should I have said it, I should have repented of it the next moment. Hate me then, and banish me; for I see but too well, that I can never be happy. No doubt you deserve never to be so (said *Lyfimena*) but the interest of my Honour, requires me not to make any stir in the world, that might be to my disadvantage; therefore, *Zenocrates* since you desire me to act like a friend still, I counsel you to cure your self, to become inconstant again, and to get a new Mistress to morrow, to whom you may be so diligent a servant as to extinguish the unpleasant rumour *Meleontus* has told me of. Moreover, I forbid you ever to speak to me of your love, as you tender the enjoying the liberty to see me. But yet once more, *Zenocrates*, resume your accustomed manner of acting, be a servant to all the Beauties, one after another, till you find your self perfectly cured. *Zenocrates* endeavour'd at first to oppose this advice of *Lyfimena*; but the Princess becoming angry, and speaking to him with an air that intimated there was no other course to be taken but obedience, he crav'd her pardon for having resist'd her, he submitted absolutely to her pleasure, and he engag'd never

to speak to her of his passion, to be cur'd of it, and to appear a Lover of some fair one of the Court. And accordingly within a few daies after, *Zenocrates* accusom'd himself to visit a Kinswoman of *Clidamira*, who is sufficiently fair. But for that he would not have the Princess suspect him of being become amorous of this Lady, he shortly after deserted her for another; and that other for a third. And thus he seem'd inconstant in the eyes of all the Court, that he might seem constant in those of *Lyfimena*; to whom he sufficiently testin'd by his looks, that his heart was not chang'd in reference to her, and that his constancy was imputable to her as the cause. In the mean time he suffer'd more than can be imagin'd; for he talk'd eternally of love to women whom he did not affect, and never spoke of it to the person whom alone he could love. When he made Verses, he avoyded putting any thing into them, that might particularly sure to the person for whom he pretended to compose them, because he would have the Princess attribute them all to her self. And indeed he contriv'd them so ingeniously, that without any ones observance he always accommodated them to the Princess, who having such a wit as she has, understood well enough what *Zenocrates* desir'd she should. But being very prudent too, she took no notice to him of any thing.

In the mean time *Amerintha* (who made poyson of all occurrences) perceiving she had no longer any ground to tell *Meleontus* that *Zenocrates* was amorous of *Lyfimena*, made divers railleries upon her, believing that *Zenocrates* had given over loving her as well as his other Mistresses. 'Tis true, all the world had so great respect for *Lyfimena*, that her railleries were ill taken, and serv'd onely to manifest her malice. As for *Meleontus*, he no longer knew whom to accuse as the cause of *Lyfimena*'s aversion, and continued to serve her out with much assiduousness, omitting nothing that might please her. His magnificence was conspicuous in all things, she had more divertisement than she desir'd, and he visited her continually: but being of a violent and unequal temper, he sometimes spoke to her with extraordinary submissiveness, and sometimes imperiously, relying upon the Prince's favour, who still continued his Courtship to *Amerintha*, tho she was not much more faithful to him than another; for an humourous woman can never be determin'd to any person, how much soever it concerns her to be so.

But the Princess having honoured me already with a tender affection, made me privy to all that befel her; she declar'd to me her aversion for *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates*'s love to her self, with the new cause of his inconstancy. About this time *Zenocrates* finding scarce any Lady in the Court to whom he had not made some professions of devotion, was a little longer servant to a Kinswoman of *Amerintha* than he had been to all others. Which *Lyfimena* observing, spoke to me one day concerning it, after a manner that evidenc'd to me she had a greater kindness for him than she imagin'd. But before I tell you what she said to me thereupon, I must describe the place to you, where she spoke of it, because 'tis something pertinent to my discourse, and because I naturally love Gardens so well, that I cannot resolve to mention them meerly by the way. Wherefore as I willingly use to make some stay in traversing a Garden, so my mind as readily stays to describe a handsome place when I have occasion to speak something of any such. Know then

then, that there's a man at *Leontium* called *Adimantus*, who is lookt upon as a very happy man. His Lineage is noble; when he was young he was handsome, and well-shap'd, dextrous at all things, very prudent in all affairs he takes in hand; at present he is of a great age, but has a comely stature full, and a very noble and becoming aspect. He has riches even in abundance, as perfect health as a young man, inclinations to love pleasures, and wherewith to enjoy them, a Wife handsome and prudent, many good and ingenious children, and amongst the rest an elder Son, who is known and esteem'd by the whole Court. He has likewise a Daughter, whom I account handfomer than *Amerintha*, tho' *Amerintha* is one of the handfomest persons in the world, but with this difference, that she I speak of has as much wisdom as beauty, and the other yields in vertue almost to those that have the least; Moreover, *Adimantus* is happy too in the Wives of his Children, and I know one of them that has a pretty agreeable and delicate air which renders her infinitely lovely. But *Adimantus* being a prudent man in his pleasures, he took care in the beginning of his life to chuse such as might last him till death. To which purpose beyond one of the Suburbs of *Leontium*, he has a garden that is one of the most handsome and delightful in the World, and it is made use of to walk in by all people of Quality in *Leontium*, of either Sex; for *Adimantus*, who is of a magnificent inclination, permits free entrance to all Persons of Condition. The way that leads to it is plain and not long; there are certain Walks before the Gate, the Architecture of which is not curious, but sufficiently handsome. The first entrance is into a fair Court, which has in the upper end a large Balustrade of Iron; beyond which is seen a spacious and stately Garden-Plot, with a goodly fountain in the middle, and beyond that a long Walk, which endeth in a great Arch'd-Porch, where there is a gate made with grates. Through which one may see another Walk which reaches to a little Terrass, from whence is a prospect of all the Country about, and of part of *Leontium* at a distance. But the better to describe this excellent place, you must know, that on the right and left sides of the Gate that enters into the Court, there are two other grated ones, which open into two Courts separated from the first. On each side are Pavilions both alike, of handsome structure, the apartments of which are no less comely than convenient. The first Balustrade I spoke of, being pass'd, and two little green plats inclos'd with small pillars of Marble being cross'd, upon which are seen sundry Garden-plots with embossed and carved work, you enter into a spacious Plot border'd about with Pyramidal Cypresses, and having a fountain in the midst. Which being pass'd over into a Walk beyond, there is a concourse of eight large and very pleasant Walks, and there is one that lies on the left hand, the whole length of the Garden, which is admirably handsome. But to the end *Adimantus* might leave more freedom to those that walk there, and have more himself; you must know, he has several Walks that are only for his own use. Beyond the Grated gate which is at the end of the great Walk, there is the Terrass I spoke of, very pleasant Vines, and

a handsome Orchard. On the other side there is also another spacious Orchard, which is only for himself; there is a particular Garden for Orange-trees, wherein are seen the rarest Flowers and Plants in the World. So that in all seasons, admirable Fruits and Flowers are found in this delicious place: many times there is Musick there, and almost continually good Company. But to come to the place which belongs to my Story, you must know, that descending from this fair Garden, there is a long walk enclos'd with quicksets which has two Banquetting-Houses at the two ends, on the one side whereof along the wall, and on the other side along the Hedge, are the goodliest Fruit-trees that ever were seen. The Pavillion that is toward the Terrass serves only for shelter from the Sun and the rain, or to repose upon the Seats that are in it, as well as in the other two Pavilions that are in the same row. But as for that which is on the side towards the entrance, 'tis the most lovely Cabinet that ever I beheld. For, conceive, Madam, that it is square, made with a round lower roof, pav'd with Marble, having a Balustrade round about it, a Fountain spurting out in the midst, which falls into a Basen of Jasper; and that the side opposite to the Gate that opens to the end of the Walk has a great Looking-glass which augments the representations, multiplies the Fountain, and causes the Walk to be seen in what place soever one stands. So that sitting in this place, one may muse very agreeably at the purling noise and coolness of the water, which also makes divers agreeable and diverting Figures when you please. In this place it was that the Princess *Lyfime* going to sit one day, commanded me to follow her, whilst all the rest that attended her remain'd in the walk. The Princess was sometimes weary with walking, and at first intended only to enter in and sit down a while in this Cabinet. As for me, I plac'd my self at her feet upon a square stone which I found there by chance. She had not long been there, but she began to speak to me concerning *Zenocrates*, and ask me if I believ'd he was become constant, and lov'd *Andromira's* Kinswoman in good earnest. But, Madam (said I to her) you are not sufficiently considerate in speaking as you do; for if *Zenocrates* were become constant, to her you speak of, he must necessarily be inconstant to you. Ah! *Amiclea* (answer'd she blushing) it cannot be call'd inconstancy when a person alters his mind towards one that is not willing to be lov'd. For my part (said I to her smiling) I conceive that he that ceases to love one that is not willing to be loved, he may alwaies be call'd inconstant. If your opinion be true (answer'd she, blushing again) then *Zenocrates* is really inconstant; for I confess I would not that he should hate me. Then you are willing, Madam (reply'd I) that he should love you; for not to flatter yourself, you must not think to be eternally lov'd without your consenting to it, and perhaps not without loving too. But, *Amiclea* (said *Lyfime*) the inclination I have for *Zenocrates* is certainly no more but Friendship. For my part, Madam (answer'd I smiling) I have thought long since, that when one has Friendship for an agreeable Lover, it wants not much to turn it into Love. For, confess the truth, Madam; you would not like that *Zenocrates* should have a violent passion, for any other. I acknowledge it (reply'd the Princess)

cess) but tis only because I think a great Friendship cannot consist at the same time in the heart with an ardent Love. But, Madam (said I) that which you say does not well suite with the case of Zenocrates, for you know he is possess'd with Love. Sincerely (answer'd *Lyfimena*, turning away her head a little) I will not name his affection so; and besides, if he continues so diligent a Courtship to *Andromira's* Kinswoman, I believe in a short time he will have neither Love nor Friendship for any other person; and she will wholly engross his heart. 'Tis not (added she) that this ought very much to displease me, for I would not have given the least hope to *Zenocrates*, but out of a humor I am not Mistress of; I could be willing he would alwayes consider me more than all the rest of the World. As the Princess was speaking this, she lift up her head, thinking she heard some noise about the pay'd steps which lie round about the Cabinet. And it happened that she saw *Zenocrates* leaning upon the Balustrade, who being there when we enter'd into the Cabinet, durst not shew himself, because the Princess immediately began to speak of him. *Lyfimena* perceiving him, made a great shriek, which causing me to look on that side her eyes turn'd, I beheld *Zenocrates* almost as much surpris'd as *Lyfimena*. Yet he recollected himself in a little space, and descending with extreme diligence, came to cast himself upon his knees before the Princess, before she could resolve what to doe: I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) pardon me a crime which Chance and Love have caus'd me to commit; I would not speak in these terms before *Amiclea*, if I had not understood from your own mouth and hers, that you have told her something concerning the passion which I have for you, and the indifference which you have towards me. *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lyfimena* hastily) you are not indifferent to me, for I had a Friendship for you a quarter of an hour agoe, but at present I find that I am going to hate you horribly. Was there ever any boldness equal to yours (proceeded she) to dare to hear what I speak in secret to *Amiclea*? Alas! Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) if you knew how it came to pass, you will find that I am innocent. I conceive, Madam (said I to the Princess) no person ought to be condemn'd without being first heard, and therefore you may please to give *Zenocrates* the hearing. If I thought he could justify himself (answer'd *Lyfimena*) I would forbid him to speak; but being perswaded, the more he speaks, the more criminal he will appear, I permit him to say what he will. I shall tell you then Madam (said he to her) that I am an unfortunate person. That's not the thing I would have you tell me (interrupted she) but only what you came hither for. I came hither to entertain my self, with thinking upon you, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) at a time wherein I could not be with you with liberty to entertain you alone. But to think of me (said the Princess) it was not necessary for you to be alone. I acknowledge it, Madam (answer'd he) but having purposed to write something in my Tablets, with intention to cause you to read it, I made choice of the place of greatest solitude; and if you please to see whether I speak true, give yourself the trouble to read what I was writing when you came hither. At first the Princess refus'd to read what *Zenocrates* had written, but at last she took the Tablets, and therein found these words:

Will you never go farther than Friendship, in-

comparable Lyfimena? and these fair eyes which have excited so great Love in me, will they never behold me with compassion? I have promis'd you, Madam, not to speak of Love to you, but I have not promis'd you, not to write to you of it; and indeed tho I had sworn it, the torments which I suffer would dispense with me for my Oaths. Consider therefore seriously, Madam, what you would have become of me, for —

The Princess blusht as she read what I have repeated to you; after which, beginning to speak, If you think to justify your self by this (said she to *Zenocrates*) you are extremely deceiv'd. I pretend only (answer'd he, to prove to you that I came hither for no other reason but to meditate of you. But when you saw me (said she) Why did not you come down? Why did you not go forth? Or at least, why did not you shew your self? When I saw you, Madam (answer'd he) I thought of no more but seeing you; but presently after I heard my self nam'd, and Love making me curious, I hearkn'd what you said concerning me; and after that, respect caus'd me to stay where I was; and the fear to displease you, constrain'd me not to change my place. This, Madam, is the cause of my Crime; nevertheless, I am sufficiently punished for my rash curiosity, for I have heard nothing that I can draw to my advantage. Ha! *Zenocrates* (reply'd she) you are better pleas'd with me than you signify, but I am so angry both with my self and you, that I will punish both of us alike; and therefore I resolve to deprive my self of a Friend, and you of a Mistress. Go, leave *Leontium* for some time (said she to him) goe to *Herbasa*, whither your affairs call you; and if it be true that *Andromira's* Kinswoman has not laid very powerful chains upon you, every place will afford you objects of consolation. Ah! Madam (cry'd he) you are too cruel: No, no, you shall never banish me so easily; and as for the reproaches you make me, I will soon put an end to them; I will never more see the person you speak of; and if it be still your pleasure that I should counterfeit being a Lover to hide the passion I have for you, I promise you never to serve one and the same person above eight dayes, but to appear so inconstant for the future, that your self shall never have reason to doubt of my constancie. Yet *Zenocrates* could not prevail at all with this discourse, nor make his peace all that day. *Lyfimena* went away without granting him pardon, and we left *Zenocrates* in that place so pale, sad, and so afflicted, that I was moved with his discontent. And so was *Lyfimena* too as well as I, and more; but she endeavour'd to hide her sentiments from me, and counterfeited pleasantness the rest of the day. Nevertheless, *Zenocrates* made good his word, he gave over courting *Andromira's* kinswoman, and seem'd so chang'd, that he was constrain'd to pretend he was sick. But, in fine what cannot the constancie of a deserving person doe, when he knows well how to improve all opportunities fortune presents him with, and the aversion his Mistress has for his Rival? *Lyfimena* at length found that she lov'd *Zenocrates* more than she thought she did; she permitted him to adore her, and acknowledg'd to him that if her fortune would permit it, she should account her self happy in being able to make him so. Moreover, she had this advantage, that the Princess her Mother favour'd *Zenocrates*. Yet

after

after all, she took from him all hope of being happy, and promis'd him only to continue her resistance to the Prince her Brother, when he interceded for *Meleontus*. After this *Zenocrates*'s life was pleasant enough, for tho he was not permitted to hope, yet he did not cease to doe so. But to the end not to give occasion to *Meleontus* or *Amerintha* to trouble their innocent affection, he still seem'd the most inconstant man in the world, and he counterfeited so exquisitely, that the two persons who had such extraordinary subtilty in the discerning the most ingenious artihces, were deceiv'd in this occasion. But that which was remarkable in this Adventure was, that the Princess her self was many times deceiv'd, by believing that *Zenocrates* was really inconstant. 'Tis true, 'twas easie for him to justify himself; for he offer'd *Lyfimena* to visite none but her self, to converse with no other, and to renounce all the rest of the world, and all kind of interests and considerations, if she requir'd it. So that notwithstanding the disgust *Meleontus*'s love gave her, *Lyfimena* enjoy'd some agreeable moments. The Princess her Mother hated *Meleontus* and loved *Zenocrates*. She found in this agreeable Lover, submissiveness, respect, wit, and constancie; and to render all this more sweet, their affection was so secret, that none of the Court imagin'd there was any thing more than a bare friendship between them. Yet oftentimes they had little Quarrels, not only because *Lyfimena* suspected he took delight in being inconstant and counterfeiting too well; but also because *Zenocrates*, being naturally a little subject to distrust, he had now and then a causeless fear that *Lyfimena* would at length suffer her heart to be touch'd with *Meleontus*'s passion. But however, these small fallings out serving only to invigorate the dearness of their affection, they were not much to be pity'd. Yet the Princess did not tell *Zenocrates* she lov'd him, but so agreeably suffer'd him to love her, that he told it to himself. As for *Meleontus*, he made many splendid and costly entertainments; but *Zenocrates* with less these made gallantries that more affected *Lyfimena*'s heart. I remember one day amongst the rest, *Zenocrates* thought himself of a thing sufficiently gallant, which I shall tell you by and by; but first you must know there was at that time a man of Quality of *Syracusa* at *Leontium*, a great Friend of the Princess, and that deservedly, being a person of no ordinary merit.

I beseech you, dear *Amiclea* (interrupted *Plotina*) make us know a man whom you believe worthy to be *Lyfimena*'s Friend; for, for my part, I love much to judge of people by their Friends. I am much of *Plotina*'s humor in this (said *Valeria*) and I know *Clelia* is so too.

Since 'tis so (said *Amiclea*) it will be easie for me to satisfy you; besides, I must confess to you, it was hard for me to resolve to mention this illustrious friend of *Lyfimena* without commending him. Know then, *Theander* is a man of Quality, whose Character is so particular, that 'tis not easie to describe it well. He is tall, of a goodly shape and noble Port; his aspect is extreme graceful, and there is a certain air in his whole Person, that denotes part of his nature, and promises with sincerity, and goodness. He has a large rising Nose, his Visage is somewhat long, his Eyes are sufficiently little, but so sweet and smiling, that 'tis easily seen his heart is sensible of pleasures. His action is careless enough; his hair is of a good length; and sometimes he uses so sprightly a Silence, that 'tis manifest he hears nothing but what

he understands most thoroughly, and of which many times he is able to speak better than those he hears. And indeed, *Theander* has a great natural wit, which he has so carefully improv'd, that there are scarce any Sciences in nature he is not capable of. When he is amongst some of the Disciples of the wise *Thales*, *Democritus*, *Hippocrates*, or *Pythagoras*, he makes it known that he is perfectly skill'd in all the Secrets of Nature, and that Philosophy has nothing conceal'd from him. If he be amongst such as love polite learning, and especially Poetry, he is of so exquisite a judgement, that (as I have heard from intelligent Persons) he understands all the excellencies and all the defects of *Homer* and *Hesiod*; and if he should undertake to compose an Heroick Poem, he would doe it according to all the rules that the most accurate Masters have given for such works. He is a curious examiner of all the graces of Poetry, and accurate as to the defects that are found in most Verses; yet his Criticalness is without inhumanity: he excuses small faults in handsome Composures, and never condemns any thing unjustly. He speaks with facility and exactness, and when he pleases, he writes Letters of a certain pleasing strain, peculiar to himself. Moreover, *Theander* is grave and something melancholy; but his melancholy is serene, and easily admits of joy. For he loves pleasures and seeks them; but he seeks them without ostentation, he loves to chuse them his own way, and not to divert himself with the multitude. He has a sincere and upright heart, a firm and generous Soul; he looks upon ambition as a passion which he has overcome, and the Victory over which has establish'd the quiet of his life. By this means he is free from the cares that possess such as desire to advance their fortunes; he is content with his own, which indeed is sufficiently good, and he enjoys it peaceably in the midst of the tumult of a great Court, where he is not interess'd in any thing that might disturb his pleasures. Furthermore, *Theander* is indu'd with an heroical Courage, whereof he has given very eminent proofs in several occasions; he hath been seen to break through an Enemy Army, that he might put himself into a Besieged place, and at another time to pass almost alone through an Enemy Country to get to an Army, and be present at some dangerous enterprize. But the Valour of *Theander* has alwayes been without vanity, and he has more car'd to assure himself of his own heart, than to attract applauses which he values not. His indifference in respect of this kind of glory is so much the more commendable, in that his heart is not otherwise indifferent. For he loves his friends very tenderly and generously, and is much lov'd by them; and that which is very glorious to him, he has a great number of illustrious ones. But besides, *Theander* has the best temper'd mind in the world, and as he is not capable to regulate his own sentiments by those of others, so he does not oblige others to follow his: By means of which candor, he has friends whose Maxims are absolutely contrary to his, with whom nevertheless, he converses with great kindness. His Soul is indu'd with sweetness, equity, tenderness, and humanity. He is much mov'd with worth and virtue; he loves liberty above all things, and places supreme felicity in contentment, Of which never to endanger the loss, he has renounc'd the love of all that is troublesome and painful. He loves handsome Objects in general, but no particular one is able to confine him so far as to render him unhappy; so that love is rather

ther a naked delight in his heart, than a passion. A young Shepherdess pleases him with her graceful simplicity, more than a Princess with excessive magnificence. Novelty likewise has some influence upon him, and variety in certain things, as much delights his Eyes, as it does all the World in the Flowers of a Meadow. He loves also to be fully inform'd of certain weakneses of which the Wisest are sometimes capable, and sometimes he makes to himself pleasures of curiositie, which are not common to all the World. The famous *Rhodopis* has had nothing so private in her life, but he knows it; and drawing divertisement out of the follies of others, he is much delighted to understand them. As for women, in reference to his Friendship, he finds few worthy of it; but when he meets with any one of a prudent and agreeable wit, and of a firm and free heart, he places her in the rank of his Friends; being far from their injustice who believe it is impossible there should be any woman capable of a rational converse. *Theander* was never dazzled with Grandeur, and he knows so well how to abstract things from that which is extrinsic to them, that nothing ever deceives him. He has also a facility peculiar to himself, for he is often seen to walk alone, because he has lent out his Equipage. Yet he does not lend out these kind of things out of the thought to be repaid in the same nature, for many times he does it to persons that are unable to render him the like office. Moreover, he has a little Galliot upon a river that runs at the foot of a house of his upon the Bank of *Himera*, which serves his own convenience less than that of others; for even to strangers that desire it, he willingly lends it, provided they be fair; and so it goes to and fro continually without being almost ever employ'd in his own service. Nor is it material whether such strangers be Persons of Quality, or no: Beauty is sufficient in this case; and be they but only young, yet the Galliot shall not be deny'd them. In a word, *Theander* is indu'd with vertue advantageous both to himself and others, which renders him very acceptable, and is undoubtedly very expedient to the felicity of his life; for being free from all the tumultuousness of the world, and the passions, he affects nothing but what suits with his own Genius, and consequently finds himself less expos'd than other men to all the misfortunes of life; because vertue alone suffices to render him happy; and never seeking any good but such as is attainable, he never employs his time unprofitably to himself. Thus you see what a Person the illustrious Friend of *Lyfimena* is, who was at *Leontium* when matters stood in the posture I have related. About that time *Lyfimena* made a short journey of pleasure to a house belonging to the Father of an intimate Friend of *Theander*, who is a person of no ordinary merit. *Amerintha* was one of the Company, and so was *Andromira*; *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* took care not to fail to be there, and indeed nothing render'd this appointment less agreeable to *Lyfimena*, than the too good Company. For *Amerintha's* charms, and *Meleontus's* merit were sufficiently troublesome to her. The place design'd to goe to, being wonderfully delightful, afforded no small pleasure at the first arrival. For not to mention the fore-Court which is handsome and stately, the Arch'd-walk which is on the right side of the entrance, and gives an excellent prospect over a spacious part of the Country, till the light loses it self; the two large Banqueting-houses, which are at the Corners of the Court; the Statues which standing niches in

several places of the front of the building, the Symmetry of which is exact, stately, and agreeable; the lofty Cupulo that arises out of the middle of it; the magnificence of the Porch, with the number of its Pilasters and Pillars; the ornaments of the Stairs and several Appartments; the Cabinet out of which are divers handsome prospects; nor the excellent Pictures which are seen in all places, 'tis sufficient to tell you, that there is a Hall in this stately House, whose greatness, form, carv'd work, Pictures, and Ornaments astonish all that enter into it, tho the outside gave them an expectation of seeing nothing but what is excellent. It is no improbable conjecture, that this Hall was built by one of those Kings of *Egypt*, who erected the famous Pyramids; and indeed the Structure represents no ordinary Magnificence. But this is not the only admirable thing in this place; for there is a Garden which is one of the greatest that ever was seen; it is rais'd after the manner of a Terrace; in the middle is an admirable fountain; and notwithstanding the place is very high, and discovers a great compass of the Country, to the great delectation of the sight, yet 'tis not perceiv'd that there is a River beyond it, tho it serves very much to augment the agreeableness of the place. On the other side of this Garden is seen below, a Meadow and a very large Pond; and the Park being very spacious, and the wayes of it unequal, the Prospects of it are also very different; so that it is very delightful to goe about it in a Chariot. 'Twas to this place (which is called *Erycina*, because in its rais'd situation it something resembles the Temple that stands upon Mount *Eryx*) that *Lyfimena* desir'd to goe: but *Meleontus* having been the proposer of the design, was the Person that gave a magnificent Collation. Yet it was an unhappy time for him, for *Lyfimena* was more offended when he did things well, than when he did them ill; so that this day her mind was in a very bad temper; for all the service was admirable the Musick excellent, and *Meleontus's* deportment all the day both in actions and words very noble and generous. As they were sitting in the stately Porch (which was cooler than any other place) he acquitted himself very handsomely of a discourse, which by reason of his own concernment in it was not a little perplexing. For after several things transiently spoken of, it came to be ask'd, Whether benefits produc'd Friendship, rather than Friendship it self, or great desert without benefits. I assure you (said *Lyfimena* thereupon) that benefits alone produce no great dearness in the hearts of most people; for usually the remembrance of benefits wears out of their minds, as grief does out of the hearts of afflicted persons, from whence, every moment steals a part. So that time weakens and diminishes gratitude, as well as it does affliction. 'Tis true, Madam, in ingrateful minds (answer'd *Meleontus*), but not in such as are generous, which are alwayes grateful. For my part (reply'd *Zenocrates*) tho I am not ungrateful, and will never be so, yet I conceive that if I received benefits from a Person without merit, the friendship I should bear him would be more in my will than in my heart. But, if benefits without merit (said *Amerintha*) cannot produce Friendship, doe you think that friendship without merit can produce a very tender one? and doe you think that desert alone without friendship and benefits is able to beget a great affection? In truth (said *Andromira*) if friendship be not joyn'd with desert and benefits, those latter will have

no great effect. But how can we doe otherwise (said *Meleontus*) than love those that serve us and doe us good upon all occasions? And how can we but love such too (said *Amerintha*) as love us very ardently? Many times (answer'd *Zenocrates*) they that are so officious, doe it out of Vanity, and not out of any honest principle; wherefore, provided we publish their good deeds and be ready to return the like in case of need, I conceive we may dispense with loving them, and yet not be ingrateful. For friendship and gratitude are two different things; and I think we ought to have the latter towards all, from whom we receive benefits, and the former only for those that affect our heart either by their deserts, or their friendship, or by reason of our own inclination. But will you love People of no merit (said *Amerintha*) because they love you? and is it not just to love those that doe you services? For my part (said *Lyfimena*) if I were to love people of little merit, I should think myself more oblig'd to love such as lov'd me, than such as serv'd me; but to speak sincerely, Friendship not depending upon our Wills, 'tis in vain to dispute of a thing that is not in our power; and all that can rationally be said in this case, is, That desert alone produces esteem only, which is alwayes a great disposition to friendship; That benefits ought insensibly to ingage the receivers to their interests from whom they receive them, and at least beget a kind of gratitude in their minds, the effects whereof resemble those of friendship: but as for friendship singly without desert and benefit, I conceive 'tis sufficient to have a complacencie and pity towards such as bear it; for to ingage to love all people without merit, of whom we may be lov'd, would be injurious to our true friends. All which you say is extremely ingenious, Madam (answer'd *Meleontus*) but I know services and merit are of no account with you, unless your own inclination set a value upon them. So that, Madam, for the obtaining of your love, it is necessary to seek rather to please you, than to serve you; but the mischief is, 'tis more difficult to be agreeable to you than to render you service. I acknowledge it (reply'd she rising up) but I conceive all the world is of the same mind, and so I am not to be blam'd for it. *Meleontus* was no doubt dejected as he observ'd the aspect wherewith the Princess answer'd him; but he dissembled it, tho his discontent was extreme violent. Upon which the Princess, notwithstanding her aversion for him, could not but judge that he acted like an honest man; which she being vex'd at, and perceiving *Zenocrates* took no notice of nor determin'd to be melancholy this day as well as her self, the debonaire humor of *Zenocrates* disgusted her nice mind; so that when he approach'd to her in the walk to speak to her apart, she frown'd upon him, and told him he lov'd her so little, that he was not displeas'd to see that *Meleontus* deportment was extraordinary commendable. I confess it, Madam (answer'd *Zenocrates* wholly surpris'd) that I did not think of being discontented, because the Musick was good, and the Collation magnificent; but I am so at present with the commendations which you give my Rival. Ha: *Zenocrates* (said she to him, as she went from him) I will not thank you for the indignation which I have by force excited in your heart. After this she call'd *Amerintha*, that she might not be alone with him; so that the conversation became general all the rest of the day, *Zenocrates* not having opportunity to speak one word in private. *Lyfimena*, to avoy'd it,

propos'd it to consideration, Whether it is more pleasing to be very lovely without being much lov'd, than to be much lov'd without being amiable. But after every one had spoke their Reasons, it was concluded, That 'tis better to deserve to be lov'd and not to be so, than to be lov'd without desert; yet it was granted, that whereas usually people desire to be lovely, chiefly that they may be lov'd, it is more pleasure to be lov'd than to be barely lovely; because instead of receiving of contentment thereby, the lovely person is disgusted with living amongst people that understand not to doe justice to desert. But at length night approaching, preparation was made to return to *Leontium*. Which returning was with sufficient melancholy; *Lyfimena* was pensive, *Meleontus* dejected, *Zenocrates* sad, *Amerintha* vexed, and they proceeded in the way after a silent manner; when by chance a young Hart coming from amongst the bushes, a Greyhound that follow'd one of *Meleontus* Attendants, gave chase to him in the plain. Which unexpected Adventure causing the Ladies that were on the same side to give a great cry, *Amerintha* would oblige *Lyfimena* who was on the other, to turn her head to see the young Hart running swiftly upon the Plain. But the Princess was in so deep a muse, that not being willing to break it off, she told *Amerintha* carelessly, she would not see the chase unless it came on her side, without taking the pains to turn her self. She had no sooner spoke this, but the young Hart chancing to see people coming towards him in the Plain, turn'd short, and passing before the heads of the Horses of *Lyfimena's* Chariot, came so near her, that it seem'd to those that heard what she said just before, to happen by some enchantment. *Lyfimena* being agreeably surpris'd with this Accident, could not hinder her self from taking pleasure in beholding this casual divertisement. But it lasted not long; for by this time it was grown late, so that both the Hart and the Dog were soon lost out of sight. And in fine, the night sav'd the Young Harts life, and the Dog returned to his Master before we got to *Leontium*. *Zenocrates* knowing well enough how to improve all occasions, remember'd he had seen at the House of one of his intimate Friends, a Young tame Hart. Wherefore he went and requested it, and having caus'd a silver collar to be put about its neck engraven with the Characters of the Princess, the next day at noon he sent it to her with the most pleasant Verses in the world. He feign'd that the young Hart speaking to *Lyfimena*, told her ingenious things, which bearing a double sense had reference both to the condition of *Zenocrates* and his unhappiness in displeasing the Princess that day.

But doe not you remember the Verses upon the young Hart? (interrupted *Plotina*). If I had remember'd them (answer'd *Amiclea*) I would have repeated them but all I can say of them is that they began thus,

*I, like a young Actæon follow you,
Happy Diana, with too rash a view.*

And after divers ingenious fancies they concluded thus
*But if, for having seen your charms, I dye;
No sighs, no tears shall wail my destiny.*

I am very sorry I cannot recite more of them to you, but I must be contented with telling you, that this gallantry extremely pleas'd *Lyfimena*; she accepted the Hart with pleasure, pardon'd *Zenocrates*, and obligingly answer'd the Verses he had made, in the name of the young Hart, which in a short time became one of

of her chief divertisements. For she put it into one of the Gardens of the Palace, where it grew so familiar and amiable, that almost every one made much of it, to please *Lysimena*. And it was so proud of the caresses made to it, that contrary to the Nature of Stags, it became valiant, and was oftentimes seen not only to hold the Dogs at Bay, but to go towards them and force them to fly. A few days after this gallantry, *Zenocrates* made another; the Princess having purposed to go very early in the morning to offer Sacrifice in a Temple a good distance from *Leontium*, would not be follow'd by any besides her own Attendants. *Zenocrates* not being able to endure that the Princess should continue from morning to night without hearing of him, gain'd an interest in one of her waiting-women, and gave her three Letters to deliver to her at several hours of the day. And accordingly there being none but this Virgin and I in her Chariot, as soon as we were out of the City, she being of a debonaire humour, and well beloved by the Princess, gave her the first Letter, telling her she receiv'd it a little before they set forth. Being *Zenocrates* us'd to write to her often, she was not surpris'd at this first Letter, but took it, and opening it, requir'd me to read it at the same time with her; and we found it to contain these very words:

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

IT seems Madam, you intend to spend a whole day without thinking of those that think of none but you, and you believe you cannot be constrain'd to think of them whether you will or no. But you shall see, before the day be past, that they who know how to love, find inventions, which indifferent persons never think of.

After this Letter was read, *Lysimena* imagin'd *Zenocrates* thought it would be sufficient to oblige her to think of him all the day; but she was much surpris'd four hours after, when she saw one of her slaves (whom this waiting-woman of the Princess had so instructed) deliver her a second Letter from *Zenocrates*. She open'd it with more haste than the former, and found that in it which I am going to repeat to you.

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

PERhaps you believe, Madam, it is but four hours since you departed from hence, but I swear to you I judge them to be four Ages. For a moment of discontent, and that caused by absence, seems so long to a Lover, that he may be allowed to reckon it for more than a year. In the meantime you account moments but for moments, and hours for hours. But if you employ'd them in thinking of the constancy of the inconstant *Zenocrates*, it would be something; but you seem to mind nothing but Trees, the Meadows, and the Mountains which you see, whilst I am wholly taken up in thinking of your Charms, your Wit, and my own unhappiness.

Well, Madam, (said I to *Lysimena*) what say you to *Zenocrates*'s Gallantry? I say (answer'd she) that he diverts himself at my cost; for I told him yester-

day, I would not remember him all the day, but would only think of the Sacrifice I went to offer. Nevertheless, he endeavours to force me to think of him. After which *Lysimena* reprov'd the waiting-woman that was with her; but she did it so weakly, that it was apparent she was not much sorry for being deceiv'd. A little while after we arriv'd at the Temple, the Sacrifice was offer'd, and we went to the Priests house where the Princess was to dine; but before that, an unknown person, whom the same waiting-woman found in that place, deliver'd a third Letter to *Lysimena*, who being now accustom'd to receive them, took it smilingly, and drawing me aside. It must be confess'd (said she) *Zenocrates* is not too wise. You have more reason (answer'd I) to say *Zenocrates* is an ingenious person and of good invention. After this she open'd the third Letter, which, if I am not mistaken, was in these terms.

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

PERhaps you think, Madam, you are so remote from me, that I cannot trouble you, but know, that should you go to the Worlds end, my love would follow you every where; and in whatever part of the Earth you were, I should devise some invention to make you know that I am the most ardent Lover amongst mankind.

At least (said the Princess after she had read the Letter) *Zenocrates* is the most happy, in's having to do with a person that is not offended with his follies. After which we spoke very obligingly of him, for a quarter of an hour, and laugh'd sufficiently at this Gallantry; which was so much the more ingenious, for that *Lysimena* durst not refuse the Letters that were presented to her, for fear of causing suspicion in her attendants; besides, their affection being only innocent, there was no reason for it. At length we departed from the Temple, and put our selves upon the way to *Leontium*. But when we were gone half way, a man on Horse-back approaching *Lysimena*'s Chariot, deliver'd her a fourth Letter; after which he retir'd, and the Princess, having open'd it, found it contain these words:

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

IF you believe absence to be a remedy of love, you are extremely deceived, Madam; for since your departure, methinks I love you more by half. Yet I lov'd you yesterday more than ever any person loved, and I am confident I have surpass'd myself alone, in loving you more than I did. You see, Madam, that against your will you have been constrained to think four times this day upon the unhappy *Zenocrates*. I beseech you force him no more to have recourse to the same Artifices; think upon him sometimes voluntarily, that he may be obliged to you for it; and, if it be possible, make a pleasure to your self of the most constant and respectful passion that ever was: for tho I can force you to think upon me, yet I find that I cannot constrain you to love me, and that without you I shall always be the most miserable person in the World.

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This fourth Letter being read, *Zenocrates* attain'd the end he propounded to himself: for as long as the rest of the way lasted, we talk'd of nothing but him; and when we drew near to *Leontium*, we beheld him coming forth on purpose to meet the Princess upon one of the handsomest Horses in the World. But he had time onely to make a reverence and speak four or five words to her; because the Prince and *Meleontus* returning from hunting, appear'd and came to us. Now observe how matters stood at this time the Prince of *Leontium* lov'd *Amerintha* who out of a design of interest countenanc'd him; *Amerintha* was officious to serve *Meleontus* to the uttermost of her power for the same reason, and because she knew it was a way to prejudice *Lyfimena*. *Meleontus* lov'd without being lov'd again; *Zenocrates* appear'd inconstant, that he might be faithful to *Lyfimena*; and the Princess loving *Zenocrates* more than she imagin'd, very patiently endur'd the pretensions of *Meleontus*, but agreeably cherish'd the affection of *Zenocrates*, tho she did no more than suffer her self to be lov'd by him in secret. At this time, the Princess of *Leontium*, *Lyfimena*'s Mother, went to spend a month at a fair house of her own in the Country, whither the Prince went sometimes to visit her; but no persons durst go thither without him, because she had signified she would be there in solitude. So that *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* did not see *Lyfimena*, but when the Prince went to visit the Princess his Mother. As for me, I had the happiness to follow *Lyfimena* in this little journey, which was very agreeable to me, I had more time to converse with her than at *Leontium*; and knowing all the secrets of her heart, I was her comforter in her discontents. Being she knew *Amerintha*'s vigilant subtlety, she prohibited *Zenocrates* to write to her so often as he wish'd, for fear any of his Letters might be lost, and cause some great unhappiness to them. Whilst we were in this retirement, the idleness of the Country occasioning the invention of pleasures which otherwise would not be thought of, the Princess one evening resolv'd to go abroad on Horse-back, followed onely by two of her waiting-women and myself, into a spacious Meadow which has a River on one side, and a Wood on the other, and she was attended by no more than four or five Slaves. We were no sooner come into that place, but we beheld six Horsemen issuing forth of the Wood, who approach'd towards us, and seem'd to have a purpose to rob the Princess of the Jewel she was adorn'd with this day, or else to carry her away; for their grim looks caus'd us to believe they had no good design. This surprising sight astonish'd the Princess; for having none but Slaves about her, who being without Arms betook themselves to their heels, she was in great fear lest some hard Adventure should befall her. But at the same instant we saw appear at another place of the Wood, a man on Horse-back, young and admirably handsome, follow'd by three others that seem'd to be his Attendants; he observing the aspect and action of the Robbers, and the air and equipage of the Princess, did not demur a moment what to do, but drawing his sword courageously, cast himself between *Lyfimena* and the Thieves. This valiant action no doubt surpris'd those that intended to set upon us, but it did not cause them to fly. For being inrag'd at it, they endeavour'd to encompass and kill our succourer; but he taught them to their cost that his valour was more redoubtable than theirs. At first they kill'd one

of his followers, but a moment after he kill'd two of theirs, wounded three, and beat them back into the Wood. After which coming to *Lyfimena* with much civility, he offer'd her to accompany her whither she pleas'd. You may judge with how obliging an air, the Princess receiv'd this gallant stranger. Whosoever you are (answer'd she) I promise you my friendship as long as I live; for the service you have done me is so considerable, that I will not expect till I am oblig'd to grant it to you out of the gratitude I have for your merit. That which you say, is so obliging (reply'd the valiant Stranger) that I account myself too highly rewarded: yet I assure you (added he) I have reason to hope you will not repent of what you have promis'd me, when you know me more particularly: and I assure you too, you shall soon know there is no vanity in speaking as I do. After this *Lyfimena* took the way towards the Castle, where the Princess of *Leontium* being inform'd of what had pass'd, receiv'd the Stranger with very high civilities. As soon as she beheld him, she felt an extraordinary commotion in her heart, and lookt upon him with pleasure and attention; she imagin'd she had formerly seen some person that resembled him, and could not contain from sighing as she consider'd him: I beseech you (said she to him) generous Stranger, satisfy me whence you came. I come at present from *Phenicia*, Madam (answer'd he). But were you born in that Country? (demanded she) and who taught you so well the Language of this? That's a secret, Madam (answer'd he) which I cannot tell but in private, and I am extremely desirous to inform you of it. Upon which the Princess led him into her Cabinet, whilst *Lyfimena* went to her Chamber to recover her self a while from the fright she had been in. As soon as the valiant Stranger was there, beholding her with respect. Ah! Madam (said he to her) do you not know the unfortunate *Artemidorus*, whom you gave life to? I was no doubt but a child when the Pyrates carried me away, but I remember so accurately all that I saw here, that whatever change time has made in my countenance, methinks 'tis easie for you to observe that I have the honour to be your Son. Ah! *Artemidorus* (said she, embracing him) my heart knew you sooner than my eyes; and this very moment wherein I consider you better, I behold in your Visage an indubitable proof of your words. If you doubt of it, Madam (said he to her) I shall tell you the very words you us'd to me alone in your Cabinet, when I departed with *Cleanthus* to go into Greece; Go, my Son (said you to me) go learn in a strange Country, how to make your self esteem'd in your own, when you return to it; and if it be possible, do not come back hither, till you can by your merit obscure that of the most worthy persons you will find here. If I could give you a more precise token of what I am, I conceive I should not have caus'd you to remember that generous command you laid upon me, because I confess to my shame I have not been able to become such as you commanded me to be. Howsoever, I can assure you, 'tis no fault of the wise *Cleanthus*, for he has omitted no industry to render me worthy to be your son. But where is *Cleanthus*? (said the Princess of *Leontium*) and in what places have you pass'd your lives? As for *Cleanthus* (answer'd he) I hope he will be here within a short time; and, as for our adventures, I will relate them to you in few words. You know, Madam, we took ship to go into Greece, and no doubt:

doubt you are not ignorant that we were made captive by Pyrates. But you never heard that they sold us to others, who carried us into *Phenicia*. For I that was no uncomely person in my childhood, I was bought to be presented to the Queen of that Country. But as for *Cleantbus*, he was sold to a Priest of the Temple of *Neptune* at *Tire*, who soon observing his wisdom and abilities, propos'd to the King of *Phenicia* to place him about the young Princes his sons, who are indeed the most goodly and accomplish'd Princes in the World. The eldest reigns with all imaginable glory; and the youngest is the ornament and delight of the Court. At first *Cleantbus* not daring to discover who I was, pretended I was his son; by which means I being restored to his governance, he had as great care of me as of the young Princes, with whom he was plac'd to teach them several accomplishments. Sometime after, thinking he had given sufficient testimonies of his honesty, and perform'd service enough to obtain what he desir'd, he confided in the King, told him my quality, and requested liberty to bring me back hither. But in this occasion the virtue and worth of *Cleantbus* were an invincible obstacle to his design; for the King of *Phenicia*, judg'd him so necessary for the education of the two young Princes, that tho he doubted not the truth of his words, yet he made semblance that he did, and told him at length that however it were, he would not give him the liberty to depart from his Court till the Princes his sons were of age to need no more instructions. The King of *Phenicia* sent the Princes his sons, *Cleantbus* and me to a very fair house, where we liv'd a long time. Afterwards we return'd to Court, but without any liberty, and liv'd there in that manner till the death of the King of *Phenicia*. After which the Prince his son who reigns at this day to reward *Cleantbus* for the services render'd him, gave him leave to bring me back hither on condition that he would return again to him. To which purpose having given us a vessel to return, we made use of it to go into *Greece*, to the end to follow your intention that I should see that Country. After which being embark'd at *Corinth*, and our ship joyning with another Merchant ship that was bound for the same place with us, it hapned unfortunately one day, that *Cleantbus* going one morning into that Ship to visit the Commander of it who was sick, a sudden tempest arising, seperated us in such sort, that we could never come together, or so much as see one another more; but I landed at the Port nearest to this place, where I hope *Cleantbus* too will in a short time arrive. *Artemidorus* having done speaking the Princess of *Leontium* made him a thousand caresses: but after this told him it was requisite to defer making this discovery to the Prince his brother until *Cleantbus* were arriv'd. For whereas (added she) we have different sentiments in many things, I should be glad that your acknowledgement depended not upon my testimony alone, but that *Cleantbus* who is reputed for a man of eminent honesty, confirm it. As you please, Madam (answer'd *Artemidorus*) but I remember so many particular things which my brother said to me during my childhood, that I believe he cannot have forgot them all. Believe me, *Artemidorus* (reply'd the Princess) do not trust to his memory, and let us wait for *Cleantbus*. But, Madam (said *Artemidorus*) if *Cleantbus* had suffer'd shipwreck, it would have been necessary to have dispens'd with his absence. Were that his misfortune

hapned (answer'd she) we might then do all that we can do at this day. After this, *Artemidorus* desir'd permission of the Princess of *Leontium*, at least to make himself known to *Lysimena*; and accordingly without more delay the Princess writ three or four lines in her Tablets, which she gave *Artemidorus* to deliver to her. Upon which he went to find *Lysimena*, and beseeching her that he might speak to her without being heard by any other, the Princess withdrew into her Cabinet, where he deliver'd the Tablets to her, in which she found these words.

He that you see, is Artemidorus, who you have so often beheld me lament; love him as a good sister ought to love a brother, and discover this great secret to none.

At first *Lysimena* knew not whether she ought to believe what she read: but *Artemidorus* spoke to her after a manner so full of tenderness, that on a sudden suffering her self to be convinc'd, she embrac'd the Prince her brother with all the testimonies of joy and dearness imaginable, and express'd her self with so much the greater passion: because at that instant she look'd upon *Artemidorus* as a Protector that might oppose the violence the Prince her brother intended to use towards her, to constrain her to marry *Meleontus*. The door of her Cabinet hapning to be open, a Waiting-woman belonging to the Princess whom *Meleontus* had corrupted, beheld the caresses she made to *Artemidorus*, which nevertheless she attributed to the service which she had receiv'd from him. After which *Artemidorus* forbade his attendants to tell his name to any person, and liv'd as a stranger unknown in the Castle. But *Lysimena* who did me the honour to keep nothing secret from me, told me what had pass'd and ask'd my counsel whether she should write to *Zenocrates* concerning it. Because I knew Letters are liable to a thousand accidents, I told her that I counsel'd her not only not to write him word of it, but also judge it prudence not to tell him any thing of it, altho he should come thither with the Prince; and that it were better he knew it not, but with others, for fear least not being able to contain from giving some intimation of it, it might prove prejudicial to the owning of *Artemidorus*. And the Princess was satisfi'd with my advice. In the mean time, the rumour of the accident that had befallen her, and the succour she receiv'd from a stranger, was soon known to all the world. The Prince of *Leontium* being a little wounded at his last hunting could not make a visit to the Princess his sister upon this occasion, but out of favour to *Meleontus*, he sent him to do it: so that *Zenocrates* had the discontent to see his Rival go to visit *Lysimena*, without daring to follow him. *Artemidorus* being an extreme goodly personage, *Meleontus* no sooner beheld him but he was troubled that *Lysimena* had had a protector of so admirable an aspect. But this first sentiment made no great impression in him, but soon pass'd out of his mind. For he fell to extol *Artemidorus*, and thanked him in the name of the Prince and his own, for the assistance he had given the Princess. *Artemidorus* answer'd to all that *Meleontus* said to him with so noble and gallant an air, that this Lover of *Lysimena* was astonish'd at it: but he was more so, when having discours'd half a quarter of an hour in a walk of the Garden with the Waiting-woman whom he had gain'd to his interests, he understood by her that since the four days this stranger was in the Castle, he had al-

most continually have been in particular converse with *Lysimena*, or with me: she related to him also how she saw the Princess embrace him with tenderness; and told him she had never seen so great an affection in any person; that as soon as the Princess awaken'd, she sent to know of the stranger's health, that he saw her dress her self, and was in her Chamber till she was ready to go into bed. And indeed, tho' I was opinion that it was requisite to use greater dissimulation, yet *Lysimena* would not believe me, being secure, in that there was none but her own attendants, and those of the Princess of *Leontium* in the Castle. This discourse produc'd strange sentiments in *Meleontus*'s mind, who knew not what to think of it. However he resolv'd to remove this stranger from *Lysimena*, and to propound it to the Princess of *Leontium* to conduct him to the Prince, but she told him she would do it her self when she return'd to *Leontium*, and that in the mean time, the stranger would expect the arrival of his Attendants and equipage in the Castle. *Meleontus* press'd her for some time: but perceiving it was to no purpose, he ceas'd his importunity, and return'd back with a great disposition to be jealous. At his return he open'd his heart to *Amerintha*, who promis'd him to come to us, and to observe all *Lysimena*'s actions so diligently, and those of the stranger too, that she doubted not but to discover the truth. And accordingly *Amerintha* came to visit the Princess of *Leontium* upon pretext of the adventure lately befallen *Lysimena*: but for that some time was needful for attaining the real end she came for, she feign'd her self sick as soon as she arriv'd and stay'd four days with us. During which, having a cunning and malicious wit, she observ'd there was a great friendship between *Artemidorus* and *Lysimena*. She perceiv'd their familiarity, correspondence, and something more liberty and equality between them, than ought to be between a stranger and a Princess. Nevertheless *Artemidorus* very much pleas'd her, and out of a desire that nothing should escape her beauty, she did her utmost to excite him to love; but the heart of *Artemidorus* was not dispos'd to be wounded by her fair eyes. Besides, this Prince having understood by *Lysimena* that the Prince of *Leontium* was extremely amorous of *Amerintha*, he was careful to defend himself from her charms. Wherefore *Amerintha*, finding her allurements had not the effect she desired, imagin'd the reason of it to be because he was already amorous of *Lysimena*. Which exasperating her mind, she observ'd the Princess with more diligence, she put an ill construction upon all that she saw, she believ'd she beheld more than she did; and resolv'd also to report many things which she was sure she had not seen. So that at her return she told *Meleontus*, she found that the stranger was a very handsome and goodly personage, and was in love with *Lysimena*; adding moreover that she much fear'd *Lysimena* was so likewise with him. She related to him that she had discover'd that they were very frequently in private together, that in the morning he had liberty to enter into her Chamber, that he was there very late in the evening, that they understood one another by their looks, that they had a hundred little secrets to communicate between themselves; and she added of her own inventing, that walking in the Garden with them, at the turning of a palisade, she saw the stranger kiss *Lysimena*'s hand without her being offended at it. You may judge what effect this relation had in the heart of *Meleontus*. It was such, that jealousy

seizing upon his mind, and his violent nature being very prone to put him upon attempting the most important things precipitantly, he oblig'd *Amerintha* to inform the Prince of all that she had told to himself, promising her to do thence forward all that lay in his power to bring her to be Princess of *Leontium*. *Amerintha* (who was possess'd with ambition, envy and hatred) easily suffer'd her self to be perswaded, and related to the Prince of *Leontium* all that she had said to his favourite: which he no sooner heard, but he conceiv'd a violent indignation against *Lysimena*, and without considering upon the matter resolv'd to go speedily to the Castle where his Mother was, to the end to cause the stranger to remove from thence. And accordingly having consulted with *Meleontus*, they set forth about break of day, the Prince being then absolutely cur'd. He took only his guards with him and eight or nine men of quality, amongst whom *Zenocrates* was one, who was not without some iniquity in his breast, for the comely person, wit and valour of the Stranger was highly extoll'd in the Court at that time. But as chance does very extraordinary things when Fate has determin'd to bring some surprising accident to pass; it hapned that the Princess of *Leontium* was gone that morning to offer a Sacrifice to *Diana* in a Temple about five or six miles distant from the Castle: *Lysimena* hapning to be a little indispos'd in the preceding night, did not accompany her, no more did *Artemidorus*; and I likewise remain'd at home to bear *Lysimena* company. But almost all the rest of the family follow'd the Princess, and there was very few persons left in the house. As soon as *Lysimena* was out of bed, her Woman began to attire her head; but the tresses of her hair were scarce undone, when *Artemidorus* enter'd into her Chamber to shew her a Letter from the wife *Cleantus* which he had newly receiv'd, whereby he understood that he would arrive suddenly, and perhaps that very day. The Princess being unwilling to read it before her Woman, she did not continue to dress her head, but went into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*. And there passing insensibly to speak of several things, the Princess forgot she was not attir'd, and stay'd discoursing a long time with the Prince her brother. During which, that Waiting-woman who had intelligence with *Meleontus*, left her companions to wait till the Princess came out of her Cabinet, and went to walk beyond the first Court of the Castle, where there is one of the fairest Walks, that ever was seen. As for me, I was then in my Chamber leaning upon a window that lookt towards one of the handsomest Courts in the World; for 'tis large, square, all pav'd with white Marble, environ'd with stately structures, and has a Pedestal in the middle, upon which are represented the three Graces, holding one another by the hand like Shepherdesses dancing; but made with such exquisite art, that these three Statues are an admirable spectacle in the midst of that fair Court. Having mus'd a while at my Chamber window, as I told you, I retir'd from it, and betook my self to read. In the mean time the Waiting-woman, whom (as I mention'd to you) went to walk beyond this stately Court, was no sooner there but she saw the Prince and *Meleontus* arrive, the latter of which came directly to her to enquire what the Princess was doing, and to hinder her from going to advertise her of the Prince's coming. The Woman telling him the truth, inform'd him that the Princess of *Leontium* was gone abroad in the morning, and that the Princess *Lysimena*, who would

not

not accompany her, as soon as she was out of bed, went with her head half dress'd into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*, where she believ'd they were still in great familiarity and conference. *Meleontus* no sooner heard this, but returning to the Prince and telling him what he had learnt, and animating him against his Sister, without considering what hurley-burly he was going to cause, or what the consequences of the course he took would be, he commanded his Guards to secure all the Gates of the first Court. After which the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd into that stately Court, and went directly to the stone stairs leading into the Castle. But for that this could not be done without some noise, the Princess being advertis'd of his arrival, spoke to *Artemidorus* to go forth of her Chamber and meet the Prince, to whom *Meleontus* (who had seen him before) might present him. For since *Cleantibus* is to arrive suddenly (said she) it is not yet fitting to think of making your self known, especially too, the Princess my Mother being absent. Accordingly *Artemidorus* passing through an Antichamber went into the Court; but the Prince conjecturing by the place he came out at that the Princess's Waiting-woman had not ly'd, and himself having seen at the windows of her Cabinet (for *Lysimena's* apartment was next the gound) with what haste she caus'd this man of good personage to come forth, he did not doubt but she was very culpable, and that the affection she had for him was criminal. Upon which, without considering any thing but his desire to punish the Princess and satisfy *Meleontus*; as soon as *Artemidorus* was in the Court, he look'd upon the violent *Meleontus*, who transported with choler, jealousy and fury, My Lord (said he to the Prince) permit me to punish the boldness of this Stranger who comes insolently to affront you. If you knew me well (answer'd *Artemidorus* without being mov'd) you would find it rather belong'd to me to desire justice of the Prince for your insolence. Whereupon the Prince of *Leontium* becoming suddenly enrag'd, and believing the Stranger intended to counterfeit himself a man of quality, that he might save his life, roughly commanded his Guards to seize upon him. After which he went towards the entrance, follow'd by *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and many others. *Artemidorus* desir'd to speak to him, but he was not heard: so that seeing several of the Prince's Guards with their swords drawn about him, he was no longer master of his indignation, and could not contain from drawing his sword, and dispersing them so dextrously, that one of the Guards running himself upon *Artemidorus's* sword, fell down dead immediately. The rest thereupon making a great cry, and all pressing hard upon him, he recover'd the Pedestal upon which the three Graces stood, to the end he might not be surrounded or assaulted on any side but before. The Guards made a great cry again, which causing me to give over my reading, I lookt out at the window and beheld the most sad spectacle in the world; for the pavement of white Marble was sprink'd with blood in many places, *Artemidorus* had slain two more of the Guards, whose bodies lay at the feet of this valiant Prince, who defended himself like a Lion. Presently after, all the Guards that were left at the Gates, quitted their stations to come and revenge the death of their companions. *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and all the rest, and the Prince himself return'd back to the stairs of the entrance, astonish'd at the valour of this man who defended himself so courageously, and immediately slew a Brother of *Meleontus* that advanc'd a-

gainst him. Yet it must be mention'd to the commendation of *Zenocrates*, that tho' jealousy was deeply implicit in his mind, yet he extremely disapprov'd this violence, and told his sentiments to the Prince: but he would not hearken to them. All this while whatever *Artemidorus*, said to make himself known, was not regarded; he had no other recourse but to his own valor: which indeed was such, that none durst approach him; wherefore some of the Guards without the Prince's order shot arrows against him, and others cast javelins, tho' the Prince and *Zenocrates* endeavour'd to restrain them. As for *Meleontus*, his fury was so impetuous, that he wish'd nothing but the death of *Artemidorus*, believing he was his Rival, and a greater Favourite. For my part, I confess to my shame, I was in so great amazement, and seiz'd with such excessive fright, that I was unable either to speak or stir from the place. The Princess was more valiant than I; for when she saw so many swords turn'd against *Artemidorus* (who was slightly wounded in the left hand) so many arrows shot at him, and none heard what he said: seeing, I say that tho' by his dexterity, courage and agility, he repell'd all that set upon him (who durst not approach nearer to him than as far as the bodies of those he had slain) yet it would be impossible for him to avoid being overcome at length; she went forth with extreme diligence as soon as she was return'd from her first astonishment, and without considering that she had nothing upon her but a plain flying robe of white stuffe, that her neck was half naked, her hair loose, and her arms bare, she pass'd through the porch into the midst of all the armed people, endangering her self to be wounded with the arrows and javelins, and by her rare beauty shaming the Graces, at the feet of whom *Artemidorus* defended his life so valiantly, she plac'd her self between this valiant Prince and those that assaulted him, desiring by this generous action to cause the fight to cease, and to make *Artemidorus* known to the Prince his Brother. And indeed all the fierce assailants suspended their fury at her appearance: but for that this action was interpreted by the Prince, *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* for a great testimony of love towards *Artemidorus*, it produc'd in them very different effects. The Prince redoubling his fury, Infamous Sister (cry'd he) do you come to defend your unworthy Lover in my sight? I shall punish you for your wickedness. At which he advanc'd towards her with his sword drawn, and had infallibly kill'd her, if the amorous *Zenocrates* (as jealous as he was) had not out of an excess of love cast himself between the Prince and *Lysimena*. *Artemidorus* also offer'd to doe the same; but at the very moment, *Meleontus* (whose jealousy and fury was redoubled by the generous action of the Princess) took a bow from the hands of an Archer, and shot with precipitation: but instead of killing *Artemidorus* as he design'd, he wounded *Lysimena* dangerously in the neck, and the same arrow glancing from her unhappily, enter'd into the body of *Zenocrates* (for *Meleontus* shot from the right side to the left) upon which both of them falling down, *Lysimena* resented the most violent grief that ever was, for she saw her self no longer able to hinder *Artemidorus* from perishing by the hands of her Brother: she saw her dear *Zenocrates* wounded for her sake, and understood by some words which he spoke as he fell, that he suspected her of being unfaithful. On the other side, *Artemidorus* being transported with grief to see *Lysimena* wounded, without caring to defend himself, offer'd to lift up the Princess: but the jealous *Meleontus* enrag'd for having wounded his Mistress and *Zenocrates* (whom

(whom he now consider'd not as his Rival) instead of *Artemidorus*, did his endeavour to kill this valiant and generous Prince. But at the same instant the Princess of *Leontium* coming back from the Temple of *Diana* on the one side with all her train, and the wife *Cleantbus* arriving on the other, suppress'd the fury of the tumult. You may judge how astonish'd the Princess of *Leontium* was to find the Prince and *Meleontus* with their swords drawn, so many people slain, *Artemidorus* wounded, and *Zenocrates* and *Lyfimena* at the point of death, for the loss of blood depriv'd them both of speech. As for *Cleantbus*, as soon as he appear'd and beheld this strange spectacle, he went directly to the Prince, and speaking to him with the authority of one that had instructed him in his youth. How comes it, my Lord (said he to him) that I find you with your arms in your hand against the Prince *Artemidorus* your Brother? These words caus'd the Prince to blush, and *Meleontus* to wax pale, who was approacht whilst *Artemidorus* having broken through the throng went to give the Princess his Mother an account of what had hapned. The speech of *Cleantbus*, whom the Prince knew very well, strangely astonish'd him; for he was conscious there was no ground to suspect his probity. Nevertheless not being able to resolve suddenly to believe him, How? (said he) is he that I behold my Brother? and is that Brother my Sister's Lover? No, my Lord (answer'd *Artemidorus*, who led the Princess his Mother) and if you would have heard me, you had not done as you have, nor enforc'd me to kill those unhappy persons whom I knew not. Ah! my Son (cry'd the Princess of *Leontium*, speaking to the Prince) I cannot but accuse you of a great crime, and regret my own unhappiness. However (added she) leave me in peace in this desert, endeavour to save my Daughter's life, and be assuredly perswaded *Artemidorus* is your Brother. He made himself known to me first of all; your Sister understood his quality from my mouth; and had it not been that I waited for the arrival of *Cleantbus* you had been informed of the truth before. Then *Cleantbus* adding many circumstances for the conformation of his being Son to the Princess of *Leontium*, the Prince better consider'd him, & acknowledg'd him to be his brother, and thereupon being much ashamed of his action, he desir'd pardon of him for it. My Lord (answer'd *Artemidorus*) I am ready to forget the injury you have done me; but I beseech you that he who wounded the Princess my Sister, may appear no longer in my sight; otherwise, all the respect I bear you cannot hinder me from punishing him for so detestable an action. In the mean time, I being descended, approacht to the Princess, and fell upon my knees by her, endeavouring to bring her to her self again. *Meleontus* was at his wits end for what he had done, and came to help me to hold her up; but as I was going to thrust him away, he heard what *Artemidorus* spoke: upon which his rage being redoubled, You have reason, my Lord (said he to him) you have reason; and to testify to you that I judge my self as culpable as unhappy, behold what a generous repentance shall lead me to. In speaking which, he offer'd to strike a Ponyard into his own heart; but the Prince (who lov'd him much) abating part of his impetuosity by seising upon his arm, the Ponyard did not pierce so deep as he design'd it; but yet it did enough, to cause some compassion even in him whom he had desir'd to kill.

The Princess having caus'd *Lyfimena* to be carried to a bed, and given order for care to be taken of *Zenocrates*,

and the dead to be remov'd out of the Court, the Prince committed *Meleontus* to the custody of three or four of his followers, and caus'd him to be conducted into a back Garden-house, notwithstanding all his own resistance; for he was resolv'd to dy, and would by no means admit of any course to preserve his life. In the mean time, *Cleantbus* discoursing with the Prince, and employing all his prudence to perswade him that *Artemidorus* would remember nothing that had pass'd, reduc'd his mind to a good temper, and counsel'd him to return that evening to *Leontium*, and to carry thither him that designing to kill *Artemidorus* wounded *Lyfimena*, till this first disorder were compos'd, and it were seen what would become of *Lyfimena*'s and *Zenocrates*'s wounds; for, as for the Prince *Artemidorus*, that which he had received in his left hand, was very slight. So the Prince following the counsels of the wife *Cleantbus* (for whom he still retain'd much respect) departed as soon as he understood *Lyfimena* was come again from her swoon, and caus'd *Meleontus* to be put into a Chariot, having first caus'd his wound to be dress'd by force, leaving *Cleantbus* order to tell the Princess his Mother, the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Lyfimena*, all that he judg'd conducive to appease their minds; tho' to speak truth, this Prince thought himself guilty of nothing but precipitancy. And as for the action of *Meleontus*, he consider'd it as a violence which love and jealousy might excuse. But *Meleontus* himself was more equitable, for he accus'd himself in good earnest. How unhappy am I (said he upon the waies he return'd, to one of his own and my friends, who told me this) and how great a Criminal! I have committed all crimes imaginable, I have rashly suspected the most virtuous Princess in the World, I have accus'd her, I have incens'd the Prince's mind against her, I have put fury into his heart, and weapons in his hand against the Prince his Brother, & the Princess his sister, and wretch that I am, after that I had seen *Artemidorus* perform the greatest actions in the world, I went about to kill him with the shot of an Arrow. But moreover, the Gods to punish me for it, have permitted that unfortunate Arrow to wound mortally both an innocent friend, and the only person for whose sake life could be acceptable to me. And nevertheless, they will not let me dye, they force me to live, they keep me too, as if I still deserv'd, that any care should be taken of my life. But 'tis in vain (added he) that I am watcht, and that every thing which might procure my death is remov'd from me; I need neither steel nor poyson; my grief alone will be sufficient to dispatch me. For when I reflect, that I am he who have brought my Princess into danger, and that in attempting to kill a man whom I believ'd my Rival, perhaps I have slain my Mistress; I resent a torment a thousand times more cruel than death, a torment greater than can be apprehended, and which I cannot wholly conceive my self; since at the same time I am overwhelmed with shame, repentance, grief, and abhorrence of my self, as much love as is needful to render my fault for ever unpardonable, and as much rage as is necessary to make life odious, and death desirable every moment. Besides, what have I to do longer in the World? the Princess did not love me, whilst I did nothing but studied to serve her; judge therefore, what sentiments she will have, if she escapes, for a man that would have blemish'd her honour, taken the Prince *Artemidorus*'s life away after an unworthy manner, and

and who has endanger'd her own? Had I gone about to kill this Prince, as a man of courage may kill an Enemy, it would be more pardonable, but jealousie so transported me, when I beheld *Lyfimena* hazard her life to save that of a man whom I believ'd my Rival, that in that accursed moment I abandon'd my reason, and cast off all sense of virtue and honour, to mind only a speedy revenge. But alas! the Gods have already reveng'd the cause of *Lyfimena*; for I hate my self so horribly, that I never had a more ardent affection for her than I have now detestation for my self. In this manner reasoned the unfortunate *Meleontus*, whilst the wife *Cleanthus* endeavour'd to pacifie matters at the Castle, where he stay'd.

Cleanthus (said *Plotina* interrupting *Amiclea*) has done me a pleasure in arriving, and I should be glad to know a person who has so excellently educated the Prince *Artemidorus*. For my part (said *Clelia*) I fancy him to be like one of the Sages that are so much spoken of. For I have heard him so extoll'd by *Merigenes*, the young King of *Phenicia*, and the Prince his brother, whom he instructed, that I imagine him to be a very excellent person.

To testify the submission of my will to yours (answer'd *Amiclea*) I shall describe him to you, and indeed I am something of such an humour, that I am loath to pass over my Friends without commending them a little, when I speak to persons that do not know them; and I conceive generosity requires as much from all people, and that there is some pleasure, when we are alone to remember we have done justice to our friends when they were mention'd.

I beseech you (said *Plotina*) let us speak of *Cleanthus*, and leave the pleasures that we find in our selves; for, as for my part, I am perswaded they are the saddest pleasures in the world. Yet they are the most solid (answer'd *Clelia*). Believe me (added *Plotina* agreeably) solidity is not to be requir'd in pleasures; 'tis sufficient if they be sprightly and jovial, if they dazzle reason, and follow one after another, if they be various and deceive us, and amuse us agreeably; and to put the thing in practise, after having had the pleasure to relieve my self from a long silence by what I have said, tell us, amiable *Amiclea*, what a person the wife *Cleanthus* is.

Know than (reply'd *Amiclea*) he whose description you desire, is a man of transcendent merit, and his eminent virtue has plac'd him above envy and the envious. His lineage is very good, and it would be easie to find wherewith to commend him in many things which are extrinsecal to him: but not to speak of ought but himself, I shall content my self with telling you, that tho *Cleanthus* be arriv'd to that age, wherein time is wont to efface part of the lineaments that compose handsomeness in a face, yet he has still a serene aspect full of spirit and sweetness, which pleases infinitely. His eyes partly discover his wisdom and goodness; and tho he is not tall, yet he has a good personage, and the absolute air of a Philosopher that practices more virtue than he teaches. There appears so modest a joy in his converse, so prudent a complacency in all his discourse, and a goodness so real in all his actions, that his conversation begets a love of virtue in all that are capable of it. Moreover, he has been chosen (as I told you before) to instruct two of the greatest Princes in the World in several considerable kinds of knowledge, besides the Prince of *Leontium* and *Artemidorus*. He has all his life so passionately lov'd study, that it may be said, he never

spent day without learning something: so that he has compos'd an infinite number of excellent works, which are indubitable testimonies of his knowledge and virtue. For there is scarce any thing of which he has not written plausibly, with intention to profit the publick, and render the Readers of his works, either better or more knowing; which in my judgement is a very great commendation. But tho *Cleanthus* be very learned, and his works, deserve to live immortally, yet I admire his virtue more than his knowledge, especially having preserv'd it immaculate in the midst of a great Court, where for the most part, such as are most virtuous find it something difficult to persist exactly in the purity of their own sentiments. But, as for *Cleanthus*, nothing changes him, he is so solidly virtuous: but his virtue is sociable, far from asperity or savageness, which perswades rather by sweetness than impetuosity, and which by the calmness of his mind renders it sufficiently manifest apparent, that he has been a long and happier Studier of Wisdom; for he is none of those who know virtue without following it, and teach the virtues which they never practice. On the contrary, *Cleanthus* speaks more morality by his actions than his discourses, and instructs no less by his manners than by works. Thus you see what a person the wife *Cleanthus* is, whose presence calm'd so great a tempest.

But to proceed, as soon as the Princess came out of her swoon, she thought upon *Artemidorus* & *Zenocrates*, and seeing me in her chamber with tears in my eyes, she call'd me as weak as she was, and (tho her wound sufficiently pain'd her) stretcht forth her hand to me, and grasping mine gently, I beseech you, my dear *Amiclea* (said she to me, beholding me wishly) tell me whether the tears you shed be for *Artemidorus*, or for the unfortunate *Zenocrates*. The Prince *Artemidorus* (answer'd I) is so little hurt, that he feels no wound but yours! and as for *Zenocrates*, I know not yet what the Chirurgions say of him: so that, Madam, my tears are only for your self. Since my life is so dear to you (reply'd she with a lower voice) take some care of that of *Zenocrates*, and let me know what condition he is in. Whereupon soon after I understood that his wound was dangerous indeed, but yet not desperate. As for the Princess, she was in very great danger, because she was taken with a Fever. *Zenocrates* greatest affliction was occasion'd, for that no person, except myself, knowing the love he had for *Lyfimena*, he was told of the danger in which she was. By which means his weakness became greater than it would if he had been ignorant of that of *Lyfimena*. As for *Artemidorus*, he had so tender a friendship for her, that he could not have been much more afflicted if he had been her Lover; and as we are easily led to love such as have been willing to serve those whom we love, this Prince had likewise in a little time a very great friendship for *Zenocrates*, who so generously oppos'd the violence of the Prince of *Leontium*, and was wounded with the same stroke that hurt the Princess. *Zenocrates* knowing I was not ignorant of his love, us'd to me the most moving and passionate expressions in the world as often as I went to visit him from the Princess. Whose virtue (on the other side) I assure you I could not but admire in this occasion, for tho she believ'd she should dy, yet she always preserv'd the same prudence, and did not speak one word which she ought to repent of: she talk'd with me concerning *Zenocrates* always with expressions of great dearth, but yet it was with such caution too, that what she said might as well agree to an amiable

amiable Friend as a faithful Lover. But at length *Lysimena's* youth overcoming the greatness of her distemper, her Physicians one day assur'd she was past all danger of death! of which *Artemidorus* transported with joy went to inform *Zenocrates*, who receiv'd this good news with so much delight, that the Prince perceiv'd he was amorous of *Lysimena*. But he was rather glad than displeased at it; for he hated *Meleontus*, and knowing *Zenocrates* was descended from the ancient Princes of *Herbesa* (altho his rank was now inferiour to that of his Ancestors) he was not sorry that so worthy a man lov'd the Princess his Sister, judging too, that this might rather hinder him from pardoning *Meleontus*. This discovery exciting the Prince to a curiosity of knowing *Lysimena's* sentiments as well, one day when she was able to suffer his conversation, he began to glibe at her a little about *Zenocrates*, whose life, he said, she had almost endanger'd. The Princess blusht when *Artemidorus* spoke thus to her; wherefore fearing he had displeas'd her, I beseech you (said he to her) do not think I speak to you as the Prince my brother would do, namely, with a design to persecute you; No, my dear sister (added he) I have more equitable sentiments, I speak to you as a faithful Friend, and desire not to know your thoughts, for any other end, but to conform my self to them; for I know you love glory, and are incapable of loving any thing without it. My Lord (said the Princess than to him, recollecting her self) to testify to you that I consider you more as a faithful friend than a generous brother, I will make you privy to the only secret of my life, and confess to you, that if I did not take care to rule the sentiments of my heart, I should have as great inclination for *Zenocrates* as I have aversion for *Meleontus*. But for as much as I foresee fortune cannot permit us to live together, I speak to him always as an agreeable Friend, and I forbid him to hope any such thing as a Lover might pretend to, beyond a certain free and uninterested kindness, which I cannot refuse him. This, my Lord, is the only secret of my life, use it as you please; and if you find me Criminal, you will do me a pleasure in telling me so, to the end I may endeavour to correct my fault. This freedom so extremely pleas'd *Artemidorus*, that he gave her a thousand thanks; he approv'd all her sentiments, and there became such an intimate and confiding a friendship between them, as will last all their lives. Afterwards *Artemidorus* with the Princess's consent intimated to *Zenocrates* that he understood his affection; which produc'd in a few days a very strait amity between these three persons, who moreover had such an esteem of me as to communicate to me all their sentiments. In the mean time *Cleantbus* found it a matter of difficulty to compose matters; for the Prince loving *Meleontus* dearly, urg'd that *Lysimena* and *Artemidorus* would pardon him: these two persons on the contrary could not yield to see a man who had committed an action likely to prove so fatal to them. Nor could the Princess their Mother be brought to consent to return to *Leontium* as long as he was there, and desir'd that the Prince would banish him for ever. But *Amerintha*, whom the Prince was amorous of, protecting *Meleontus*, there was no obtaining of what she requir'd. So *Cleantbus* made frequent journies from the Castle where we were to *Leontium*, and from *Leontium* to the Castle to no purpose. All this while *Meleontus* was under a guard, tho it was more to hinder attempts upon his life then to satistie *Lysimena* and

Artemidorus. At length the Princess being recover'd from her sickness, became able to walk in the Gardens of the Castle, which are indeed admirably handsome. As soon as she was in a condition to see the world, all the chief Ladies of *Leontium* came to visit her, and *Clidamira* (whom you know) amongst others came thither with one of her Kinswomen. It hapned that *Artemidorus* accounted her so amiable that day, that he began to be possess'd with the passion which occasion'd all the adventures I know you have heard of. And therefore I shall tell you scarce any thing of it, but only that one day she came with *Andromira* and several other Ladies who stay'd to pass that night with us. Towards the evening the Princess and the Ladies went to walk in the Gardens, and *Amerintha* so brought it about that her self discours'd with *Artemidorus*, *Andromira* entertain'd *Zenocrates* (tho he did not much desire it) another Lady employ'd her self in recounting to me a hundred things which did not concern me; and in the mean time one of her friends, who is as crafty a person as any in the world, led the Princess insensibly into a walk, at the end of which was a Pavilion that had a door opening into the fields. The further end of the place was set about with seats, in which to repose without the inconvenience of the Sun, or being seen of any that walk in the Garden, (tho it be wholly open on the side towards the end of the Walk), because there are great curtains before it which may be drawn at pleasure. The Princess having unwillingly suffered her self to be conducted into this Cabinet, beheld the Curtains half drawn, and observ'd that the gate looking into the fields half shut: but making no reflections upon these two circumstances, which might proceed from several causes she enter'd into the Cabinet without minding that the Lady did not follow her into it, but was gone back into the Walk. She had scarce made three steps in it, but she beheld *Meleontus* at her feet, who holding her by the Robe; notwithstanding her reluctancy forc'd her to hearken to him; for she being still weak by her late sickness, and astonishment redoubling her weakness, she was constrain'd to sit down for fear of falling. At which instant she was in a fear lest *Meleontus* intended to carry her away, and therefore made a great shriek: which nevertheless was not heard by any person, because the company was all in another Walk, where she that was *Meleontus's* Agent knew well her Friends would upon handsome pretences retain them. Wherefore *Meleontus* not to lose an opportunity he could not easily recover, being upon his knees before the Princess who was sat down, began to speak to her with a strange commotion of heart: I beseech you, Madam, (said he to her extream submissively) hear the unfortunate *Meleontus* this last time; which certainly you ought to do, Madam, since he does not pretend to obtain the pardon which he desires of you with tears in his eyes. The unfortunate *Meleontus* (answer'd the Princess) is so criminal, that there are no misfortunes of which he is not worthy. I acknowledge it, Madam (reply'd he hastily). and I took the liberty of coming hither for no other end but to confess it. How dare you, *Meleontus* (said the Princess) come to present your self before me, after you have believ'd me capable of a crime? for in comparison of this, I count it almost nothing that you wounded me neer to death. But to speak truth, I resent most of all, that you went about to kill the Prince my Brother after the most unworthy manner in the World.

Ah!

Ah! Madam (answer'd *Meleontus*) when I saw you so fair, and so charming pass amongst the swords and the arrows with contempt of the danger to save the life of a man whom I believ'd my Rival, and thought was lov'd by you, I resented that which I am unable to express; and in this case I must have been void of love, if I could have preserv'd respect and generosity. I confess therefore, that I minded only to kill him whom I believ'd your Lover; and if *Zenocrates* had been still amorous of you, he would questionless have done the same that I did. Be it how it will (said she) I am well enough pleas'd with *Zenocrates*, but I am not so with you. Alas! Madam (answered *Meleontus*) How can you, since I am not so my self, but on the contrary am my own most mortal Enemy? Yes, Madam, I hate my self more than you hate me, and I have at this present such remorse for my violence, and such respect for you, that I dare not dye here before your eyes, for fear the Prince who loves me should reproach you with my death. Know therefore, Madam, that perceiving the division which I cause between the Prince of *Leontium*, the Prince *Artemidorus*, and your self, I am resolv'd to put an end to that contest by my flight. To which purpose, I have suborn'd my Guards, whilst the Prince is at hunting, and by ways which I need not tell you, am come into this Garden, to assure you here, that I will go seek death in some place so remote from *Leontium*, that no tidings shall ever be heard of me. I will also leave the name which I bear, to the end it may be no more distasteful to you, and retaining all the love I have for you, I will live the most miserable of men, whithersoever I go, if at least I have strength enough to live any time longer, only to adore you. *Meleontus* spoke this so passionately, that the Princess told me all her hatred and indignation could not hinder her from having a little commiseration of him. Nevertheless, she conceal'd it, for fear he should alter his purpose; and therefore speaking to him with a severe air, After bad actions are committed (said she to him) 'tis not enough to speak fine words; a long repentance, a long absence, and a thousand services are requisite to the producing of a reasonable hope of being indur'd amongst persons of honour. Howsoever, since I am equitable, I commend the design you take, as that alone which is fitting for you. Go therefore, *Meleontus*; go (continu'd she, rising up) go ask pardon of the Gods; for, as for me, I should delude you if I should tell you that I pardon you. I have already told you (answer'd the afflicted *Meleontus*) that I did not hope to obtain the pardon which I desir'd; but at least grant me the favour to believe that the excess of my love is the cause of all my Crimes, and that if I had lov'd you less, I had been always innocent. 'Tis the only and last favour I shall ever request of you, not daring to desire so much as a little compassion when you shall imagine that I am dead in exile only for love of you. As the Princess was going to speak something to him, *Meleontus* saw all the Company appear afar off, who (notwithstanding all the contrivance of the Lady that return'd back to amuse them handsomely in the mean time) were seeking for the Princess, and could not longer want her presence. So that *Meleontus* being constrain'd to go away, rose up, and the Princess suddenly leaving him without speaking, he went forth at the door of the Pavilion which opened into the fields, mounted upon a Horse held ready for him by a slave, and lost himself in a wood not far distant. Yet this

could not be done but that *Zenocrates* knew *Meleontus*. As for *Artemidorus*, he observ'd nothing, because he was speaking earnestly to *Clidamira*; and there was none but *Zenocrates* and my self who saw *Meleontus*. He no sooner perceiv'd him, but he chang'd colour, came to me, and looking upon me with somewhat a disturb'd countenance, What did I see? *Amiclea*, (said he) Did my eyes deceive me? Is it possible *Meleontus* could be where I believ'd I saw him? Has the Princess pardoned him? What think you of that which I know you perceiv'd as well as my self? In truth (said I to him) I know not what I ought to think of it, but I know well the Princess can never be unjust, and that her aspect tells me she is as much surpris'd as we. I beseech you, generous *Amiclea* (replyed *Zenocrates*) know the truth of this Adventure, for the respect I bear the Princess withholds me from asking it of her. And accordingly approaching towards *Lyssimena*, she drew me aside, and did me the honour to tell me what had hapned. After which having called *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, she related to them the same she had told me before. At first the departure of *Meleontus* seem'd very advantageous; but afterwards considering the Prince would be afflicted at it, it was fear'd his displeasure would fall upon *Lyssimena*, *Artemidorus*, or *Zenocrates*. However it was judg'd convenient to advertise the Princess of *Leontium* and *Cleanthus* of what had pass'd; and accordingly *Lyssimena* ending her walk sooner than otherwise she would have done, return'd into the Castle. She was not long there, before there arriv'd a friend of *Zenocrates*, who came to advertise the Princess that *Meleontus* was gone away from the place where he was guarded without being known whither, that the Prince was extremely troubled at it, that this Favorite had left the most passionate Letter in the world for him, and that *Amerintha* was much employ'd in comforting him. It was requisite therefore to have recourse to the prudence of *Cleanthus* who was at *Leontium*, to the end to appease the Prince's mind whom he found very sad for the departure of *Meleontus*. He found him also much incens'd against *Lyssimena*, whose rigour was the innocent cause of all these disorders: but at length *Cleanthus* telling him that the way to cause *Meleontus* to return, was to treat *Lyssimena* well, and to endeavour thereby to win her, things were pacified in the end, in spite of the artifices of *Amerintha*. Yet this division extremely afflicted the Princess of *Leontium*, so that she fell sick and dyed within a few days after. *Lyssimena* and *Artemidorus* were sensibly touch'd with this loss: but for the Prince of *Leontium*, he was not much afflicted at it, because he believ'd *Lyssimena* would thereby be more absolutely in his power. Shortly after, *Lyssimena* returned to lodge in the Prince's Palace, and during some days led a life pleasant enough. *Artemidorus* at that time became perfectly amorous of *Clidamira*, which strangely incens'd *Amerintha* who could not touch his heart. Wherefore she obliged the Prince highly to disapprove the affection he had for that Lady; and it was she that prevail'd with him to cause her to be put amongst the veiled Virgins, as no doubt you have heard in the relation of the History of *Artemidorus*. For she designed thereby to cross a Prince whom she did not love, and to serve *Meleontus*, with whom 'tis believ'd she has always had some secret correspondence. For it was easie to judge that *Artemidorus* would not fail to fall out totally with the Prince after this violence; and so *Lyssimena* would lose a

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power.

powerful protector. The event manifested that she was not deceiv'd; for you know *Artemidorus* voluntarily exil'd himself, to deliver *Clidamira*. But whereas it is not his History that I am relating, and you are ignorant of nothing that befel him, I will not tell you of his departure, his shipwreck, the resolution he took to go to the War, and in what manner he became prisoner to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, nor how he fell in love with *Berelisa*; but only what concerns *Lysimena* and *Zenocrates*. You shall know then, that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* (to continue to act according to his custom) made semblance of being in love with *Clidamira*, as soon as she came out from amongst the veiled Virgins, that afterwards he made Courtship for some days to another, but at length conceiving that since *Meleontus* was absent he might dispense with this dissimulation, he continued for some time without a Mistress. Whereupon it was said of him in railery, that of an inconstant person he was become indifferent; and I remember, *Clidamira*, being one day with *Lysimena*, undertook to maintain that it was much more honest to be inconstant than to be indifferent. For, I know nothing more hateful (said she in defence of her opinion) than such people as neither love nor hate, who determine themselves to nothing, and have so lukewarm a soul, that they are not very strongly on their own side. Ask them if they will walk; they know not: inquire of them, whether they would have people love them; they are dubious of it: do them any service; they take no notice of it: offer to displease them; they scarce perceive it: so much are they afraid to disquiet their happy indifference. But as for inconstant persons (added she) they have always something to do; they go, they come, they are employed; and though they desire nothing vehemently, and disclaim obstinacy, yet they are always determin'd to something. They fill some place, and signify something in the World, and at least make themselves to be spoken of, be it well or ill. 'Tis true (answer'd *Lysimena*) but if you observe, the indifferent and the inconstant are not too opposite. For an inconstant person loves indifferently all the Beauties of a City; 'tis only because he has some kind of indifference in his heart, that he loves several persons. And, for my part, methinks, I should love an indifferent person who is determin'd to nothing, better than an inconstant who determines himself to inconstancy, who makes a glory of his weakness, who believes he cannot be a gallant without being a profess'd shittle-brain, and who loving nothing ardently, yet passes all his life as if he lov'd. For the name of Love is not to be given to those transient affections which succeed one after another, which perplex hearts without possessing them, and which almost produce nothing but Sonnets. The Princess spoke this with a certain air, which made *Amerintha* (who was present) suspect something; for she judg'd that *Zenocrates* appearing to be so much in her favour ought to take ill her arguing so strongly against inconstancy, if she believ'd him inconstant. So that observing these things, and inquiring diligently of that waiting woman who formerly gave *Meleontus* intelligence of all *Lysimena's* actions, and whom the Princess had discarded; she came at length to discover that *Zenocrates* was always ardently amorous of her, and that his inconstancy was but dissembled. And forasmuch as she could turn the Prince's mind after what manner she pleas'd, *Lysimena* was one morning extremely amazed to understand that

the Prince had commanded *Zenocrates* to depart his Court at an hours warning, with prohibition to see her before he went away. You may judge how displeasing this news was to her, especially too being advertis'd that *Meleontus* had writ to the Prince two days before. So it behov'd *Zenocrates* to go from *Leontium* without seeing the Princess; nevertheless, he came back thither the same night, conceal'd himself at the house of one of his Friends, and three days after contriv'd a way to speak with *Lysimena* by night in a Garden. Their conversation was the most pathetic in the World; for they saw no ground of hope ever to live happy. I know well (said *Lysimena* to him) That your descent is more illustrious than ~~the~~ Rank you hold at present is eminent. I know likewise that your merit sees nothing above it, and I will believe that your affection cannot be surpass'd by any other; but, when all is done, the Prince my Brother is extreme unjust and violent. He loves *Meleontus* whom I hate, and *Artemidorus* is not here; add hereunto that his Mistress hates us, and does us no less mischief than his favourite. We have no Sanctuary in any place; and though we had, a sentiment of honour would not suffer me to wish we were there together. But, Madam (said *Zenocrates*) what then will you shall become of me? I would have you (answer'd she) endeavour to find *Artemidorus*, adhere to his fortune, and trust to my constancy. Alas! Madam (reply'd he) may an unfortunate absent person be assured of a thing which he ardently desires? Yes, *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lysimena*) when she that promises him is indu'd with generosity. But your self (added the Princess) take heed absence do not change you, and that I have not cause one day to make you a thousand reproaches. Time shall justify me, Madam (said he to her) and you shall see me during all my life the same I am this day, that is, the most faithful Lover that ever was. Alas! *Zenocrates* (answer'd she) there was never an unfaithful Lover in the World, but a moment before his infidelity swore he would be eternally faithful; therefore answer nothing, and leave me to fear that which I cannot but be apprehensive of. *Zenocrates* then made a thousand the most earnest protestations of fidelity that can be imagined; after which he departed, and went first to *Syracusa*, and from thence to *Agrigentum*, where you know he found *Artemidorus*, from whom he has ever since been inseparable. During his stay there, he writ very diligently to *Lysimena*; but having made a long practise of appearing inconstant, he was so accustomed when he was with a fair person, to use Courtship to her, that he did not change his manner. For when *Clidamira* was at *Agrigentum*, there were some days in which she was not displeasing to him. And indeed *Zenocrates* is a little of the humor of those people who think an honest man cannot be call'd unfaithful, though he make some transitory Gallantries, and that the true Mistress ought to be contented, provided she be the chief Lady (to speak in their own terms) and that the Lover be always ready to Sacrifice the rest to her, when she knows it and requires it. So then without being scrupulous in his passion, he came to have something that seem'd like love for *Clidamira*. And this person who has always lov'd to trouble the contentment of others (though she then lov'd *Artemidorus* who did not love her any longer) writ maliciously to *Leontium* to a Friend of hers, that *Zenocrates* had been very amorous of her, and would have been so still, if she had hearkned to him. Forasmuch

as she knew that she to whom she writ was no keeper of a secret, her design succeeded; the Princess soon heard of this news, which she the more deeply resented, for that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, she had suffered a hundred persecutions from the Prince, who continually regretted the case of *Meleontus*. Whereupon she complain'd to me with much tenderness, nor that she did not believe *Zenocrates* always lov'd her, but she could not endure he should have any kindness or complacency for another. How unjust men are? (said she to me) They will have an intire heart, they are jealous of a shar'd glance, and nevertheless they take a liberty to divide themselves upon the least occasion that is presented; and I am perswaded they are ordinarily much more inconstant when they are lov'd, than whilst they only seek to have themselves lov'd: though nothing is more unreasonable than to be less faithful to a person that loves you, than to one by whom you are not lov'd. Such were the sentiments of *Lysimena*; who being advertis'd that *Meleontus* was shortly to return, professed her self discontented with the World, and retired amongst the Veiled Virgins which are near *Leontium*, and I accompany'd her. The Prince was highly offended herewith, though he conceal'd his resentment; and causing *Meleontus* to hasten his return, this Favorite soon after came again to Court, hoping that during the absence of *Artemidorus* he might obtain his pardon of *Lysimena*. But whereas at his taking leave of this Princess, he had spoken to her like a man that went to seek death, and was never to come again, he therefore writ to her at his return almost in these terms.

The unfortunate *Meleontus* to *Lysimena*.

IF you knew, Madam, all that I have done to dye of grief, you could not accuse me of living contrary to my word: for I have continually remembered your rigours, my Crimes and my infelicity. I have sighed, I have lamented, I have not had a moment of quiet, I have complained of you, and I have complained of myself; I have loved you, I have hated myself, and in brief, I have led the most miserable life in the World. But after all, Madam, I have not been able to dye absent from you; wherefore being perswaded Destiny would have me dye in the same place where I had the unhappiness to displease, and offend you, I am returned hither to satisfy you. These, Madam, are the sentiments of the unfortunate *Meleontus*, who loves you more than he ever loved you, although he knows you hate him.

This Letter being very patheticall, I confess to you, though I was *Zenocrates*'s Friend, I told the Princess, that sometimes it was requisite not to be too obstinate against fortune, that there were unhappineses that could not be overcome otherwise than by yielding to them, and that perhaps she would not do very ill in pardoning *Meleontus*, yet without ingaging her self to any thing more. How? (answered *Lysimena* hastily) is it possible for me to lose the natural aversion I have always had for *Meleontus*? Can I

forget that he has been guilty of the injustice to suspect me of a weakness I cannot think of without horror? That he has been so unworthy as to go about to kill a man that was assaulted by above thirty, and whom he could not wound without endangering to kill me, as indeed he wounded me in such a manner that I lookt for nothing but death? What know I but that that he design'd to kill me as well as *Artemidorus*? No, no, *Amiclea* (said she to me) *Meleontus* shall always be hated by *Lysimena*, though even *Zenocrates* should prove unfaithful. After this I durst urge the Princess no more. In the mean time the Prince of *Leontium* being urg'd by *Amerintha*, resolv'd to force *Lysimena* to marry *Meleontus*, and design'd to come and take her with Authority from amongst the Veiled Virgins, in whose number was a Kinswoman of the Prince of *Perusia*, who was shortly to be sent back into the Country of that Prince, there to establish a Temple and a Covent of Virgins like this. Wherefore the Princess (though her mind was exasperated against *Zenocrates*) seeing her self in danger to marry *Meleontus* or a perpetual prison (for she was advertis'd that this was the design of the Prince) took the opportunity which fortune presented her, and resolv'd to pass the Sea with these Virgins, to go to *Perusia*, leaving order with her that governed those that stay'd, not to discover whither she was gone. And accordingly the matter was effected, though her Waiting-women endeavour'd to avert her from it.

So *Lysimena* believing *Zenocrates* too little faithful, and fearing to be forced to marry *Meleontus*, went away (as I said before) to *Perusia*, with intent to resolve if possible to spend her life amongst the Veiled Virgins which were to be establish'd there. As for me, I loving her dearly, and having no Mother, scrupled not to follow her fortune, however resolv'd to hinder her from executing her purpose. But to speak truth, I believe the affection she has always had for *Zenocrates* hindered her from it rather than I. In the mean time the Prince still suffered it to be believ'd in *Sicily* that the Princess *Lysimena* was amongst the Veiled virgins with whom she had shut up her self, having been a long time without discovering where she was. As for *Meleontus*, he continued Favorite to the Prince, and very much afflicted for the absence of the Princess. But for that he has seen her flight was a pure effect of her hatred, I believe his love is much diminish'd, and that he studies only to hinder *Artemidorus* and *Lysimena* from returning to *Leontium*. As for the Princess, she found an inviolable sanctuary with *Mezentius* Prince of *Perusia*; and you are not ignorant that being there in a time of the great disorders that happened between *Porfenna* and him, she serv'd *Aronces* considerably when he came to deliver the Prince his Father; and having afterwards found better protection with *Porfenna* and *Galerita* than *Mezentius*, she has continued in their Court, where she has acquir'd a high reputation, and where *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* understanding of her residence, pass'd to *Syracusa* where *Amilcar* was, and came into *Italy* together, where they have seen *Lysimena* many times. *Zenocrates* has been able to justify himself, or at least to desire pardon for his customary inconstancies, in which nevertheless he swears his heart was never concern'd. But for his punishment, he is become jealous within a few days, and we cannot imagine who it should be that gives occasion to this jealousy.

However, we have understood a thing, which in my judgment will decide the interests of *Berelisa* and

Clidamira in reference to *Artemidorus*; for you shall know we have discovered by an antient Lover of *Lyfimena*, who came from *Leontium* a while since, and has had news from thence within these two days, that *Clidamira* has great credit in that Court, and so great, that *Artemidorus* and *Lyfimena* cannot return thither but by her negotiation. That which gives her this authority, is, because there is a half engag'd love between her and *Meleontus*, who knows not that she still loves *Artemidorus*. The man whom I mention'd having brought a Letter of *Clidamira's* to *Meleontus*, which the Favorite lost and one of my Friends sends me, the Princess has purposed to give it to *Artemidorus* as soon as his health shall be better, to the end to let him fully know the levity of this unfaithful fair one, of whom nevertheless they have great need; for being the Prince of *Leontium* is weak and over-ruled by *Amerintha* and his Favorite, reason can prevail nothing at all with him.

Thus, Madam (said *Amiclea* to *Clelia*) I have recounted to you what you and your amiable Friends desir'd to know; and I beg your pardon for the little art I have us'd in making this relation.

A *Miclea* holding her peace, all these fair Virgins thank'd her: but *Clelia* with a little more coldness than the rest, having her mind so taken up with *Zenocrates's* jealousy, whereof she thought she knew the cause, that she scarce took notice of what was spoken. But there was none besides *Plotina* that observ'd the alteration of her countenance; for *Amilcar*, *Anacreon*, and *Merigenes* being enter'd, the conversation was chang'd. The first discourse was of the War past, the Truce and the Peace; then, of Love; and afterwards concerning *Themistus* and *Merigenes*, who were shortly to depart. For my part (said *Plotina*) I envy those that go to *Syracusa*; for I confess to you I have heard speak of a Lady call'd *Amalthea*, whose merit charms me. Tell me then, I conjure you (said she to *Merigenes*) whether they that brought the intelligence from *Lindamirato* to *Themistus*, told you nothing concerning that admirable Woman. All that I can say (answer'd *Merigenes*) is, that *Amalthea* is continually more generous, that her virtue is never weary of obliging the unfortunate, and that after a noble manner, namely, without ostentation or interest; and the young and charming *Clarissa* her Niece is at this time one of the most amiable Virgins in the World. For advancing in age she is become more beautiful than she was, she has perform'd more than she promis'd, though there was great expectation of her; and her mind being imbellish'd as well as her visage, contributes to render her eyes more glittering, her physiognomy more agreeable, and her deportment more noble: in brief, she has so well improv'd the advantage of residing with one of the most excellent Women in the World, that in this amiable Virgin are found all the charms of youth without any of the defects that ordinarily accompany that age. She is discreet and judicious, debonaire and modest, exact both in friendship and constancy; and it may be said to her honour, that when she is known, it is easie to divine under whom she has been educated. I beseech you (said *Plotina* then) when you go to *Syracusa*, tell the generous *Amalthea* and the charming *Clarissa*, that they have a Friend at *Rome*, whose friendship will cost them as little to preserve as it has to acquire. I promise to tell them whatsoever you please (answer'd *Merigenes*) and to tell it them in one of the most delectable places in the World. For I am

told that since my departure the generous *Artaxander* and the virtuous *Amalthea* have finish'd the building of a low apartment that lies along a fair Garden, and takes up the length of their stately Palace. You will do me a pleasure to speak of me in so excellent a place and in so good company (replied *Plotina*) but I should not be unwilling that you would at least carry my fanfie thither whither according to all appearances I am never likely to go in person. I shall obey you (said *Merigenes*) yet I will not undertake to make you an exact description of that magnificent Palace; for I fear I should a little pervert the order of Architecture. You are very prudent (said *Amilcar*) not to perplex your self willingly amongst Pilasters, Columns, Frieses, and Cornishes; for I remember I once knew a pretender to fine wit, who going about to describe a handsome house, put the Chapter in the place of the Base, the Pilaster upon the Column, and (if I am not mistaken) the Porch at the third story. But yet he had the faculty of employing all the terms of the most exquisite Architecture, from the Fuming Pots to the Altragals. 'Tis true he did not put them in their right place; but nevertheless believing he understood himself, he conceiv'd he was understood too by his hearers, and was very much satisfied with it. To avoid therefore the like inconveniences, (answer'd *Merigenes*, after he had laugh'd a little as well as the rest of the company at that which *Amilcar* spoke) I shall content my self to tell you in general that the Palace of *Artaxander* and *Amalthea* is large and magnificent, and were it finish'd, would be one of the goodliest in the world. That which renders it more agreeable, is, that it is built upon the Haven of *Syracusa*, that there is a spacious and fair Garden belonging to it, that the Court of it is handsome, that the Stair-case is very excellent, that there are great and goodly apartments in it, that there are little ones too, agreeable and convenient; and that all the places and parts of this Palace are uniform, magnificent and well contriv'd. But to describe only the low apartment (in which I purpose to speak of you) I must tell you it is contriv'd in such a manner, that all that can be wish'd is to be found in it; for there are so many rooms upon the same plain, that my memory is puzzled to retain them. There are anti-chambers, Chambers, a Gallery, Cabinets at both ends; and all these so well contriv'd that all the doors of those several places which are upon the same row exactly respond to one another; so that when one is at one end he may see all that is done at the other, & the view passing through all these several places, finds its a very agreeable sight: but above all the rest, the Gallery pleases infinitely. Imagine, that it is so contriv'd as to serve for a Gallery and a Cabinet both; for the Architect took room out of the thickness of the wall, at several distances, to place shelves fill'd with books. The like have been made on the side of the Bay-windows; and for the safety and neatness of the books, there are Curtains which cover them, and great carved Windows which enclose them. This Gallery is vaulted, which renders it agreeable and cool. It has several Bay-windows which look towards the Garden, where are seen abundance of Orange-trees; and on each side and at both ends are seen at equal distances twenty great looking-glasses fastned into the Wainscot which is wholly of Cedar. But to render this sight more agreeable, on the side of each of these great looking-glasses there are other little ones, with branches of silver issuing out at the bottom, each of which supported two stately

stately Lamps. So that when these sixty or eighty Lamps are lighted, the reflection they make in that multitude of Looking-glasses, produces such an admirable spectacle as cannot be represented. And to render this place as commodious as it is handsome, the Cabinet which is at the end remote from the Haven of *Syracusa* has such a semblance of melancholy and solitude, that it is impossible not to be pensive in it. Two steps downward lead into it, it is of no great largeness, the prospect of it is bounded, and there is a shadiness so furable to a solitary retreat, that never was any place so fit to muse agreeably or better contriv'd to tell a secret in, as this. But contrarily, the other Cabinet which is opposite to this, at the other end of this apartment, being in view of the Haven, diverts the eyes with a thousand delightful Objects, and a continual diversity of people going to and fro. So that here is always a choice either of Solitude or of the World; and which is more remarkable, this apartment without many adornments or gilding makes nevertheless such a shew of magnificence as cannot be express'd.

After what you have said (answer'd *Plotina*) I am more desirous than before of the friendship of the generous *Amalthea*, and the charming *Clarissa*. I will not fail (reply'd *Merigenes*) to request it for you, and I confidently promise you to obtain it, as soon as I shall have told them who you are. But would you not also (said *Merigenes*) be Friend to some of my Friends of this Country? I desire it (answer'd she smiling) for according to the humor I am of, I am not very well satisfied with all those I have here. Sincerely (added she) if we well consider, all the World are are but dissemblers; they whom we confide in most, deceive us most, and I think 'tis good prudence to distrust all others and our selves too. For all the World act like the vulgar at some time or other, all the World commits faults, and all the World is to blame in some cases. They who seem active, are deceivers; such as are not deceivers are weak; they that are too wise, love nobody; and they that love really are so few, that they make no remarkable number. Never tell me then (added *Plotina* speaking of some Friends) such a one is a wise man, generous, and incapable of failing; for to speak truly, all men are subject to defects. Yes (continued she with an amiable severity) all the World may be prepossessed with prejudice, all the world is crafty, envious, slanderous, false, weak; and there is scarce a Heroe but in some moment of his life finds some little low and vulgar sentiment in his heart; so true it is that all men have their imperfections. In truth (said *Anacreon*) *Plotina* has reason in what she says, for there is scarce any person that can boast of having a true Friend. Then I am more happy than others (said *Merigenes*) for I believe I have many. I believ'd so as well as you (answer'd *Anacreon*) but upon an occasion of some importance, when I was at the Court of *Polycrates*, I found I had an infinite number of false or weak Friends, and very few whom I could account good. 'Tis so in all places (reply'd *Amilcar*) but in prudence it behoves never to confide in their Friendship further than their own interest, pleasure, or glory ties them to you; and in equity it behoves to love them in the same measure as they love us, and never with any other affection than that which increases and diminishes according to occasion. But Heroical friendship is not much less difficult to be practis'd than constant Love; and

for my part, I have rarely endeavour'd it, because the former is more convenient. 'Tis true, 'tis not so noble, excellent, and solid; but it never causes us much perplexity; it never makes us partakers of the misfortunes or sorrows of our friends; it never renders us concern'd in the injuries which are done them; but taking barely the flowers of friendship (if I may so speak) we leave the thorns to those sincere Friends, who resent all the sorrows of those they love, who engage in all their interests without exception, who maintain the same courageously against the World, who have no fortunes apart, whose very honour is mutually common, who can never be poor whilst one of them is rich, who think themselves not in health when their friends are sick. Believe me (added *Amilcar*) this kind of friendship is not competent to all sorts of people, and I know some persons that have not been able to attain to it, though they much desir'd it. And therefore for fear of the same miscarriage, I content my self with loving according to the fashion, that is, very commodiously for my self. To conclude, whatever *Merigenes* is pleas'd to say, he knows no great number of those Herbes in Friendship. For my part (said *Plotina*) I desire no more of him but the Character of one; for I conceive he must needs be a very agreeable person, it being almost impossible to be perfectly a good Friend, without being perfectly a brave man. I grant it (said *Merigenes*) and I assure my self, that as soon as I shall have named *Lysimantus*, *Amilcar* will confess he is an excellent man, and a faithful Friend. I acknowledge it (answer'd *Amilcar*) and that which renders his friendship more solid, is, that he is indued with an immutable honesty; and as for constancy, he has given a thousand eminent proofs of it, and lov'd the illustrious *Meriander*, even to the death. Since *Lysimantus* was Friend to *Meriander*, and is so still to *Merigenes*; (said *Valeria*) we must needs know, and I joyn my self with *Plotina* to desire his description. I do the same (said *Clelia*) and I assure my self, *Merigenes* will not refuse us. It would be sufficiently hard to do it, Madam (reply'd he) and therefore to obey you, know, *Lysimantus* is a man of illustrious Lineage, and whose Ancestors have born the most considerable Charges in their own Country. But to speak truly, he is so well worthy to be commended by himself, that 'tis not at all necessary to fetch his praises from the virtues of his predecessors, and it suffices to speak only of what is truly his own. He is tall, of a goodly aspect; time has a little thickned his shape; he has a fresh and lively complexion, handsome and sprightly eyes, something a great nose, a happy Physiognomy, the air of a Wise man, and a very obliging address, especially towards his Friends. Nature has given him a great Wit, but solid and firm, with a very exact judgment of the highest matters. Not but that he has a pliable mind, which obliges him not to despise the meaner, for he speaks well in the most trivial things when he pleases to give himself the trouble; but it is certain, his mind is naturally more fit for serious matters. He has an universal knowledge of the World, which scarce ever deceives him; he understands the soundest Policies, and the most solid morality. By his prudence he foresees the most remote and least probable events; and his firmness of mind causes him to support constantly the most unexpected misfortunes. He knows how to undergo the changes of Fortune without changing his countenance; exile and imprisonment shake not the firm-

firmness of his heart; and never studying but to do that which he ought, he leaves events to the power of Fortune, and always prepares himself for the most prosperous, that so he may not be surpriz'd by them. He is honorable, honest, punctual, secret, and as great a friend as possibly can be. His manners are very innocent; yet his virtue is nothing austere towards others; but on the contrary, he conceives the wiser a man is, the more he is oblig'd to excuse the light follies of his Friends. He is naturally inclin'd to ambition and action, but his virtue renders him so absolute a Master of his mind, that he conforms himself admirably well to moderation and quiet. 'Tis true, this quiet is sufficiently honourable to him; for his virtue, and his great love of justice and truth being known to all the world, he is the comforter of his unfortunate friends, the umpire of many great contests, and the depository of the last wills of divers eminent, who would be assur'd at their death to have their intentions perform'd. For *Lyfimantus* is incapable of bending for any respect whatsoever, when he sees virtue does not require it; and indeed all the Grandeur of the World, nor death it self cannot make him demur a moment to do his duty. He believes a man is not oblig'd to be happy, but is oblig'd to be virtuous; and he thinks he should be more miserable if he could reproach himself with an action of weakness, than if he were expos'd to the most cruel persecution that ever was. In which regard he confines himself so scrupulously to do what he ought, that he can never fail in it; and friendship, as powerful as it is in his heart, has never been able to cause him to omit the least thing which he thought himself oblig'd in honour to do, though it were in the most nice and difficult occasions. Nevertheless, he loves his Friends very tenderly; for, being Love in general never much touch'd his heart, though he may be not incapable of a great passion, his Friendship is thereby the more ardent and tender. But how strong soever it be, the love of glory and virtue have always the greatest influence upon him. 'Tis true, he does not flatter himself with self-conceit in these occasions, nor make a pretext of justice to the disadvantage of Friendship; but he so well understands the just bounds of generosity, justice, and friendship, that he is never mistaken in them. Nevertheless, he has a virtue which he is troubled to give bounds to in his heart. For he believes goodness ought almost never to have any, and therefore he makes a particular profession of being good; and this is so much the more excellent, in that having a very high Soul, his goodness has nothing in it but what is noble, and can never be suspected of weakness. Were I minded, I could relate to you a hundred eminent actions of this illustrious man, which would confirm that which I say; but since I know he loves not to have his actions publish'd, I shall conform to his humor, and deprive you of a very great pleasure by depriving him of a great glory. But though I forbear to tell you any thing of his life, yet I shall at least inform you that he was dearly belov'd by the illustrious *Meriander* (whom you have heard so much spoken of) and is infinitely so at present by the generous *Theander*, the prudent *Theodamas*, the agreeable *Teramus*, the ingenious *Amilcar*, the illustrious *Herminius* (whom he saw at *Syracusa*) and by a man of eminent worth call'd *Clidamantus*, who has a high and tender heart, a very great capacity, with all noble inclinations, who is very sensible of Love and Friendship, who is honourable and generous, who

writes excellently both in Verse and Prose, who cannot submit to any thing but Reason, whose Will is ardent in whatsoever he effects, who is decent and magnificent, and who by a thousand great and excellent qualities has deserv'd the friendship of *Lyfimantus*. I am ravish'd with this Character of your illustrious Friend (answer'd *Plotina*) but I beseech you, tell me whether *Meleander* lov'd him always alike till his death. He so tenderly lov'd him (reply'd *Merigenes*) that he left him his portrait, and made choice of him to execute his last intentions. Nevertheless an adventure once befel them worthy to be related to you, which might have bred a feud betwixt them, if both of them had not had well-temper'd minds, and in which honour and friendship made a great contest in the heart of *Lyfimantus*. I beseech you (said *Clelia*) tell us that adventure. I will so (answer'd *Merigenes*) on condition the company will afterwards declare their sentiments concerning the action of my Friend. I scruple not to engage my self to this (reply'd *Clelia*) for I perceive in the eyes of all that hear me they will do what you desire. Know then (said *Merigenes*) there was never a straiter friendship than that which was between *Lyfimantus* and *Meriander*; for they had a great mutual affection and esteem, and had no distinct interests. Being in this condition, Fortune engag'd them to follow a great Prince into a strange Country, where having continued a sufficient long time, it hapned that this Prince's affairs becoming in another posture, he took a resolution to depart secretly out of the Country whither he had retir'd, and discover'd his purpose to *Lyfimantus* and some other besides, with order to tell no person whatsoever of it, and to steal away with himself the next night, without giving intelligence of it to any. *Lyfimantus* then found himself in an extreme plunge; for on the one side honour requir'd him to be faithful to his Master, and on the other friendship would not permit him to desert his Friend in a strange Country, where he might be ill treated, or at least arrested after the departure of the Prince. However, though *Lyfimantus* lov'd *Meriander* more than his own life, yet believing he could not reveal his Master's secret without perfidiousness, he told *Meriander* nothing of it, and resolv'd to go with the Prince till he had conducted him into a place of safety, and to return afterwards to find his Friend and partake of the same Fortune with him, how bad soever it might prove. The business was done accordingly; *Lyfimantus* followed the Prince, and *Meriander* stay'd behind, and was extremely astonish'd at the departure of his Friend. But having a good opinion of the heart of his Friend, he complain'd rather of his own misfortune than of him, and took it not ill that honour had been more prevalent in his mind than friendship, and that not being able to satisfy the one without violating the other, he had prefer'd his duty before all things. Wherefore having found out a way to escape, and gone to seek the Prince upon the frontier, from whence his Friend was ready to return back to him, he was so generous as not to make him the least reproach. On the contrary he embrac'd him with ardency; and when *Lyfimantus* would have told him what a sorrow it was to him to have been prohibited by his duty from revealing the secret to him wherewith he had been intrusted, I beseech you (said he) have not so sad an opinion of me as to suspect that I blame you; for if I did, it would imply that I might be capable of a Treason. Do not then treat me

me in this manner, I conjure you, and believe that if I had been in your place, I should have done as you have: but if any alteration has hapned in my heart, 'tis that I esteem you more than I did before. Ha! *Meriander* (cry'd *Lyfimanus*) this action of yours is far more excellent than mine; and if you have encreas'd your esteem of me, I am oblig'd to augment (if possible) my affection for you.

Ha! *Merigenes* (cry'd *Plotina*) that which you relate seems to me so excellent, so noble and heroical, that my reason is dazled with it. And sincerely (added she) I know not which deserves the greater admiration, *Lyfimanus* or *Meriander*. For my part (said *Clelia*) I judge *Meriander* to have taken a very commendable course: but since there was no other in reason to be taken, and since that which *Lyfimanus* did, was more difficult to resolve on, I conceive more praises are to be given to *Lyfimanus* than to *Meriander*. If you please to consider (said *Anacreon*) you will find it a greater difficulty to keep our selves from being sway'd by our own interests, and to judge equitably in favour of a Friend when we are both judges and parties. But however (said *Valeria*) the matter was not very ambiguous; for no man ought ever to betray his Master in favour of a Friend. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) but there are so many people who betray their Masters for considerations less noble, that a man cannot be too much commended who did what he ought at such a time, when he could not do it without exposing his Friend to be arrested in a strange Country. But yet I would know (said *Plotina*) when 'tis lawful to desert one's Friend. Never (said *Valeria*) but being 'tis forbidden for a man to be perfidious to his Master, in some occasions there may be a necessity of declining to serve his Friends as he desires. But to speak truth, these unhappy occasions are few; for it is requisite that they be indispensable duties, and such as are required toward our Prince, Father, or Country: nevertheless at the same time we ought to be capable of entering into all the interests of those we love, and to be sensible of whatever concerns them: it is requisite that their honour be mingled with our own, and that we be more ready to pardon injuries done to our selves than to our Friends. Finally, we ought positively to do more for our Friend than we would do for our selves. By what *Merigenes* has related (said *Clelia*) it appears that *Lyfimanus* thought himself oblig'd even to perish with his Friend, since he resolv'd to return where he had left him; and 'tis easie to judge what he was capable of doing for him, by what he would have done against himself, lest his Friend might suspect him of too little affection. But that which I account most praise-worthy in *Meriander* (added *Valeria*) is, that he believ'd his Friend when he told him of his intention to return, and that without doubting a moment of what he said. For 'tis one of the greatest priviledges of Friendship to believe a Friend, as we would be believ'd by him. For if you think him capable of dissimulation, you ought to withdraw your friendship from him; and for my part, I confess, that I am sensibly troubled when that which I say, is doubted of; because I am incapable of lying: besides, as soon as distrust is admitted amongst friends, friendship it self is in danger to be destroy'd. Undoubtedly *Valeria* has reason (answer'd *Amilcar*) and there is nothing more disgustful than to call in doubt that which a Friend assures you of, and nothing likewise that more argues the weakness of friendship in him that doubts;

for if he takes his Friend for a sincere person, why does he not believe him? and if he think him false, why does he not discard him? Affuredly 'tis confidence which is the most indissoluble bond of heroical friendship. So *Meriander* (who was vertue it self) presently believ'd *Lyfimanus*; and to conclude, it may be said, without determining precisely which of the two deserves most commendations in this occasion, that either of them did all which they ought to do, to merit a greater mutual esteem. In truth (said *Plotina* then) I think there are not found many such Friends as *Lyfimanus* and *Meriander*; and 'tis prudence not to believe lightly that we have found one, for fear of being deceived. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I am perswaded, that the World has in general been always alike, that there has been always vice and virtue, that what is not in one place is in another. And for what concerns me (said *Plotina*) I think *Merigenes* has done a master-piece in entertaining our minds so agreeably with the relation he has made us; for ordinarily narrations somewhat long do not much divert, and the custom of relating such continually ought to be avoided; as I know some who never speak but of the time pass'd, and always recounting what they have seen, say nothing of what they see. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) these eternal tellers of Stories are sometimes much to be fear'd. Some are confus'd, others too long, some are so peevish that they will never be interrupted, others on the contrary interrupt themselves, and at the end know not what they have spoken, nor what they intended to speak: such as recount things that are not much cared for nor delightful in themselves, are more troublesome than the Tellers of Stories. Yet I had one day sufficient pleasure (said *Plotina*) in playing a prank once in my life in a company where I was; for after they had diverted themselves with a hundred several things, it was concluded to refer the diversifement of the rest of the day to me. Wherefore when they had walkt, danc't and been entertain'd with a sumptuous collation, I thought it would be best to contrive some kind of amusement in the conversation. But being there were some persons in the company of no great Wit, I confess that judging they were not fit to be diverted seriously, I made a malicious piece of railery, which was to engage them all to obey me, and to speak concerning what I pleas'd. And so chusing such subjects for these people to speak of as they understood least, I made them say very pleasant things. For my part (said *Valeria*) I should be much puzzled if I were obliged to speak of several things which I understand not. And, as for me (said *Clelia*) I speak not much but of that which affects my heart. For my particular (said *Amiclea*) I speak indifferently what I have seen; and I what I think (added *Merigenes*) I am then more dextrous than all you (said *Amilcar*) for me thinks I speak alike well of every thing. At least you speak sometimes very pleasantly of others (answer'd *Plotina*) and though you believe you always do wonders (added she) yet I am confident you will not make a description of a handsome place so well as *Amiclea*. I grant it (reply'd he) but I can boast that I do it better than any thing else, except loving you; for, as for that, I not only surpass others, but I daily surpass my self. I beseech you (said she smiling) do not confound your descriptions, leave that of your affection to another time, and content your self to describe to us some fair House, or Garden, that

we may see your skill. But if he describe a place to us which we have not seen (said *Valeria*) we shall not know whether he describe it well or no. If you will refer your selves to *Merigenes* (answer'd *Amilcar*) I will describe one to you, in which your fancy may walk with incredible pleasure; for there is not a fairer in the World. They say 'tis so dry in *Africa* (reply'd *Amiclea*) that I hardly think you can make so handsome a description if you chuse a place of your own Country. No, no (answer'd *Amilcar*) do not fear my judgment, for 'tis at least as great as my Wit. And therefore I shall describe to you a very fair Place in *Asia*, which I know *Merigenes* has seen, and which is not far from *Babylon*. Then 'tis the fair house of *Telaſtus* and *Meliſanta* (reply'd *Merigenes*.) 'Tis the same (said *Amilcar*.) Your choice is admirable (answer'd *Merigenes*) and you cannot mistake in the corner of a Walk, but I shall perceive your error. But 'tis a long way from hence to *Asia* (said *Amiclea*.) As for the Voyages of the fancie (answer'd *Plotina*) they are so easily made, that it will be no trouble to me, to go to *Babylon* in a moment. But how will you know (said *Valeria*) whether *Amilcar* represents a place well which you never saw, and never will? 'Tis sufficient (answer'd she) that I see whether he knows how to make a handsom Idea of a fair place; he that so much derides those that put the Bases upon the Chapters: for as for my own part, I confess to my shame, when I have been in a brave Garden, I could say nothing of it but that it was extremely handsome, delightful, and admirable. Then I shall excel you (answer'd *Amilcar*) and to manifest so much, attend to me silently, and have a little patience. If I would make a bare plat-form, I should soon have done; but intending to make you a faithful Portraiture, I must desire a little time. Yet I confess ingenuously, the place I am going to describe to you, which is called Mount *Euphrates*, has such extraordinary Beauties, that I think it impossible to delineate them well. It is so near *Babylon*, that it requires but a quarter of an hour to go thither, 'Tis true, the mountain upon which it is situated, is a little towards the right side of the City, but nevertheless, there is no difficulty at all in the way; besides, if one pleases to go a little about, there is a way leads to it, the slopeness of which is almost imperceptible. As for the Building, it has nothing very magnificent on the outside, but it is admirably commodious within. The apartments of it are handsome; there are Halls, Chambers, Galleries, and so pleasant, convenient, and agreeable a Cabinet, that nothing can be desired more in it. For after having passed through a great Hall, and a handsome Chamber, one enters into it by a carved Door, the borders of which are gilded. The form of this Cabinet is square, it is painted and gilded all about, and on three sides of it are Looking-glasses with gilded frames, which by reflection receive all the Objects of the most goodly Country that ever was seen, and of one of the fairest Gardens in the World; so that sitting upon the rich Cushions which are about it, or upon a little Couch which is on the side opposite to the Door, one sees on all sides a most agreeable sight. For these several Looking-glasses not only give several representations of a brave Country, a Garden, and the square Ponds of water, as well as the Company which is in it; but they multiply themselves, and by the diversity of their reflexions agreeably de-

ceive the eyes, and pleasingly amuse the imagination. And to make an end of describing this admirable Cabinet, I shall tell you, that there is a kind of a shelf, in form of a Cornish which lyes round about above the Looking-glasses. This shelf is painted and gilded, like all the rest of the Cabinet, and several curious and magnificent vessels are seen upon it. But that which chiefly renders this Cabinet admirable, is, that it has a large Bow-window from whence is seen all that which I am going to describe to you. But to do it well, it is requisite to return back the same way, to the end to represent to you all that is perceiv'd in an instant, when having gone through a very handsome passage, and cross'd a great Court, one arrives at the Porch, and advances up the steps. Conceive then, that one is no sooner arriv'd at the place I speak of, but there is discovered the fairest sight in the World, for to omit speaking of a great Terrass walk which lies between two agreeable Groves, I will only tell you that it is a stately stone Balcone, beyond which is seen a large green plat with divisions and borders of Flowers round about, and three Walks on the two sides of it, as it were to lead the sight to a fair Fountain, which is so much the more admirable, for that it is plac'd upon the top of a Mount. Beyond this Fountain which has a very stately Basin, is another green plat made Terrass-wise, with three stately entrances of stone-work, and two large square lakes of water on the right and left side, almost as if Nature had invert'd her order by placing lakes upon Hills, they are so great and handsome. 'Tis true, in approaching towards them, 'tis visible enough that Art has assist'd Nature, for they are encompass'd with stone, the sides of them are green turf, and there are low walks to go round about them, the borders of which are covered with perpetual verdure. So that these Ponds of water having each of them five Fountains arising up with sharp spires, make a very agreeable Object with that Fountain in the middle I told you of before. Below this there is a third Terrass'd green plat, more rustical than the second, from whence being descended by other stone stairs, one sees a Round of water with several Jets of Water, Rocks, Prilling-spouts, Napes, and all that the industry of men can add to Nature. But to bring back your imagination to the Porch (if I may so speak) and make you well comprehend that which is seen there, know, that besides the first and second green-plat, the Fountain in the middle, and the two square lakes of water, the prospect reaches to above twenty miles distance, though the sight be agreeably arrested by a very delectable variety. For beyond the inclosure of the park is seen a hill on the left hand, which is cultivated by husbandry, and instead of hindring the sight, leads it towards the fairest Object in the world; for there is discovered a Royal House standing in a Plain, which has several stately Towers of ancient structure; and another proud modern Building, which one of the chief men of the World caus'd to be built there, to render this place more fit for the divertisement of a great Prince. This Castle is accompanied with a great Wood, which is discover'd likewise, and is a marvellous ornament to the Country. More towards the right hand is seen another fair House, which belongs to a man very illustrious both for his eminent Charges, and his great Qualities. And a little nearer is seen a Temple, in which are Virgins consecrated to *Diana*, and several other Houses of Persons of Quality are discern'd, which

which adorn this Countrey with an agreeable variety. Beyond these fair Objects, which seem to serve chiefly to render the Prospect from Mount *Euphrates* more divertizing, is seen an admirable Plain which shews as if it were united with the sky; and on the right hand is seen the top of a rustick Temple, solitary plains, hills, copses, heaths, interjacent fields, and remote mountains, which rising insensibly one above another, withdraw themselves out of view by their distance. In brief, this sight is so surprizing and excellent, that one cannot be but continually amaz'd and charm'd with it. However, I must change my station, and conduct you from the left side of the Porch into a great Walk which runs through a side of the Grove, and is cross'd by two other very solitary walks, in the concourse of which is a Fountain in the midst. Going towards which, one finds on the right hand a little end of a Walk, which suffering the sight to pass through the trees that reach up to the Sky, discovers at a distance the Royal House I mention'd, the prospect of which is so agreeable. But when amongst the sweet warblings of a thousand Birds who are the perpetual guests of this pleasant wood, you arrive at the Fountain, you find your self in the midst of several Walks, and in an admirable place. That which continues directly from the House, at the end rises up into a little Hill, and hath a Copsé on the left side, and a spacious Meadow on the right. If one look towards the side where the sight is free, one sees the same Countrey I have described to you, but with another aspect; because by changing place, all the objects appear after a different manner. But after this, turning to the contrary side you behold the shadiness of the Wood, and pass into another Walk from whence is seen on the left hand a Meadow between two Woods, which is the most agreeable sight in the World; and on the right, another Meadow, and a little further a Copsé. At the end of this Walk, one enters into a great Walk of the Wood, the Trees of which are so shady that they wholly intercept the rays of the Sun. From this place is a very agreeable prospect, for this walk at one end terminates in a kind of perspective and rising at the other between two handsome Copses, one mounts up a little Hill where are four Walks, and where the sight is so free that one would think himself master of the World. On one side is seen the same Countrey that was seen from the Porch, and several square Ponds of water; and on the left hand, many brave houses, and a plain of far greater extent. On the one side is seen a corner of *Babylon*, and the shady Woods; and on the other a rustick Temple, all *Assyria*, the proud Monuments of the ancient Kings of this Countrey, Villages, Towns, Cottages, Valleys and Mountains afar off, and so great an extent of Land, that the sight being unable to discern any thing more, the imagination supplies its deficiency, and makes one think he sees that which he does not, because he knows only that things ought to be there. After this you go back the same way, and turning at the bottom of the Hill, you ascend by little rustick solitary Walks which shew as if it were the remotest Desert in the World. All is wild and neglected, there is nothing to be seen there but Trees and shade; nor heard, besides Birds. By the way is seen a little place to take covert, but it was made only to rest in, or avoid the Rain: so that in this place the imagination cannot but be fill'd with solitary objects. But then, having gone some time in these little winding-walks, one arrives at a Walk as high as the

Wood. It rises on the side toward the little Hill, and is very open: but at the other end it is very delightful with its shadiness. On the left side are divers cross Walks, which descend by degrees, and whose shew is gloomy and wild. A little further on the same side there is a place so charming, that a Painter could never invent any thing so handsome. And there is another, the objects of which, though handsome, have an appearance of solitariness that pleases infinitely. But without stopping at so many places, I must proceed to tell you, that having gone some time in this high Walk, one sees at the end a kind of shew, which at first is so confus'd, that 'tis not discernable what it is; but going further one would think he beheld a great River and the Masts of a Navy: a little after, one would imagine, it were some piece of admirable Perspective painted; but in approaching nearer, one finds that they are Towers and Pyramids, and that this is the most goodly and magnificent sight in the World. For through three large Windows which make up the whole side of a Cabinet built with a round arch'd roof, is seen in the plain directly opposite the great and stately City of *Babylon*, which by the Towers of its Temples, Palaces and hanging Gardens makes a confusion of gallant objects that dazzles and amazes the imagination, especially when the Sun shines upon them in the morning. The admiration this Prospect excites, deprives some of speech, and causes others to make a thousand shours; and the excellency of it cannot be imagined by any but those that have seen it. But the opposition of divers other things seen from the same place renders it more surprizing. For upon hillocks toward the right hand are seen many little Countrey-cottages, a rustick Temple something nearer, a small thicket of trees; on the left Vineyards, and Corn-fields, in the middle spacious and flowry Meadows, and furthest of all, the heads of Mountains crown'd with stately Palaces. And besides all this magnificence, there is a terrass'd Walk six hundred paces long, that affords the same prospect, which undoubtedly is the most admirable in the World. But fear of tediousness persuades me to omit the description of several cross Walks which meet at the entrances of the Cabinet from whence this rare prospect is seen; and not to mention to you the various and admirable prospects of them, I shall only tell you, that descending to the low Walk of the Wood there is an admirable one for variety, and that from thence is seen the same square Pond that was seen from the little Hill which is directly opposite to it. But in brief, being return'd into the low Walk, one goes out of it by great Stairs of stone, crosses the Court, and comes again into the Porch, the goodly prospect from whence comforts you agreeably for all the other fair objects which are no longer seen. But that which is remarkable, they to whom this gallant House belongs (who are noble *Babylonians*) are so worthy of it, that all the World rejoices to see it in their power. For *Telasius* and *Melisanta* his wife are persons of great fame for vertue, in which respect they are highly esteem'd by all people of eminent quality and worth. *Telasius* is a comely personage, of a brown complexion, and a tall stature; he has a noble air, an agreeable smile, and is extremely civil. His mind is of a good temper, his conversation sincere, his judgment solid, and his capacity fits him for the most considerable employments. His fortune is no doubt very advantageously establish'd: but he uses it so nobly, that no body is envious of his plenty. Whatever can be expected from magnifi-

magnificence guided by discretion, is to be found in his habitation. His Houses are handsome, his Table is splendid, delicate and neat, he loves worthy persons; and to compleat his felicity, the Gods have given him a Wife whose perfectly noble inclinations corresponding to his own, leave him nothing to desire for his happiness but to have children that may succeed and resemble them. For *Melisanta* is indu'd with all that can render an excellent woman considerable. She is not tall, but yet she is well made, and has a very agreeable shape. She has brown Hair, a fair and lively complexion, blew Eyes, pretty, cheerful and sprightly. The shew of her countenance is agreeable, her smile very amiable, her Neck well made, her Arms and Hands delicate, and her gestures free and graceful. As for her mind, she is infinitely ingenious, and has a sprightly Wit that exerts itself always in conversation, and never suffers her to be pensive. She has a quick and ready Fancy; she speaks very exactly and easily upon all occasions; she makes a divertizing relation in the most pleasant manner possible; and her memory is so faithful to her, that I once heard her repeat a Discourse made by the most Eloquent of the *Babylonian* Magi, without varying scarce any thing from it. As for her judgment, the conduct of her whole life gives an advantageous proof of it, it not being possible to find a person more solidly virtuous than she. Nothing ever molests her, and she satisfies all kind of duties without solicitude. There is not a woman in *Babylon* more exact in observing all things pertaining to her Religion; she performs to her Relations all the offices she owes them; she does no less to her Friends, and never failing in any of the different occasions whereto decency or civility engage her, she has yet time enough left to spend in conversations and things indifferent. As for her Address, one would think she was design'd for every thing she does; her Attire is well chosen, her House-furniture is judiciously furnished, and when she gives a Collation to her Friends at her fair House in the Countrey, nothing can be desir'd more. Her slaves serve her with order, decency and respect, and she understands the art of giving in the most gallant manner in the World. She has a Friend, to whom one day she made a Present very ingeniously; for having taken notice of a very handsome Picture-case which she wore hanging by a plain string, and this Friend coming to visit her, she took it from her with more dexterity than a *Lacedemonian* could have done: so that this Lady believing it lost, regretted the loss of it four days together. But at length *Melisanta* sent her the Case which she griev'd for, causing her to be told that it was recovered out of the hands of thieves; and whereas they had put a chain to it, she conceiv'd she might keep it without scruple, because it was not known to whom to restore it, and no person came to demand it. But indeed this chain, which was of handsome workmanship, and had a very neat clasp belonging to it, was put to the Picture-case by *Melisanta*, who by this ingenious liberality would make a Present under the colour of a theft. It is for you to judge by this of *Melisanta's* mind, who besides all I have told you, has yet another admirable quality; for she has a very excellent and charming voice. She sings as well as 'tis possible to sing, and there's no person that hears her, but would think she has a very passionate soul. Yet she is sometimes accus'd of not being sensible enough to friendship, and indeed I

think it may be confidently said without doing her injustice, that hers is usually more generous than tender, though I think it not impossible for her to love with great dearth. However, her manner of loving is very commodious to her Friends and glorious to herself, for she is very careful of persons whom she loves; she is officious, gentle, and agreeable, and she has no friend but owes her a thousand civilities and pleasures: in brief, it may be thought that were *Melisanta* as loving as she is lovely, the friendship born towards her would be so excessive, that it would torment as much as if it were love. Ha! *Amilcar* (said *Plotina*) I am extremely taken with *Melisanta*, and should like better to be with her at Mount *Euphrates* than in the Camp of *Porfenna*. However, as I am sincere, I confess you are as great a Painter of Landships as *Pourtraitures*; but before I commend so much as I desire, *Merigones* must tell me, whether *Telastus*, *Melisanta*, and Mount *Euphrates* are such as you represent them. They are so like (answered *Merigones*) that there is nothing more exact. All that *Amilcar* has spoken, has much diverted me (said *Valeria*) but I should not counsel another to make so long a narration, unless he could perform it as well. That which I admire (said *Amiclea*) is, that *Amilcar* has so accurately retain'd all the particularities of so excellent a place. As for that (answer'd he) wonder not; for you must know, that all handsome Objects make so strong an impression in my mind, that they never are extinguish'd. But I declare to you freely that in an ordinary conversation I should not have made my relation so long; for it is not fit to impose silence to a whole Company, only to shew that one knows how to speak. After this, *Amiclea* withdrawing, the rest of the company departed, so that *Clelia*, *Plotina* and *Valeria* being left alone, the two latter perceived that *Clelia's* melancholy was still more augmented. What's the matter? my dear Sister (said *Plotina* to her) What new cause produces this sadness? *Clelia* blusht at this speech, and would have pass'd it without answering; but *Valeria* pressing her thereto, Is it possible (said she to them) that you have not apprehended by the end of *Amiclea's* relation that *Zenocrates* is jealous of *Aronces* and *Lysimachus*? and that you know not, that this being join'd to all the other conjectures I have of my unhappiness, I have ground to believe that *Aronces* is unfaithful, and that whilst I obstinately reject *Horatius's* affection, he is unconstant to mine? To shew you (reply'd *Plotina*) that I am sincere, though I am Sister to *Horatius*, and think he is worthy of your love, yet I do not stick to assure you that *Aronces* is innocent, and that your jealousy is as ill grounded as that of *Zenocrates*. But who knows (said *Clelia*) whether *Aronces* does not consent to the order which he has receiv'd, not to see me? for by this means we shall be sent back to *Rome* without his seeing me, and when I shall be return'd thither, perhaps he will write to me that he could not disobey the King his Father; and so without being expos'd to my reproaches, he will forget all his Oaths, and perhaps love me no more. But if this misfortune should happen (added she blushing with) I find I should hate *Aronces* as much as I have lov'd him, and this bare suspicion I have of him, causes such a confus'd trouble in my heart, that I cannot distinguish what sentiments I have in my Soul. As *Clelia* was speaking in this manner, *Lucilius* enter'd, and seem'd to them very sad. So that *Plotina* being solicitous concerning the cause of his

his sadness, askt him hastily, what the matter was. Alas ! Madam (said he sighing) I am unwilling to tell you. *Clelia* and *Valeria* blurr, and looking upon *Lucilius*, Is it (said *Valeria*) because the peace is disturb'd by the artifices of *Tarquin*? Or is it (added *Clelia*) because *Porfenna* instead of keeping us for Hostages, determines to treat us like prisoners? No, Madam (answered he) but 'tis because he has caus'd the Prince to be arrested, without any known cause, and seems extremely incens'd against him. How? (said *Clelia* in a great surprize) is *Aronces* arrested by *Porfenna's* Order? Yes, Madam (answered he) and the Camp is so mov'd, all the World is so astonish'd, and the Queen, and the Princess of the *Leontines* so afflicted at it, that it is impossible to express to you the universal consternation occasion'd thereby. *Clelia* sigh'd at these words, which at the same time redoubled both her discontents and her suspicions. But is it not imagin'd (said she) for what reason he is arrested? Not at all (answered *Lucilius*) all that is known, is, that ever since the cruel *Tullia* had so private a conference with *Porfenna*, he has been sufficiently pensive and sad; that yesterday there came several men from that Prince, with whom *Porfenna* conferr'd in private; and that soon after he caus'd the Prince to be arrested, and absolutely commanded he should not be suffer'd to speak to any person. So that, Madam, I do not see, how he can so much as give any intelligence of himself to those he loves most. *Porfenna* has also appointed that you be guarded with more care than ordinary, though he has commanded too, that you be always served with respect.

The Queen and the Princess of the *Leontines* being desirous to speak concerning the Prince to *Porfenna*, he told them with sufficient roughness, that when they knew his offence, they would hate him as much as they lov'd him; and till he could declare it to them, he desir'd them not to speak of him more. This I conceiv'd fit to let you know, Madam (added *Lucilius*) to the end that if you know anything that may be prejudicial or advantageous to *Aronces*, you

might make use of it as you judge convenient. Alas ! Generous *Lucilius* (reply'd she) I know nothing, saving that I am unhappy, and that if *Aronces* be no more criminal towards me than towards *Porfenna*, he is the most innocent of all men. A little while after this, *Telanus* brought a Letter from *Aronces* to *Clelia*, in which she found these words.

The unfortunate *Aronces* to the Incomparable *Clelia*.

I Know not what I am accus'd of, Madam; but I know well; I have done nothing but lov'd you, since I began to be yours. Therefore pity me, I conjure you; and whatever befalls me, be as faithful as I am.

Clelia read this Letter with a strange agitation of mind; and *Telanus* having promis'd her to endeavor to deliver her answer to the Prince, before his Guards were absolutely settled, she writ and gave him her Letter: after which, being unable to dissemble her grief, she retir'd till *Lucilius* and *Telanus* were gone. But as soon as they were departed, Who ever saw (said she to *Valeria* and *Plotina*) a more unhappy person than I am? for I pass not one day without some new misfortune. 'Tis but a moment since I was so far jealous as almost to hate *Aronces*, and at present I so commiserate his unhappiness, as to wish my self prisoner in his room. For if it were so, he might deliver me, whereas I am able to do nothing but pity him, and pity him unprofitably. But after all, if I cannot cease to be unhappy, I may perhaps at length cease to live; there being no likelihood that I shall be always able to overcome grief. *Valeria* and *Plotina* did all they could to comfort her, but with no effect; and *Clelia* having pass'd the rest of the day in complaint, spent all the night in sighing.

The end of the First Book of the Fifth part of CLELIA.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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CLELIA:

The Fifth and last Part.

BOOK II.

THE imprisonment of the illustrious *Arances*, as it produc'd a passionate sorrow in the breast of *Clelia* at the Camp, so it excited a secret joy in that of *Horatius* at *Rome*; it being not possible for a rival, how generous soever, not to be glad for such a misfortune as may conduce to render him happy. And in order hereunto, he urg'd *Publicola* and the second Consul with much importunity to expedite the performance of the Treaty. *Herminius* also was no less earnest for it; to the end he might see *Valeria* return: but as for *Emilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius*, they would have rather chose never to see their Mistress again, than to be spectators of *Herminius* happiness by her Nuptials. *Octavius* being become amorous of *Hermilia*, ardently desir'd that the peace were concluded; *Clelia* also wish'd it impatiently, that he might cause *Clelia* to marry *Horatius*; and all the *Romans* in general, unwillingly induring that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were still so near *Rome*, made continual vows for the accomplishment of the peace. As for *Artemidorus*, he recovered so fast in a few days, that his Physicians affirm'd he would shortly be able to go abroad; and in the mean time the Princess of the *Larentines* signified to him that she would visit him speedily about an important Affair, but her presence being necessary at *Porfenna's* Court for serving *Arances*, she could not exactly set the time. This Message extremely discontented *Zenocrates*, whose mind being prepossess'd with jealousy, he believ'd that the cause of deferring to visit a Brother, could be no other than to serve a lover and not a friend. On the other side *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* seeing *Artemidorus* recover'd, made a resolution to go to *Præneste*, and *Anacreon* offer'd himself to accompany them. In the interim, all the most vertuous Gallants at *Rome* continually convers'd with these two fair persons in the absence of *Clelia* and *Valeria*. But for that their interests were extremely cross, it was easie to perceive that their hearts always dissented, though they liv'd very civilly together. As for *Amilcar*, though *Plotina*

were not at *Rome*, and that considering the nature of Love, it may seem his heart ought to have been at the Camp, because his Mistress was there; yet he did not cease to divert himself upon occasion, and to laugh at *Damon's* hatred towards him. for he perceived that he hated him more for having made that deriding Dialogue against the sect of *Pythagoras*, than because he was his Rival. Nor did *Acrisius* love him very well; because he oftentimes hindred him from speaking as much as he desired, and also because he observ'd that he was attended to more favourably than himself. But, as for *Horatius*, his heart was always fill'd with hope, imagining to himself that when *Clelia* could no longer hope to marry *Arances*, she would resolve to obey *Clelia*. As for *Thermistus* and *Aderigenes*, they prepar'd themselves to depart speedily, but in the interim, they were almost continually with *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, to whom also *Cesonia* frequently resorted. The imprisonment of *Arances* no doubt was sensibly regretted by all that knew him, and even by such too as had only heard of his fame; but being they judg'd not that he was obnoxious to any criminal accusation, they accounted him only a Prisoner of State, whose life was out of all danger, because he was Son of him that caus'd him to be arrested. Wherefore some of his Friends omitted not to entertain themselves delightfully when occasion was presented; For those people are rarely found, who are deeply sensible of the misfortunes which befall even such as they love, or whose regret is of any long continuance. Compassionate grief is but transient, and soon dispell'd upon the dawning of the least pleasure; and no doubt the number of those persons is very small, who are so generous as to partake sincerely in all the concernments of those they love, and whose hearts are capable of being thoroughly toucht with the sorrows of others. But *Amilcar's* natural jovialness being an antidote against all sorts of sadness, he was always debonaire, whether he were at *Rome* or at the Camp; and having gotten a priviledge to himself of speaking the most disgustful truths without offence, he talkt to *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* about their differences with all manner of liberty.

liberty. Sometimes he spoke such things to them as, had they not been capable of railery, would no doubt have sufficiently perplexed them, though they were extremely delightful to the hearers. But one day *Berelisa* said pleasantly to him in the presence of *Cesonia*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, I fear *Herminius* too much perswaded you to love truth when he discours'd so well against lying; for I have lately observ'd you speak your mind, without scrupling at any thing which you see. Since I do it, without offence to any person (answered *Amilcar*) wherefore do you blame me? I blame you (reply'd *Berelisa*) because you give an example which will be so badly followed, that all such as would imitate you will be insufferable. For it is more difficult than 'tis believ'd, to jest with Friends without displeasing them. 'Tis true (said *Clidamira*) usually people go further than is fitting. Indeed (added *Anacreon*) 'tis not enough to speak plainly that which true reason allows one to speak; for we ought to understand those persons fully beforehand to whom we use freedom of speech. For most frequently, such as love to put jests upon others are least willing to take them; and therefore it behoves to consider such well with whom we converse in that manner, and to chuse the words we make use of; since many times a word a little too hard embitters the pleasing gust of railery. Believe me (said *Cesonia*) less than a word will sometimes make that change; for only the tone of the voice is sufficient to alter the sence of a speech; a malicious smile turns an innocent jest into a Satyr; and in brief, nothing requires more judgment than to practise railery inoffensively. And for my part I never saw any but *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, that knew how to make this innocent war handsomly, which renders conversation delightful, and which always ends in joy when the practisers of it are good and ingenious. Nevertheless, (answered *Anacreon*) they are in justice to be excus'd who are not so dextrous and agreeable as *Plotina* and *Amilcar*. I beseech you, *Anacreon* (said this ingenious *African*) do not undertake to praise me; for being both of us make Verses, we shall be liable to be reckon'd among those Poets that commend one another's Verses, though they frequently jar in prose. 'Tis true, this last can never be applyed to us; for I know you speak much better of me than I deserve, and I as much of you as you merit. For my part (said *Clidamira*) I confess I extremely hate those people who commend all persons and things without distinction, and there is nothing less obliging than profaned praises, which have been employed a thousand and a thousand times in extolling such as ought rather to be blam'd. As for groundless praises (answered *Berelisa*) I hate them as well as you; but I confess I much love to excuse the defects of others. Yet there are some (reply'd *Anacreon*) who deserve not very well to be excus'd. How shall we know them? (said *Clidamira*.) It is not very difficult (answered *Anacreon*) for I conceive 'tis more just to excuse the defects which are incident to the condition or age we are of, than those which are opposite to it. As a covetous old man deserves rather to be excus'd, than a young miser; for although 'tis a folly to heap up treasure when a man has not much occasion for it longer, nevertheless, as 'tis a defect frequently attending old age, they that are guilty of it are the more pardonable. By the same reason it ought not to be accounted so strange for an old man to love to recount what he has seen in his youth, and to be addicted to make long

stories, as for a young, who having yet scarce seen any thing, affects to be longer in relating that little which he has seen than he was in seeing it. No Question this is very just (said *Cesonia*;) and I conceive that 'tis fit to excuse the defects not only which seem peculiar to a certain age or condition, but those which are proper to Nations too; for in truth, every people have their faults and vertues. That which you speak, is true (answer'd *Cesonia*;) But are there any conditions that draw their defects along with them? No doubt there are (reply'd *Amilcar*) and for example, is it possible for them which are in the chief employments of Commonwealths never to fail of what they promise? Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd *Berelisa*) unhappy are they who are constrain'd by the greatness of their employments to fail frequently of their word; and happy they, who in great Fortunes retain exactly the vertues of private persons, and who for fear of being defective to themselves, are never so to any. However (said *Amilcar*) I am perswaded those which are in a certain degree, cannot always do all that they desire; and they deserve to be excus'd, if it appear sometimes that they do not do all which they ought, because very often we are very ignorant of that which may serve to justify them. But to speak a little less seriously, is it not true that when a Lover is long absent from his Mistress, if he happens to meet with some fair person who seems to tell him by her looks, that she would not be sorry to be lov'd, he deserves to be excus'd, if sometimes he uses obliging blandishments to her? For my part, I am of your opinion (said *Clidamira*.) I imagined you would be so (answered *Berelisa* smiling) but for my part, who place fidelity above all things, I assure you I cannot excuse unfaithful Lovers, though I willingly excuse all other weaknesses. Yet there is so great a number of such (reply'd *Amilcar*) that 'tis in a manner necessary to excuse them, for fear of being oblig'd to blame almost all men. On the contrary (said *Berelisa*) 'tis because there are too many of them, that we ought to take heed of excusing them, for fear of encreasing the number, which is already but too great. As for me (said *Clidamira*) I believe there are more of them than 'tis thought, for I know some who hold it for a Maxim, that constancy is always to be talk'd of, but inconstancy practis'd when any favourable occasion is offer'd for it. For my part (said *Anacreon*) I conceive it would be more gallant to make a shew of greater inconstancy than we practise in reality. And, as for me (said *Amilcar*) I conclude that we ought to do that always which pleases us, without considering whether we are constant or inconstant, because pleasure (to speak properly) consists not in the things which we do, but only in doing our own wills. For example, I confess that were I to have a long love in a place where I could have no other, I think, that to avoid the lukewarmness of long loves, I should renew the ardor of my passion by making now and then some small quarrel with my Mistress, so as almost to break quite off with her, and our reconciliation would seem to me a kind of novelty. You are too ingenious by half (said *Berelisa*) and I doubt not but if *Plotina* continue long at *Porfenna's* Camp, you will seek to comfort your self at *Rome* with some fair one, when you shall be constrain'd to come hither. Ha! charming *Berelisa* (cry'd he) do not too cruelly taunt me; but believe I have more love for *Plotina* than I had for six other Mistresses which I had one day at once. I perceive (said *Anacreon* then) 'tis fit that I inter-

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rupt this discourse a little, and demand of the Company, Wherefore, since Love is a sentiment so universal that Nature never fails to inspire it, men have offer'd to condemn it, or at least to make so great a Mystery of it? To render it more delightful (answer'd *Amilcar* hastily) for without the several formalities that are us'd in it, Love would not be that which it is. Besides, to speak sincerely (added he) Ceremonies make up the principal beauty of many things; for example, separate a sacrifice from the Temple, the Altar, the Wood-pile, the holy Vessels and Knives, the fillets of the Victims, and Garlands of Flowers which crown them, and you will see nothing but a miserable animal, which is no fairer than another of its kind; for many times men are so wicked as to make but a bad choice of Victims. I beseech you (said *Cesonia* then) do not confound things thus; let us jest about love as much as you please, but never mingle Religion amongst your follies, for you have too much wit to do as some young people, new-come into the World, who think nothing so fit to produce them the reputation of great capacities, as to disdain the sentiments of their Fathers. Than which nothing is more contrary to true reason, or which sooner makes a man be look'd upon as a fantastick. Indeed (said *Berelisa*) it behoves never to make a particular way to ones self in these matters, the wiser sort of people ought to be constantly followed in the ordinary path, and we ought not to go wandring out of a conceit to find one more commodious. But let us take heed we do not wander too much our selves (said *Amilcar* laughing) for we are far from the beginning of our discourse, which was concerning the art of jesting with Friends. We are not very far from it (reply'd *Cesonia* smiling) for in speaking as you do, you employ your railery upon me, and teach me how to use it towards others. As *Cesonia* was speaking thus, one came to advertise *Amilcar*, that a stranger was newly arriv'd at his Lodgings, who desir'd to speak with him with much earnestness. Whereupon he was constrain'd to go away thither. Presently after, *Themistus* enter'd, and told the company there was a report that *Porfenna* accus'd *Aronces* of a horrible crime: a moment after, *Herminius* came, and said he had heard the same thing, but added, that whatever the rumor meant, he was strongly perswaded that *Aronces* was innocent.

What then is it (said *Berelisa*) which they accuse him of? she had scarce pronounced these words when the Princess of the *Leontines* enter'd, who having first been to see *Artemidorus*, came to *Clidamira's* lodgings to see *Berelisa*. As soon as the first Ceremonies were over, I beseech you, Madam (said *Herminius* to her) be pleas'd to gratifie the company so far as to tell them whether it be true that the King of *Hetruria* accuses his Son of a horrid crime. Alas! (answer'd she sighing) 'tis but too true, that he accuses him for having held intelligence with *Mutius* in designing his death; and some body has so strongly perswaded him that this unfortunate Prince was carried by an excess of love to conspire against him, that the Queen of *Hetruria* and my self have no small trouble to restrain his indignation. How! Madam (said *Herminius*) is it possible for *Porfenna* to suspect the most vertuous Prince in the World of having had such a design as this! Yes (answer'd she) and the case is so much the more cruel, because he will not yet tell by what way he came to be perswaded of this belief. Although none doubts, but that 'tis a contrivance of the cruel

Tullia. But can credit be given to a Woman (said *Cesonia*) that has pass'd with her Chariot over the body of her Father? It seems she is believ'd (answer'd the Princess) being *Aronces* is a prisoner, and *Porfenna* yesterday said openly, the Prince his Son was a Particide. Wherefore being desirous to serve him in all that I am able (added she) I am come to see the Prince my Brother, to get him to go to *Mutius* and oblige him to assist us to justifie *Aronces*, who is accus'd of being an abettor of his intended assassinate. But as ill fortune will have it, though *Artemidorus* has sent to enquire for him at his own house, he is not to be found in any place. Yet I met him last night in the streets (said *Herminius*) I saw him too (added *Themistus*) but it was out from my Windows this morning, and he was on horse-back in a Countrey-habit with two slaves only. If he be gone far (answer'd *Lyfmena*) it will prove ill for *Aronces*; for his absence would be interpreted as a flight, and he would be thought to have conspir'd with him, instead of designing only to deliver *Rome*. And therefore (added it) it is very fit to inquire at his house whither he is gone. I shall take that upon me (said *Herminius*) for one of my attendants is a great Camrade of one of his. And accordingly *Herminius* sent one of his followers forthwith to get information of that which *Lyfmena* desir'd to know. But word was brought her, that having had a long conversation with *Publicola*, he departed very discontented, without acquainting any whither he went. This caus'd much regret in all the company. However I cannot (said *Herminius* then) think it possible that *Porfenna* will put *Aronces* to death. I will not believe it (answer'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) but I cannot choose but fear it. Nevertheless *Porfenna* is a very noble Prince, and indu'd with humanity; but the cruel *Tullia* terrifies me, and all the *Tarquins* (saving *Titus*) make me apprehensive of the worst. 'Tis true, there are divers eminent persons which protect *Aronces*; for the generous *Melintha* takes all opportunities to serve him, and the fair *Hesilia* who lives with *Galerita*, does no less. *Lucilius* and a Brother of his, are as careful of his interests; *Titus* and *Talanus* employ all their endeavours for him, and the Lovers of *Terentia*, and *Anrelisa* omit nothing that may conduce to his assistance. As for *Galerita*, she uses all the prudent arts possible, to serve him; and for my part were I his Sister, I could not do more than I do. But, Madam (said *Berelisa*) does *Clelia* know what *Aronces* is accus'd of? I believe she does (answer'd *Lyfmena*) and that which renders her more worthy of pity, is, that she is unable to afford the Prince any redress, and that to her discontent, *Sextus* is again become as amorous of her as ever, and perhaps more than ever he was of *Lucretia*. So that she is very much to be pity'd; for though *Porfenna* ought not to violate the Law of Nations, and so 'tis probable the Hostages are in safety in the Camp, yet she has some very disconsolate hours, and the Queen of *Hetruria* and my self have desir'd *Lucilius* and *Talanus* to take especial care of guarding these twenty fair *Romans*. Since the generous *Melintha*, *Lucilius* and his illustrious Brother (reply'd *Herminius*) are *Aronces's* friends, I am very much comforted. Being I was not well (said *Berelisa*) when *Lucilius* came hither, I did not see him; but I have heard much good spoken of him. Too much you could not (answer'd *Lyfmena*) and to let you know what manner of persons these two illustrious friends of *Aronces* are, I will describe them to you. And

to begin with him that was not at *Rome*, whose name is *Theomenes*; you may know that 'tis not possible to be endu'd with more vertue than he is. I need not tell you that his extraction is noble, for you are not ignorant that he is Brother to the generous *Melintha*; you know his family is very ancient, and that his Father was a man of eminent worth. As for his personage, he is of an indifferent stature, his Hair is Chestnut, his eyes black, his visage round, and if one well observe it, he has something in his Physiognomy so pretty and good together, and he always smiles so pertinently, that sometimes he makes it appear in a moment that he understands things which could not be related in a day if any one should attempt it. *Theomenes* has receiv'd from Nature a great stock of wit, especially of that which is judicious and discreet, which examines and sounds the depth of things, which will neither affect nor chuse any thing without knowledge; of that wit, I say, which meddles with nothing without calling the judgment to its assistance. And nevertheless *Theomenes* wants not a lively and quick fancy, and he is one, whose conjectures resolve the most difficult things with the greatest facility imaginable. I have seen him sometimes in places where you would have said he took no heed to what pass'd, and yet he not only observ'd even the very least things that were spoken or done there, but he divin'd the most secret interests of all that were present in the company. *Theomenes* has not only a very piercing and solid wit naturally, but he has improv'd it with great diligence. So that he judges well of all things, he accurately understands handsome compositions, and never condemns or applauds any thing, for which he cannot give a good reason. In the beginning of his life he compos'd very amorous and delightful Verses, and he makes such still when he pleases; he speaks very exactly, and his conversation is extremely pleasing. For no argument of discourse comes amiss to him, from Husbandry to Astrology, and from the most jovial Gallantry to the sublimest Policy. And for my part, I have sometimes remain'd astonish'd to see that *Theomenes* equally well understood both important and inconsiderable affairs, and to find that so wise a man as he, did not neglect to be perfectly inform'd of all the follies of his Age. If the profession *Theomenes* has chosen had not oblig'd him to a particular restraint, his soul would have been capable of very much love, but such a love as is real, tender, firm and generous together. But his fortune having dispos'd of him after another manner, he understands love at present only in others, but has abandon'd his heart to friendship, which has prov'd very happy to him, for he has many illustrious friends of both sexes, by whom he is greatly esteem'd and lov'd. He is by natural inclination officious, equitable, good and generous. He is exact both in small and great matters, he knows when 'tis fit to engage courageously in the interests of those he loves, to concern himself for their honour, to resent injuries done to them, to love all that they love, to hate all that they hate, and to disdain all such as do not esteem them. He is none of those people who would prevaricate in certain occasions, who would preserve both Friends and Enemies, and who without distinguishing the virtuous from them that are not such, sometimes fail those that never deserted them. On the contrary *Theomenes* is faithful in all occasions, sincere in all transactions, and always very sensible of whatever concerns his true Friends.

perhaps I insist a little too long in commending *Theomenes*, for this excellent qualification of his; but I confess 'tis because it is so very rare in these days, and because I believe it necessary for a man of honour. For I conceive when our chief Friends tell us they have enemies to fight with, the first thing to be ask'd them, is, Where they are? and not, Who they are? For, be they who they will, we ought to be absolutely against them. But on the contrary, when Friends of the second Order come to tell us they have enemies, we must first ask them, who they are? that so we may be never in danger of doing any thing against our true Friends, which we know well can never be in the wrong. But as for *Theomenes*, he so perfectly understands all the rules of true friendship, and his heart is so naturally addicted to follow them, that 'tis scarce possible for him to fail in any of them. Moreover, *Theomenes* is gentle, sociable, complacent, wise, and discreet. He has both moderation and equity, he conforms himself to the World, and diverts himself with it, and he knows how to enjoy in solitude all the pleasures which it affords. He knows how to make the Court a Theatre to entertain him; and, which is most commendable, he knows so to live there, that his vertue is not alter'd by all the bad Examples which he sees in it. Thus you see what a person *Theomenes* is, who besides all I have said of him, has so great an inclination to honour all that are indu'd with vertue, that it may be affirm'd, that if he were Master of all the favours which are in Fortunes bestowing, not one virtuous person should have cause to complain of her. For my part (said *Berelisa*) I am already *Theomenes*'s Friend, though I never saw him. Certainly (said *Clidamira*) you need no more to gain him than seeing of him, for you never desir'd to get any thing but it became yours. *Berelisa* is so charming (answer'd *Themistius*) that the power you say she has is not to be wonder'd at. For my part (said *Herminius*) who have the honour to know *Theomenes*, since the making of the Peace, I dare assure that the Princess of the *Leontines* has not flatter'd him, and that she has made his Picture exactly like. I beseech you, Madam (said *Berelisa*) tell me too what *Lucilius* is, who has been so much talk'd of at *Rome* within these few days. He is such a person (answer'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) that no Lover, be he never so deserving, but ought to fear having him for his Rival. But since you have not seen this illustrious Brother of *Melintha* and *Theomenes* neither, I must tell you that he is of a tall personage, well made, and of a goodly presence. His gesture is sufficiently careless, his air very noble, his access serious and civil, his Physiognomy happy, sage, and agreeable, his hair chestnut, his Visage of a peculiar form, and his Nose a little rising. As for his eyes they are azure, sweet, sprightly, but not great. They have a certain faintness in them too, which renders them very suitable for those passionate glances which make things understood in a moment, and yet they have in some occasions so jolly a smile, that 'tis apparent the heart of *Lucilius* may as well be capable of a sensible joy, as of a violent grief. His Complexion is good, for a man, and he has a little natural mark under his left Eye, which would well sute with a Beauty, and is graceful to his countenance. *Lucilius* is neat, he attires himself like a man of Quality, and so as agrees well with his person; and if so worthy a person as he may be commended for small accomplishments, I say, there are many fair Ladies who would wish

wish they had hands as white as his. But indeed, I have too much to tell you of his Wit, his Courage, and his Virtue, to detain you longer with the description of his person. Know then, that Nature has been liberal to *Lucilius* in giving him an extraordinary Wit, a Fancie of unmeasurable extent, and a judgment which so well governs both, that he never speaks any thing in conversation, of which he needs to repent. But indeed his Wit is one of those which might well dispense with learning any thing; because considering things in themselves, their own reflections instruct them better than they can be by all the Books in the world. For which cause *Lucilius* has spent no great number of years in study; but Travel, War, the Court, and his own Reason have been his Masters. Nevertheless, he has read very much, and there are few excellent pieces of knowledge, which he does not understand; but he has read out of inclination, and not out of obedience, as ordinarily all young persons do, that are design'd to be well educated. However, the Court, War, Travel, and his own Reason have so well instructed him, that 'tis believ'd he owes all his accomplishments to learning; so well he understands all things, and speaks so rationally of every thing that can be offer'd to discourse. *Lucilius's* particular virtue is an incomparable fortitude, free from all the defects which are incident to the Valiant; for he is a stranger to vanity. He is gentle, civil, and moderate; nor did ever any other hate false glory, and love true, so much as he. Moreover, *Lucilius* is of an admirable equal temper; for his Friends always find him the same, and though he appears serious, and his constitution inclines a little to melancholy, yet he loves all allowable pleasures. The jollity and mirth of his Friends please and divert him, to which he himself also contributes as much as they desire, and is never refractory towards them. *Lucilius* has a sense of honour, and generosity, and he is constant in Love and Friendship. He has a firm Soul in adversity; and whereas his Fortune has not been always happy, but he has met with several difficult encounters, been wounded and taken Prisoner in War, travel'd both by Sea and Land, his virtue has been seen to the proof, and 'tis known that he hath come off with honour in all occasions, to which Fortune led him. In brief, *Lucilius* is valiant amongst the valiant, learned amongst the learned, gallant amongst the Gallants, and equally prudent towards all. His Natural inclination has always carried him to Poetry and Love, and these two sentiments are so much the more ingrafted in his heart, for that they subsist there one by another; for if Love has caus'd him to make Verses in the beginning of his life, I account it not impossible, but that, in case he lives to that age in which love is no longer in season, his inclination towards Verses may also induce him to write of Love; because Poetry and Love have such a sympathy, that they can seldom be divided one from the other. But I beseech you, do not imagine that *Lucilius* makes such Verses as favour a little of the condition of the Authors, which may perhaps be call'd *Gentile* Verses; because for the most part persons of that Quality are not skill'd enough in such things to make them well. More intelligent persons therein than my self, profess, that *Lucilius* composes Verses which might deserve *Homer* or *Hesiod* for their Author. For there is a good Fancie, Wit, Strength, and so charming a Harmony in them, that all the world is ravish'd with them. His descriptions are so handsome, so Poetical, and so Natural, that you

would think you verily beheld all that he represents. If he paints the shadow of a Forest, he deludes the imagination; if he represents the Sea in a Tempest, the Rocks, and a Shipwrack, the hearts of the Readers tremble at what he describes. If he builds a stately Temple, you would think *Apollo* himself had been the Architect of it; and if he represents an unfortunate Lover, his unhappineses excite pity, and sighs from his relation; and because Sadness and Love together have a wonderful operation in Verse, he very rarely separates them; not but that when he is minded, his Muse is agreeably debonaire. One of the most curious Wits of his age having made a very ingenious and gallant Dialogue (after the example of *Anacreon*, who made one between a Dove and a Passenger) wherein he introduces a little Bird which returns every year in the Garden of one of his She-Friends, this work afterward occasion'd *Lucilius* and *Theomenes* to compose the most delightful Verses in the world, whose natural, pleasant, and sprightly Stile, argues that nothing is impossible to them. As for Love, *Lucilius* understands all the exquisiteness of it, and never was a Lover seen, whose sentiments have been more tender than his. He can love constantly, even without being lov'd; absence rather augments than diminishes Love in his Soul, and 'tis not easie for Infidelity itself to extinguish a passion in his breast. He loves with ardour and respect, he makes himself pleasures and torments which other Lovers would not think of, and he has sentiments so full of Love, that no other ever had the like. I have heard him say, that one day being at Sea, a terrible Tempest arose; which almost sunk the Ship he was in, in view of a Castle which stands upon a Rock, at the foot of which there was great likelihood it would be wrack'd, for the wind violently drive it on that side, and the Rudder was broken. In this condition, knowing that his Mistress was in that Castle, instead of abandoning his mind to fear like the rest, or so much as minding what course the Marriners took to preserve themselves from perishing, he lean'd against the foot of the Mast, and took pleasure in thinking that if he were Shipwrack'd in that place, the waves might carry his body to the foot of the Rock, where his Mistress going oftentimes to walk, might see it and bedew it with her tears; and this thought so wholly possess'd him, that he observ'd nothing at all that was done to resist the tempest. But through excess of love, he slighted the danger and death it self. But, in fine, 'tis enough to tell you that *Lucilius* can be as perfect a Lover as a Friend; for 'tis to tell you in few words that he is a perfectly worthy person, and deserves to be Brother to the generous *Melintha*. I agree with you (said *Plotina*) and if all men were like him, I think those Ladies were to be excus'd that suffer'd themselves to be lov'd by them. After this *Lyssimena* rise up, and prepar'd to return to the Camp: but before she departed, all the company entreated her to continue to protect *Aronces* and *Clelia*, which she promis'd to do with great sincerity. After which she drew *Berelisa* apart, and speaking low to her, I have a while since so discover'd *Clidamira* to *Artemidorus* (said she to her) that you need not fear he will be unjust towards you. However I counsel you to hasten to make your voyage to *Præneste*, for 'tis possible that in that place the Gods will change the heart of *Clidamira* who alone at this time hinders our return to *Leontium*, though she makes shew of negotiating in behalf of the Prince my Brother and my self. *Berelisa* was desirous

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to know a little more precisely what *Lysimena* had told *Artemidorus*; but perceiving she haltred to depart, she was contented only to thank her for the agreeable intelligence she gave her; after which *Lysimena* return'd to the Camp, which was much moved at the imprisonment of *Aronces*, there being no person that could so much as suspect him of ever having had the thought to conspire against *Porfenna*. But what was very glorious for this Prince, as soon as the rumour was spread abroad in *Rome*, all the people remembering *Aronces* had been the cause of winning the Battle in which *Brutus* was slain, murmur'd highly against *Porfenna*, and without considering that the King had Hostages in his hands, or thinking of the consequences of this affair, they declar'd boldly, that it was fitting to break the Peace, and go and demand *Aronces* of the King of *Hetruria*. All the worthy persons of the Senate were as sensibly affected with the unhappiness of *Aronces*, and judging that they could do nothing more dangerous to this Prince than to testify their zeal towards him, they restrain'd the people as much as they could. But being they could not hinder them from speaking in pity of *Aronces* and complaint against *Porfenna*, *Tullia*, who had intelligence of these murmurings, made use of them to confirm her accusation of *Aronces*, by informing *Porfenna* that the Prince had more friends in *Rome* than in his Army. Whereupon *Porfenna's* mind being much incens'd against *Aronces*, he could not endure that any one should speak to him in his behalf. Which nevertheless *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* did not cease to do; the latter of which was not restrain'd by *Zenocrates's* jealousy from doing her utmost for *Aronces*, scarce any besides her self daring to urge *Porfenna* boldly in his favour. I beseech you, my Lord (said she to him at her return from *Rome*) suffer me to tell you that you do a very great wrong in accusing *Aronces* of a crime whereof no body suspects him capable, and you do no less in giving credit to all that *Tullia* says to you, who, you know, has neither virtue nor probity, who is subtle and cruel, and who hates *Aronces* and *Clelia*. I know all that you tell me (answer'd *Porfenna*) but it does not justify *Aronces*; and though *Tullia* be wicked, that does not hinder but that *Aronces* is an unnatural Son, and a Parricide, in whose heart love has extinguish'd all the sentiments of nature and virtue, and who looking upon me as an invincible obstacle to his imaginary felicity, has design'd to purchase it with my death. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lysimena*) how do you know *Aronces* has been author of such a design, and what proofs have been given of it? I have understood (answer'd *Porfenna*) that *Aronces* during his imprisonment in the Island of *Saules*, underwent that usage with very much impatience, though he always spoke with respect to those I sent to him; I have also been inform'd that he corrupted him, that guarded him, that he went secretly to *Rome*, and had some private conferences in a Garden with divers persons: I have further known that during the Siege he never lost any occasion to favour the *Romans* in things which were not absolutely against the order of War. I have been advertis'd too that having taken prisoners on the day the Bridge was assaulted, he remitted them, and writ something in his Tablets which he deliver'd to one that he releas'd; and lastly, I have spoken with two of those three hundred Conspirators.

Mutius told me of, who declare that they were several times employ'd to make the confederacy between *Mutius* and him, and that *Aronces* promis'd to secure him from perishing in the attempt. And indeed there must needs have been some secret intelligence between them, which I have not yet discover'd; for when *Mutius* had slain him whom he took for me, none offer'd to take him; and if I had not sent my guards for that end, *Mutius* had escaped. Besides, *Aronces* was in effect partly the cause that I pardon'd *Mutius*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princess) if *Aronces* had been of that conspiracy, 'tis to be believ'd he would have better instructed *Mutius*, so that he should not have taken another for you. Did the Gods favour crimes (answer'd *Porfenna*) the criminals would never do any thing imprudently: but since they do not, they oftentimes in order to their punishment, permit those that would commit a wicked action to be blinded and deceiv'd in their judgments. So *Mutius* hapning to be mistaken by the purple Robe of the person he slew, because it was forgotten to tell him that this man's office allow'd him to wear one; it may be said, that he was deceiv'd happily for me, and unfortunately for *Aronces*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) I do not yet see his crime well prov'd; for the two men who accuse him, may be suborn'd to do it. I would to the Gods, generous Princess (said he to her) that these people were false witnesses: but to speak the truth, all probabilities are against *Aronces*. For the obstinacy of *Mutius* not to name his complices, sufficiently argues that there was some one amongst them whom I might cause to be punish'd; if all the Conspirators had been *Romans*, there was no reason wherefore he should conceal their names from me. But, my Lord, (answer'd *Lysimena*) the most general opinion is, that *Mutius* told you a lye to induce you to the peace, and that he was the sole person concern'd in the design of assassinating you. I can believe (reply'd *Porfenna*) that there were not three hundred of them, but I shall never believe that *Mutius* was alone. 'Tis also added (contin'd he) that to perswade *Mutius* to this attempt, *Aronces* promis'd him to grant peace to *Rome*, after my death, without other conditions than that of putting *Valeria* and *Clelia* into his power, engaging to bring him to marry the first afterwards. But, my Lord (said *Lysimena*) if *Aronces* had been so wicked as to desire to take away your life, what need had he of *Mutius*, and why should he not rather have suborned one of your guards? That was not the safest course (answer'd *Porfenna*) for by that means he might perhaps have come to be suspected: but in the other way, taking away my life by the hand of a *Roman*, the action would seem to proceed out of zeal for the delivering of *Rome*, and would not at all reflect upon *Aronces*. But Love alone put them upon this crime; and to manifest to you that 'tis so (added he) I am newly inform'd that *Mutius* is fled. Judge then whether after this, I have reason to doubt of their testimony who accuse *Aronces*. And to the end you may doubt of it less, see this Letter from *Clelia* to *Aronces*, which was found in his Chamber, and must needs have been deliver'd him by one of his Guards. *Lysimena* taking it, knew the hand of *Clelia*, in which she had seen several Letters; and opening it, found these words.

Clelia

Clelia to Aronces.

AS Criminal as you are, I do not cease to pity you; and notwithstanding your Crime, I shall still make more ardent Vows for your liberty, than I should do for my own.

This Letter no doubt seems to make against *Aronces* (said *Lysimena*) but, my Lord, two persons that love have so many little contests which embroil them together, that it ought not to be concluded from hence that *Clelia* knows *Aronces* is a criminal against you. On the contrary, it is to be thought, that if she did, she would not have written to him in these terms. You are a strange person, Madam (answer'd *Porfenna* roughly) to attribute judgment to persons prepossess'd with a great passion. However, all that I can do for *Aronces* (added he) is to defer his punishment; for I confess to you, I would willingly convict him by *Mutius* himself. Were it not that Hostages ought to be inviolable, I would use *Clelia* in such a manner that perhaps I might come to know many things by her, though I do not believe she was privy to the whole secret of the Conspiracy. On the contrary, I imagine that perhaps *Aronces* being unwilling to lose the merit of his Crime in her esteem, has only told her something of it since. In the mean time, I have two men who will maintain that he is culpable. But, as I told you, I will cause *Mutius* to be sought after, and oblige *Publicola* who affects him not, to force him to declare the truth. After which I will give as great an example of Justice, as *Brutus* did, when he beheld his own Sons put to death; for I will not be surpass'd by a *Roman*. Ah! my Lord (said *Lysimena*) you make me tremble with fear, to hear you speak in this manner. I beseech you, examine things well, remember that appearances are fallacious, and rather believe all that the great actions of *Aronces*, than that which the cruel *Tullia* tells you, who is accusom'd only to artifices and wickedness. For, do you think, my Lord (added she) that this Prince has any great tenderness for your life after you have granted peace to *Rome*? and ought you not rather to fear that she designs only to ingage you in a Crime? Be it how it will (answer'd *Porfenna*) that which she tells me, seems to me to be true; all conjectures are against *Aronces*, who cannot be happy so long as I live; and I will not be prevail'd with, either by your prayers or tears, the murmurs of all my own Subjects, or the complaints of the *Romans* (which moreover testify *Aronces*'s intelligence with *Rome*) nor even the secret sentiments of Nature which I feel in my breast in spite of my self. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lysimena*) how comes it that those two men who accuse *Aronces*, inform you of a past danger, of an attempt that has fail'd, and are their own accusers? They could not have access to me (answer'd he) before the business was executed; afterwards they reveal'd it to the Prince of *Messene*, to inform me of it, which yet he did not, undoubtedly because he would not hurt *Aronces*. But for that they apprehend I knew nothing of the truth, they address'd themselves to *Tullia*, to whom I granted their pardon on condition they told me all they knew of the Conspiracy. But where are those men, my Lord? (said *Lysimena*) They are in a sure place

(answer'd *Porfenna*) till I cause *Aronces* to be publicly condemn'd. You know (added he) I had a purpose to make a Marriage between you and him; but, Madam, you have too great a virtue, to have a Parricide given you for a husband, and the Gods, no doubt reserve you a better fortune. In the mean time speak no more to me of him, and forbid *Galerita* to intercede in his behalf; for the more he is pleaded for, the more I shall hasten his punishment.

After this *Lysimena* was constrain'd to be silent, to retire, and go to augment the sorrow of the Queen, by relating to her this discourse with *Porfenna*. *Lysimena*'s sadness appearing manifestly in her countenance as she came away from the King of *Herraria*, all the Court was in fear for *Aronces*; and the rumor of it spreading abroad in all places, was augmented in the Camp.

Tullia being thus become necessary to *Porfenna*, not only because it was by her means that he could convict *Aronces*, against whom he was extremely incens'd, but also because his own Army being mutinous against him, he fear'd he should have need of *Tarquins*' Troops; *Sextus* went and came continually to the Quarter of *Porfenna*, whereby he extremely molested *Clelia*, who was incredibly sorrowful to see his passion for her increase in his heart. Not but that she avoided his sight as much as she could; but in the case things were in, she knew not where to find any protection. For the sentiments she had concerning the Princes of the *Leontines* would scarce suffer her to speak to her. But the greatest of her griefs was to understand *Porfenna*'s sentiments concerning the Prince his Son, the correspondence of *Tullia* with that King, and the care that was taken to guard *Aronces* diligently. For this unfortunate Prince, as extremely belov'd as he was, could find no way to communicate his mind to *Clelia*, in answer to the Letter which he had receiv'd from her; for *Telanus* being become suspected, durst not come near one of his guards. *Clelia* had also another discontent, in not seeing her friends of *Rome* so often as formerly; for in this conjuncture, a tumult being both in the City and the Camp, the Consuls caus'd *Horatius*, *Herminius*, *Emilius*, *Octavius*, *Spurius*, and all the other *Romans* to forbear visiting the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies which were given in Hostage. Which was something difficult to make them consent to; but causing them to consider that if matters should fall cross, and they should be arrested, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and all the rest would be in a worse condition than if they were at *Rome*, a sentiment of love induc'd them to resolve upon that which Policy could not. So that they were constrain'd to be contented with sending to know tidings of the persons which were dearest to them in the World. *Themistus* though prepar'd to go away with *Merigenes*, was nevertheless willing to stay some days. But as for *Amilcar*, out of particular privileges he went and came continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp. *Artemidorus* being much better began to go abroad, and made his first visit to *Berelisa*, who was to depart the next day to go with *Clidamira* to *Præneste*, accompany'd by *Anacreon*, who would not leave them. This Prince being very civil, desir'd *Berelisa*'s permission to see *Clidamira* at her chamber; besides, (added he) I have something to say to her, which is material for her to know. Ha! my Lord (answer'd *Berelisa*) will you never leave this exact civility towards a person,

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who

who has so unfaithful a heart? and can you still esteem her so much as to conceal from me her last weakness? *Artemidorus* blushes hereupon; for he did not imagine the Princess of the *Leontines* had told *Berelisa* any thing of that which she had inform'd him of. No, no, my Lord (added she) your silence is not at all obliging; for when men wholly cease to love an unfaithful person, they are willing to publish their infidelity. But no doubt because you cannot altogether quit your love to *Clidamira*, you are ashamed to let me know that she can never cease to deceive you. I must have confided in her words (reply'd *Artemidorus*) to be obnoxious to be deceiv'd by her. Wherefore then (said *Berelisa*) do you not tell me that she has a new correspondence with *Meleontus*? Because, being your sister-in-law (answer'd he) I respect you in her person; besides, as I have told you a hundred times, I conceive 'tis a piece of honorable prudence for a man not to publish the weaknesses of a person whom he has lov'd, and who would still persuade him, that she does not hate him. But in the bottom of my heart, I protest to you, I slight her as much as I esteem you; I behold all her charms without having my heart affected with them; I look upon the testimonies of her affection as signs of weakness, or dissimulation; and I never lov'd you so much as I do at this present. Go therefore, Madam, confidently to *Præneste*; for since the Gods are veracious, you can learn nothing there which will not be to your advantage. If you would have me believe you (reply'd *Berelisa*) tell me what you know concerning *Clidamira*. I know, Madam (answer'd he) that there is a great league between her and *Meleontus*, and that consequently neither the Princess my Sister nor my self are likely to be ever recall'd from our Banishment. 'Tis true, *Clidamira* being crafty, would persuade me that she deludes *Meleontus*, and entertains correspondence with him, only to do us service. Nevertheless, I know what I ought to think of it; but prudence requires us to dissemble as well as she; for she has a great influence upon the mind of *Meleontus*; *Meleontus* is Master of that of the Prince; and *Meleontus* too, as you know, hates *Lysimena*, because he has lov'd her too much. Believe me (reply'd *Berelisa*) one cannot satisfy so many duties at once; and excessive prudence is not always compatible with excessive Love; to be a good Citizen, a great observer of the Laws, never to fail in any duty to Relations, Friends, Superiors, and fair comportment, is to have too many things to do; and in such cases, 'tis frequent to fail towards a Mistress. Nevertheless, according to the Laws of Love, a man ought to be capable of failing in every thing rather than in that. But you do not consider, Madam, (said *Artemidorus*) that your interest is join'd with mine in this case. I know what you say (answer'd *Berelisa*) but I confess I know as well too, that when a man does not hate that which he once lov'd, he loves it still. On the contrary (reply'd the Prince) hatred is many times but a disguis'd Friendship, and indifference is a true proof of an extinguish'd affection. I confess (answer'd *Berelisa*) that a clear indifference is a sign there is no more Love; but when this indifference is accompanied with an exact civility, believe me, my Lord, believe me, if he that is capable of it loves no longer, 'tis possible at least that he may love again. But, in brief, without shewing you further my weakness in not being able to conceal the discontent

you cause me, I will go to *Præneste*, to learn what shall be told me concerning your sentiments, which your self do not know so well as to inform me of them. Ah! cruel person, that you are (cry'd he) why do you speak to me in this manner? Think you, I have forgot all that I promis'd you? think you, I can compare *Clidamira* to *Berelisa*? and do you believe I have not observ'd the difference between her sentiments and yours during my sickness? *Clidamira* so well knows how to counterfeit (answer'd *Berelisa*) that perhaps you believe she was as sad as I, to see your life in danger. No, no, (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I am not mistaken in *Clidamira*; I have seen her put on an affected negligence, to seem more sorrowful; which yet did not move me: I have seen her compose her eyes, summon up tears, and make sighs, which proceeded more from her will than her heart; in brief, I have always seen her decently attird in her negligence, and in the greatest extremity of my sickness; nor did I ever see her relinquish the care of her beauty a moment, even then when she believ'd I was not far from death. Ha! my Lord (interrupted *Berelisa*) you would not have seen or observ'd any thing of all this. You are very unjust (answer'd *Artemidorus*) to turn to poison all that I speak to cure you. For at the same time I observ'd all that I have told you, I saw a real sorrow painted in your countenance, I beheld true tears fall from your fair eyes, I heard you sigh with tenderness, I mark'd the carelessness of your attire, sufficiently to be persuaded that you did not remember that then you were fair; and if I dare speak it, I saw your heart affected enough, to believe that perhaps my death would have caus'd yours. And will you quarrel with me after this, Madam? and not permit me to dissemble a little with *Clidamira* for your interest? I know not what to answer you (said she) but I know well, I cannot endure that *Clidamira* should hope to be lov'd by you, and 'tis only to deprive her of that hope that I go to *Præneste*. For when I consider well upon it, I cannot believe you should make an ill choice between an unfaithful person and *Berelisa*. After this *Artemidorus* spoke so many obliging things to *Berelisa*, that she consented he should go bid *Clidamira* adieu, on condition that she should come into her chamber a moment after him. And accordingly the Prince was no sooner enter'd into it, but *Berelisa* was conducted thither by *Amilcar*, who came to take leave of these two fair persons which were to depart the next day. *Anacreon* and *Cesonia* enter'd presently after, so that *Berelisa* had the satisfaction to see that *Clidamira* could not bid Adieu to *Artemidorus* in private. Whereby her mind being more at liberty, her conversation became more agreeable. That which gave occasion to render it such, was this; *Clidamira* had had a Dream which disquieted her, and being so weak as to believe that Dreams are always of a good or bad presage, she complain'd to *Cesonia* of having slept ill. Alas! (said she) if you knew what a Dream I had, you would not wonder at it. How! (cry'd *Amilcar*) is it possible a bad Dream should cause *Clidamira* to have an unquiet night? What? (said she in some astonishment) does not *Amilcar*, who has so much wit and is so learned, know that some Dreams are certain predictions? I know (answer'd he) all that can be known concerning Dreams, and if I should make you the History of them, you would see that I am not ignorant therein. I know that *Homer* says, Dreams, and particularly those of Kings are sent from Hea-

Heaven, that many excellent Philosophers have believ'd, the Gods distribute them to men, and that *Pythagoras*, who made them a great Mystery, learnt the Art of interpreting them, especially amongst the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans*. I know that there are Temples Built on purpose to receive the inspirations of Dreams, that in *Egypt* people go to sleep in the Temple of *Serapis*, to the end to have Prophetical Dreams, and that great care is taken there to record all Dreams which a fortuitous event has veri'd. Moreover, I know what a Dream *Mandana* had, which presag'd the power of *Cyprus*; but being an *African*, and not oblig'd to believe that which people believe in *Egypt* or *Persia*, any more than what *Pythagoras* believ'd, I declare to you, that I laugh at all the Dreams in the World. For my part (said *Anacreon*, feigning himself of *Clidamira's* opinion) I assure you I am not of your mind, for this last night I had a Dream, the consequence of which will occasion me much trouble. Oh! I beseech you (said *Clidamira*) tell me what you Dreamt of. He thought (answer'd he with a serious countenance) about midnight, *Cupid*, who never sleeps, came to knock at my chamber door. I askt him who knockt, and he answer'd me, 'twas a poor child all wet with a storm, that desir'd shelter of me. Being I thought his voice very sweet, I pity'd him, and open'd the door to him; when by the light of my Lamp which was still burning, I beheld that this lovely child had two wings, a quiver upon his shoulder, and a bow in his hand. Then I wip'd his hair, caus'd him to come near the fire, and dry'd him with very much goodness; after which this little Traytor took his Bow, saying, he would see whether the rain had not spoil'd it. But, alas! he no sooner took it in hand, but he bent it, and shot an arrow straight into my heart. After which he laugh'd at me and flew away, only telling me that his Bow was as it should be. Whereupon I was so enrag'd for having been deceiv'd, that remembering confus'dly, that people cry, Stop thief when any one is rob'd, I began to cry, Stop *Cupid*, stop *Cupid*, so loud, that I wak'd. But the mischief (said *Anacreon*) that at the first visit I made this day, this dream was turn'd into a History, by the charms of a person infinitely amiable. This is so jolly a dream (answer'd *Berelisa* smiling) that I condemn you to make an Ode upon it. If it were made long ago (said *Amilcar*) *Clidamira* would be much deluded; for she has heard this dream with as much attention as if *Anacreon* had had it indeed. But I am confident he has said all this only to intimate to *Clidamira* that he is taken with her to day more than ordinary. Since you have so well expounded my real sentiments (answer'd *Anacreon*) I will acknowledge what you have said. How? (cry'd *Clidamira* much disturb'd) did not you dream as you have related, and are you of *Amilcar's* opinion that no heed is to be given to dreams? No question, I am Madam, (said *Anacreon*.) For my part (said *Artemidorus*) who scarce ever dream at all, I never cared much to reason upon dreams. As for me (said *Berelisa*) I have always found them so frivolous, false, extravagant and chimerical, that I shall easily rank my self on *Amilcar's* side. And for my particular (said *Cesonia*) I confess, it has hapned to me to dream of things which have befallen me so exactly, that I know not what to think of them. Since chance (answer'd *Amilcar*) sometimes represents very regular Pictures in the Clouds, it is not to be wonder'd, if hazard brings to pass some things which are dream'd of.

I have heard a *Thuscan* woman affirm that the most ancient manner of Divination was by dreams. She also told me that those which we have presently after repast, or in the second sleep, signifie nothing, but that those we have in the beginning of the morning, are the most certain; that the dreams of the Spring are more true, than those of the Autumn; and that it's more ordinary to dream in the new Season of the Year than in all the rest. Believe me (amiable *Cesonia*) said *Artemidorus*, dreams are only a bare representation of images. They are pleasant or sad, according to the constitution when they are purely natural. Those which are mixt, have extrinsecal causes, which supply matter to the fanisie; and this is the reason that many times we dream of things which we have seen, or thought on, and most of all of things which we desire. And certainly this last manner of dreaming has brought Dreams into such credit, when it falls out that we see the people by day whom we dream of by night. For many times our hearts desire or fear many things, which we are not sensible of; so that in sleeping, our fanisie, which is mov'd by our desires and fears, without our consent, causes us to dream more of that which we fear or desire than of any other thing. It is not therefore to be wonder'd if it sometimes comes to pass by chance, that we see those we dreamt of, because we usually dream of those people whom we cannot meet with. Since 'tis certain that we desire only that which may be hop'd, and fear only that which may possibly come to pass, I agree with you (said *Amilcar*) that Dreams may denote our inclinations, but I deny that they can presage our fortunes, unless as they proceed from our constitutions. For, they say, cruel people are wont to have terrible dreams as well as those that are melancholick. So that when it falls out that the dreams and adventures of these people have resemblance, it is not to be wonder'd at, so far as they are produc'd by one and the same cause. I know well such as are skilful in dreams, say there are three sorts, which they distinguish and divide as exactly, as if they had travell'd into the Country of Dreams, as men do into *Asia*. But to speak truth, they are mistaken; for if the Gods would advertise men of that which must betide them, they would do it more clearly. And besides (added he) when I see a Grey-hound asleep dream of a Deer, as I do of my mistress, and perhaps better too, I conclude that my dreams come from my temper alone, I set my mind at rest, and do every thing as if I had not dreamt at all. Indeed (added *Berelisa*.) I know no more pleasant fanisie than to think that the Gods await till we be asleep to advertise us so doubtfully of that which must happen to us; the Gods, I say, who are Lords of the World and of Events, who can change our wills as they please, and who inspire to us all that seems good to them. But, I beseech you (said *Anacreon*) what kind of dream is that which the fair *Clidamira* had? It is such (answer'd she blushing) that I cannot tell it to any but *Artemidorus*. This Prince then became sufficiently perplex'd; for he conceiv'd this was but a contrivance of *Clidamira* to speak to him apart before he went away. But though he much fear'd to offend *Berelisa*, yet he could not resolve to answer *Clidamira* uncivilly before persons that were strangers. Wherefore, beginning to speak, I am so little skilful in interpreting dreams (said he coldly,) that I see not why you should choose me rather than another. However, my Lord (answer'd she) I must needs tell

tell it you ; and so approaching near, and speaking low to him ; Do not fear (said she to him) that I am going to entertain you with my dreams ; and if you have any justice left, consider (I conjure you) whilst *Berelisa* and I go to *Praneste*, that your heart was mine before hers was yours, and that I ought not to be so generous as to procure your return to *Leontium*, with the certainty of never being lov'd by you. 'Tis too much, Madam, 'tis too much (answer'd he, not being able to restrain himself) to desire to be lov'd at the same time both by *Meleontus* and *Artemidorus*. How ? my Lord (said she) do you not understand that I endeavour'd to make *Meleontus* who is the Prince's Favourite, my Lover, only that I might be in a capacity to make your peace when I pleas'd ? I understand very well (answer'd he) that *Clidamira* is ever desirous to gain all and lose nothing. But as far as I perceive, my Lord (said *Berelisa* blushing) you have dream'd as well as *Clidamira*, for you speak at least as much to her as she does to you. You have very well guess'd (answer'd *Clidamira*, who delighted to make *Berelisa* jealous) but *Artemidorus*'s dream is not so assuredly true as mine. Perhaps if he expounded yours (reply'd she hastily) it would not be granted to be more true than his. Believe me (said *Amilcar* to *Clidamira*) stay till you be at *Praneste* for the explication of your dreams ; for you will find there a Kinsman of the Priest of Fortunes Temple, who has so great a wit, that what he is ignorant of, is not known by any. But since you conceive (answer'd *Clidamira*) no heed is to be given to Dreams, you must think too that no explication can be given of them. I do so, (reply'd *Amilcar*) but I am strongly perswaded, he I speak of will convince you that none but Physicians can make good use of the dreams of their Patients, whereby they sometimes judge very certainly what humor it is that is predominant in them. I beseech you (said *Berelisa*, who sought only to interrupt the conversation of *Artemidorus* with her Rival) give us recommendations to him you speak of. I will, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) but before I write to him (for I contracted a friendship with him during my travels) I have a desire to tell you what manner of person he is, that so if he does not please you, I may not lose a Letter. You are a good husband of your words (reply'd *Berelisa*) but however I consent to what you desire. And so do I (added *Artemidorus*) and for my part (said *Cesonia*) I entreat it of you ; For I have heard a good character given of him by a Kinswoman of mine who was at *Praneste*. As for me (said *Anacreon*) I shall be glad to know what kind of person an honest man is whom I am to see. There remains only *Clidamira* to entreat me (said *Amilcar*) Since I do not oppose the consent of the company (answer'd she) 'tis sufficient. Know then (said *Amilcar*) that *Telantus* is of a middle stature, has black hair, a pale complexion, very large eyes, a handsome mouth, an ingenious aspect, a sweet and careless air ; he naturally loves the world and pleasures, but having a quick-sighted mind, he has by his prudence plac'd himself out of the reach of many accidents which might have render'd him unhappy. His wit is a little slow ; but yet he speaks very agreeably, though he has no very sprightly fancy. If he followed his own inclination, he would be full of discourse ; but he contrains himself partly out of wisdom and partly out of policy. Most commonly he does not speak his thoughts of what he sees, but when he pleases he speaks them admirably well. Yet he is subject to be

prejudic'd ; and without thinking himself to be so, he many times does injustice even when he believes himself most equitable ; but this defect is not peculiar to him, and the greatest part of men are guilty of it. Indeed I saw him once have a very strange prejudice upon a certain occasion ; for because he did not affect an ancient Priest of the Temple of *Fortune*, he judg'd that he did not speak well when he spoke in publick. And yet it is certain, that venerable old man charms all that hear him. He speaks with vehemence and elegance, his language is neither coarse nor affected, he knows how to joyn the Graces of Eloquence with the solidity of Morality ; and if he is not always assur'd to persuade those that hear him, yet he is so to be heard with pleasure, even by such as are incapable to profit by his instructions. For all this, *Telantus* does not account him eloquent. Believe me (answer'd *Berelisa*) he is not the sole person that is liable to be prejudic'd, and 'tis more hard than we think, not to be so at all. When one is but a little (reply'd *Amilcar*) 'tis no great defect ; but when so much as to account that evil which is good, and ugly which is handsome, 'tis a great imperfection in an elevated mind ; for there is a great distinction to be made between an error proceeding from ignorance, and an error proceeding from prejudice. But to return to *Telantus*, I believe he has something in his heart that inclines him to be very amorous, and ambitious, and I am perswaded he has had great conflicts with himself to overcome these two sentiments. No doubt he has done well (said *Berelisa*) for they are many times the causes of great disquiet. That's certain (answer'd *Berelisa*) but withal they cause a thousand pleasures. Believe me (said *Clidamira*) neither all the ambitious nor all the prejudic'd are known, but sometimes we see people that make shew of not being so, who affect to despise ambition, to satisfy that which they have in their hearts. However it be (said *Amilcar*) I think men are not frequently deceiv'd who believe themselves always liable to error ; and the surest way is to judge affirmatively of nothing upon appearances. But to return again to *Telantus*, he is complacent and civil, he loves company, and particularly that of Ladies, and I can assure you, that if he pleases he will write you pleasant Letters, as much Priest as he is ; for I conceive this faculty is never lost after 'tis once gotten. I have further to tell you that *Telantus* believes as well as I, that 'tis no easie matter to find a great contentment without the assistance of Fortune. Thus, fair *Berelisa*, you see what a person the illustrious *Telantus* is ; it remains for you to tell me whether you would have me write to him. You will do me a very great pleasure in so doing (answer'd she) For my part (said *Clidamira*) I shall be glad to see him, but according to the character you give of him, I think I shall not speak to him about my dreams. After this, *Artemidorus* went away ; but though *Berelisa* knew he would give *Clidamira* no new opportunity to speak to him, yet she was not fully satisfi'd with him, because she was solicitous to have him give her an account of what *Clidamira* said when she spoke to him apart. So that she look'd a little coldly upon him as he went out ; which though his heart reproacht him with nothing, gave him some discontent ; and therefore he writ to her the next morning. But he that carri'd the Letter being stop't by the way, *Berelisa* was gone her journey towards *Praneste* with *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, *Artemidorus* not being yet in a condition to travel. Nevertheless,

less, to repair the fault of him that he sent, he caus'd a slave of notable wit to depart immediately to *Præneste* and carry *Berellisa* her first Letter accompany'd with another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* continu'd to seek out ways to serve *Aronces*, and so did *Herminius*, and all the virtuous gallants of *Rome*, excepting *Horatius*, who, how generous soever, could not be sorry for the unhappiness of his Rival. As for *Zenocrates*, his secret jealousy caus'd him to avoid speaking of *Aronces* as much as he could, for fear it should be observ'd that he was less his friend than formerly. But though *Amilcar* would not altogether renounce his jollity, yet there were some hours, wherein he was pensive at least, if not sad. For besides the Imprisonment of *Aronces*, and the trouble in which *Plotina* was, his mind was extremely perplex'd by an order brought him by an *African* lately arriv'd, to return to *Carthage*. He lov'd *Plotina* as much as it is possible to love, he had Friends at *Rome* very dear to him, and he had an especial Friend in his own Country, who at that time had great need of him. Thus duty towards his Master, affection to his Friend, the interest of *Aronces* and the love he had for *Plotina* sufficiently divided his heart, to cause those that knew him well, to observe some little alteration in his humour. *Plotina* soon perceiv'd it; and at first thought his resentment of *Aronces's* danger was the only cause of his discontent; and loving *Clelia* very well, he was sensibly concern'd in her sorrow: as indeed *Amilcar* was extremely affected with the unhappinesses of *Aronces* and *Clelia*. But as love makes an exact discovery of the sentiments of the person lov'd, *Plotina* at length knew *Amilcar's* disturbance proceeded from some cause of his own. At which being troubled, Whence comes it, *Amilcar* (said she to him) that I see something in your countenance which seems to tell me you are sad? Alas! amiable *Plotina* (answer'd he) I see I can hide nothing from you, for I intended to dissemble the discontent which I have in my breast. But since you have discover'd it, I must let you know, that love does not torment me only in *Italy*, it persecutes me also in *Africa* in the person of an illustrious Friend who is become unhappy by it. I knew all the beginning of his love, and was something concern'd in it: but since I departed out of *Africa*, some things have befallen him, which excite me to pity him, and afflict me so much the more, for that I believe my presence is absolutely necessary to redress the fortune of my Friend. Nevertheless, the affection I have for you is so strong, that I know not whether the command of a Master, and the misfortunes of a Friend will be sufficient to oblige me to make a voyage into *Africa*. I say, a Voyage, Madam (add'd he) because at this present I account *Rome* my Country; for a Lover has no other but that of his Mistress. That which you say, is very obliging (reply'd *Plotina*) but being I am equitable and generous, I will not cause you to be deficient either to your Prince, or to your Friend. All that I desire of you is, that you will not depart till we be return'd to *Rome*, and *Aronces* be acquitted. We hope this will shortly be effected; for the Queen of *Hettrina*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, the generous *Melinthis*, and the amiable *Hersilia* have signify'd to my sister and me this morning, that they were going this day to make their utmost instance with *Porfenna*: I promise you more than you desire; Madam (said he to her) for I engage not to depart at all unless you com-

mand me. As he was speaking thus, *Valeria* enter'd, and told them *Lucilius* had sent word that all the Friends of *Aronces* were gone to intercede so urgently with *Porfenna* in his behalf, that a happy success was to be expected thereby. Which news something satisfying the minds of these two amiable Virgins, *Plotina* told *Valeria* what *Amilcar* had said to her, and then intreated him to declare what unhappiness it was that had befallen his friend he spoke of. Since the misfortunes of others sometimes a little solace our own (said he) I will content your curiosity, and no doubt you will agree that my Friend is to be pity'd, that love is the same in all places, and that there is no infelicity so great, but that another may be found like it. After this, *Valeria* and *Plotina* knowing that *Clelia* was with *Hermilia*, gave order that none should interrupt them: and then *Amilcar* began to speak in these terms.

The History of *Cloranisbes* and *Lysonice*.

YOU have heard me speak so much of *Carthage*; and you are so well inform'd of all that relates to my Country, of which the persons are, whom I am to speak of, that I shall in a manner wholly forbear to speak any thing of the Original of *Utica*, its manners, magnificence, customs or gallantry, being the same with those of *Carthage*; for I presuppose that as I, being an *African*, am become a *Roman* for your sakes, so you being *Romans* are become half *Africans* for mine. I shall therefore only tell you, that *Cloranisbes*, whose adventures I am to relate, is of a very illustrious Lineage, and that he is one of the most worthy, courageous, accomplish'd and agreeable persons in the world. He has a very noble air, a lofty countenance, and in brief, wants nothing that can get a man esteem, merit love or friendship. He has neglected no means to accomplish himself; for he has travell'd, and has been in *Greece* to learn all that could not be taught him in *Africa*. Nor has he done like some young persons, who seem in the beginning of their lives to design to acquire extraordinary worth, but after they have learnt many things which are suitable for the world, they become idle and never practise any thing which they learnt. For my part I account those, that have attain'd some good qualities, and afterwards are in a long uncertainty what they ought to do, to be as void of Reason as a Pilot, who should furnish a Ship with all things necessary for a long Voyage, weigh Anchor, hoise Sayl, and then not knowing whither he would go, abandon himself to the pleasure of the Wind, and put himself in danger of being swallow'd up by a quick-sand, or split against a Rock. Yet the World abounds with such people, as have learnt the Art Military, and were never afterwards at the War; with others, who have had Dancing-Masters, and never go to Balls, and which is worst, with others who have learnt to speak several languages, and speak their own ill; and with others too, who are born in the world, and do not understand it. I crave your pardon for my comparison and my observations, but I could not refrain them; hereafter I will be more cautious of digressing so far from *Cloranisbes*. Know then, that having learnt all things requisite to the accomplishing of a brave man, he determin'd to pass his life at the Court, and to do all he could to obtain honour there.

Accord-

Accordingly in the beginning of his manhood, a War being fallen out between *Numidia* and *Massilia*, he signaliz'd himself in it, and perform'd actions worthy of great applause. So that the Prince of *Carthage* was pleas'd to take him into favour, and to reside about him. I need not put you in mind (amiable *Plotina*, and charming *Valeria*) that this Prince is call'd so, only by reason he is descended from an Aunt of *Dido*, and that ordinarily he dwells at *Utica*; because I suppose you remember to have heard that 'tis only a Title which he wears, though he has no authority in *Carthage*. Nevertheless, he has great interest there, but he is a Sovereign only in his own State. So that he is really but Prince of *Utica*, though he is still'd otherwise. This City is of a very strong situation, upon the shore of the Sea, and near a great River, thirty miles from *Carthage*. Its Original is very dubious, it has been ruin'd and rebuilt, it has chang'd its name two sundry times, and it may be said, that 'tis one of the most inconstant Cities of the World in all things. 'Tis true, the air of the Country is apt to inspire levity, and therefore the changes are less to be wonder'd which happen in these places than in others. The *Numidians* and *Massilians* who are neighbours, are levity it self; and 'tis not altogether without Reason that people rely not too much upon the faith of the *Africans*. Not but that honesty is of every Country, and constancy is sometimes to be met with at *Utica* as well as at *Rome*. Yea, there is a Prophecy which affirms, that in this City shall one day be seen the greatest example of constancy that ever was heard of, and that it shall be accounted a modern City, although it be very ancient. But since I know not what is to come I cannot assure you, whether this Prediction be true or false, but only that the Court of the Prince of *Utica* is very agreeable. For all the brave persons of *Carthage* go thither frequently to visit the Prince and most of the youth of Quality of *Numidia* come to learn gallantry under the Prince of *Carthage*. The Ladies there have noble aspects and delightful wits; and though there are few great Beauties amongst them, yet there are abundance infinitely amiable, and indeed scarce any unhandsome. They are all pleasing, merry, and gentle; but how lovely soever they were, *Cloranißes* at his return from his Travels did not become amorous. His mind was so fill'd with the *Greek* beauties that had charm'd him, and the gallantry of *Athens* and *Corinth* so strongly possess'd him, that he had nothing but ambition in his heart when he arriv'd at *Utica*. So that the desire to please the Prince was the great spur to make him active. The Prince of *Carthage* had at that time a Sister much elder than himself, who taking a fancy to rule him absolutely, had a strange jealousy of every one that came near him. Wherefore the merit of *Cloranißes* causing her to be jealous of him, she secretly did him all the bad offices she could; though she deport'd herself civilly enough towards him before the Prince and the whole Court. But he was so amiable a person, and the Prince had such a great inclination to love him, that her artifices were at first unprofitable. When she saw she could do him no hurt, she bethought her self to remove him from the Court by some honourable way. And accordingly, as young as he was, she caus'd the Prince to send him to negotiate affairs of importance in *Libya*; at his return, a War hapning between *Carthage* and *Numidia*, he was made a Commander of the Forces which the Prince sent thither; but taking advantage of his ab-

sence, she caus'd a hundred things to be told the Prince, to render his fidelity suspected to him. She also corrupted some Friends and ancient Domesticks of *Cloranißes*; after which, she caus'd some of her own dependants to suggest several things to the Prince against *Cloranißes*, which should induce him to believe that he was a man of boundless ambition, that he held intelligence with the King of *Numidia*, that he betray'd *Carthage* and him too, and that it was very dangerous to suffer him longer in the head of the Army. Whereas nothing of importance was wont to be told the Prince, but he communicated it to the Princess his sister, in whom he absolutely confided, she made shew not to believe the informations given against *Cloranißes*, and offer'd to justify him. But in fine (said she to him with unparallel'd dissimulation) though I am perswaded *Cloranißes* is innocent, yet 'tis requisite to act with as much prudence, as if he were believ'd culpable; and therefore, my Lord, if I may counsel you, send a strict order to *Cloranißes* to come immediately to you. If he comes, it will be fit to observe him and endeavour to discover the truth: if he does not, his disobedience will argue his guilt. The Prince judging this advice of the Princess reasonable, sent an express order to *Cloranißes* to come forthwith to him, and to resign the command of the Forces to another whom the Prince nam'd to him. But at the same time that this order was dispatcht away, this subtle Princess oblig'd those false Friends of *Cloranißes* whom she had suborn'd and treacherous Domesticks to write to him to beware of coming. So that when *Cloranißes* receiv'd the Prince's order, he received four tickets, which extremely perplex'd him; for, in the first he found only these words,

Very bad offices have been done you here; have a care, and distrust all things.

In another,

The Prince is much incens'd against you; the Princess excuses you as much as she is able, but cannot appease him; take care of your affairs and your safety.

There was also a third, in which *Cloranißes* found these words:

Your destruction is design'd, Cloranißes, therefore do not trust to your innocence; for they which have power to ruin the innocent, make them criminal when they please.

But that which astonish'd *Cloranißes* most was the fourth, which spoke thus:

If you obey the Prince's Order, you cannot escape imprisonment or death; this is all that can be told you by a Friend who hazards his own fortune to save you.

You may judge, Madam, in what a perplexity *Cloranißes* was; for he did not mistrust those who gave him this advice. But that which wholly perswaded him to think himself lost was, that the Princess of *Carthage* having cunningly caus'd a rumor to be spread in *Utica*, that if *Cloranißes* came, he should be arrested, he receiv'd also twenty other advices, and particularly one from so faithful a Friend, that he could not doubt of it. Yet his own inclination led him to trust to his innocence, and to go to the Prince. But having consult'd two very prudent friends whom he had in the Army, they dissuaded him from it. But if I do not obey (said *Cloranißes*) I render my self suspected, and become culpable. Believe me (answer'd one of those that counsel'd him)

'tis

'tis better for a man to render himself suspected than miserable: but to take a middle course in this extremity, and to testify that you design not to render your self Master of the Forces, leave the Army and go towards *Utica*; and whereas you have a house upon the frontier, feign your self sick, write to the Prince, that as soon as you recover you will go to him, and in the mean time your friends will do their utmost to discover what you are accus'd of, and justify you to the Prince. This counsel seeming very prudent to *Cloraniſbes*, he oppos'd his own inclination, and follow'd the advice of his friends. So he left the Army, made shew of intending to go *Utica*, feign'd himself sick, when he was at his house upon the frontier, and writ to the Prince after the manner that he was counsell'd. But at the same time he answer'd all those that had given him intelligence, and conjur'd them to send him what they could learn. Wherefore they that betray'd him shewing his Letters to the Princess, who endeavour'd to destroy him, she made use of them to persuade the Prince that he was not really sick, and to inform him what a curiosity he had to know all that was spoken of him at *Utica*. For though he spoke in his Letters as being innocent, yet they contributed something to make him seem culpable, because they imply'd that he was not very sick, that he was desirous of intelligence, and durst not trust himself. But to make the matter worse, this subtle Princess pretending to be his Friend, sent one of her own Physicians to him, to the end that if he were in health as she believ'd, he might inform the Prince of it; and that if he were sick, she might make him report that he was not. Now, for that a Fever is not to be had at pleasure, *Cloraniſbes* took his bed indeed, and carried himself like a sick man; but the Physician found that he was in health, and reported so to the Prince, who no longer doubting but that *Cloraniſbes* was guilty, was so exasperated against him, that all the intercessions of his true friends could not hinder the Prince from sending to forbid him coming near to *Utica*; for the house where *Cloraniſbes* stay'd, was upon the frontier. So that *Cloraniſbes* was banish'd without knowing the cause of this severity against him. At first he was extremely afflicted; but having a great and firm Soul, he took a resolution on a sudden, and writ to his Friends to desire them not to trouble themselves further about making his peace, assuring them that he found his heart strong enough to be able to live in solitude, and enjoy himself without being concern'd with the rest of the world. 'Tis true, there was a wise old man who contributed much to cause him to take this resolution; for going to see one of his friends a days journey from his own house, he lost his way, and went cross the corner of a Forest. And finding a mountainous and barren Countrey beyond, he perceiv'd some miserable Shepherds tilling a little corner of ground between the Rocks, and observ'd a venerable old man who liv'd in a Cave not far off, and who with a countenance both melancholy and serene, said to them, as he beheld them, Alas! poor people! beware of rendering your fields fruitful; leave your land uncultivated, if you love quiet; for if your Countrey become good, you will soon have

War. *Cloraniſbes* who stopt to ask the way, having heard what this venerable old man said, seem'd surpris'd at it, and turning towards him, Tell me I pray (said he) for what reason you would make a desert of the Countrey you dwell in. Because (answer'd he) solitude is always inseparable from desarts, barrenness upholds solitude; vertue and peace are in solitude preserv'd, and felicity found; if it be possible for men to be capable of it. This old man who was a *Greek*; though he spoke the *African* tongue, and whose name was *Andronodorus*, spoke this with so grave an air, that *Cloraniſbes* believ'd that perhaps the Gods had caus'd him to meet with him for his comfort. Wherefore lighting from his horse, and giving him to the slave which follow'd him, he drew *Andronodorus* apart, and askt him, who he was? where he liv'd? what had caus'd the aversion, which he had against the World? My Lord (said he to him) I was born at *Samos*, and I was banish'd by *Polycrates* when he usurp'd the Sovereign Power, because he knew well I could not submit. So I departed from my Countrey with all that I could carry in a Ship, intending to see if it were possible for the monsters of *Africa* to be more inhumane than the men of my Countrey. For in truth, my Lord, I acknowledge to the shame of mankind, I never found any thing but weakness, folly, injustice, and wickedness in all places where I have liv'd, and principally in those where wealth and plenty are to be met with. I have had a father who took no thought for any thing but his pleasures, I have had children who would have me mind nothing but theirs; my wife had vertue, but not goodness; my relations had no humanity, my friends were but little sincere to my interests, my domesticks were of small fidelity; and in sum, I may say, that in all places where I have liv'd, I have seen almost all others as unhappy as my self, though they did not think so. But fortune having caus'd me to suffer shipwreck upon the Coast of *Africa* long ago, and chance conducted me to a Cave on the side of this Forest which you have cross'd, I took it for my habitation, and have liv'd here since by the assistance of a slave, who escap'd drowning with me, and with the help of some poor Fishers has till'd as much Land as is necessary for our subsistence. So that this little Sanctuary being encompass'd with a very great extent of Land which is not husbanded, I have enjoy'd much tranquillity since I came hither, without conversing with any but the Priest of a Temple not far from hence, who taught me his language. But I see these poor people at work, will make my Desert arable; and so I look upon them as those that go about to destroy my felicity; for, in brief, if they bring me neighbours, they will bring me enemies.

Cloraniſbes then admiring *Andronodorus*, desir'd him that he would lead him to his Cave; which at first he refus'd: but on a sudden checking himself, Come, my Lord (said he to him) come, for it is not fit for me to belye my self, and after having affirm'd that vertue may be preserv'd in solitude, to shew you only a wild and uncivil vertue. After this *Andronodorus* led *Cloraniſbes* by a small path little trodden; before his Cave he found a little rustical Garden, but very neat, and in the Cave a Bed of Bulrushes woven together, Seats of the same, some Books

which he had borrow'd of the Priest, and Writing-Tables. Then *Andronodorus* took his turn to ask *Cloranisbes*, who he was? and this illustrious exile related his fortune to him, Upon which *Andronodorus*, who wish'd he could make Hermits of all the men in the World, set himself to persuade him so earnestly not to offer to resist the will of the Gods, that he fell to tell him a hundred things, whereof I cannot refrain from telling you part. I beseech you (said he to *Cloranisbes*) suffer not your self to run into that general error of all men, who will always force their destiny. Resign your self to the conduct of the Gods, and know that true Wisdom consists only in this. As long as I was in my own Countrey, I behav'd my self like a good Patriot; but since Fortune cast me into a strange one, without subsistence and without any sanctuary, I made my self one, and have found a safer in poverty and solitude, than I could have done elsewhere. For since I came hither, I have deceiv'd no person, and none has deceiv'd me. The error of all men, is blindly to seek that which they have not; they who have no tranquillity, desire it, but do not that which is requisite to obtain it; and they who have, are weary of it, and think they should be happier in a more turbulent way of life. When we are children, we long to be a little advanced in age; when we are very old, we wish we could again become Children, and when we are in the prime age of our lives, we never consider what we have been, nor what we must be, nor many times too, what we are; but only addict our selves to find out pleasures, which are so momentary, that we scarce know whether they are pleasures or no, because ordinarily sorrow follows them so close, that it extinguishes all their sweetness. Thus, *Cloranisbes*, you see what the World is, which you have so much regret to be banish'd from. But, wise *Andronodorus* (answer'd he) as I am far from your age, so I am from your wisdom; and therefore I should find it a hard matter not to strive all I could against my bad fortune. But, who told you that it is bad? (said *Andronodorus*) do you know the secrets of destiny? and is it not your duty to conform your self to it? We have sometimes seen people think that they were out of their way, who in the mean time escap'd being overwhelm'd under the ruins of a house which had fallen upon them if they had follow'd the ordinary way. Therefore 'tis the grand secret, as I told you, to submit to the decree of Heaven, and to have so noble a soul, and so rational a mind, as to be always ready to pass from good to bad fortune, from riches to poverty, from health to sickness, from liberty to servitude, and from life to death. This certainly is that which *Pythagoras* intended to signify by his Metempsychosis or transmigration of souls; for no doubt he only meant to intimate, that the soul of man could not be all things. 'Tis fit then not to resist our destiny, it behoves us to submit to it; if the Gods will that you live as Court, they will draw you thither, whether you endeavour it or no; and if they do not, you will but torment your self in vain. But in brief, not to repeat to you all the discourse of the solitary *Andronodorus* to *Cloranisbes*, I shall tell you that he comforted him, and that *Cloranisbes* resolving to comply with his fortune without tormenting himself more, contracted a friendship with this wise old man to whom he offer'd his house to retire into, which he would not accept, and return'd home without caring for any other counsel but that of *Artemidorus*. And therefore he writ to his Friends at

Utica, that they would give over soliciting for his revocation, telling them it was sufficient if they only maintain'd that he had done nothing to deserve his disfavour, and that he desir'd nothing more from their assistance. He writ this to them so earnestly, that they obey'd his pleasure, and as Princes easily enough forget what they do not see, and delight in, the Prince of *Carthage* no longer thought of *Cloranisbes*. For my part I much regretted him; for I was his Friend; but, in fine, it behov'd him to comfort himself for his absence, and I comforted my self sweetly enough with two or three Mistresses, which I courted about that time. Nevertheless, as jovial as you see me, I can assure you *Cloranisbes* was better pleas'd with me than with any of his Friends; for I had the confidence to ask the Prince's permission to go see him in his Desert, though I knew well enough that the Princess of *Carthage* was offended at it. In the mean time *Cloranisbes* delighted himself in his solitude with embellishing his house, which he made very agreeable; he also addict'd himself much to reading; and having slaves that were skill'd in Musick, he diverted himself very innocently. The first time I visited him, I found him so merry, so satisfied with his retirement, in so good health, and with such tranquillity of mind, that I took occasion to jest with him about it. How? (said I to him) *Cloranisbes*, so goodly a person, so full of wit, so rational, so fit for society and gallantry, be happy with Meadows, Rivers, Woods and Fountains? What? can *Cloranisbes* be so jovial as I see him, without Nymphs, without Ladies, without Shepherdesses, and without having so much as one poor *Iris*? Yes (answer'd he, smiling) and I am so pleas'd in having no need of any but my self to be happy, as no man can be more. I confess to you, I laugh'd at his wisdom, I gave him the hearing of all that his Hermite had said to him, but he did not convert me; I left him to his opinion, and carried back my own. Six months after, I went again to visit him; but I found him much chang'd, he seem'd sad and paler than ordinary; and though he was more decent, and even more magnificent than I had seen him formerly, yet I perceiv'd well something troubled his mind. Methinks (said I to him as soon as I observ'd it) your countenance tells me your felicity of solitude has not lasted you very long. *Cloranisbes* smil'd to hear me speak thus, but though he told me he was sick, yet I knew that his malady was rather in mind than body. But being I was to stay with him some days, I would not press him too much at first, and we went to walk together upon a Terrace, the prospect of which was very handsome. After which, having some orders to give to a Painter who was embellishing a Banqueting-house at the end of his Garden, he ask'd me liberty to go thither, and left me to walk whither I would. Wherefore having a purpose to inquire of a man that belong'd to him, with whom he intrusted many things, I went to seek him in the house, from one room to another, and not finding him, I stay'd at last in *Cloranisbes* closet which I found open. And being naturally curious, I could not see Verses upon the Table without reading them; for knowing *Cloranisbes* made very good, and perceiving those that lay there were written with his own hand, my curiosity was redoubled. So that taking them up, I read them with much pleasure, because they seem'd very amorous. But that which made me consider them more, was, for that I accounted them an infallible proof that *Cloranisbes* was in love, and that his sadness

Madness only proceeded from thence. At the same instant a conceit coming in my head to play a prank with him, I set my self with all diligence to copy them out, and I was so happy that I had done transcribing them a good while before I found *Cloranisbes* again. For I went out of his Closet without being seen by any person, and going forth of the house enter'd into an Orchard to take a good long turn, feigning to seek for *Cloranisbes*, who at last met me. All the evening I found him sufficiently sad, though he endeavor'd to seem otherwise: I pretended to be a little weary and sleepy, to the end I might retire in good time. So being led to my apartment, I was at liberty to execute the design I had. I spent all the evening in translating those Verses into *Greek*; for I had formerly travell'd into *Greece*, and so had *Cloranisbes*. So that that language was not unknown to us.

Having pass'd the night in this Translation, I slept so late, that *Cloranisbes*, fearing I was not well, came to my chamber, and ask'd me whether I were sick, slothful, or sleepy. I assure you (said I to him, awaking my self) I cannot tell you which; and besides (added I) you were so pensive last night, that I imagin'd I should do you a pleasure in leaving you to entertain your own thoughts. You are not wont to be so complacent to the lots of your own pleasure (answer'd *Cloranisbes*); but however rise, and let us walk; I obey'd him, and we went together into a Grove which is extremely agreeable. We had not gone a hundred paces in it, but turning my self toward him; See, *Cloranisbes* (said I to him) a very fit place to make Verses in, and I doubt not but your desire has occasion'd you to write excellent things. Solitary people (answer'd he) have so few subjects to write of, that their fancies furnish them with nothing agreeable; for, to tell you the truth, 'tis so common to declaim against Fortune, that I would not chuse it. For my part (reply'd I) Verses that are not of Love, must be admirably good to please me; for since Verses were no doubt invented for Love and Mirth, they must have something of both, to charm me. But as to the matter of verses (added I) I must shew you, an Elegie that was given me, which in my conceit is very passionate, and I have made a Copy of them my self, to give you. In speaking this, I drew forth the Translation which I had of *Cloranisbes* Elegy into *Greek* out of his own Language, which naturally is not very fit for Poetry. At first *Cloranisbes* took it without thinking to find any thing in it that he knew; but he had scarce read four Verses, when looking upon me, Ha! *Amilcar* (said he to me) see the greatest chance in the world. How? (said I to him very seriously.) The sense of these four Verses (reply'd he) agrees so exactly with four which I made, that nothing was ever seen so like. Such things always surprize when they happen (answer'd I coldly) but 'tis not very frequent; and I my self (added I confidently) have made Verses which I have found almost word for word in *Hesiod*, whom I had not read at the time when I made them. So that it could not be said that they remain'd in my memory unwittingly, and that I believ'd I compos'd them though I only remembred them. Therefore 'tis not to be much wonder'd at, that your conceit should jump with that of another; and when conformity is only in the sense and not in the words, the chance is less marvellous. After this, *Cloranisbes* proceeded to read; but the more he read the more he was astonish'd; he stopt at each Verse with incredible amazement, and not imagining

it possible for me to have seen his Verses, or having seen them, to have had time to translate them, he made exclamations at every word; and having told me a hundred times, This is strange, this is admirable, this is wonderful, this is incredible, and testified his amazement in all manners he could, he was, in fine, wholly astonish'd that I was not so at all. No doubt (added he) 'tis because you believe there are some thoughts in the Verses you shew me, which resemble those which I have made. I certainly believe so (answer'd I) and I wonder as much at your astonishment, as you do at the conformity of your Verses with these which I shew you. Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd he) you do not understand how the matter is; and to force you to admiration, mark well the Elegy which I am going to repeat to you, and if you do not find that the beginning, continuance, and end are the same, never believe me. After which *Cloranisbes* repeated his Elegy, and I taking my turn to feign astonishment, stopt at every Verse, and made cries of admiration, which surpass'd all his before. But in fine (said I to him, after he had done repeating the Elegy) it is impossible this should be the effect of meer chance; you must have borrow'd this sense from some other, or some other from you. *Cloranisbes* then fell to make a thousand Oaths to me, that he had never before seen the Verses which I shew'd him. It must be a long while then (said I to him) since you compos'd yours; you gave Copies of them when you were in *Greece*, and some one that understands our Language, desir'd to enrich his own with them. That cannot be (answer'd he) for 'tis but three days ago that these Verses were made, and I have not shew'd them to any whatsoever. So that this accident must be look'd upon as a prodigy. But do you know (added he) who is the Author of those Verses which so much resemble mine? No (answer'd I confidently) but a Kinsman of *Thespi* sent them to me by a Ship that came to *Utica*. But as far as I perceive (added I) you make Love-Verses in your solitude.

But as far as I perceive (said *Platina* interrupting him) you intend that we shall not hear *Cloranisbes* Verses, and you have forgot that *Valeria* understands the language into which you translated them well enough, to hear them with pleasure. I have not forgotten any thing that is lovely in you (answer'd *Amilcar*) but because I was but the Translator of those Verses, I durst not shew you them unless you had commanded me, though I something desir'd it. But since you have some curiosity for them, you shall have them in your own language; for when I began to understand it, I translated them a second time in this manner. See then what were the sentiments of *Cloranisbes*.

Elegy to Melantha.

IT was within a pleasing solitude,
Where free from cares and from inquietude,
My thoughts an undisturb'd serenity found,
And in themselves my easie wishes crown'd.
A goodly plain, a Meadow flowry fair,
With the soft courtship of the perfum'd air,
Censuring the fields, or bubbling streams that pass
O'er pebbles, or that thrid the matted grass;

*The charming notes of birds that move delight,
And the more charming silence of the night,
Courts noiseful pleasures taught me to despise,
And joys of undesigning shades to prize.
There I without ambition, love, or strife,
Pass'd the soft minutes of a carelefs life;
Until Melantha's fatal beauty found
My desert out; straight from th' unhappy ground
Away the disenchanted pleasures flew;
And rest for ever bad my Soul adieu.
Since then my mind by melancholy seiz'd,
And raging pangs of jealousie diseas'd,
Like a crack'd Mirror thousand forms doth shew
Of Rivals, whom Melantha never knew.
My lightest wish was death, hopeless to move
That heart that only could ambition love.
And still the more I pay'd profound respect,
My slighted service found the more neglect;
As if my adoration were a crime,
Or dying sighs were murmurs out of time.
And yet obdurate as she is, I find
No other passion can divers my mind
While she not pitying my forlorn estate
Can find no easier object for her hate.
If it be so, ye Gods, I only crave
That last relief despairing Lovers have.
May grief destroy me, and Melantha find
A Victim fit for her ambitious mind.*

If *Clorambes's* Verses (said *Valeria*) be as passionate as yours, he must certainly have been very amorous. For my part (added *Plotina*) I do not doubt of it; for *Amilcar's* Verses are ordinarily more sprightly than these, but not so passionate. However (added she, turning towards him) proceed if you please to the sequel of the History of *Clorambes*; for I extremely long to know whether he told you upon whom he made these so amorous Verses.

I am so desirous to obey you, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) that I will not stay to answer the illusive commendation you have given the Verses which I make. To return therefore where I was, I shall tell you, that turning myself towards *Clorambes*, But as far as I perceive (said I to him) you make Love-Verses in your solitude, and make them as well as if you were amorous. Nevertheless I do not much believe that you can be so; for to speak truth, there are not many *African* Ladies to be found in the Countrey that are fit to take such hearts as that of *Clorambes*. Alas! (answer'd he sighing) I thought indeed to live in safety in my Desert: but, to my unhappiness, I have seen so divine a person here, that I have not been able to resist her charms. Then I press'd *Clorambes* to tell me who that fair one was, where he had seen her, and how he became in Love with her: for as for the name of *Melantha* which you give her in your Verses (said I to him) I know 'tis but a name of love. *Clorambes* told me that since he was banisht he had seen but two or three of his Friends, and my self, who had visit'd him twice, excepting the solitary *Andronodorus* whom he saw very frequently; till one day, walking in a great Waste that leads to the way which goes to *Massilia*, he beheld a handsome slave, who saluting him respectfully, told him, some Ladies of quality desir'd him to permit them to see his Garden. Wherefore having not yet forgot to be civil, he answer'd him that he should joyfully receive the honour which

they would do his house. But that he might not fail in the respect which it behov'd him to give them, he ask'd the slave their names; and was told that there was the wife of a man of chief quality of *Massilia* at a house not far distant from his; that this Lady's name was *Cyrene*; that she had her daughter with her who was nam'd *Lysonice*, and two of her kinswomen who dwelt with her. The slave added also that, to divert them, *Cyrene* purpos'd to let them see all the fair houses thereabouts. Upon which *Clorambes* sending the slave back speedily, prepar'd himself to receive these Ladies in the best manner he could, though it was something troublesome to him at that time to be oblig'd to spend a day in Ceremony; for in the humour he was in then, he could have lik'd better to see a Painter at work whom he had in his house, or hear a slave sing that belong'd to him and had an excellent voice, or entertain himself with a Book, or his own thoughts, than to receive Ladies whom he believ'd he should never see more than this time. Nevertheless in consideration of civility, he order'd his servants to make preparation to receive them. And then causing a handsome horse to be brought to him, he rid to meet them as far as he could. When he approacht their Chariot he first beheld *Cyrene*, who though of good age seem'd to him to have a graceful countenance. But presently after all that were with her lifting up their Vails he saw the charming *Lysonice* her daughter, and he saw her so beautiful, that his eyes were dazzled, his heart was mov'd, and his reason almost wholly laid aside at that moment, so that he had like to have made his complement to *Lysonice* without speaking at all to *Cyrene* or her Friends, who were notwithstanding very amiable. Yet at length he recollected himself from his dumb admiration; and beginning to speak, I would not have believ'd, Madam, (said *Clorambes* to *Cyrene*) that an unfortunate Exile could have receiv'd so great an honour; and if I could have foreseen it, I would have endeavour'd to put my Desert in a condition to divert so fair a company. Since we find you in it, (answer'd *Cyrene* obligingly) we have nothing more to desire. For my part (added one of her Kinswomen, whose name was *Pasilia*) when the Master of the house is a person of merit, I do not much care to find that the Garden-plots and walks are not decently kept. I am altogether of your mind (added a sprightly Virgin nam'd *Delisia*.) And as for me (said the fair *Lysonice*) I have at present the greatest consolation in the World, in seeing an Exile who is neither savage or incivil; for whereas we our selves are Exiles, it makes me hope that we shall preserve some civility in our Desert, since *Clorambes* has retain'd so much in his. What? Madam (cry'd *Clorambes* looking upon *Lysonice*) can such a person as you be exil'd? If it be so, it must needs be only because your beauty is too redoubtable to those that banish you. *Clorambes* had no sooner said this, but *Lysonice* blush'd, and he perceiv'd it would have been better to have spoken of the worth of Ladies in general than of *Lysonice* in particular; but it was not in his power to repress his first sentiment. But *Cyrene*, to interrupt the praises given her daughter, entreated *Clorambes* that he would do them the favour to let them see his house. And so, they went thither-wards slowly, continuing their discourse.

Cyrene told *Clorambes* that the King of *Massilia* had banisht the valiant *Boftar* her Husband by the artifices of some enviers he had in this Court, and that

having

having been sent to a house of his own upon the frontier, he had obey'd, and arriv'd there only fifteen days ago. *Cloraniſes* heard with pleasure that which *Cyrene* ſaid to him; and though he knew no reaſon for it, yet he was glad that *Lyſonice* was an Exile, and that he had ſome conformity with ſo fair a perſon. At length having paſſ'd a great Waſte and two Courts, this fair company alighted before a ſtately entrance of ſtone-ſteps: for though the Architecture of this houſe is ſomething barbarous, 'tis notwithstanding magnificent. For inſtead of the Statues of the Graces, *Venus*, *Diana*, or *Apollo*, as in other places, here were repreſented huge Lyons, Tygers and Panthers; and in imboſſ'd imagery, Crocodiles devouring paſſengers, frays of ſavage beaſts, and ſhapes of the moſt extraordinary monſters that have been ſeen in *Africa*. But, in fine, this houſe is very handſome though built after the ancient mode; ſo that *Cyrene* commend-ed it with as much earneſtneſs as a perſon could do that deſir'd to pleaſe the Maſter of it. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Cloraniſes* to her) do not ſo extol a thing which does not deſerve it; for I am none of thoſe who ſeek to be commend'd for what has been made by Architects who are dead many ages ago; and if you have any thing to commend me for, it muſt be (added he ſmiling) for not having lov'd Lyons, Tygers and Panthers ſo much as my Anceſtors. In ſpeaking this, he oblig'd *Cyrene* to enter into a Hall, the painting of which was newly finiſh'd, where the hiſtory of *Diana* was admirably repreſented. It not being uſual in *Maſſilia* to ſee ſuch rare Pictures, all the Ladies were charm'd with thoſe, and ſtay'd a good time to behold them, during which they all made it apparent that they were infinitely ingenious, and eſpecially *Lyſonice*. After this *Cloraniſes* cauſ'd them to paſs into a Chamber hung with Tapeſtry of *Sydon*; for having been a great Traveller, he had renounc'd the ſimplicity of *Numidia*. Then he led them into a Cabinet open on three ſides, the proſpect of which was very handſome; it was full of Pictures, Books, and Muſical Inſtruments; and round about it were Cuſhions wrought with flowers, and a plat of Sea-bull-ruſhes cover'd the floor. But as far as I perceive (ſaid *Lyſonice* pleaſantly when the company was all ſet) you purpoſe to be eternally baniſh'd, by ſo delightfully adorning your Deſart. Yet I am not of your humour; for I ſhall always ſo fancy to my ſelf to return to the Court in a few days, that I look upon all the deformities of a diſorder'd houſe as things which comfort me, and aſſure me I ſhall not ſtay long there. You are ſo fit for the World (answer'd *Cloraniſes*) that 'tis not to be wonder'd if you love it: but you are alſo ſo amiable, that you ought never to fear ſolitude in what place ſoever you be. I know not whether I can fear ſolitude (reply'd ſhe) but I am ſure I very much fear bad company; and that which makes me diſlike continuing in the Countrey, is not ſo much the fear of ſeeing no body, as of ſeeing people that diſpleaſe me. I believe what you ſay (answer'd *Delifia*) but I believe too that you love agreeable company. I grant it (reply'd ſhe) but I had rather not ſee any whatſoever, than ſee ſome whom I diſlike. Did you conſider well what you ſay, Daughter (ſaid *Cyrene* ſmiling) you would not ſpeak ſo poſitively. Indeed (added *Pafilia*) they who have ſo ambitious a ſoul as you, can never think it poſſible for themſelves to conform to ſolitude; which is a way repugnant to ambition. I beſeech you (ſaid *Lyſonice*) do not uſe railery upon me before ſuch a perſon as *Cloraniſes*,

who does not know me ſo well as to diſcern how far he ought to believe you. No, no, Madam (answer'd *Cloraniſes*) do not fear that I think any thing of you which is not to your advantage; for your beauty ſo powerfully diſpoſes hearts to judge favourably of you, that I find I cannot believe any thing againſt you. Since 'tis ſo (ſaid *Lyſonice*, perceiving her Mother was talking to *Pafilia* at a window) I deſie you to ſpeak all that you pleaſe. Then I ſhall tell *Cloraniſes* (ſaid *Delifia* to whom ſhe ſpoke) what a diſpute we had by the way as we came hither; and I believe, as prepoſſeſs'd as he is with your beauty, he will not acknowledge that your ſentiment is more juſt than mine. We ſhall ſee that (answer'd *Lyſonice* coldly.) I beſeech you (ſaid *Cloraniſes* then to *Delifia*) do not force me to be againſt you. Provided you will ſwear to me (answer'd ſhe) that you will judge ſincerely and without partiality, I deſire no more of you; and without ſo much as expecting your oath, you ſhall know that, after much diſcourſe too long to relate, *Lyſonice* gave us to underſtand that ſhe ſhould like better to marry a King whom ſhe hated, and who ſhould always hate her, than a man whom ſhe lov'd, and who always ſhould love her, if he were of a mean fortune. The meannels of mine (reply'd *Cloraniſes*) no doubt ought to make me declare againſt *Lyſonice*; but ſince I judge nothing according to my own intereſts, I cannot reſolve to condemn her without firſt hearing her.

For my part (ſaid *Lyſonice*) ſince inclination is a thing which ariſes in us without the help of our reaſon, I might, if I would, diſpenſe with ſpeaking any thing upon this matter; but however, I will acknowledge ingenuouſly, that ambition ſeems to me the moſt noble paſſion of all. I know not, whether it be the moſt noble (answer'd *Cloraniſes*) but I know well it is not the moſt ſweet. Be it what it will (ſaid ſhe) I apprehend a thouſand pleaſures in ſeeing ones ſelf above all thoſe that ſurround us, and I fancy tedious diſcontentment in a mean fortune. As for me (ſaid *Delifia*) I ſhould account my ſelf more happy with a plain ſhepherd whom I lov'd, than with a King whom I hated. If I hated his perſon (answer'd *Lyſonice*) I ſhould love the degree he advanc'd me to, and his greatneſs. But if I lov'd a ſhepherd (reply'd *Delifia*) I ſhould be contented with his fortune, I ſhould love him even to his Cottage, and I ſhould be more happy in ſeeing him feed his Flocks by a River ſide, than you would be upon the Throne, if you ſhar'd it with a Prince whom you hated. Believe me (answer'd *Lyſonice*); Love is a fine thing in Verſes and in Pictures; but conſidering it a little prudently, I think all the bleſſings of it are very imaginary. If you examine ambition aright (reply'd *Delifia*) you will ſee that all the favours of Fortune do not affect the Soul ſenſibly. 'Tis true (ſaid *Cloraniſes*) the deſires of Love proceed directly from the heart, but thoſe of ambition only from the mind. I do not underſtand theſe diſtinctions very well (answer'd *Lyſonice*) but I know, the thought of being a Queen flatters my heart pleaſingly; and that of being lov'd makes no great impreſſion in my mind. 'Tis becauſe you do not conſider (reply'd *Cloraniſes*) there can be any thing in the world worthy of being lov'd by you; and becauſe 'tis more eaſie for you to imagine that there ſhould be a King ſo juſt as to make you a Queen, and give you a Crown which Fortune has not given you. You draw your ſelf very civilly out of this matter (ſaid *Lyſonice*) but nevertheleſs, I know

know you judge me too ambitious, and therefore I will not give you leisure to explain your self more clearly, for fear *Delisia* triumph to my disadvantage; moreover, 'tis fit to mind my Mother, that we have not too much time to see the Gardens of so fair a house, and to return home. And so rising up, the oblig'd *Cyrene* to go walk, and this lovely company went to see the Gardens, the Orchards, and a Grove which was behind them; but they were much surpris'd to find a very noble and handsome Collation in a Banqueting-house which stood in the middle of the Grove. With which while these Ladies were entertain'd, they were delighted with the noise of a little consort of Countrey-Musick, very agreeably. And after it was ended, the Musician which belong'd to *Cloraniſbes*, fung admirably well; by which time it was grown late, and so the Ladies went away extremely satisfied with the civility, wit, and magnificence of *Cloraniſbes*, who with several of his Attendants conducted them half their way. When he left, *Cyrene* desir'd him to go and visit them, and he told her, that having intended to request her permission to do it, he should not fail to obey her: after which they parted. *Cloraniſbes*, as he return'd home, was sufficiently pensive, though he did not imagine that he was fallen in Love. Yet the idea of *Lysonice* accompanied him in all places; which, being it was agreeable, he did not care to extinguish out of his memory, but on the contrary entertain'd it with pleasure. The next day going to see a Painter work, whom he had at his house, he found him more merry than ordinary; of which desiring to know the cause, Whence comes it (said he to him) that I see you so joyful? My Lord (answer'd he) I have been a whole moneth seeking in my fancy for an air of a head to make a *Venus*, and could not hit upon one; but I found one yesterday without trouble; for whilst the Ladies were at the Collation in the Banqueting-house of the Grove, I stole the Picture of her they nam'd *Lysonice*. How? (said *Cloraniſbes* surpris'd) could you make any thing that resembles her? Yes, my Lord (answer'd he) and upon the plain design which I made yesterday, I am confident to make an excellent Picture for resemblance. I pray do not execute your intention (said *Cloraniſbes* smiling) for it would disturb my quiet, if I saw *Lysonice's* Picture often. Nevertheless, *Cloraniſbes* askt him to shew him the draught which he had made, and found it very much resembling. He also desir'd to keep it; but the Painter who had a *Venus* to make, was so importunate with him, that he was constrain'd to let him have it to make use of for his intended Piece.

The next day *Cloraniſbes* went to see *Andronodorus*, and told him of the Adventure he had had; for after he had cur'd him of his ambition, he gave him an account of whatever hapned to him. But he had no sooner done relating to him the visit he had receiv'd, but the wife Hermit taking his turn to speak, Ha! *Cloraniſbes* (said he to him) have a care of your self; for love is not much better than ambition, and if I am not mistaken, your heart has more propensity to submit to the Tyranny of the one than of the other. I confess it wise *Andronodorus* (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*) in this case methinks 'tis so easie for my Reason to defend my heart, that I ought not to fear being surpris'd. For *Lysonice* and I have so different interests, that I think it is not easie for Love and Fortune joyn'd together to unite us; and besides, I have already observ'd *Lysonice* has a very ambitious Soul, and so

it would be in vain for an Exile to offer to become her Servant. Yet, I say once more have a care of your self (reply'd *Andronodorus*) for if there be no other obstacles than those you mention, to keep you from being in love, you are so already; for 'tis certain, difficulty produces a greater progress towards love than facility. Beware then to fortifie your Reason well, if you mind not to lose the contentment you have obtain'd. But do you think (said *Cloraniſbes*) there is no Love commendable? I think there may be (answer'd this wise old man) and I grant there is nothing more excellent than a lawful, tender, and constant Love: but *Cloraniſbes*, where will you find two persons that Love one another, who have minds so generous, hearts so tender, and Souls so constant, as to love one another ardently and for ever? And yet without all these conditions, Love is but a weakness, a crime and a folly. So that, considering the almost impossibility to find a woman which deserves to be lov'd, or knows how to love, 'tis best for a man to preserve his liberty. Love founded upon beauty can never out-live it, and many times dies before it: Love which is establish'd out of vanity, is but vanity it self, and cannot last: that which proceeds from the interests of Fortune, is nothing but covetousness; that which is inspir'd only by youth, passes away with it, and is nothing but levity and inconstancy: that which arises from the temper or constitution, is blind, gross, and brutish: and there is none durable or commendable, but that which is produc'd by virtue. Defend your self then courageously against Love, if you believe me, and suffer not your self to be surpris'd by so dangerous an Enemy. Do not flatter your self with the thought that there may be calm Loves: for,

*As Spring without West-winds has never been,
So Love without desires was never seen.*

Therefore enjoy the quiet in which you are, *Cloraniſbes*, and remember that flight is the only course that can secure you.

The discourse of *Andronodorus* very much mov'd *Cloraniſbes*; and yet he could not resolve to forbear giving a visit to *Cyrene* and *Lysonice*, but he really purpos'd to go thither but once. At his return home, he found his Painter had finish'd the head of his *Venus*, and that this Picture so much resembled *Lysonice* that it was the same. His heart was mov'd with it, and he could not behold it without pleasure and disturbance; nevertheless, at the same time he laugh'd at himself for his weakness, and so went to his rest. But the next morning he could not keep himself from going again to *Lysonice's* Picture, and the day following he went to the house of the valiant *Bostar*, father of this fair person, who receiv'd him with extraordinary careſſes, and led him to the apartment of *Cyrene*, where *Lysonice*, *Pasilia*, and *Delisia* were. Whereas he had receiv'd these Ladies with much civility before, they receiv'd him so now; and this obliging reception adding something to the charms of *Lysonice*, prov'd a further ingagement of the heart of *Cloraniſbes*. At first *Bostar* began to discourse about their common misfortunes, by which they were both exil'd; complaining that Princes ordinarily think themselves dispens'd with from ingratitude, and that they owe nothing to those which serve them; then, lamenting their unhappiness, in that they can scarce ever distinguish flatterers from their true friends, nor know the clear truth; and which is worst, care not to know it, being

being willing to be deceiv'd but not recompense such as are faithful to them; and finally, in that they do more good to those that hurt them, than to those that have done them service. But after this *Bostar* being retir'd upon occasion of some business, the conversation was chang'd, and became pleasant, mirthful, and diverting, that *Cloranisbes*, to his unhappiness, judg'd this converse more delightful than with the solitary *Andronodorus*. He offer'd to return home at night, but *Bostar* and *Cyrene* detain'd him till the next day: whereby having had more time to know *Lysonice's* wit, he was so taken with it, that he perceiv'd it would be very troublesome to him to resist her. All her discourse was agreeable, and though she had a little vehemence in her mind, yet her eyes shew'd so much sweetness, and that vehemence was so sprightly, that she made it part of her gracefulness.

Thus *Cloranisbes* who went thither free, return'd home without almost the least doubting of his Captivity. Yet he stay'd six days before he went again to the house of *Bostar*, during which the poor *Andronodorus* dy'd. This loss afflicted him, and perhaps would have hindred him from returning so soon to *Cyrene's* house, if all those fair exile, had not sent a complement to oblige him to visit them. His sadness being discernable in his countenance, they askt him the cause of it; which having told them, *Lysonice* spoke with astonishment concerning such as confine themselves to eternal solitude, not being able to comprehend how 'tis possible for any one to renounce society for ever. But she spoke so ingeniously, that though her discourse was repugnant to the sentiments *Cloranisbes* had at that time, he was an exceeding admirer of her. But not to insist upon such small matters, having greater to tell you; The more *Cloranisbes* beheld *Lysonice*, the more charming he found her, and became the more amorous.

Shortly after *Bostar* took his turn to visit him, and so did all the Ladies, who were extremely amaz'd to see the Picture of *Lysonice* at his house. This beautiful Virgin immediately blisht at the sight of it, and askt *Cloranisbes* where he took it. When you have told me (answer'd he softly) fair *Lysonice* where you have put the heart you have taken from me, I shall tell you how I came by your Picture. Believe me (*Cloranisbes* reply'd she) if you had my Picture no more than I have your heart, you would not have it at all. You mean, Madam (answer'd he) that you would not have it be yours. In good earnest (said she to him) I conceive women in banishment do not much mind taking of hearts; and men in the same condition have enough to do to support their adversity, without suffering them to be taken imprudently. Ah! too charming *Lysonice* (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) 'tis always pertinent to love you. This little conversation was at this time interrupted; for *Cyrene*, *Delisia*, and *Pasilia*, who had stay'd to consider the Picture, came and joynd with them; but, in fine, though what *Cloranisbes* said to *Lysonice* might have been taken only in the way of gallantry, yet he was glad he had spoken. As for *Lysonice*, she made no reflection upon it at that time. I do not tell you that *Cloranisbes* gave this fair company all the divertisement, that could be had in the Countrey: but I assure you he became desperately amorous of *Lysonice*; and having the counsels of *Andronodorus* no longer, the remembrance of those he had formerly given him was too weak to withstand the charms of this admirable

Lady, whom then he saw very frequently. Moreover he sought an opportunity to speak to her of his growing passion; and found it; but he receiv'd him so fiercely, that he was more miserable after he had discover'd his love to her than before. Believe me, *Cloranisbes* (said she to him one day when she conjur'd her to suffer him to love her) Love is not suitable for the unhappy; nor does it belong to the unfortunate to love one another: it would be too much to have complaints to make both of Fortune and Love at the same time. Ha! Madam (said *Cloranisbes* to her) I am perswaded you cannot but have a great aversion for me; for if it were not so, you would on the contrary find there would be some sweetness to your self in reigning absolutely in my heart; and that love is a consolation of all sorts of infelicities. No, no, *Cloranisbes* (said she to him) do not imagine I have any aversion for you, for I assure you I know very well all the excellent qualities you are indow'd with; but you are an Exile; and so am I. I love the World, I am ambitious, and I hate solitude: judge then, whether, as things now stand, 'tis possible for you to render me happy. But, Madam (answer'd he) Fortune may change, and 'tis ealie for me not to be perpetually in banishment. Nor but that I could easily dispense with the World if I enjoy'd you (added he) but since you love it, I will love it too for your sake, I will hate Solitude, and Love shall anew inspire me with ambition.

Thus (amiable *Plotina*) stood the case of *Cloranisbes* with *Lysonice*; when I was at his house, when I found those Love-verses; and when I play'd the prank of translating them, to perplex him. After this afflicted Lover had related to me all that I have rehears'd to you, the complaint of his unhappiness in a most passionate manner. For, my dear *Amilear* (said he to me) no man alive can love more ardently than I do; none can have less hope than I have; and finally, none can resent greater torment. I know *Lysonice* has several Lovers at the Court of *Magalia*, who bestir themselves to their power to make *Bostar's* peace: so that if he be recall'd, I shall lose *Lysonice* for ever, and live in my Desert tormented with love, jealousy and despair. *Bostar*, without doubt, does not hate me (added he) *Cyrene* loves me very tenderly; and *Pasilia* and *Delisia* are for me; but *Lysonice*, with all her esteem, is sensible to nothing but ambition. But however (said I) is not her heart sensible of joy? Yes (answer'd he) and I know not whether it be partly because she loves pleasures and is very ambitious. If you credit me (reply'd I) instead of complaining continually as you do, I had to divert her, carry me to *Bostar's* house, to whom I will give hope of your return to *Ustica*, and suffer me a while to observe your Mistress. But if you should go and become my Rival (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) I should be much more unhappy. If I should (reply'd I smiling) it would be probably for so short a time, that I should not have leisure to prejudice you. For besides that 'tis seldom I have any long Loves, I am to stay here but eight days; so that my absence would cure me of my passion.

At that time, charming *Plotina*, you had not yet taught me to love constantly. But, in fine, *Cloranisbes* promis'd to carry me the day following to *Bostar's* house. Where accordingly, I found that *Cyrene* was a handsome woman, to whom one might still offer an idle heart, without being liable to blame; I found *Pasilia* very amiable; *Delisia* infinitely agreeable; and

and *Lysonice* so fair and so charming, that if my Friend had not lov'd her, I should have infallibly become her servant. But because I would not augment his miseries, I hastned as much as possibly I could to make choice between *Pasilia* and *Delisia*. And having well consider'd them both, I fix'd my self upon *Delisia*. Whereas I came from the Court, *Lysonice* receiv'd me with joy; and when I said I believ'd *Cloranisbes* was likely to be recall'd speedily, she treated him a little better that day than ordinary. Moreover, I describ'd the Court of *Utica* to her so gallant, and the vicinity of *Carthage* so commodious and pleasant, that methought, if *Cloranisbes* were recall'd, she would easily resolve to marry him. In the Interim, it being my happiness to please all this fair company, *Bostar* propos'd to us to stay at his house, during the eight days allotted me to abide with *Cloranisbes*. Wherefore, conceiving it would be advantageous to my Friend if we accepted his offer, I carri'd the matter so handsomly, that they seem'd almost to force us to stay there. In this time I lov'd *Delisia*, I did not hate *Pasilia*, I was very complacential to *Cyrene*, and I also lov'd a young *Phœnician* Virgin who came to *Bostar*'s house, and whose name was *Phelinice*. She is indeed a very lovely Lady, of an indifferent stature, but extreme well shap'd; she has a round visage, a little dimple in her chin, a lively complexion, a somewhat high forehead, a handsome mouth, a very pleasing smile, black and sparkling eyes, purely white hands, and hair of the fairest bright chestnut, that ever was seen; which is very rare in that Countrey. But though *Phelinice* be always very agreeable, yet she is infinitely more upon one of these days in which she has a certain sweet and a little caressing complacency, which becomes her admirably. She is naturally good, discreet, and generous; she is both debonaire and melancholy; she is very ingenious, and is capable of more things than many others who make greater ostentation than she. Pleasure is sufficiently suitable to her inclination, though she can dispense with it when 'tis fitting to do so; as for her friends, she loves them well, but yet a little less than she thinks, because she does not believe her self so well lov'd by them as she really is; and having taken up a conceit, that true friendship may be without an absolute confiding intimacy, it is hard for her to escape the upbraidings of her Friends. Yet this does not hinder her from being very amiable and very worthy to be lov'd; and therefore I lov'd her at least as much as *Delisia* and *Pasilia*. But being she was but one day with us, I was quit of her for four and twenty hours love.

The eight days we stay'd there, were spent very delightfully; for having no other design but to divert our selves, we satisfied our desires, notwithstanding all the ambition of *Lysonice*. We went a hunting and a fishing, we walkt, we made jovial Sonnets, and extemporary Verses; we sometimes talk'd seriously, and many times otherwise, and, in brief, we had very diverting conversations. That which often render'd them agreeable, was, for that there liv'd rustical people in the places adjacent, whose countrey modes made *Lysonice* desperate, and gave her occasion to declare against the Countrey very agreeably. But forasmuch as I know well enough how to counterfeit all sorts of people, I diverted her sufficiently in conversing with these people, as if I had been one of them. For I could imitate their looks, speak their language, and transform my self absolutely into a noble Bumkin. And by this folly I drew pleasure

from a thing which otherwise would have been very disgustful to her.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* employ'd all his endeavours to win the heart of *Lysonice*; he knew well that she esteem'd him; and nothing was so prejudicial to him as his quality of being an Exile: but this difficulty was in a manner insuperable, and made him extremely unhappy. And the more, because he durst not hope to make his peace with the Prince of *Carthage*; for I had given him to understand that it was the Princess who was his chief enemy. However, he dissembled his sentiments, and omitted nothing whereby he might please *Lysonice*. But at length the eight days being ended, I departed, and I dare say, *Cloranisbes* and I left behind us some regret for our absence. For my part, I was melancholy till I return'd to *Utica*, but especially at my leaving of *Cloranisbes* amidst the inquietudes of his violent affection. I promis'd him at parting, to do him all the service lay in my power, and indeed I did not fail of my word. And I had a better opportunity to do it than at any time before, because the Princess of *Carthage*, who alone had procur'd *Cloranisbes* disgrace, was now out of favour with the Prince her self, and constrain'd to retire into the Countrey. I forgot to tell you, that when I took leave of *Cloranisbes*, I promis'd him not to discover his passion to any, nor so much as to say I had seen *Lysonice*; and that in my return, the Painter who had workt for him in his Desert, follow'd me and came to *Utica*. For that *Cloranisbes* had desir'd me to assist him as much as I could, I did not fail to do so; and he soon got employment.

Now the Prince of *Carthage* having some secret design to make War, and knowing that *Bostar* was banish'd from the Court of the King his Master, that he liv'd not far from *Cloranisbes*, and had a very strong place which belong'd to him, he purpos'd to gain him to his interest, to the end to make him declare for them; wherefore having happily dispos'd him to recall *Cloranisbes*, I acted so dextrously that he gave me Commission to send to my Friend that he might return. This news made *Cloranisbes* both joyful and sorrowful; for knowing his exile was an obstacle to him to be lov'd by *Lysonice*, he was glad for being recall'd to Court; but then he was on the other side extremely afflicted, for that he could not cease to be an exile without being absent from his Mistress. Nevertheless whereas this absence might possibly prove to the advantage of his Love, he resolv'd upon it, and went to take his leave of *Bostar*, *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the Ladies his Friends. He promis'd them to return to see them, and desir'd their permission to write to them. *Lysonice* was more pleasing towards him this day, than she had been ever before, and having an opportunity to entertain her apart for a quarter of an hour, Suffer me, Madam (said he to her) to complaint of the joy which the end of my banishment gives you. You ought rather to thank me for it (said she to him) for 'tis a sign that I sensibly interest my self in your happiness. But, Madam (reply'd he) is it possible for one that has given you his heart to be happy when he is absent from you? I know not whether or no you will be happy at *Utica* (answer'd she) but I know well you would have been always unhappy here. But, *Cloranisbes* (added this fair Virgin) I will not have you go away ill satisfied of me; know then, that I am perswaded, when one loves another ardently, he ought always to study more to content him, than his own pleasure; and so, when a Lover studies only to enjoy his

Mistress,

Mistress, without considering whether he can render her fortune happy, he loves but imperfectly. Therefore conceiving that adversity and love cannot subsist together, I have been unwilling to encourage the affection you pretend towards me, for fear of increasing your unhappiness. But, in fine, I esteem you infinitely, and if I were capable of love, I doubt not but I should affect you rather than any other. This, *Cloraniſbes*, is all that can be said by an Exile to a man who is not yet wholly discharg'd of his banishment (if I may so speak) an exile, I say, who accounts nothing more unjust than not always to employ the greatest endeavours for advancing the greatness and honour of the person lov'd.

Although this which *Lyſonice* said to *Cloraniſbes* was not too obliging, nevertheless perceiving that she was willing to give him a little hope, he was raviſht with it, and us'd the most passionate and exquisite blandishments to her that the most ardent love can inspire an Idamorate with; after which, he came back to *Utica*. I had a purpose to have gone to meet him, and give him notice that his Painter, who had kept a copy of *Lyſonice's* picture, had shew'd it to the Prince; who was so charm'd with *Lyſonice's* beauty, that he kept the Picture and plac'd it in his Chamber: but the Prince having taken me to hunting with him, *Cloraniſbes* arriv'd at *Utica* a quarter of an hour before we return'd hither. And going to wait upon the Prince at the Palace, he was extremely surpris'd to see *Lyſonice's* picture in her Chamber. This thought so wholly took up his mind, that though the Prince's arrival caus'd a sufficient noise in the Court of the Palace, he scarce heard it at all. Yet at length he went to meet him in the Court, and being the Prince lov'd him very well, and believ'd he stood in need of him, he caress'd and embrac'd him with tenderness. Let us forget what is pass'd, *Cloraniſbes* (said he to him) and make amends for it with the future; so that you may be never separated from my interests. *Cloraniſbes* very respectfully answer'd to that which the Prince said to him; who after that, fell to speak of the hunting and several indifferent matters. But some time after he was in his Chamber, he caus'd *Cloraniſbes* to enter into his Closet, where when he had discours'd very obligingly to him, and *Cloraniſbes* fully justifi'd himself, he told him that to restitute to him that he believ'd him innocent, he would presently put confidence in him, and impart to him his desires to bring *Bofſar* to his interests. I know he is mal-content with the King of *Adassilia* (said he to him) that he is courageous, his reputation amongst these Nations, and is master of a strong place; therefore you must endeavour to gain him to me, and oblige him to declare himself for me when I shall desire it. My Lord (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*, who was glad of this employment) I am sufficiently capable to bring to pass that which you desire; For *Bofſar* has some esteem for me. Then you must return secretly to him (added the Prince) but seeing it concerns me that this negotiation be neither tedious nor unsuccessful, I am to ask you, whether *Bofſar's* Daughter, whose Picture you have seen in my Chamber, be as handsome as it; for, if she be, you must tell *Bofſar* I am ready to marry her, on condition he will do what I desire. You know (added he) I have always set up my resolution never to marry a woman but who is admirably fair; therefore it behoves you to answer me punctually, and tell me whether *Lyſonice* be like her picture: for I say again, if she be as handsome, I shall be glad

that she be the means to unite *Bofſar* and me; seeing I never beheld any thing so handsome as this Picture, and I am in love with it.

Cloraniſbes was then extremely perplex'd; the love he had for *Lyſonice* combated with his generosity, which urg'd him to tell a truth which might content the ambition of that fair person; but he had so little time to deliberate upon a thing most difficult to resolve upon, that Love being unable to consent that he should yield up his Mistress, and not daring to tell the Prince he was amorous of *Lyſonice*, especially not being much lov'd by her, he told him, 'twas true, *Lyſonice* was a great beauty, but in his own eye she came much short of her Picture. Perhaps (said the Prince to him) you have not well consider'd her; for banisht persons have usually so many other things to take up their minds, that their eyes may commit injustices. But however (added the Prince) it is requisite that you go to *Bofſar*, and treat with him, and consider *Lyſonice* well: and then in case she be as handsome as her Picture, you may confidently assure *Bofſar* that I will marry her. If she be not, offer him a greater fortune in my Dominions than he has in that of the King his Master; and do not come back till this treaty be accomplish'd. *Cloraniſbes* being unable to contradict the Prince, accepted the employment, which he gave him, and prepar'd himself to depart the next day. But when he came to spend the evening with me, I saw him so afflicted that I pity'd him. I knew not what to think at first; for though the Prince accounted *Lyſonice's* Picture very handsome, yet I was ignorant of his secret intention; so that I could do nothing but conjecture. I assure you (said I to *Cloraniſbes*) I never told the Prince that I had seen *Lyſonice*, nor that you were in love with her, but it was your Painter's doing, who being ambitious to shew what he could do, caus'd her Picture to be seen by the Prince. Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (said he to me) I am unfortunate. After which exclamation he related to me what had befallen him. But (said I to him) you do not account that you need be so perplex'd; For if I were in your place, I would tell the Prince I was amorous of *Lyſonice*; it not being credible that he is so much in love with her Picture as to contend for her with you. But you do not consider what you say (answer'd he) for the Prince has not only had always a fancy to marry the handsomest woman in the World, if he could, but he aims in this Marriage to bring *Bofſar* over to his interests; so that should I tell him of my love to *Lyſonice*, he would look upon me as an obstacle to his design; and being I am not yet too well establish'd in his mind, I should ruine my self therein for ever; I should cause him to banish me a second time, and eternally deprive my self of the hope of pretending to *Lyſonice*. But what then intend you to do? (said I.) Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (answer'd he) I know not; for, to examine things aright, I betray *Lyſonice* as well as the Prince, by saying she is less handsome than her Picture, since nothing is more true than that her Picture is a thousand times less handsome than her self; and which is worst (added he) I am a wretch who love only my own felicity, who have no regard to *Lyſonice's* advancement, who offer to keep her from that which of all things in the World most suits with her inclination, and who, having no assurance of being happy, go about to hinder her from being so, as without doubt she would be, if she became wife to the Prince of *Carthage*. For all this, I cannot overcome my passion, my generosity must yield

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to it, *Lysonice* must be injur'd because I love her, and because I cannot deprive my self of her; and though I am to betray both the Prince, *Bostar* and *Lysonice*, yet 'tis absolutely necessary that I lose not hope, and beware of being the instrument to put her into the arms of another, whose affection being only grounded on her beauty, would in a short time diminish. So that, when I consider well, 'tis for *Lysonice's* own sake that I must hinder her from becoming Princess of *Carthage*; or, at least I will persuade my self so. *Cloranibes* spoke this so pathetically, that he caus'd me to pity him. But again, (said I to him) What intend you to do? I intend (answer'd he) to employ all my power to invite *Bostar* into the interests of the Prince, without mentioning the Marriage of *Lysonice*; and if my negotiation prove happy, at my return I will give the Prince an account of it, and at last tell him that *Lysonice* is less handsome than her Picture. And being he does not know her, that fancy of his will vanish. But withal, to hinder *Lysonice* from convincing me of untruth, and appearing so soon at the Court, I will handsomly persuade *Bostar* to leave *Cyrene* and *Lysonice* in that important place which he holds, whither he would not go at first, for fear of rendring himself more suspected to the King of *Massilia*. But when all that you speak is done (said I to him) *Lysonice* will not be yours. No (answer'd he) but she will not be another's, and 'tis possible in process of time she may be mine.

I spoke many things more to *Cloranibes*, to which he answer'd as one prepossess'd by his passion. Nevertheless, he could take no very firm resolution, and the uncertainty which distracted him made his greatest torment. So he went away unresolv'd, and continu'd his journey in the same manner; and when he was arriv'd near *Bostar's* house, he was almost in the mind that his great affection might induce him to give over pretending to *Lysonice*, and to tell her ingenuously the truth. But when at his arrival he beheld her upon the Stone-stair-entrance, going to walk with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, this sight destroy'd all his designs, and caus'd him to take an immovable resolution to do all he could to marry *Lysonice*. He had no sooner resolv'd thus, but he lookt upon matters in another manner; he believ'd there was no unfaithfulness in doing what he did, that he having lov'd *Lysonice* a long time, and the Prince loving but her Picture, he might innocently practise a deceit, and that provided he could engage *Bostar* in the interests of his Master, he was not Criminal in not mentioning his marriage with *Lysonice*. In effect, without amusing my self too long in telling you after what manner he acted, I shall only tell you, that he manag'd *Bostar's* mind so well, that he brought him to that which he desir'd, which was so much the more easily done, because he was advis'd the King of *Massilia* had resolv'd to destroy him: so *Cloranibes* almost intirely concluded the treaty with *Bostar*.

All this while *Lysonice* no longer considering *Cloranibes* as an Exile, but on the contrary as a man that might free her self from being such, treated him better than ordinary, suffer'd him to speak to her of his passion, and did not forbid him even to hope. This confirming *Cloranibes* in the resolution he had taken, he remain'd firm in it, and was more amorous than he had been; without doubt nothing serves more to augment love than hope.

At his return he was receiv'd very well by the Prince; especially when he inform'd him that his ne-

gotiation was successful. Yet he was sufficiently discontented when *Cloranibes* assur'd him too, that *Lysonice* was not so fair in his eyes as her Picture. Not but that she is handsome, my Lord (said he to him) but either I understand not your inclination, or I am persuaded her beauty would not affect you. For my part (added the Prince in a great indignation) I cannot sufficiently blame the weakness of women in general, who will always have their Pictures made handsomer than themselves, and will be more oblig'd to the Painter than Nature, without considering that it would be more pleasing for them to hear it said, that they are more handsome than their Pictures, than to perceive in the eyes of such as behold their Portraitsures, that they judge they have been flatter'd. Believe me (said I to the Prince; for I was present at this conversation) all the world desires to be flatter'd; people will have flattering Pictures, they admit of adulation with delight, they will be flatter'd even in their houses, and trifles; and I know a woman that has a little Dog who would take it very ill if she were not flatter'd in conceit of him; and who so would be her friend, must confidently affirm that 'tis the handsomest Dog in the world. Judge then, my Lord (added I) if thole women are not to be pardon'd who desire to have the appellation of plump, fair, and rose given them, to have arch'd eyes, little mouths, and fair hands, and handsome arms attributed to them, though they have none of all these: They must therefore be pardon'd a weakness which they cannot be hindred from (answer'd *Cloranibes*.) For my part (reply'd *Cloranibes*) I cannot pardon the Painter who has made the Picture of *Lysonice* handsomer than she is; for I should have extremely lov'd a woman as fair as that. But, in fine, since 'tis so, I must be satisfi'd, and to put it out of my mind (added he) I will have that deceitful Picture taken away. And accordingly he gave it to *Cloranibes*, who receiv'd it joyfully. However (added he) 'tis sufficient that your negotiation succeeds well.

The next day the Prince sent *Cloranibes* back again to *Bostar*; the Treaty was sign'd, and *Bostar*, not caring any longer for being suspected by the King of *Massilia*, went forthwith to that important place which belong'd to him with *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the two Ladies his Kinswomen. The Prince of *Carthage* sent some men to him to strengthen his Garrison: at length the business became so much rumord, that it could not be doubted of. In the interim, *Cloranibes* increasing in favour, the favours of *Lysonice* were also augmented towards him; and according as he was consider'd by his Master, he was likewise by his Mistress, who at this time gave him all grounds to believe that she would obey without resistance, if *Bostar* commanded her to marry him. *Cyrene* greatly wish'd this Marriage; and *Bostar* himself desir'd it, both out of affection to *Cloranibes*, and to content *Lysonice*, who he knew did not dislike it, and more also out of Policy. But sometimes he wonder'd much, that *Cloranibes*, who he knew was passionately amorous of *Lysonice*, did not speak to him about it.

After divers matters which 'tis not necessary to tell you, because they relate only to the interests of the King of *Massilia* and the Prince of *Carthage*, *Bostar* came to *Utica* to confer with the Prince of *Carthage*, who was then a great Lover of a Lady of Quality in his Court; but he did not bring *Cyrene* nor *Lysonice* thither, who remain'd in the strong place. I told you of *Cloranibes* love being now very violent, and obser-

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ving the Prince engag'd in an affection which agreeably employ'd him, he thought he might begin in good earnest to think of being happy. Wherefore he speaks in private to *Boftar* about his love to *Lysonice*, askt him, if he might hope to be happy, and conjures him to open his heart to him, as himself is resolv'd to open his own to him. *Boftar* approves his design, and tells him that he promises him his daughter: after which *Cloranisbes* gave him a thousand thanks. But, my Lord (said he to him) if you please to have me happy, it lies in your power to render me absolutely so; for I know the Prince of *Carthage* is of so nice and suspicious an humor, that if I should appear very amorous of *Lysonice*, I should be always suspected by him. If I should but express my self desirous to marry, he would less esteem me for it, and think me less addicted to his interests: therefore to accomplish my happiness, and keep him from believing me more devoted to you than to himself, it is requisite to act in such manner, that he may think I marry *Lysonice* only because he commands me to do it; and in fine, 'tis your part to bring him to command it. Though it be not the custom (answer'd *Boftar*) for a father to speak first of marrying his daughter, yet I have so earnest a desire to give you mine, that I will dispense with the ordinary decorum for your sake. And accordingly *Boftar* manag'd this affair with the Prince in such sort, that he oblig'd him to think fit of his own accord for him to marry *Lysonice* into his Court, to the end that important place which belong'd to him, might not after his death be possess'd by any person that depended on the King of *Massilia*. 'Tis for that reason, my Lord (said *Boftar* to the Prince) that I presume to desire a husband of you for *Lysonice*. The Prince judging this proposition of *Boftar* might be to his advantage, receiv'd it well, and set himself to think who would be a fit person in his Court to marry *Lysonice*. At first he cast his eyes towards me; but a moment after remembring how great an enemy I was to marriage, he diverted his thoughts to several others, but he found some obstacles in all: at length he thought of *Cloranisbes*, and nevertheless he durst not name him to *Boftar*, because remembring in what manner he had heard him speak of *Lysonice*, he fear'd he might have some aversion against her. Whereof being desirous to be satisfied, he only told *Boftar* that he would think upon it. As soon as night was come, the Prince speaking in private to *Cloranisbes*, propounded the business to him with all the Reasons which political interest suggested to him, to perswade him to marry *Lysonice*. Nor that I will compel you to it (said he) if you have any aversion for her; but if she be indifferent to you, undoubtedly you can do nothing more advantageous for your self, nor important for me; for you are not ignorant of what importance the place is which belongs to *Boftar*, and which will be yours after his death. *Cloranisbes* heard this which the Prince said to him, with a joy so great, that he had some difficulty to dissemble it. Yet he was so much Master of himself, that he receiv'd this Proposal like a man averse to marry, and who would not resolve upon it, but only because it was the prince's pleasure; who therefore thank'd him for the consent he gave to it.

Now the Prince being us'd to proceed hastily in all things which he undertakes, the next morning he told *Boftar* he had found a husband for *Lysonice*, and then nam'd *Cloranisbes* to him, who was accepted as you may imagine. Wherefore being impatient till the busi-

ness were accomplish'd, it was resolv'd *Cloranisbes* should return with *Boftar* to marry *Lysonice*. At first the Prince would have had *Lysonice* have come to *Utica*; but *Cloranisbes* representing to him that there was danger in leaving the plate so long without the presence of *Boftar*, *Cyrene*, and *Lysonice*, he at length determin'd that it was best for *Cloranisbes* to go a long with *Boftar* thither; and the Prince told me, that to render the feast more delightful, he would permit me to go to the Nuptials. You may judge how joyful *Cloranisbes* was; for in the transports of his contentment, he foresaw nothing but delight and happiness for all the remainder of his life. *Lysonice* had treated him well the last time he saw her; her ambition had wherewith to be contented, as well as her love; *Boftar* and *Cyrene* lov'd him; and the Prince being amorous of another at this time, he did not think there was any thing to be fear'd. So then he studied only how to give *Lysonice* every thing which he imagin'd might please her. Knowing the affected magnificence, there was no piece of State in *Carthage* that might bestir her; but he gave it her; and procur'd her such a handsome retinue, that nothing could be desir'd more. But, in fine, we departed with *Boftar*, and went to find *Cyrene* and *Lysonice*, who having been advertis'd of the state of matters, receiv'd us admirably well. *Lysonice*, having heard the Prince of *Carthage*'s Court many times spoken of as a very gallant Court, was extremely joyful to think that she should be in a very considerable rank there; seeing she should marry a man whom the Prince lov'd very well, and whose merit made him worthy of the love of all the world. *Cloranisbes* observing her so well satisfi'd, was the happiest man in the world; as without doubt there is nothing more sweet in love, than to cause the felicity of a person whom we love. And indeed I never saw a person have a more real joy than that which *Cloranisbes* had; for though there was some deceit in his proceeding, yet Love render'd it excusable, and his passion was too ardent then to suffer him to be capable of repenting. But because he was wholly taken up with entertaining his Mistress and his own joys, he desir'd me to take some care for the magnificence of the Feast. Wherefore searching in my memory all the gallantries which I had seen in my travels, I may say, I contributed something to the divertisement of the Marriage. I omit to tell you that *Boftar* made continual feasting for three days, that there were publick sports, and several exercises, for which *Lysonice* gave the prize, that on the Feast-day there was a very gallant Ball; but I shall only tell you, that the next day, because all the *Africans* are exquisite Dancers, we made a kind of a Masque, which I had devis'd, wherein *Pasilia*, *Delisia*, and some other Ladies danc'd; and it was receiv'd not without some applause.

Though we were not at the Marriage (said *Plotina* interrupting him) do not think but we will be at the Masque, and you shall not escape without telling us something of it.

If I could remember the Verses (answer'd *Amilcar*) I would tell you them with pleasure, but they were made in such haste, that I did not think them worthy of retaining. The unpremeditated Poetry of *Amilcar* (said *Valeria*) excels the most elaborate of others. However (said *Plotina*) tell us the Subject and Order of the Masque, and at least some of the Verses. I will, Madam, (answer'd he) but first, I must tell you, that I devis'd it, that being the persons there were partly of the Court, and partly

of the Country, I feign'd that there were two Cupids, one which might be nam'd the Cupid of the Court, and the other the Country-Cupid. And therefore I intitl'd our Masque

The different Effects of LOVE.

THe Castle wherein we were, having a large Hall, I caus'd a great Theatre to be erected in it from side to side. One end of it was adorn'd with the representation of stately Palaces, and the other with an agreeable Landskip. On the right side of the Theatre appear'd first the *Cupid of the Court* with a Bow painted and gilded, a Quiver of the same, adorn'd with Jewels, his Wings painted and gilded, a Torch in his hand, and follow'd by Jealousie, Disimulation, Fear and Fury.

On the other side of the Theatre appear'd the *Country-Cupid* with a Bow and a Quiver adorn'd with flowers, follow'd by Hope, Laughter, Sports, Pleasures, and Jealousie, which appear'd not so frightful as the other, and was accompani'd only with light fears and suspicions which I had represented pleasantly enough.

Then either of these *Cupids* made a Speech, in which they related their power. After which defying one another to give proofs of it, they danc'd together in a threatening manner.

After this, the Entries were diversifi'd, namely, there was one of the *Cupid of the Court*, and another of the *Cupid of the Country*, with a different sort of Musick agreeing to either of them: of which I am going to give you as good a relation as my memory will permit me.

But to the end the several Entries might not be confounded, the two *Cupids* always appear'd there alternately, shewing the effects which they pretended to have caus'd.

The first Entry of the *Cupid of the Court*, was a King in Love with a Young Shepherdess; and the first of the *Cupid of the Country*, was a Young Shepherd coming out of a poor Cottage, proper, jovial, spruce, active at all sorts of exercises, though he had been taught the same only by Love.

The second Entry of the *Cupid of the Court* was an old Miser, offering all his Treasure to a Young Mistress, who laugh'd at him as she took them: and the second Entry of the *Country Cupid* was a Young Shepherd, who giving his Shepherdess but a Shephook engraven with the Letters of her name, was receiv'd by him with a thousand carresses.

The third Entry of the *Cupid of the Court*, was three jealous and ill-us'd Lovers, fighting together in the presence of their Mistress who laugh'd at them; and the third Entry of the *Country Cupid* was two Shepherds, who singing the best they could before their mistress, had an innocent contest together, of which her heart was the subject.

The fourth Entry of the *Cupid of the Court* was a foolish Gossip, delivering Letters, Bracelets of Hair and Pictures to four Lovers, without their perceiving it, with which she made her self pleasant with an old friend of hers: and the fourth Entry of the *Country Cupid* was a young Shepherdess, who having a Sheep of her Flock stray'd away, carefully sought for it, and afterwards receiv'd it from the hand of her Shepherd who brought it back to her, after he had slain a Wolf that would have prey'd upon it.

The fifth Entry of the *Cupid of the Court* was a Young *Lacedemonian* virgin, follow'd by four *Athenians*, who requir'd their hearts again of her, intimating thereby that the hatred of Nations does not hinder but love may arise between persons that are enemies: and the fifth Entry of the *Country Cupid*, was a Young Shepherdess, looking upon three Young Shepherds who strove for the prize of a race: the first running very swiftly without regarding her, arriv'd at the Goal before the rest; the second turning his head to see her, was cast behind; and the third not being able to pass further, stay'd just before her; after which the Young Shepherdess gave a Garland of Flowers to those that had run best, but she gave her heart to the third: at which the others were so discontented, that they went away in great despair.

The last Entry of the *Cupid of the Court* was men and women of quality, who having danc'd a while, stood in order to hear a Sonnet sung by Youth, which was admirably well represented, and in few words spoke a thousand things in praise of the *Cupid of the Court*, to whom alone belong'd gallantry, magnificence, and liberality: and the sixth and last Entry of the *Country Cupid* was several Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who danc'd to Songs under Trees, alternately, answering one another. That which they sung was a kind of Dialogue, in which I made a little merry Satyre against the *Cupid of the Court*, and an *Elegium* in favour of the innocence of the *Country Cupid*. After which those of the Court and the Shepherds uniting, and there appearing but one *Cupid*, who represented something of both the other which had been seen, they acknowledg'd one another, and ended the Mask with a Speech, which concluded, to the honour of Love, and in the name of all those that had appear'd.

*Come then and let's adore
At Courts and pleasant Springs,
This lovely Conqueror
Of Shepherds and of Kings.
Unhappy he whose heart
Receives not Cupid's wound,
Without the torments of his Darts,
No pleasure's to be found.*

How? (said *Platina*.) do you think you shall not tell us some of the Verses of the Mask? In good earnest, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*.) I have the greatest desire in the World to do it, but it does not please my memory; and all that I can do, is only to tell you the four Verses which I made for that young *Lacedemonian* Virgin who was follow'd by the four *Athenians*, which requir'd their hearts again of her: yet they did not serve, and I was forc'd to make others, because I had *Greece* so much in my head when I made them, that I did not remember I was in *Africa*. But they were these.

*Why, unjust enemies, do you accuse me?
I've stoln a hundred hearts (so Love refuse me!)
But how can any dwell in Greece not know,
My Country Sparta's Laws do theft allow?*

No doubt you will say I have studied very deeply; and add that I have an odd memory; but since I know not how to do otherwise, 'tis better that you do not interrupt me, but suffer me to finish my story. I will not detain you with exaggerating *Clorinde's* joy; for

for it was great beyond the possibility of expression. *Doffar* also was highly contented, *Cyrus* was extremely satisfied; *Pasilla* and *Delisa*, hoping to go to the Court with their Kinswoman, were ravish'd with joy; and *Lysonice* having married a very worthy person that lov'd her ardently, and who she believ'd would shortly carry her to *Utica*, seem'd as contented as any one in the World. Soon after I was recall'd by the Prince, and oblig'd to leave *Clorambes* with the fair *Lysonice*. At my taking leave of him, he desir'd me to speak as little as I could of *Lysonice* when I should be with the Prince, and only to say by the by that her beauty was much improv'd since I had seen her first; but above all, to beware of discovering that he was amorous of her: and accordingly I did as he desir'd, and that with sufficient address. So being oblig'd by the Prince to come away about some affairs of his, I departed as you have known, and left things in that condition.

But I have understood by a Friend of *Clorambes* whom he has sent to me, that the face of things is since much alter'd. For fifteen days after his Nuptials the Prince recall'd him to *Utica*. *Lysonice* was desirous to accompany her Husband; but for that he was loth the Prince should see her so soon, he told her, that having as yet no house there fit for her accommodation, it was more requisite for himself to go alone to make preparations; chusing rather to part for some time from the person whom he lov'd, than to venture to have her seen by the Prince so soon after his marriage; for he found that he had not sufficient power over himself to hide his passion for *Lysonice*, if they should be seen together at *Utica*. Besides, it is always natural enough to defer a thing which we fear, as much as possibly we can. So he left *Lysonice*, and promis'd her that he would return to her with all speed. At his coming to the Court, he found the Prince had broken off with his Mistress, was very much offended with her, likely never to love her more. Whereupon *Clorambes* us'd all the industry and address he could to re-engage him, that so having his mind prepossess'd, he might take less notice of *Lysonice's* beauty when he should see her: but he could effect nothing. In the interim he writ every day to his dear *Lysonice*, he sent her Presents continually, and not having ceas'd to be a Lover by becoming a Husband, there was no care which he did not use to please her: he went to see her several times; and as often as he saw her, he found out new impediments of her journey to *Utica*. One time he said his house was not ready; another, that it was requisite to expect till the Princess of *Carthage* were reconcil'd with her brother; another, that winter was not a healthful season wherein to go and reside at *Utica*: so that, though *Lysonice* accounted the time very long, yet she did not disbelieve what *Clorambes* told her, but hop'd that at least in the Spring she should go to Court. The Winter-time was thus pass'd over, but Spring being come, *Clorambes* found himself sufficiently perplex'd; for *Lysonice* knowing he had a house in the Country within half a days journey of *Utica*, she ask'd him to permit her at least to go thither for a month: Which not daring to refuse her, and judging also that it would be more convenient for him to go and see her there than elsewhere, he consented to. So *Lysonice* went to that place, and *Pasilla* and *Delisa* with her: but as soon as it was known at *Utica* that she was there, several persons went to visit her, *Clorambes* with all his address being unable to hinder them. Wherefore,

seeing *Lysonice* has one of those surprising beauties, which such as behold the first time cannot refrain from speaking of, all that saw her, highly cry'd her up at their return to *Utica*, and rais'd such a report of her, that the Prince of *Carthage* hearing how exceedingly she was exalt'd, was surpris'd at it, calling to mind what *Clorambes* had answer'd him, when he shew'd him *Lysonice's* picture. Which sticking much in his thoughts, he ask'd one of those that had seen *Lysonice* whether he remembred to have sometimes seen a picture of her in his Chamber. Yes, my Lord (said that man, who knew nothing of what had pass'd between the Prince and *Clorambes*) but I can assure you without fallhood, that *Lysonice* is a thousand times handsomer than that picture. But are you well assur'd of what you say? (reply'd the Prince) It will be easie for you, my Lord (answer'd the man) to be satisfi'd of it; for 'tis unlikely that *Lysonice* will never come to *Utica*. After this the Prince seem'd sufficiently pensive, for coming to consider that *Clorambes* did not cause his wife to come to Court, and that he had seen her while he was in banishment, he began to suspect that he might have told him an untruth; wherefore being desirous to know the certainty, and to be resolv'd by his own eyes, he purpos'd to go a hunting towards the side where *Lysonice's* house was, without letting *Clorambes* know of it, to the end he might not remove her. And indeed the Prince us'd so much care to hide his intention, that *Clorambes* was not advertis'd of it till the Prince was on horse-back for the hunting match. This put him to a great perplexity: nevertheless he conceal'd his disturbance, and went to the hunting with the rest. He seem'd also a more forward Hunter than any of those that follow'd the Prince; and whereas 'tis easie to turn out of the way in a chase, without any notice to be taken of it, *Clorambes*, who knew the shortest and most unfrequented passages to go from *Utica* to his House, separated from the rest in a Wood, and putting his Horse on a full speed, went with incredible diligence to find *Lysonice*, who was but beginning to dress her Head; and who in the tediousness of solitude did not much mind adorning her self. When she saw *Clorambes* arrive in such apparent haste, she ask'd him what the matter was; and how it hapn'd that he arriv'd so early: For you must needs have set forth very betimes in the morning (added she) or else you have travel'd very fast. I have done both (answer'd he) and the cause of my coming in such haste, is, for that I believe the Prince will come hither at the end of the chase. *Lysonice* being very glad of this news, bid her women advertise *Pasilla* and *Delisa* of it; after which, turning her self towards *Clorambes*, You have much oblig'd me (said she to him) in giving me this notice: for otherwise, the Prince would have found me in a negligent dress which would have sham'd you. Go then (added she) and give order to your people to make some handsome preparations for entertaining the Prince; and in the meantime (contin'd she smiling) I will go and dress myself to the best advantage I can, to the end to do you honour. I beseech you Madam (said he to her) enter into your Closet a moment, that I may speak with you there. *Lysonice* not being able to conjecture what *Clorambes* had to say to her, arise up; and did as he desir'd: She was no sooner enter'd into her Closet, but *Clorambes* looking upon her with very much love and sadness together, I beseech you, my dear *Lysonice* (said he to her) do not refuse me a request I have to make to you; and when you have granted it me, never

never ask me wherefore I made it: Since what you say to me (answer'd she) signifies some diffidence, you must permit me to be a little surpris'd. However, speak, if you please, what you desire of me. I wish (said he to her) that, if you will oblige me, you would feign your self sick to day, and instead of adorning your self, as you intend, be as carelessly attir'd as you can; let the Curtains of your Windows be drawn, let the Pillows of your Bed be depress'd, and finally, let there be so little day in your Chamber that the Prince may not yet know that I am the most happy of all men. How? my Lord, (interrupted *Lysonice*, blushing with anger) is the solitude then in which I am, an effect of so strange a jealousy, as renders you capable of the most outrageous caution that ever was? What? my Lord (added she again) do you believe that if I should excite love in the Prince, it would be easie for him to excite the like in me, now I am your Wife? I confess indeed (continu'd this offended Fair) that being naturally ambitious, if he had lov'd me heretofore, he might have been not ill-treated, even though he were not so worthy a person as he is; but as things are now, you do me an injury which cannot be repair'd. Alas! charming *Lysonice* (said he to her) I beseech you do not condemn me so lightly. I swear to you I am not jealous; 'tis ambition alone which causes me to act thus, and 'tis only for your sake that I make you a request which seems so unreasonable to you. But grant me, if it be possible, that which I desire of you, without obliging me to tell you the reason which forces me to it; and go not to imagine that I suspect your virtue, or out of a sentiment of jealousy fear, lest the Prince should excite love in you. That which I do has another cause, I swear to you with all the sincerity which I am capable. No, no, my Lord (reply'd she) you can have no other sentiment in your soul, but jealousy, and I see well (added she with tears in her eyes) that I am only to prepare my self to be the most unhappy person in the world. For what means is there to cure a jealousy which foresees the future so far off? and how can such an injury as this be forgotten? I have in a manner seen nothing but Trees since I was your Wife (proceeded she in great passion) I have heard nothing but Birds, and convers'd with none but *Paslia*, *Delissa* and your self; and yet, I see, this does not hinder you from being jealous. I protest to you once again, Madam (said he to her) I am not jealous. But if you are not (answer'd she) tell me then the reason which obliges you to make me so strange a request. The fear of being less lov'd by you Madam (reply'd he) is the sole cause which hinders me from telling you that which you desire. I assure you (said she) this motion of yours is so strange, that you can tell me nothing which is more; and my mind is so disturb'd with the ill-grounded suspicion you have of my virtue, that I think this injury will never be obliterated out of it. Then *Cloransibes* seeing *Lysonice* was extremely incens'd, resolv'd of a sudden to tell her the truth, though he fear'd she would possibly hate him for having hinder'd her from being Princess of *Carthage*. Nevertheless, he had liv'd so well with her, he was in a dignity so considerable, and she liv'd so well with him that he hop'd it might be advantageous to him to tell her the proceeding he had us'd to attain her. So having made a thousand protestations to her, of a serious affection, he began to tell her, that he had given her a testimony of love which she knew not of, and for which withal, he fear'd she would not thank

him. After which he ingenuously confess his whole proceeding to her, as it was done, and so let her know that the love he had for her, had oblig'd him to tell the Prince she was not so handsome as her Picture, and consequently to hinder her from marrying. *Cloransibes* told her this with all the art imaginable: but after all, *Lysonice* knew very well, that had it not been for him, she had been Princess of *Carthage*; whereupon she could not keep her self from seeming surpris'd and changing colour. Which *Cloransibes* observing, Well, Madam (said he to her) had I not reason to be unwilling to tell you the truth? but I beseech you, consider every thing thoroughly which may render me excusable to you. The sole excess of my passion caus'd me to betray the Prince, and the sole excess of my passion has oblig'd me to make the request to you which I have done. For, in fine, if the Prince see you with all your charms, in the condition wherein I know his mind is to day, he will perhaps banish me, and then you will be the Wife of an unfortunate exile, which is certainly the thing you fear most in the World. For my part, I declare to you, if you were of another humor, I should glory in being banish'd with you, and be so far from entreating you to hide your beauty, that I should desire you to make it more conspicuous with all that Art can add to Nature, to the end to be rather banish'd and go live in some agreeable Desert, where you would be instead of all things to me, and where I should account my self happy with you alone. But on the contrary, Madam, your inclination leading you to love the world, and being unwilling to restrain it, I conjure to you appear neglectedly this day in the eyes of the Prince, and defer making your self seen with all your charms, till his Love be settled upon some Lady; for when he is amorous, he is prejudic'd against the beauty of all other women. By this means he may see you without knowing that I have betray'd him; and after this, you shall come to *Utica*, and live there as you please. In the mean time pardon me, my dear *Lysonice*, the Treason I have committed against you, be contented to reign absolutely in my heart, and consider that if I had not lov'd you, I had not debar'd you of a glory which you deserve. Being you have much wit, my Lord (answer'd she) you turn things as you please. Not but that, what you have done in this occasion (added she) has been the act of a self-interested, and not at all of a generous Lover; for if you had acted nobly, you should first have told me the truth, and afterwards endeavour'd to perswade me to prefer you before the Prince; but, in fine, let us leave what is past as it is, it being always fruitless to speak of it; but for the present know, I do not cease to believe, after all which you have said, that the request you have made to me is sufficiently injurious.

As *Cloransibes* was going to answer, one came to tell him that a great many Hunters appear'd in the Plain; so that believing it was the Prince, being unwilling he should find him at home, he was constrain'd to leave *Lysonice* in haste, and go forth at a back-door. But before he left her, he said several very passionate things to her, whereto she gave no direct answer. After which getting upon his Horse, he went to fetch a great compass, to come and overtake the Prince, who was not so near as *Cloransibes* servants had believ'd; because by thinking to take a shorter way, he lost himself in a Wood. In the mean time *Lysonice* who is naturally ambitious, could not hinder her self from having a secret anger for the testimony

of

of Love *Cloranisbes* had render'd her; although she had no design to be reveng'd on him for it in a Criminal way: but she could never resolve to counterfeit her self sick, and appear carelessly dress'd. On the contrary, believing that when the Prince had seen her, she should afterwards go to the Court, she lik'd better that he should see her on a sudden, than defer it longer; and as nothing is more repugnant to a handsome person than to shew her self after a manner disadvantageous to her beauty, *Lysonice* attir'd her self as well as she was accusom'd, and something better too; though as I said, she had no intention to excite love in the Prince, but only to despise *Cloranisbes*, and to be afterwards at liberty to live at Court. After she was dress'd, *Pasilia* and *Delisia* who had adorn'd themselves too, came to her, and were much surpriz'd to observe that she had some kind of commotion mix'd with anger in her eyes, which denoted to them that she was troubled. So that demanding the cause of her, she told it them with a certain air, which gave them to understand that ambition was always her predominant passion. A little while after, the sound of hunting instruments was heard, which signifi'd the approaching arrival of the Prince. And presently *Lysonice* beheld a body of persons of Quality, a great number of slaves, and a very magnificent equipage enter into the Court. But this pomp rather afflicted than pleas'd her, out of the thought that *Cloranisbes* had hinder'd her from being wife to the Prince for whom this magnificence was.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* having fetcht a great turn, had overtaken the Prince of *Carthage*, without his suspecting that he had been at his house; and to act the more cunningly, he made as if he had not known that the Prince intended to go see *Lysonice*. So that addressing to him, If I had known, my Lord (said he to him) that you intended to hunt on this side, I should have order'd *Lysonice* to have caus'd a Collation to be prepar'd for you at the end of the Chase; but I conceiv'd it was not fit to dare to propound to you to go to a place where you are not expected. Persons of my condition (said the Prince) are so accusom'd to be expected, that sometimes they delight to go where they are not; and therefore since I am so near your house, I will go see *Lysonice*. Being she writ to me yesterday that she was a little indispos'd (reply'd *Cloranisbes*, believing his wife would do as he had desir'd her) I know not whether she will be in a condition to receive the honour which you intend to do her. We shall see that presently (answer'd the Prince) for the hunting does not pleasure me so well to day, as that I have any mind to continue it longer. And so taking the shortest way, the Prince being preceded or follow'd by all his Attendants, went to *Cloranisbes* house, which was not inferior to that wherein he first saw *Lysonice*. But in entering into the second Court, *Cloranisbes* was much surpris'd to see *Lysonice* upon the Stone-stairs of the entrance, accompani'd with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, and to see her there in an attire, which though it had little shew of the Country negligence, was nevertheless graceful and magnificent; for he knew thereby that her mind was much exasperated: yet he dissimbled his thoughts at that time. But for that *Lysonice* was handsomer in the open day than in the shadow, the Prince of *Carthage* and all his followers were so surpris'd with the rare lustre of her beauty, that they could not contain from testifying their admiration. The Prince of *Carthage* who was alighted from his horse, as soon as he perceiv'd *Lysonice*, went to-

wards her with precipitation, and saluted her with a civility which signifi'd to her that he accounted her admirably handsome; for he had almost omitted to salute *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, though they were very amiable. I am more oblig'd to *Cloranisbes* than I thought, Madam (said the Prince to *Lysonice*) for his constant residence with me; for being so fair a person as I see you are, it would be more acceptable for him to be with you. The pleasure of doing a duty is so great (answer'd she) that 'tis not much to be wonder'd, my Lord, if *Cloranisbes* prefer you before me. 'Tis a pleasure (reply'd the Prince sufficient roughly) which perhaps he has not always so much lov'd. After this, being enter'd into the Hall, the conversation of the Prince with *Lysonice* continu'd. The Persons of Quality that accompani'd him discours'd amongst themselves, or with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*: and *Cloranisbes* being in a strange perplexity, spoke sometimes to one and sometimes to another; for his mind was incens'd with *Lysonice*'s proceedings, he fear'd lest the Prince should discover the truth, and he apprehended above all things that *Lysonice* would love him no more, and that she could not pardon him the deceit his passion had caus'd him to commit. In the mean time the Prince of *Carthage* finding *Lysonice* every moment more handsome, could not contain from expressing part of what he thought. For my part (said he to her) I confess I do not understand wherefore *Cloranisbes* has not told me a thousand times of his happiness, and why he hath not continually discours'd to me of you. 'Tis no doubt (answer'd she coldly) because a husband scarce ever speaks pertinently of his wife. But before he had married you (reply'd the Prince) he spoke to me as little of you; but on the contrary he declin'd speaking of you, and moreover affirm'd to me that a Picture which I had of you, was a flattering Picture. Nevertheless, I see at present that he went far from the truth in speaking so. For my part, my Lord (answer'd *Lysonice* blushing with indignation) I so little know myself, that I know not whether *Cloranisbes* had not reason: but I conceive well, he would have done more obligingly for me, by suffering you to believe that I was as handsome as my picture. I agree with you, Madam (reply'd he) and I think moreover he would have more oblig'd me than you by not opposing my admiration. But to repair the injury that I did your beauty, by believing your Picture handsomer than your self, I will this day begin to admire you anew, and to publish that there is no beauty in the world comparable to yours, *Lysonice* hereupon so modestly declin'd the praises which the Prince gave her, that she appear'd thereby the more charming. And then she acted with such address, that she drew *Pasilia* and *Delisia* into their conversation, which by degrees became altogether general.

After thus the Prince with his Company went to walk, and at his return he found a stately Collation, though there was but a very short time to prepare it; and then began the discourse to be about hunting, gaming, and other diversions. The Prince told *Cloranisbes* aloud, that it was not just to leave *Lysonice* so long in the Country, that she was too fit for the world to live in solitude; and that it was requisite to cause her to go speedily to Court. *Cloranisbes* being unwilling to pass for a jealous husband, answer'd that *Lysonice* was Mistress of her own actions, and might do what pleas'd her self. I have all my life so little known by experience (reply'd she) what

it is to do ones own will, that I know not whether I ought to begin to learn, for fear if I did it once I should desire to do it all my life. Not that I accuse *Cloranishes* (added she) but all women in general are expos'd to this unhappiness, and a part of their virtue consists ordinarily in having no other will but theirs to whom the Law of Morality subjects them. 'Tis true (said *Pasilia*) we are born under the necessity to obey almost always, and never to command. On the contrary (answer'd the Prince) all obey beauty, and it belongs only to Ladies to command, Men request all their lives, and never command. In truth, my Lord (reply'd *Delisia*) I know not whether they request or command, but I know well they ordinarily do what they please. In effect (added *Lysonice*) as soon as young persons cease to learn to read, they begin to have so good opinion of themselves, as to think they are more able than their Masters, more deserving than their Fathers, and more wise than the Law : and as for their Mistresses, I assure you, they know not very well how to obey them, they love them for their own sakes only, they seek their own interest, without caring for the persons whom they love ; and in fine they always do whatever is agreeable to their own humor, without considering the will of another. While *Lysonice* was speaking thus, *Cloranishes* was gone to shew a Kinsman of the Prince a very handsome Horse which he had a desire to, so that *Lysonice* spoke with liberty of the subjection of women. Not that I speak out of discontent (continu'd she) because I desire many things which I do not ; but only because there is indeed some kind of injustice in being eternally servile. I account this Law as hard as you do (answer'd *Pasilia*) but I confess to the shame of my Sex, women many times use liberty so ill when it is allow'd them intirely, that the folly of some excuses in some sort the servitude of all the rest. For I know a woman in *Massilia* who has done a hundred extravagancies in her life, which she would not have committed if she had not had a too indulgent Husband. Ha ! *Pasilia* (reply'd *Delisia*) there was never any that could be call'd so. For my part (said the Prince smiling) I believe a handsome woman can never have one too indulgent. And for my part (said *Pasilia*) I conceive a Gossip and a young imprudent woman can never have one too severe. Yet 'tis a strange thing (said the Prince) for a husband to guard his wife. 'Tis a stranger (answer'd *Pasilia*) to see a man voluntarily shut his eyes that he may not see how many gallants his wife has that follow her, write to her, shew her Letters ; boast of her favours, and laugh both at her and him. But what should an honest man do (reply'd *Delisia*) when he is so unhappy as to have a wife who has no true virtue nor government of her self ? for I do not account those wives virtuous, who because they are not absolutely criminal, make no scruple of beginning several Gallantries which expose them to slander, and cause them to commit a thousand follies which render them despis'd even by them for whose sakes they do them. You have reason (answer'd *Lysonice*) not to put the less criminal Gossips in the rank of women indued with virtue ; for certainly if they be not the most culpable of all, they are always the most foolish. I am of your mind (reply'd *Delisia*) but however what must a poor Husband do, who is so unhappy as to have a wife of this humor ? If my judgment may pass (answer'd the Prince) he shall take his pleasure on his own side as well as he can, and

see nothing but what he is willing to see. And if my judgment may pass (reply'd *Pasilia*) a husband that has such a kind of wife, must flatter her for some time, he must endeavour to win her by sweetness, reason, and address, to procure her virtuous Friends of her own Sex, to see that she have not a slave to wait upon her that is not virtuous, to cause her to love innocent pleasures ; and lastly, to cause her at least in some sort to fear him, if she cannot love him. If all this prove ineffectual, I allow him to act like a Master, to regulate the visits which she gives and receives, and send her too into the Country. For, in fine, I will not have a husband peaceably endure his wife to be a Gossip. But is there any thing which seems more strange (said the Prince) than a jealous husband ? people laugh at him and flout him, and say that by being jealous, he almost deserves to have his wife a Gossip. A jealous Sot (answer'd *Pasilia*) is certainly a sottish thing ; but a gallant prudent man ought not to be lookt upon as one that is jealous. On the contrary he is to be pitied and esteem'd : but as for one that is of a jealous nature, who persecutes an innocent wife without cause or colour, I consent that he be derided for it, and that whatever may augment his jealousy be wish'd to befall him. Were you desirous to be married speedily at *Utica* (reply'd *Lysonice* smiling) you could not speak better than you do, to give a good opinion of your self.

After this, because it was sufficiently late, the Prince retir'd, but so surpris'd and so charm'd with *Lysonice*, that he could not refrain from expressing how amiable he judg'd her. At parting, he askt her, whether she would not come shortly to *Utica*, and omitted to tell her nothing which he thought requisite to testify to her that she pleas'd him infinitely. *Cloranishes* having been call'd by the Prince, could not speak to *Lysonice* ; besides, loving her so much as he did, and the deceit his love had made him guilty of being discover'd to her, he knew not very well what to say to her ; for how dissatisfied soever he was, he was loth to make any sharp complaint, and so he left her without speaking to her.

The Prince of *Carthage* was so pensive all the way as he return'd, that he scarce spoke twenty words till he arriv'd at *Utica*. But when he was there, and beheld *Cloranishes* alone with him, he lookt stedfastly upon him, and speaking to him, Confess the truth, *Cloranishes* (said he to him) when I shew'd you *Lysonice*'s Picture one day, you told me it was handsomer than she, only because you accounted her the handsomest person in the world ? I acknowledge it ingenuously, my Lord (answer'd he) but if I would I could maintain to you, that I accounted *Lysonice* less handsome than her Picture ; for none could convince me of an untruth ; since we see every day, that which pleases one, displeases another, and opinions are different upon all sorts of things. Ha ! *Cloranishes* (reply'd the Prince) that may be in mean beauties, but *Lysonice* is not of this rank, and no person in the world can pretend to have seen any thing, or conceive that a Painter could make a Picture so handsome as she : and this was the reason (added he) that you would have her be yours and not mine. It was not, my Lord (answer'd *Cloranishes*) because *Lysonice* was fair, that I fail'd in my duty, but only because I desperately lov'd her. I understand it so (reply'd the Prince) but if it be true that you betray'd me because you lov'd her, it is also true that you lov'd her because she was handsome. However it be,

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my Lord (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*) I did not fail in my duty without reluctance, and I account my ſelf ſo unhappy in having been Criminal againſt you, that the thought of it diſturbs part of my felicity. Being what is paſſ'd cannot be recall'd (ſaid the Prince) let us ſpeak no more of it. But for that it is not juſt for *Lyſonice* to ſuffer for your ſake, cauſe her to come to Court, and do not keep her longer in a ſolitude, which no queſtion is tedious to her. *Cloraniſbes* then ſpoke all he thought conducive to excuſe himſelf with the Prince, who accordingly made ſemblance of being ſatisfied with him. So that *Cloraniſbes* was now almoſt glad that the buſineſs was over thus; to the end he might be no longer oblig'd to cauſe *Lyſonice* to ſtay in the Country. Yet he was much diſcontented that ſhe had refus'd to be careleſſly dreſſ'd that day; however believing ſhe had done ſo out of deſpight which had ſomething of noble in it, he ſought to appeaſe himſelf. But ſo did not *Lyſonice*; for having ſeen the Prince, all that great equipage of hunting, and all his Court, ambition reviv'd in her heart; and ſhe was ſo far from conſidering what *Cloraniſbes* had done as a teſtimony of his love, that ſhe judg'd it as a weakneſs of his paſſion, and an injurious fact. Yet *Paſſia* and *Deſiſa* did all they could to temper her mind; but all they could obtain was, that ſhe would conſtrain her ſelf as much as ſhe could from teſtifying further reſentment to *Cloraniſbes*. For, in fine, (ſaid *Paſſia* to her) that which is paſſ'd cannot be recall'd; and moreover after all, you are wife of a very worthy man, who loves you dearly, and who being belov'd by the Prince, holds one of the firſt ranks in the Court. I confeſs (answer'd *Lyſonice*) but if I am not deceiv'd, he will not hold it long; and if the art of conjectures be not absolutely falſe, I am expoſ'd to many infelicities. Yet I am reſolv'd (added ſhe) to ſupport them with the greateſt conſtancy I can, and to do nothing which may cauſe me to deſerve the miſfortunes which I foreſee will befall me. Theſe were the ſentiments of *Lyſonice*.

Cloraniſbes who always lov'd her with the higheſt ardor, and who would not be accounted jealous neither by her, nor the Prince, nor the Court, writ to her the next day to tell her that he deſir'd her to come to *Utica*, without taking any notice of that which ſhe had deny'd him. This motion ſufficiently pleas'd *Lyſonice*, who reſolv'd without ſcruple to obey *Cloraniſbes*. So ſhe joyfully left her Deſart, and went to *Utica* accompanied with her two amiable Kinſwomen. Aſſoon as ſhe arriv'd there, ſhe was viſited by the Prince, all the men of Quality, and all the Ladies; and her beauty was ſo cry'd up in the Court, that ſcarce any thing elſe was ſpoken of. The moſt eminent Beauties willingly yielded to her, and confeſs'd that nothing could equal the charms of *Lyſonice*. This fair perſon much affecting the world, ſhe was at firſt ſo glad of being there, that ſhe forgot part of her diſcontent. Not but that as often as ſhe ſaw the Prince, or beheld only his Palace or Windows, ſome diſpleaſing thoughts aroſe in her mind.

But now the preſence of *Lyſonice*, and the deſire to pleaſe her, occaſion'd the making of ſeveral appointments for diverſement in the Court. *Cloraniſbes* had made indeed ſome obliging reproaches to *Lyſonice* for having refus'd to do as he had deſir'd her: but being he ſtill lov'd her ardently,

this little anger was eaſily appeas'd. But if *Cloraniſbes* was in quiet, the Prince of *Carthage* was not; for though he had a great deareneſs for *Cloraniſbes*, yet after he had ſeen *Lyſonice*, it came of a ſudden to decreaſe, and ſhortly to be wholly extinguiſh'd. But which was moſt cruel, at the rate of friendſhip diminſh'd in his heart towards *Cloraniſbes*, love augmented for *Lyſonice*, and he became ſo amorous of her, that he had not a moment of reſt. He would have oppos'd his paſſion with a ſentiment of generoſity in the beginning, and of friendſhip too for *Cloraniſbes*; and to fortify himſelf to that purpoſe, he diſcover'd his ſecret to him that is come hither to find me, whoſe name is *Anherbal*, and told him that he was the moſt unhappy of all men. For, in fine, (ſaid he to him) I love a perſon, who I know well would have lov'd me out of ambition, if *Cloraniſbes* had not betray'd me, and who perhaps now out of honour will never love me. But, my Lord (answer'd he to whom he entrusted the ſecret of his heart) would you have been ſatisfied with it, if *Lyſonice* had lov'd you only out of an ambitious ſentiment? Believe me (reply'd the Prince) it matters not much to a Lover out of what ſentiments he is lov'd, provided he be ſo; nor ought he much to care whether it be for his good perſonage, for his wit, or for his quality. For my part, my Lord (answer'd my Friend) I ſhould be more ſcrupulous than you; for if I were not lov'd for my own ſake, I would not be lov'd at all. That which you ſay (reply'd the Prince) is plauſibly ſaid by one that loves nothing; but when a man is amorous, he turns to another language; and rather than never be lov'd, I would be ſo for a thouſand extrinſecal conſiderations, in which my merit has no part. As for me, my Lord (ſaid *Anherbal*) I am of opinion the more a man loves, the harder he is to be contented; and ſo, I confeſs ingenuouſly to you, that if I lov'd, I would be lov'd again for my own ſelf, and I ſhould make no eſteem of thoſe favours which I did not owe to a great affection. If it were in my power to chuſe (answer'd the Prince) I would wiſh that which you ſpeak; but it being otherwiſe, I content my ſelf with what I can; and there is nothing which I am not capable of ſuffering, rather than to be never favour'd. For the aim of love is the poſſeſſion of the perſon whom we love, and therefore this only ought to be ſought after, and all means whereby it is attainable are good, be it by wit, by merit, or dignity of condition. But, my Lord (reply'd *Anherbal*) do you not think that *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her Husband, and that *Cloraniſbes* is ſo zealous for your ſervice, that he deſerves you ſhould not deſtroy his felicity? I know all that you ſay (answer'd the Prince) but I know alſo that *Cloraniſbes* has betray'd me; and if I ſhall have no regard to his intereſts, I ſhould do againſt him but what he has done againſt me: and whereas you ſay, *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her husband, I have to answer you that an ambitious Wife may be more eaſily unfaithful than another; but becauſe I do not pretend to engage her in a criminal love, I will only oblige *Cloraniſbes*, as the Law permits, to reſign her to me, that I may marry her, and he may marry another. How? my Lord (ſaid *Anherbal*) do you care for having divided favours? if ſo, permit me to tell you with all the reſpect I owe you, that you know not how to love well. For according to the humour I am of, I ſhould like better never to obtain any thing of a perſon I lov'd, provided my Rivals were as unhappy

as my self, than to obtain the highest favours on condition they were also granted to another. Ha! *Anherbal* (said the Prince) this that you speak is too heroic for me, and I am strongly perswaded it would be absolutely impossible but a man truly amorous, if he were put to his choice, to be favour'd with another Rival, or never to be so at all on condition no other should be more, would chuse rather to be favour'd in that manner than never to be at all. I know well there seems something unreasonable in that which I say (continued the Prince) but however I shall never conceive as long as I live, that a man can be unwilling to obtain the favours of a person whom he loves. I confess it my Lord (answer'd *Anherbal*) but yet as soon as I believ'd a woman capable of dividing her favours, I should love her no longer at all. Therefore my sentiments are not to be wonder'd at, being more truly amorous than yours. Be it how it will (said the Prince) I love *Lysonice*; and if she be willing to love me, and *Cloranibes* to resign her to me, I will marry her with joy; and I declare to you, there is nothing which I will not attempt to cause my design to succeed.

Anherbal spoke many things further to avert the Prince from this resolution, but they were to no effect. But that he might have more frequent occasion of seeing *Lysonice*, he recall'd the Princess of *Carthage* to Court, who was ravish'd to observe the Prince's passion, because she hop'd to make use of it to be reveng'd on *Cloranibes* whom she did not affect. To which purpose she made a thousand caresses to *Lysonice*, and sent to invite her to her continually. *Cloranibes* soon perceiv'd the passion of the Prince and the design of the princess; so that he was extremely afflicted at it, and could not keep himself from appearing sad, what resolution soever he had to dissemble his discontent. Whereupon *Lysonice* believing he was jealous, was much offended in her mind at it, because she could not endure to be suspected.

In the mean time the prince's passion augmenting every day, he resolv'd to discover it to *Lysonice*, and so afterwards to speak to *Cloranibes* of it, in case he found any favourable disposition in the mind of this fair person. Being it is always easie for a Sovereign to find occasion of speaking in private, he soon had one to open his passion to *Lysonice*; though indeed it fell out naturally enough, after a conversation which I am going to relate to you.

The prince found *Lysonice* at the lodgings of the princess of *Carthage*, where there were also *Pasilia*, *Delisa* and divers other Ladies: *Anherbal* was there too, and several men of quality. *Cloranibes* who attended on the prince, seeing *Lysonice* arrive, would have gone away, that he might not see such things in the eyes of his Master as would extremely displease him, though he was not jealous. But the Princess of *Carthage* maliciously detain'd him, upon a pretext of having something to speak with him about; for she liv'd very civilly with him, though she hated him. At first the discourse was about an insurrection which was at that time at *Carthage*; but insensibly passing from policy to Love, it came to be question'd, Who is the most unhappy, a Lover that receives a thousand favours from his Mistress, and is jealous of her, or one that obtains none other, and has no jealousy at all. For my part (said the prince) I put no comparison between these; for I account it the greatest of all unhappinesses not to be lov'd at all, and to obtain no favour from the person who is lov'd. Though I am not

jealous (answer'd *Cloranibes*) nevertheless, my Lord, I am of an opinion contrary to yours, and strongly perswaded that a jealous Lover will be a thousand times more miserable, though he obtain a thousand favours, than he who obtains nothing, if he be free from jealousy. What? (reply'd the prince) do you conceive a greater infelicity in love than not to be lov'd at all, and to desire a thousand things which you dare not hope? Ha! my Lord (answer'd *Cloranibes*) there is nothing so bold as hope, and nothing so impossible which a man who loves ardently cannot hope. So that in his greatest torments he makes a comfort to himself which does not forsake him; the future seems more agreeable to him than the present; and hope never abandoning him, he is never altogether miserable. But on the contrary, a favour'd Lover, who is jealous, has nothing but fear for an inseparable companion. Every thing causes him to fear, every thing disquiets and afflicts him; and the very favours which he receives, becoming suspected to him, he imagines then when he is favour'd he is deluded, and that he is not treated well but only to be betray'd. All which you say, is very cruel (reply'd the Prince) but do you count it nothing to be continually in fear of being never favour'd at all? 'Tis a very severe sentiment (answer'd *Cloranibes*) but nothing near that which causes a perpetual fear of losing that which we enjoy and think we have purchas'd with a thousand services, and can never lose without injustice. Inasmuch as the fancy always magnifies all sorts of pleasures (reply'd the Prince) I conceive that a man not hoping to obtain the sweetest pleasures which he imagines infinite, is more miserable, than he who fears to lose a good which he knows what it is. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranibes*) as soon as the advantageous pre-conceiv'd opinion ceases in love, love it self ceases, and jealousy would cease also if it could. But whereas on the contrary, that prepossession of the imagination increases at the same measure that jealousy does, a man by continuing jealous, comes at length not only to believe that the good which he enjoys is the greatest of all goods, but withal to perswade himself that all the people in the world believe it such, desire it, seek after it, and are ready to ravish it from him. Judge therefore, my Lord, if there be any comparison between an unhappy Lover free from jealousy, and a favour'd Lover who is jealous. No (answer'd the Prince) there is none; for an unhappy Lover without jealousy, is so much the more jealous, in that he can never cause his unhappiness to cease; because it does not depend on himself. Whereas a jealous Lover, and who is jealous without cause, needs only to make a great resolution, and to make use of his reason to cure his evil. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranibes* again) you ill understand jealousy, if you believe a jealous man able to cure himself of the evil which persecutes him. On the contrary he increases it every instant, by false conjectures, ill-deduc'd consequences, a thousand groundless suspicions, continual fears, causeless reflexions, and imaginations void of all probability. A jealous man accounts nothing impossible, he believes he sees what he does not see, he believes he hears what he does not hear; there is not one of his senses but is liable to betray him, and his very reason, being perverted by his fancy, and no longer understanding the art to distinguish truth from falsehood, serves further to delude him, and render him more miserable. You speak so well of jealousy (said the Princess of *Carthage* maliciously) that certainly you must needs have been very

very jealous : I say, have been (added she) for the virtue of *Lysonice* is too great to permit you to be so still ; and she is too fair to suspect you of having any other affection. *Lysonice* blusht at this discourse, and to hide her colour turn'd away her head, and fell to speak to *Anherbal*. As for *Cloranisbes*, he said gallantly enough, that the question was not about a jealous Husband, but a jealous Lover, and that in what manner soever the case were considered, he was wholly unconcern'd in the contestation. After this, there came some Ladies, who caus'd the conversation to change, and propounded to the Princess of *Carthage* to go take the air upon the Sea-shore, in a place where it is as streight as a and where it is as even as the course of the Olympick-Games. So that this motion being agreed to, all the Ladies went in Chariots, and men on horse-back, excepting *Cloranisbes*, who went not along with the company. When they were arriv'd at the Sea-shore, all the Court walkt a foot in the handsomest place of the World ; for when 'tis calm, the Sea as gently drives its billows upon the shore, as if it were no deeper than a small River. The sand of it is of a fair Colour, the shells which are seen on that side are very agreeable, and the herbs which the waves cast upon the banks delight the eyes with their lively and various colours. Besides, this vast extent of Sea which seems to unite with the Heaven, has a kind of grand aspect which pleases, and inspires respect. On the other side stands *Utica* which makes a handsome shew, and several other Villages, and many Cottages of Fishermen who by their rusticity adorn this maritime prospect. In one place people are seen drying their Nets, and others mending them ; in another, women making Baskets of Bulrushes which serve for fishing ; elsewhere Fisher-boats scatter'd upon the Sea, and men sitting upon the Rocks, who holding lines in their hands, are as attentive and immovable as the Rocks upon which they sit. But however, observe what a place it was in which all this fair Court went to divert themselves. The Sun was then setting, and his last rays gilding all the surface of the Sea, and painting all the Clouds almost with the very colours of the morning, presented so fair a sight to the eyes of *Lysonice*, that leaving all the rest of the company to go forward, she sat down by the Sea side upon a Rock cover'd with verdant moss, and fell to consider with pleasure these several effects of the declining Sun. But she had scarce began to muse, when the Prince leaving *Anherbal* to whom he was speaking, went to her, and respectfully interrupted her. I beseech you Madam (said he to her) tell me whether you decide the question in your mind, of which *Cloranisbes* and I lately disputed. In truth, my Lord (said she to him and rise up) I was not thinking of it, but I was only considering at this instant whether the Sea were not more graceful than the Sky. That's but an inconsiderable question to entertain the mind of a fair person (answer'd he) who has a thousand other things to think of : however, being this sight pleases you, stay where you are, and only suffer me to be with you. And so *Lysonice* placing her self again upon the Rock where she sat, the Prince seated himself upon another which was right against her, and began to discourse to her. I wish, Madam (said he to her) whilst your eyes are diverted with seeing all those tremulous lights which the waves beating upon one another shew you, you would really tell me, what sentiment you were of a while since during our dispute, and whether you would not more pity a Lover that were not

jealous and had the unhappiness not to be lov'd, than one that were favour'd and extremely jealous. I am so perswaded (answer'd *Lysonice*) that such as are causlessly jealous deserve all the torments which they suffer, that I need not deliberate to determine my self in favour of an unhappy Lover, who is not jealous, and to grant him my compassion rather than to a favour'd and jealous lover, who almost ever becomes the most unacceptable Lover in the world, as soon as he is possess'd with a vehement jealousy. I am oblig'd to you, Madam (said the Prince to her) and I owe you many thanks. In truth, my Lord (answer'd she) you have no great obligation to me, since I only speak my opinion so as it is. I have more than you believe (reply'd he) and to leave you no ground to doubt of it, know, I am one of those unhappy Lovers, who love with favours and without jealousy, but who love so desperately, that never was any lover so miserable as I. When I engag'd my self to have compassion (said she) I did not imagine, my Lord, that you were concern'd in the case. That knowledge, Madam (answer'd the Prince) ought not to cause you to change that mind ; on the contrary, I am perswaded there is not one of my Subjects for whom you ought to have so much compassion as for me. Methinks (reply'd she smiling) it would be a want of respect for any to dare to say they have pity on their Sovereign ; and therefore, my Lord, you shall permit to seek out some other expression which may agree to you better. That you may find a more exact one (answer'd he) suffer me to tell you the greatness of my evil, for you cannot be ignorant of what nature it is, and no doubt you know, that after having lov'd your Picture which was less handsome than your self, I love you so ardently, that I have almost ceas'd to love *Cloranisbes* who has debarr'd me of that which belong'd to me, and hinder'd you from being Princess of *Carthage*.

Lysonice no doubt, was much amaz'd at this discourse of the Prince, though she knew he was amorous of her. But her ambition made it a little less ungrateful to her ; *Cloranisbes* discontent incens'd her mind, and she was infinitely troubled with the thought of his being jealous. But after all, the same temper which inclin'd her to ambition, caus'd her to love honour, and hinder'd her from being able to consent to a criminal love. Nevertheless, being she believ'd *Cloranisbes* guilty of disloyal proceeding both towards the Prince and her self, and alike deficient in generosity to them both, she did not reject the Prince with so much severity as she would have done in another case. I grant, my Lord (said she to him) I am oblig'd to you for the love you had for my Picture, and I ought as long as I live to acknowledge the advantageous intention you had for my fortune at that time ; but the case is not the same in reference to the love you say you have for me at present, which cannot be but injurious to me. Therefore, my Lord, do not destroy that first obligation by an injury ; for as ambitious as I am, that passion is incapable of exciting me to commit an unworthiness. I beseech you, Madam (said the Prince to her) do not suspect me of offering to do an injury to a person whom I adore ; I will but only love you, and I promise you too, to do all I can, that I may desire nothing else ; but if I cannot give bounds to my passion, my desires and my hopes, I will do all I can to obtain your permission to demand you of *Cloranisbes* ; for if you and he be so willing, the Law will permit me to marry you. There are

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examples of this kind, and you may cease to be wife of *Cloranisbes*, and still become Princess of *Carthage*. I know not, my Lord, whether the Laws allow what you speak of (answer'd she and rise up) but I know well, honour does not allow me to hear you further. Alas! I beseech you, Madam (cry'd the Prince, offering to detain her) do not make me desperate; for if you do, I shall hate *Cloranisbes*, I shall revenge myself of him, and be carried to the severest extremities. Consider that he minded his own contentment and not your advantage, but I require nothing of you which is not glorious unto you. No, no, my Lord (answer'd she and began to go towards the Princess of *Carthage*, who was coming to them) all the ambition of my heart shall never cause me to do anything against my duty; and therefore I conjure you not to persist obstinately in a design which will never succeed to you. The Prince could not answer her, because *Lysonice* having joyn'd with the Princess of *Carthage*, did not leave her all the rest of the evening.

But *Lysonice* seem'd so discontented and so pensive to *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, when she was return'd home, that they did not leave her in quiet till she told them the cause of her melancholy. Whereupon, having related to them the discourse she had had with the Prince; Well, too inquisitive Friends (said she to them) do not you think I have reason to be melancholy? Is not my Destiny strangely severe, to expose me to unhappinesses made purposely for me, and which come under the appearances of good Fortune? When *Cloranisbes* married me, I was so weary of being in Exile, that I believ'd I was going to be happy. Nevertheless, I pass'd from Exile to solitude, and I found I had only chang'd my discontent. After that, I came to Court, but there I have liv'd with a continual melancholy to see that *Cloranisbes* whom I thought had lov'd me well, has lov'd only himself, and hinder'd me from being Princess of *Carthage*. However, being he is a person of merit, perhaps I should at length have resolv'd to cure my self of my ambition and pardon him, if I had not observ'd in his heart, that if he is not jealous he may be: and for my utmost unhappiness, the Prince is become amorous of me, and propounds to me to separate from *Cloranisbes* and marry me. Judge then in what a condition I am; for although I am ambitious (added she) yet certainly I have affection for *Cloranisbes*; and should my anger have diminish'd it, I confess to you, I could not resolve to marry the Prince of *Carthage*. Such as marry again after the death of their husbands, I can by no means fancy; judge then whether I am capable of resolving to forsake *Cloranisbes* to marry another. But since 'tis so (answer'd *Pasilia*) I see no need you have to be greatly perplex'd. I am of your mind (added *Delisia*.) But for my part (excepted *Lysonice*) I am not at all. For do not you consider that if I be rigorous to the Prince, he will banish *Cloranisbes*; and if I keep fair terms with him, I shall increase his passion, and excite jealousy in *Cloranisbes*, who perhaps will send me back into the Countrey? *Cloranisbes* is so good a man (answer'd *Pasilia*) that you may always do what pleases you. *Cloranisbes* loves himself so highly (reply'd she) that 'tis for his own sake only that he loves me with such ardency, and so he will consider nothing but his own felicity. But what would you have him do? (said *Pasilia*.) I would (answer'd she) that if the Prince proposes to him to marry me, he love me so well, as to come and tell me that he will consider no-

thing but my satisfaction, and if I desire it, consent to our separation, that so I may be Princess of *Carthage*. Ha! *Lysonice* (reply'd *Delisia*) if *Cloranisbes* could part with you to the Prince, he would love you too little. But since you say (added *Pasilia*) you would not be the wife of two husbands, what matters it to you whether *Cloranisbes* consent or no to a thing which you do not desire? It is so great a matter to me (answer'd she) that I find I shall be much dissatisfied with him, if he be not so generous as to do what shall please me without exception. It must be confess'd (said *Pasilia*) the sentiments of people are very different; for if I had a Lover or a Husband who were capable of parting with me to the greatest King in the world, I should hate him. I am not of your opinion (answer'd *Lysonice* hastily) for if *Cloranisbes* consider only himself, I shall repine at him in my heart; and though I am resolv'd to continue his wife till death, yet I shall be so without any contentment; for I cannot endure those people who love only with respect to themselves, who consider nothing but their own pleasure, and mind nothing else. Such were the sentiments of *Lysonice*.

In the mean time the Prince's love augmenting from day to day, and the Princess of *Carthage* (who sought only to remove *Cloranisbes* from the Court) subtilly promoting it, she brought the matter to the utmost extremities, and took upon her to speak to *Cloranisbes* in behalf of the Prince, to persuade him to resign *Lysonice* to him. The discourse she made use of was subtle and crafty; she made semblance of pitying his unhappiness; she accus'd the Prince of injustice: but at last she gave him to understand that it was necessary for him to part with *Lysonice*. *Cloranisbes* appear'd sufficiently surpris'd at this discourse; for though he well perceiv'd the Prince's love, yet he did not believe the matter would have gone so far. His greatest discontent was, for that he imagin'd *Lysonice* could not but have given way to the Prince to make this proposal to him. However, he knew the business could not be effected without him; because the Law requires that both the Husband and Wife equally consent to their Divorce. But this did not hinder but that his mind was extremely perplex'd. I know, Madam (said he at length to the Princess of *Carthage*) that I owe all things to the Prince, yet this does not hinder but that there are many things which I may deny him without injustice; for, in fine, every thing which is impossible, is no part of my duty. I confess it (answer'd the Princess) but you can part with *Lysonice*, and consequently you ought, since the Prince cannot live without her, and you owe all things to him. I wish I had never lov'd *Lysonice* (reply'd he) and the Prince had married her. But, Madam, seeing the Gods have permitted that I am her husband, I shall be so till death. If the Prince will take away my life, I consent to it; he needs only chuse such a punishment as he pleases, I shall suffer it; but as for *Lysonice*, I will never surrender her, no, though she herself should consent to the Prince's design. Have a care what you do, *Cloranisbes* (said she to him.) I do all which I ought, Madam (answer'd he) inasmuch as I do all which I can. After this, this subtle Princess feigning to pity him, craftily confirm'd him in the resolution which he took, that so he might exasperate the Prince against himself. Which being done, he went to his own house, where the Prince had newly been, on purpose to tell *Lysonice* what

what he had caus'd to be propos'd to *Cloranisbes*. 'Tis certain she very ill receiv'd him in spite of all her own ambition, and told him peremptorily, she would never be his Wife, though she much regretted that she was not. As soon as *Cloranisbes* enter'd, he understood *Lysonice* knew of the proposition which was made to him; and as soon as *Lysonice* saw *Cloranisbes*, she perceiv'd he had been spoken to about the Prince's design. So that being both sufficiently perplex'd, they remain'd some time without speaking; but at length *Cloranisbes* breaking the sad silence, Well, Madam (said he to her) will you be so generous as not to be offended if I desire that you continue in the enjoyment of the unhappy *Cloranisbes* all your life, and if I cannot consent that you be Princess of *Carthage*? You are so accusom'd not to love me but for your own sake (answer'd she) that 'tis easie for me to conjecture what answer you would have me give you. 'Tis as easie too (reply'd he) for me to guess what you would have me say to you; but I confess it, ambitious *Lysonice*, my love for you is still as great as your ambition; and therefore do not think it strange if I cannot resolve to part with you to the Prince. I know I destroy both my own fortune and yours, but I know I cannot resolve to lose you. 'Tis true (added he) perhaps I endanger displeasing you by not resigning you, and losing your heart by desiring to retain your person; but though you should hate me, I cannot cease to love you, nor consent that the Prince be happy with my loss, and enrich himself with my own treasure. But alas! whence is it that your love is not equal to mine? if it were, you would suffer banishment, and the subversion of your fortune would not trouble you: but to speak sincerely, you lov'd the Favorite of the Prince of *Carthage* when you lov'd me, without confiding in the person of *Cloranisbes*, and so 'tis no wonder if you love the Prince better than the Favorite. I hear all which you say (answer'd *Lysonice* coldly) as so many new signs of a self-interested love; however, to assure you that I will not marry the Prince, know, I have this day depriv'd him of all manner of hope. Ha! how happy am I (interrupted *Cloranisbes*) if you speak truth! Do not be so forward to thank me (answer'd she) for I do it more out of honour than affection; for, in fine, I confess to you, *Cloranisbes*, I am not satisfied with yours. You have been diffident of me, and could not resolve to tell me, that I might recover the fortune which you caus'd me to lose by your fraud. However, content your self, that I refuse an advantage which would certainly have affected my heart, and do not pretend I have any obligation to you for a deed which is likely to render both of us unhappy. The worst is, the mischief has no remedy, and our strange destiny will have us prove infallibly miserable. For being you love me only for your own sake, when time shall have a little chang'd me, you will likewise be chang'd towards me; and so I shall see my self without your affection, and you, perhaps, with repentance for having lov'd me. But be it how it will, I must resolve to seek my consolation in my self. If you lov'd me as well as I love you, and shall love you as long as I live (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) you would speak after another manner; but I am not so happy; and 'tis left only to my choice to be more or less miserable. You would certainly have been more happy (answer'd *Lysonice*) if you had less studied to be so.

As *Cloranisbes* was going to answer, one of his Friends came to inquire for him; to give him notice that the Prince of *Carthage* was extremely incens'd against him, and that his love of *Lysonice* was so violent, that it was capable to carry him to any kind of injustice. If he take away my life (answer'd he without being mov'd) he will oblige me; but to pretend to deprive me of *Lysonice*, is that which I will never endure. But you must know the Princess of *Carthage* (who design'd only to ruine *Cloranisbes*, and would not that her Brother should marry *Lysonice*) caus'd it to be told this fair person that the Prince intended to take her away by force; not doubting but this would oblige her to withdraw her self from *Urica*. For though she well understood she was ambitious, yet she knew too that she tender'd honour above all things. And accordingly *Lysonice* no sooner receiv'd this information, but shutting her self into her Closet with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, she told them she absolutely resolv'd to go and return to her Father and Mother, in that fortified place which they held, without imparting her purpose to any person, not even to *Cloranisbes* himself; And then telling them what intelligence had been given her, I shall be so secret (said she to them) in my flight, because if the Prince should violently seize upon me, all the World would believe I was the cause of it my self, and nothing but death could manifest my innocence. 'Tis the best course therefore not to venture the having need of so violent a remedy. Not, that flight and solitude are of more value to me, but I shall at least have the advantage of making it apparent that I know how to over-rule my inclinations when I please. *Pasilia* and *Delisia* would have perswaded her to tell *Cloranisbes* of her purpose; but she was inflexible: No, no, (said she to them) 'tis best that he be able to say with truth that he knew not of my departure; that so the Prince may not accuse him of it. Wherefore without further delay, she pretended the next morning she would go spend the day at the house of a Lady which was her friend, standing without the City: but instead of doing so, she took a by-way which led towards the place where she chose her retreat. At night a slave came to tell *Cloranisbes* that she would lye at her Friend's house: but *Cloranisbes* said nothing to it, though it was not her custom; and the Prince being indispos'd that day, did not go to seek her. The next morning indeed he sent a complement to her to know her health; and when it was told him, she lay out of the City, he took a resolution to go visit her in the afternoon. But he was much astonish'd to receive a Letter from *Lysonice*, in which he found these words.

Lysonice to the Prince of Carthage.

Accuse me not *Cloranisbes* of my departure; for I protest to you, my Lord, he knows not that I am gone: 'tis a design which I have put in execution without imparting it to him. But I believ'd I could take no better course for your quiet and my own, than to take a person from your sight who can never render you happy, but might render you unjust. I do not pray you to pardon me, but only not to hate *Cloranisbes*.

No sooner had the Prince read this Letter, but he was strangely transported both against *Lysonice* and *Cloranisbes*. So that as he is of a violent temper, he commanded some persons to ask *Cloranisbes* from himself where *Lysonice* was, and to secure him, if he did not tell precisely. *Anherbal*, who receiv'd this order, was very much perplex'd; for just as he arriv'd at his house, *Cloranisbes* had done reading a Letter which *Lysonice* had written and sent to him, and was conceiv'd almost in these terms.

Lysonice to Cloranisbes.

YOU will see by my flight that I do not care to be Princess of Carthage, and you will see by all my actions that you ought to have had more confidence in my generosity. But as for affection, expect none from a person whom you have never lov'd but for your own sake only. No doubt I will always do all whatsoever honour requires me, but look for no more from me. I justify you as much as I can to the Prince; 'tis all can be done for you by an unhappy person who will let you know the place of her sanctuary when she is at distance enough to be no longer in fear that the Prince of Carthage should violently seize upon her.

As *Cloranisbes* ended reading this Letter, *Anherbal* enter'd, and told him what order he had receiv'd from the Prince. Did I know where *Lysonice* is (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) I would not tell you; since I understand by a Letter which I just now receiv'd from her that the prince had a design to seize upon her by force: but in truth I have no hand in her flight, and I come to learn it by a Letter which she has writ to me. *Anherbal* being of late become one of his intimate friends, he accordingly shew'd him *Lysonice's* Letter, at which he was amaz'd. Wherefore he took upon him to go tell the prince that which he had seen, without securing *Cloranisbes*. But the prince interpreting all that was said to him as a collusion, fell into choler against *Anherbal*, and forthwith sent away the Captain of his Guards to arrest *Cloranisbes*, who was now extremely glad to know *Lysonice* was no longer at *Utica*. However, the prince sent after her; but being she travell'd all the day and night before, and took an unfrequented way, those whom he sent after her could not find her. Whereupon, he grew into a rage which nothing could appease, or equal; unless it were the grief of *Cloranisbes*, who in the midst of all those misfortunes resented more the displeasure he had in not being lov'd by *Lysonice*, than any of the rest.

As soon as this fair person was got to *Bostar*, this generous *African* writ to the prince to complain of his violence, and giving him to understand that if he us'd *Cloranisbes* ill, he would make his peace with the King of *Maffilia*, and forsake his part. But on the other side, the prince of *Carthage*, who intended to cause *Lysonice* to come back to *Utica*, answer'd him that *Cloranisbes* should never be at liberty unless *Lysonice* return'd, and that he would not promise for his life, if he deserted his party to take that of the King of *Maffilia*. *Lysonice* seeing things in this condi-

tion, remain'd resolute, and always declar'd that she would not return to *Utica*; notwithstanding *Cyrene* her Mother so represented to her, that perhaps she would be the cause of her husbands death, that she resolv'd to write to him by a secret way which was prescrib'd to her; and she writ in this manner.

Lysonice to Cloranisbes.

SEND me word whether you had rather see me a prisoner than be so your self; if you had, I will go to *Utica* to deliver you; for though you love me not but for your own sake, I will act generously for my own.

This Letter was secretly delivered to *Cloranisbes*, who answer'd to it in these terms.

Cloranisbes to Lysonice.

YOUR liberty is a thousand times dearer to me than my own; therefore take no care to deliver me, which perhaps death will shortly do, and then you will be Mistress of your self. If my Vows be heard, you shall be Queen of *Maffilia*, but never Princess of Carthage. And when I shall be no longer in being, remember I have never displeased you but through excess of love.

You may judge that this Letter did not oblige *Lysonice* to change her mind, and so she did not go to *Utica*: but neither did the prince of *Carthage* let *Cloranisbes* at liberty. Divers persons have bestir'd themselves in negotiating to accommodate so great a difference: but for that the princess of *Carthage* has so great a power over the prince her Brother, he is obstinate not to deliver *Cloranisbes*, against whom crimes of State are forg'd which he never committed, to the end the people may repine the less. Wherefore this prince having declar'd that unless *Lysonice* change her mind within four months, he will put *Cloranisbes* to death, this fair person believing I have sufficient influence over the prince's mind, has sent one of my friends to me to desire that I would return speedily, to endeavour the calming of this great storm; and by a rare chance, the prince, not knowing any thing of *Lysonice's* design, has given order to the same man, to come and command me in his name to return as soon as possible I can. But being uncertain whether I were in *Sicily*, or here, he pass'd through *Agrigentum*, where by the way he saw the generous prince of that place.

Oh! I beseech you (said *Plotina* interrupting him) tell me some news of him if you know any; for the prince of *Agrigentum* seem'd so worthy a man when the History of *Artemidorus* was related to us, that I should be glad to know whether you have heard any thing concerning him, and whether the amiable *Philonic* his daughter be still among the Veiled Virgins. 'Tis certain she is there still (answer'd *Amilar*) and a Lady a very faithful Friend of hers whom she left in the world, regrets her continually. But as for the prince of *Agrigentum*, he is married again to a person so accomplish'd that nothing can be desir'd more

more to her. For there lives not a handsomer person in the world, and there never was any whose virtue has been more solid and more generally acknowledged, nor whose deportment has been more uniformly prudent, nor whose goodness has been greater or more agreeable. All the lineaments of her countenance are wonderfully handsome, her eyes have as much loveliness and sweetness as the most exquisite Painters can fancy; her mouth is very graceful, the shape of her visage very noble, her complexion admirably fair, her hair of a rare bright colour, her stature proper, her deportment comely, her aspect very modest, sweet, and discreet, her neck graceful, her arms pure, and her hands well shaped; and he that would represent virtue, must draw the Picture of the admirable *Artelicia*. All the world has approv'd the choice of the Prince of *Agrigentum*, whose generosity is perpetually the same. But, in fine, amiable *Plotina*, you see reason and generosity require me to take a voyage into *Africa*, to serve an unfortunate Friend, and to give the Prince an account of the state of affairs in *Sicily*. But being Love does not require it, I know not what will be done, and besides I feel I know not what kind of secret motion in my Soul, which tells me I shall not return into *Africa*. However, I would fain know a little better than I do all the beginning of your life. Content your self (answer'd *Plotina*) in knowing that you are much disfavoured in my heart, and let me leave what is pass'd, as that which we can have nothing to do with; but at present I have a great deal of pity for *Cloranisbes*. I pity him as much as you (said *Valeria*) and *Lysonice* also; for had she a little less ambition, she would be perfectly amiable. She is more so than you can imagine (answer'd *Amilcar*) and 'tis no wonder that *Cloranisbes* is still her Lover though he be her husband, and that the Prince loves her so far as to be unjust for her. But how came it (said *Plotina*) that you did not love her? As I never had any great passion before I saw you, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) so I became not much more amorous than I was willing to be; and therefore having regard to my friendship with *Cloranisbes*, I over-rul'd my heart in spight of all *Lysonice's* charms, and left it for some days between the hands of *Pasilia* or *Delisia*; for to speak sincerely, I know not to which of the two I made most courtship; but this I know with certainty, that I have never lov'd any so much as you: and assuredly it ought not to be much wonder'd at; for it is not so frequent to meet with extraordinary persons who can inspire great passions. Youth excites nothing but delight; beauty, nothing but desires; virtue alone, esteem and respect; great wit, admiration; eminent goodness, friendship: So that to frame a person who may produce at the same time delight, desires, esteem, respect, admiration, friendship, and love, it is requisite that she be indu'd with all that I have mention'd, and together with all these, with an inexpressible pleasingness, such as you have. For, as for my part, I could sooner dispense with the want of extraordinary youth, and great beauty, than that I know not what charmingness which is found in your eyes and in your wit. And, in fine, I speak boldly to the disparagement of beauty, I have all my life profess'd I would have a Mistress who could please me without seeing her, with whom I might walk in the dark without tediousness and melancholy, and who was also fit to be an agreeable Friend, in case it should come to pass that I lov'd her no longer as a Mistress. You speak

very prudently (reply'd *Plotina*) but to be as wise as you are (contin'd she) I think I should have done well not to countenance the affection of a stranger; for I begin to fear your departure more than consils with my quiet. Ha! charming *Plotina* (said he) how delightful to me is this which you say, and how powerful to retain me eternally with you! While he was speaking thus, one brought a Letter, the superscription of which was address'd to *Plotina*: but having open'd it, she found that it was not intended to her, and contain'd only these four Verses:

*Charming Hermilia! here at Rome, I deem'd
I only as a friend had you esteem'd:
But now I find your absence does discover
This truth unknown before, I am your Lover.*

Plotina had scarce done reading them, but *Hermilia* enter'd, and gave her a Letter open'd; Certainly (said she to her) *Ottavins* must needs have been mistaken, for he directs a Letter to me which does not suite with me. You will be confirm'd in that opinion (answer'd *Plotina*) by reading this which I give you, which will manifest to you, that my brother is really mistaken. *Hermilia* took it and read it; but as she was reading it, she blush'd, and her melancholy renewing at that instant by the remembrance of her Brother and her Lover, the tears came into her eyes. Which nevertheless she restrain'd, and returning *Plotina* *Ottavins's* Letter, I am so perswaded (said she to her softly) that in the condition I am in, I am fit only to excite pity, that I cannot think I have been able to excite Love. Besides, if it were so, *Ottavins* would be more unhappy thereby: for in truth I love my grief so much, that I believe I should hate whosoever would comfort me of it. *Plotina* would have answer'd *Hermilia* if *Talanus* had not arriv'd, who brought *Theomenes* to them, and told them that at the very time he was speaking, *Galerita*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, the generous *Melintha*, the charming *Hersilia*, all the friends of *Aronces* and *Titus* too, were speaking in his favour to *Porfenna*; and he promis'd that the next morning he would let them know what the success was. But who is this *Hersilia* you speak of? (said the fair and melancholy *Hermilia*) What? (said *Plotina* looking attentively upon her) did not you take notice, the day the Queen of *Hetruria* came hither, of a very fair person who was with her, to whom *Melintha* was almost continually speaking, and who has so lovely an air? I assure you (answer'd *Hermilia*) I observ'd nothing, but had my mind fill'd only with my own sorrow, whilst that great Court was here. Were it but only to do something new (said *Amilcar*) 'tis fit to draw you the Picture of a person whom you saw and did not see. For my part (said *Plotina*) who am charm'd with her beauty, I shall be ravish'd to understand a little more accurately who she is: and as for me (said *Valeria*) seeing she is *Melintha's* friend, and does *Aronces* service, I am very curious of all that relates to her. *Theomenes* can better content your desire (answer'd *Talanus*) than any one, for he is *Hersilia's* intimate friend. I am ready to do what the company pleases (said *Theomenes*) but if the fair *Hermilia* has not the same curiosity, I shall speak nothing of her person, but only of her wit and virtue. 'Tis true (answer'd this illustrious Sister of *Brutus*) few things in the world can make me curious; but being I am conscious that it is not just to molest all the world continually with our grief,

and

and that when we seek not to cure it by death, we ought to over-rule it, and learn at least to live, without appearing incivil and humorous; to reproach my self of my weakness in not being able to overcome my melancholy, I will confess ingenuously, that I know not whether *Herfilia* is brown or fair, tall or low; and next, I will demand of you, what manner of person it is whom you esteem, and who (I understand) is universally esteem'd. Know then, Madam (said *Theomenes*) *Herfilia* is of a very comely and agreeable stature. Her hair is the fairest brown in the World, her visage oval, her eyes large and handsome and of something a darkish blew, which renders them more sparkling and agreeable. She has a handsome mouth, pure teeth, and the air and cast of a sprightly person, of a person of condition, and of a person of the Court. Her Physiognomy is noble, there is lustre and delicateness in her beauty; she has no affectedness neither in her looks, nor words, nor actions; and though she has sometimes I know not what little discontented and fierce air, yet it serves rather to render her amiable than diminish her Charms. Her gracefulness is enforc'd, she dresses her self very exquisitely, and especially her head to the best advantage without shewing too much or too little art therein. One thing is very peculiar to *Herfilia*, namely, that without appearing morose, never any other Beauty was so averse from all thoughts of Gallantry. In effect all the Court renders homage to her virtue, and has an extraordinary esteem for her. *Herfilia's* heart is naturally very noble, and her mind of good temper; she sees things as they are, and acts always as she ought. She is naturally magnificent too and generous, she is faithful, secret, and discreet; and though she is not the freest person in the world of her caresses, nevertheless she is always very civil. She loves few people ardently, although otherwise she is a very generous Friend. She is much affected with merit, and carefully seeks all opportunities to serve such as are deserving. She understands handsome compositions exactly, and without making ostentation of her wit, they that write Verses well cannot judge of them better than she. She is skill'd in divers Foreign Languages, she speaks very agreeably; and there is something I know not what so charming both in her person and in her mind, that she cannot be too much extoll'd. Having a considerable charge under the Queen, she has many times occasion to give proofs of her conduct, address, and judgment; but whatever occasion she meets with, she always comes off with glory; and it may be said, in brief, that *Herfilia* is a Lady infinitely amiable. When she does not esteem any one, she is sufficiently put to't to conceal it; and she is more absolutely Mistress of her inclination than of her aversion. Her piety is solid, and not like theirs, who affect a certain outside austerity which scarce ever reaches to the heart: and it may be said without untruth, *Herfilia* is so accomplish'd, that no greater perfections can be desir'd in any person. Moreover, she is highly respected by the generous *Artander* her husband, who has an eminent Office and a very considerable Government under the King, and who no doubt deserves to have such a vertuous wife as *Herfilia*. For he is of an illustrious family, has an heroic mind, great judgment, and capacity to manage the most difficult affairs. He is honorable, just, and valiant as any mortal can be; he has done several great and glorious actions in the Wars, which have acquir'd him a fair renown. But his valour produces neither

vanity, nor pride, nor insolence in him; and no man can be found that exceeds him in modesty and prudence. He has some backwardness in his first addresses; but being very civil too, his serious humor does not disoblige any; and in fine, it may be concluded that if *Herfilia* is worthy of *Artander*, *Artander* is worthy of *Herfilia*. All which *Theomenes* has spoken is so true (said *Telanus*) that if he be deficient in any thing, 'tis in not speaking enough of those two excellent persons. I acknowledge it (answer'd *Theomenes*) but the cause of it, is, because I am so accusom'd to the modest humor of *Herfilia*, who will never have any to commend her, that I dare not so much as praise her in her absence; so great a fear I have of stirring up that amiable little frowardness, which she is sometimes in railery reproacht with, and withal which so well becomes her. But I would know (said *Amilcar*) whether the fair *Hermilia*, who saw her and did not see her, the day the Queen of *Hetturia* came hither, has not heard that which *Theomenes* has spoken, and not attended to him. No (answer'd this fair Virgin) and I know now so well what a person *Herfilia* is, that if I still took any care for the World, I would wish all my heart resemble her. You have no doubt wherewith to comfort your self without resembling her (said *Plotina*) but 'tis true, if you ought to cease being such as you are, you would have reason to desire to be such as she is; since she is certainly a very lovely and excellent person. It needs be no wonder then that the generous *Melintha* loves her so much. Yet their humors are not alike (said *Amilcar*) but having both of them very prudent wits, they never clash, even in such things wherein they do not agree. The truth is (said *Telanus*) *Melintha* is much taken with the delights of solitude, which *Herfilia* does not care for: but this diversity of sentiments produces only an innocent contest, which occasions them to speak very agreeable things. When *Herfilia* (added *Theomenes*) is for some days at a little place of retirement, which my Sister much affects, she reproaches her pleasantly for taking more pleasure, in seeing from her Windows great Boats loaden with several Countrey-commodities pass by, than in seeing some stately Horse-race. For my part (said *Plotina*) I should side with *Herfilia* in this contest against *Melintha*: And I should help *Melintha* (said *Valeria*) to defend her self against *Herfilia*. For I think nothing more delightful than to see Boats afar off going to and fro upon a great River, to behold the Flocks dispers'd in the Meadows, the Shepherds playing upon some rustick Instrument, and the Shepherdesses dancing at the corner of a Wood. Then you would like *Melintha's* little house well (said *Telanus*) for all things there are solitary, Country-like, and agreeable. In what place is this lovely solitude? (demanded *Valeria*.) It is near *Clusium* (answer'd *Theomenes*) but I undertake not to describe it to you; *Telanus* must do that, if you desire to know what manner of place it is. I willingly consent thereto (reply'd *Telanus*) for I confess to you, I am extremely pleas'd with it. Tell us then precisely how it is (said *Plotina*) but have a care what you speak, for I advertise you, *Amilcar* who hears you, knows how to make the description of a handsome place admirably. I am so accusom'd (answer'd *Telanus*) to yield to *Amilcar*, that I shall not be surpris'd if I be inferiour to him in the art of making descriptions. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I confess to you, I shall be much troubled if you surpass me. Happen what

what will (said *Telamus*, after he had been desir'd to represent the house of *Melintha*) I shall tell you the solitude I am to describe has something so pleasing in it, that all Palaces must yield to it. But that which is more remarkable in this matter, is, that the admirable *Melintha* has made so considerable an alteration in this place, that it may be said she has almost wholly transform'd it. The first time I was there, I could not conceive it could become agreeable, the Garden behind the house was so exceedingly narrow, and all the ground was so declining and uneven that one would have thought he walkt upon the side of a precipice. So that though the prospect of this place was very handsome, yet it was enjoy'd from so incommodious a station, that this diminisht part of its delightfulness. Nevertheless in a very short time and with no great expence, *Melintha* has render'd it such as I am going to describe to you. The Court is of a largeness proportionable to the house, all which is seen of the building appears new and of a graceful plainness. There is a Hall which has a Chamber at one end and a kind of little Gallery at the other. It is open in the midst of the side towards the Garden, which two stages of stone-stairs lead into, from whence is seen a green plat terrass'd, of a very reasonable greatness, a rustical Garden beneath, which leads insensibly descending into a little Grove, whose shadiness is so much the more agreeable, for that there is heard from thence the murmur of a very pleasant River which passes hard by. But to return to the stone-perron whence I have drawn your imagination, conceive, that you see from thence not only the terrass'd green-plot, the rustical Garden, and the little Grove, but above twenty miles distance, with so charming a variety of objects, that nothing is more agreeable. For beyond all that I have mention'd there is seen a delightful River, in which are several little green Islands embellishing it in that place, between which many little Boats are seen passing to and fro. But a hundred paces from thence, this pleasant River goes toward the right hand to discharge it self into a greater, which is seen coming afar off; and being it comes winding, it is seen in several places at a great distance. So that beholding the water on both sides, this little corner of Land wherein many Flocks are feeding, seems almost an Island between two Rivers which make an admirable shew; and beyond which are seen many handsome Villages, till the sight loses it self: and on the left hand a rustick bridge and a little house beyond, whose irregular structure contributes something to the handsomness of the prospect, as well as several remote Temples which are seen in divers places of the Plain. But having describ'd this pleasant Landskip to you, which is seen from all the apartments of the house, I must lead you up a curious and goodly stair-case, and cause you to enter into a Chamber, the hangings of which are blew and silver, and the Windows reach from the top to the bottom, that so the sight may be more free. Next, I must lead you into a little place in which there is nothing but chains, a little Table, two admirable Pictures with gilded frames, the designs of which having some correspondence to solitude, agreeably fill the imagination. For in one of them is seen a very handsome woman, represented in a wild Country, wherein no living thing appears but this fair person, who seeming to be driven out of the World, leans upon a Tree in a careless manner, which manifests that the light it self is no longer the object of her view, so retir'd she appears into her self. Her graceful fair hair

is dishevel'd upon her shoulders, the whiteness of which cannot be surpass'd but by the complexion of this solitary fair, in whose countenance is seen so sweet a sorrow, that joy it self never caus'd any thing so agreeable. Her whole posture has a negligente full of sadness, which corresponds to her sentiments. As much as is seen of her body is admirable, the little clothing which appears is natural, the Landskip is done to the life, and, in fine, this piece is worthy of the excellent Painter who drew it, of the amiable place wherein it is, and of the admirable person to whom it belongs. But from this so delightful Cabinet you pass into a little Chamber, the most pleasant that ever was seen. The furniture of it is Grey, Isabella and White; there is also a very handsome solitary Landskip, the Bed stands in a little room apart: On one side of which is a large Window open from top to bottom, like all the rest, which have an Iron-rail to lean upon, of exquisite workmanship; and on the other, another great Window which opens into a little Closet, painted and gilded, where there is a Tablet in which *Jupiter* is portray'd, and where *Melintha* performs her devotions to the Gods, on such days as she cannot go to the publick Temples. But to conclude the description of this retreat of the admirable *Melintha*, you must know, that returning out of this little Chamber and the Cabinet where the Picture of the fair Hermit is, you go into a Chamber, the Tapistry whereof is silver and blew, and from thence enter into a Cabinet which is the handsomest in the World, out at a great Window of which is seen the same prospect which I describ'd to you before. The form of this Cabinet is square; it is neither too high nor too low roof'd, it is hung round with goodly Pictures whose frames are richly gilded, and which being of two different sizes, are plac'd in a very agreeable order. The fretwork has a very handsome piece in the midst, wherein the Painter has admirably represented sincerity, under the figure of a fair woman holding her heart in her hand. All the ornaments which encompass this piece are very exquisite, and all the other pictures which are seen in this Cabinet, by the design of the excellent Painter who drew them according to *Melintha's* order, represent several kinds of Landscips, and solitary persons inhabiting them. Such melancholy objects are seen in some of them, that they move the hearts of the Spectators; in others, so sweet a solitude, as makes the solitary inhabitant envied; and, in brief, there is so lovely a variety in all these pieces, that Nature has not more in her productions than the admirable Painter has express'd in his works. But amongst the rest, there is a piece which hangs over a Couch, in which designing to represent several sorts of grief, he has done it so admirably, that it cannot be sufficiently commended. I forgot to tell you that on the side the door is of which is opposite to that of the Window, hangs a Looking-glass, which receiving all the objects of the prospect, gives a pleasant sight of it to one that looks not upon it. In a corner of this Cabinet a little Bay is contriv'd within the thickness of the Wall, to place Books in, where also *Melintha* would have a piece put, whose sight alone should excite sentiments of piety, notwithstanding any indispositedness thereto: but this is not seen, but when one pleases. To conclude, this Cabinet is so handsome, so uniform and so stately, that there is no Palace in the World wherein it might not be admir'd. Thus I have shew'd you this little house, which pleases *Melintha* far more than a greater

and fairer, which she has caus'd to be built at *Clusium*. I wonder not if it pleases her (answer'd *Plotina*) for as you represent it, I think I should delight to see Boats, Shepherds, Shepherdesses and Flocks of Sheep out of that amiable Cabinet: especially (added *Valeria*) if there be good company. I agree with you (answer'd she) that agreeable company does no hurt; but, humor may add to the delight of the handsomest Desert in the World. But however, 'tis fit to do justice to *Telannus*, and confess that if he does not surpass *Amilcar* in descriptions, he may pretend to equal him. I beseech you (said *Amilcar*) do not determine things so precisely, but rather give an ambiguous judgment, so that either of us may believe he has the advantage. Be it how it will (said *Theomenes*) you may be both commended without our fearing to misplace our praises.

As *Theomenes* was speaking thus, there was heard a great noise from without the Tents, which *Telannus* going to see what it meant, found it was caus'd by Souldiers quarrelling about *Aronces*, some of them saying the Camp ought to make an insurrection to deliver him; others, that it behov'd always to obey *Porfenna*, who knew well what he had to do. *Telannus* would have appeas'd and accorded them, but an old Souldier addressing to him, How? my Lord (said he to him) shall we let *Aronces* perish without attempting to deliver him, who is all our hope? No, no, it must not be; *Porfenna* may remember that heretofore himself was not deliver'd but by violence. We are newly told (added he) that the King speaks of putting him to death as soon as he has found *Mutius*: but it must not be endur'd that he commit this injustice, and we shall serve him, in serving *Aronces*. Hereupon *Telannus* judging it might be dangerous for *Aronces* to have the Army shew too much ardor for him; to pacify the incens'd Souldiers, told them he knew the Prince would shortly be cleared, and freed from his imprisonment: whereby he repress'd part of their violence, and went to re-assure the fair *Romans*, whom the noise had alarm'd.

This evening and the next morning, the Queen of *Hebruria*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, and all the friends of *Aronces* made their utmost instance for him to *Porfenna*; but to no effect: for he was so perswaded *Aronces* and *Mutius* had conspir'd against him, that he could not have been more, if himself had been an ear-witness of their Confederacy. And therefore (said he to the Princess of the *Leontines*) 'tis only out of regard to the formalities of justice, that *Aronces* is not yet dead; and as soon as *Mutius* is found, and they whom I have in custody shall maintain before him and *Aronces* that they were the instruments of this horrid Conspiracy, which Love excited them to, nothing shall be able to hinder me from giving that great example of justice, which I owe to Posterity and my own preservation. All *Aronces's* Friends perceiving reasons, sentiments of nature, and prayers prevail'd nothing with this prejudic'd Prince, told him he hazarded to see *Rome* against him, and to cause his own Army to mutiny. If you are minded to hasten *Aronces's* death (answer'd he) you need but speak as you do; for if my Subjects rebel for the Criminal *Aronces*, 'tis a sign that he is a rebel himself, that they look upon him as their head, and that the best course I can take is to punish a Parricide speedily. The friends of *Aronces* would have reply'd, but the cruel *Tullia* arriving, they could not; because the King signifi'd that he was minded to be alone with

her. Yet they repin'd so loudly that *Tullia* heard their murmurs: but being us'd to complaints and curses, she was not mov'd at them, but made shew of not having heard them. As for *Tarquinius*, he continu'd at his Quarter, that he might keep his Forces in their duty, whilst *Tullia* promoted her dismal negotiation. *Titus* indeed was much devoted to *Aronces's* interest, and was continually active for him: but as for *Sextus*, he had nothing in his heart but love for *Clelia*, and was so transported with it that he thought of nothing else. For whilst all the Camp was in Alarm, *Tarquinius* and *Tullia* were contriving to destroy *Aronces*, and all the Friends of this Prince in the Camp or at *Rome* were studying to save him, *Sextus* was devising to carry away *Clelia*; for in this confusion the Hostages were guarded with less circumspection, though *Porfenna* on the contrary had commanded they should be kept most carefully. In order to which, *Sextus* corrupted some of the Souldiers which guarded *Clelia*, assur'd many to him of the King his Father, and whereas the Tents of these fair *Romans* were upon the bank of *Tyber*, he gave order to have Boats in readiness to convey her away by night. He prefix'd a day and hour to do it, and hop'd so well to carry on and accomplish his purpose, that it might be believ'd *Clelia* was carried away either by the *Romans*, or by the friends of *Aronces*, for fear *Porfenna* should treat her rigorously. Moreover, he resolv'd to send her to *Cuma*, because he had an intimate friendship with the Tyrant which reign'd there at that time. On the other side *Amilcar* going and coming continually from *Rome* to the Camp and from the Camp to *Rome*, divers consultations were held in both these places for the deliverance of *Aronces*; but no sure course could be found out for bringing about so just a design. Some judg'd it best to get the Prince out of Prison, that so he might afterwards justify himself in freedom; but such as knew him well, believ'd that should his Guards be forc'd or corrupted, he would not have recourse to flight, for fear it should argue him to be criminal. Others thought it most expedient for the Camp and *Rome* to rise of a sudden, and go demand *Aronces* of *Porfenna* with Arms in hand; but a Treaty having been made with this King, and *Rome* not being in a condition to venture a second Siege, the Senate would not have consented that the Pacification should be infring'd. Besides, the twenty fair *Romans* who were given in Hostage, having Lovers at *Rome*, they were not forward to suffer any such resolution to be taken as might bring them into danger. Some there were also who propounded to go to *Tarquinius's* Quarter, and following *Mutius's* example, kill the Tyrant with the execrable *Tullia*: but this Proposition was not approv'd. However, that something might be done, it was resolv'd that *Artemidorus* and *Themistus*, being two great Princes, should go to *Porfenna* the next day, to tell him a very considerable truth: for he interpreted *Mutius's* departure to be a flight, and it was at length discover'd to proceed only from a despair of Love. For the last conversation *Mutius* had with *Valeria* made a deep impression upon him; so that being desirous to try whether, whilst she was at the Camp, he could more easily bring *Publicola* to be favorable to him, he went to him, and spoke to him with an air so little submissive, that it was apparent he behav'd himself like the deliverer of *Rome*. At which *Publicola* being displeas'd, answer'd him with a generous sincerity which cast him into despair; for he so clearly intimated to him, that he should

not

not take his daughter from *Herminius*, that he became desperate, leaving *Publicola* in a great fury, and soon after departed from *Rome*. Whereby it was easie to judge that Love was a greater cause of his absence than any other consideration. It was therefore resolv'd that *Themistus* and *Artemidorus* should go to *Porfenna* the next day, and tell what they had understood from *Publicola*, to the end *Matius*'s departure might no longer pass for an evidence against *Aronces*. Not, that what they had to say was a convincing truth, but it was at least a favourable presumption; and being they could do no better, they did as people use to do in great misfortunes, namely, rather to do a hundred things unprofitably, than fail of doing one thing which may be beneficial.

But whilst all in *Rome* or the two Camps, were deviling to destroy or save *Aronces*, this unfortunate Prince indur'd the greatest torments an amorous heart which loves honour is capable of. He saw himself accus'd of a horrid crime, by a father whom he had deliver'd from a long imprisonment, and whose life he had sav'd, and by a father whom he respected still notwithstanding the injustice he did him. But that which afflicted him most, was, that the letter he receiv'd from *Clelia*, perswaded him either that she believ'd the accusation charg'd upon him, or else accus'd him her self of something; and to augment his grief, he saw he had lost the Letter, which might be of some ill consequence to him if it were in the hands of *Porfenna*: so that his affliction was more than can be imagin'd. But he did not suffer alone; for *Clelia*'s mind was more disquieted than ever any persons in the World. She lov'd *Aronces* more than her self; but she could not but believe, or at least fear, that he was unfaithful to her. She wish't nothing with more ardor than to hear *Porfenna* was appeas'd, and nevertheless she could not hear without indignation that *Lysimena* acted with that generous confidence which led her to speak to *Porfenna* whatever she believ'd might advantage *Aronces*, without considering that this augmented *Zenocrates*'s jealousy: for being she knew her self innocent, she conceiv'd it would be easie for her to justify her self at any time; and therefore she continued to act the same generosity in so important an occasion. Which so disgust'd *Clelia*, that she almost wish't the prayers *Lysimena* made to *Porfenna* would take no effect, that so *Aronces* might not owe his life and liberty to her. *Plotina* and *Valeria* being the confidants of all her sorrows, she spoke of nothing else to them when they were alone, especially at nights; for these three fair persons lay in the same place, not, but that it might be said that these twenty fair *Romans* were in one and the same Tent, because they had communication one with another; but nevertheless, they had in a manner every one their own. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* being one evening together lamenting their misfortunes, *Clelia* told her Friends she had still more cause to fear some greater, than they knew of; For I beheld (said she to them) or thought I beheld the virtuous *Lucretia* last night, and I imagin'd too I heard her voice. Being unhappy people (said *Valeria*) seldom have pleasing Dreams, 'tis not to be wonder'd if that dismal Idea came into your fancy. 'Tis true (added she) considering what befel her illustrious Lover, these kind of advertisements seem not altogether to be rejected; for if you remember, *Lucretia* appear'd to him. Tell us therefore in what manner you thought you beheld that fair but unfortunate Lady. My

discontents, as you may imagine (answer'd *Clelia*) strangely possess my mind, so that I never sleep but out of weariness. Hereby it hapned, that it was almost break of day before I shut mine eyes. In this condition I know not whether my heaviness forc'd me to sleep, or whether I was really awake; but me thought I beheld a good great light, which nevertheless was somewhat dusky too; a moment after *Lucretia* appear'd to me fairer than ever I saw her, her hair was dishevell'd, she was cover'd with a large white Robe, and held a bloody Ponyard in her hand. In this posture methought I heard her voice, which was something terrifying. Flee, *Clelia*, flee (said she to me) but flee speedily; for I advertise you that the Tyrant, who caus'd me to have recourse to this Ponyard, has a design against your honour as he had against mine. Have recourse therefore to flight, and bring not your self into the necessity of being oblig'd to have recourse to death. After this, the light disappear'd, *Lucretia* vanish'd; but the sound of her voice has made such an impression upon my mind, that all this day I have done nothing else but think upon what I imagin'd I saw and heard, and had not so much power as to tell it you: besides, having not seen you alone, I was unwilling to speak of a thing which seems only fit to make me suspected of having a mind something weak.

Clelia had scarce done speaking this to her Friends, when one of their Guards enter'd into their Tent, with a certain hasty air which signifi'd he had some important matter to tell. I beseech you, Madam (said he to *Clelia*) pardon me the liberty I take of entering into your Tent; if *Lucilius* or *Telanus* had been come back from the King, I would have address'd my self to them; but being they are not here, and I cannot tell that which I have to say, to him that commands us in their absence, I address to you, to advertise you that *Sextus* will carry you away by violence, if you do not take care to prevent it. I have not been able to learn whether he intends it this night or the next; but I know infallibly he hath laid all his contrivances for that purpose; several of my Companions are to be assistant to him, he that commands us is his Creature, he has Boats in readines, and is himself to serve in this violence. Wherefore, Madam, conceiving I could never serve the Prince better than by serving you, I come to give you this intelligence. The business is urgent (added he) and I understand the design as fully as possibly one can. But by what means came you to know it? (said *Clelia* much affrighted.) One of my companions, Madam, (answer'd he) who would have engag'd me in this criminal design told me of it, and I made shew of consenting to it, to the end I might give you notice of it. *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Clelia*, askt this man divers other Questions, who answer'd them with so much ingenuity, that they were assur'd he did not lye. They thanked him for his generosity, and desir'd him to tell *Telanus*, as soon as he came from the King, that they must necessarily speak with him; and in case *Telanus* did not return speedily, to come himself to speak with them. Well, my dear Sister (said *Clelia* to *Plotina*) the apparition of the virtuous *Lucretia* is but too true, and am not I very unhappy in seeing my self lov'd by the most infamous of men? Was not I sufficiently oppress'd with the misfortunes of *Aronces* and his infidelity, without being more so by mischiefs more dreadful to me than death? But, in fine (added she) I am not resolv'd to await this dismal adventure;

I must go from Tent to Tent to awake all my Companions, oblige them all to stay with me, till the return of *Telanus*, and engage them by Oath to stick to me, and rather tear me in pieces, than suffer me to be carri'd away by the infamous *Sextus*. If *Telanus* comes (said *Plotina*) it is absolutely necessary that he give way for us to escape; for in the condition things are, we know not who to have recourse to. For my part (said *Valeria*) I know not whether we should do well to violate the Laws of Nations by going to *Rome* though we might, or whether it would not be better to have recourse to the Princess of the *Leontines*. No, no, (answer'd *Clelia*) I will not be oblig'd to that Princess; and as things now are, I believe she would not be as serviceable to me as she is to *Aronces*; and besides, do you think *Porfenna* will at present believe any thing against a Son of *Tullia*? We must therefore begin to assemble all our Friends together; and so *Clelia* causing a maid-slave to light her, was follow'd by *Valeria* and *Plotina* through the lines of Communication which went from Tent to Tent, where they awaken'd *Hermilia*, *Colatina*, and all the rest. But after they were come together into one and the same Tent, the Soldier who discover'd the plot to *Clelia*, came to tell her that *Lucilius* and *Telanus* had sent notice that they would not lodge there that night, because some affairs requir'd their presence elsewhere. Wherefore *Clelia* interpreting this as an artifice of *Sextus*, who caus'd them to be retain'd, that he might the better effect his design, was in a very terrifi'd condition, and the death of *Lucretia* coming into her mind at the same time, she thought every moment she beheld *Sextus* entering with his Soldiers to carry her away. All her Friends partaking of her fear, counsell'd her the best they could; but she having a great heart, No, no, my Companions (said she, beholding some of them with tears in their eyes) 'tis to no purpose to weep, we must this day shew that we are *Romans*, that we love honour, and that death cannot daunt us; for do not imagine (added she) that this design regards only me; all they that serve a ravisher, are ravishers themselves; and I do not question, but the infamous *Sextus* has promis'd you to such as are to be his instruments in so criminal an action. But were it otherwise (contin'd she) I will believe that the affection you have for me, and the sense of honour would lead you to be willing to save me, and to take a resolution to make an escape from this place, where we cannot but every moment be expos'd to the insolence of the two mutinous Camps, which in all probability will shortly fall foul together. Let us then make a daring and generous resolution; our Tents are upon the Bank of *Tyber*, and there is no way to escape but by the River. If we dye, we shall die with greater glory than *Lucretia*, since it will be in avoiding an unhappiness, which she would not out-live. I know it will be said at *Rome*, that we violate the Treaty; but every thing may be lawfully done to save our honours. Nevertheless that you may not think (added she) I will cause you all to be drown'd for my preservation, and expose you to an inevitable danger, hear what course I conceive fit to be taken. You know when we came out of *Rome*, we were adorn'd like publick Victims to be sacrific'd to the peace; so that we have many Jewels amongst us: let us promise all we have to the Souldier who gave us this intelligence, on condition he will be serviceable to us; let us not wait for the return of *Lucilius* or *Telanus*, nor tempt them to be unfaith-

ful to the King of *Hetruria*, who committed us to their custody; but let us only devise how to deceive our Guards; we may easily do it, provided that Soldier and some of his companions be for us; let us send to him who commands in the absence of *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, to desire permission to bathe our selves at break of day, which without doubt he will grant us; for being perhaps 'tis the night following wherein he intends to convoy me away, he will believe this will facilitate his design. But when we come to the Water side, you shall do what you see me do; ask me no more, but leave me to manage this enterprize. I require no more of you, but of what I will my self shew you an example: but above all things, to continue your selves in the generous resolution which I see you inclinable to, consider always, I conjure you, that the business is no less than to keep our selves from being under the power of the murderer of the virtuous *Lucretia*, that glory attends us on the other side of the *Tyber*, and that we shall eternally dishonour our Country, if we be so pusillanimous and weak as to incur a misfortune which we may avoid.

Clelia spoke with so much courage and eloquence, that all her companions hastned to give her their Jewels, swear not to forsake her, but to follow her example and pleasure implicitly. After this she went to speak to the trusty Souldier, and communicating her design to him, she gave him some gratuities, and promis'd him more; which done, he went to the Officer who commanded the Guard, and whose name was *Minutius*, to demand his permission for all these fair Virgins to go and bathe themselves in the *Tyber* about break of day. He made no scruple to grant this request; and gave orders to such as were to conduct them, without suspecting any thing of the design; for *Rome* being on the other side of the River, he could not think these Ladies would imagine it possible to get thither. Besides, being Hostages, and *Sextus* design in all probability unknown to them, he was on the contrary very glad of their beginning to bathe themselves in the River, inasmuch as it might prove convenient for his enterprize. But to bring it so to pass as to send such Souldiers the next day to conduct them, as were privy to this Plot, he sent others this day; the order of Military duties requiring successive attendance of several persons. In the mean time the Souldier whom *Clelia* had gain'd, provided Planks, Hurdles, and Bavinges; it not being possible to get either Boats or Horses: he also suborn'd some other Souldiers to assist him, with the Jewels *Clelia* gave him, and in brief, he did all that was in his power. Now when break of day was come, these twenty fair Virgins having spent the whole night without sleep, went forth under the conduct of those that were order'd to guard them. It was no lighter when they left their Tents, than just enough to discern things, and to perceive the agitation of the River through the Willows which grew upon the Bank of it in this place. The place was unfrequented, agreeable, and fit for the execution of *Clelia's* design. The Souldier who was of intelligence with them, hastning to bring them to the place where Tents were erected for them in the River, led them through a way beset with Willows, whose tops were interwoven together, and seem'd to make a kind of rude Canopy; and at length they arriv'd at the place where they made shew of intending to bathe themselves. They who guided them stay'd at a distance out of respect, to leave them to undress themselves; and some of them too were

were corrupted to do so by *Clelia's* Complotter. But the Ladies not thinking them remote enough, desir'd them to retire a little more back; which they did. And as soon as they saw them at a good distance, the honest Souldier who was hid behind a bush to assist them, shew'd them the Planks, Hurdles and the Bavines, which he had caus'd to be brought thither secretly, and had so well fitted that each of them could bear up a person in the Water. But when *Clelia* counted them, she found there was one fewer than needed; at which she being nothing abash'd, No, no, (said she) my companions, trouble not your selves who it shall be that wants something to support her in the water, my courage shall support me, and the Gods will assist me. Let us not therefore lose time (added this magnanimous Lady) the moments are precious; this valiant Souldier whom you see shall help the weakest, and I am so perswaded Heaven will be aiding to us, that I doubt not in the least but we shall all happily get to *Rome*. The God of *Tyber* sav'd *Horatius* when he leapt into it in his Armour; he will save us perhaps as well as him.

After this, *Clelia* having invoc'd the God of the River, without expecting the answer of her companions, cast her self courageously into the water, and turning towards them, If you love glory (said she to them) you will follow me; and so abandoning her self to the stream of the River; she was carried from the shore. There was no delay, but her companions instantly did the same; and the Souldier, having so handsomly ty'd some to the Planks, others to the Hurdles and Bavines which he had provided, that there was no fear of sinking, he leapt into the Water after them, and sometimes helpt one, and sometimes another: their cloaths also were of some use in this occasion to bear them up. But there hapn'd a remarkable accident; for as *Clelia* turn'd her head now and then to see whether her companions follow'd her, she found a Horse in the midst of the River, which had scap'd from one that led him to drink; whereupon this courageous Lady got hold of his Bridle, and made shift to mount upon his back. By which means advancing her self above the water, and day being much clear'd up, the Souldiers who had guarded her, were extremely amaz'd to see her and all her companions about her, whom the officious Souldier help'd forward as much as he could; for they who, were not corrupted, believ'd these twenty fair Virgins were in the Tents prepar'd for them upon the River. On the side of *Rome*, they who perceiv'd a woman upon a Horse swimming in the middle of the River, and follow'd by others who were supported by Planks, Hurdles, or Bavins, knew not at first whether they were not men disguised in the habits of women, and whether this were not some subtle project of *Tarquin*: so that they were thinking to shoot Arrows at them; and had indeed done so, if *Horatius* and *Herminius* had not happily arriv'd. For, as Lovers know their Mistresses at a greater distance than others, they were no sooner upon the Bank of the River, but they knew *Clelia* and *Valeria*. Which sight so surpris'd them, that they were thinking to cast themselves into the River, to go and meet them; but this first sentiment being pass'd, reason caus'd them to take some Boats which were there to go meet these courageous Ladies, most of whom were so weary that they receiv'd this succour with joy. In the interim the Souldiers who had guarded these fair *Romans*, having given the Alarm all about, the Bank of the River was in an instant beset with an

innumerable multitude of Souldiers on the side of the Camp, that of the City was as much throng'd with the Inhabitants. Now because these fair Virgins were not in condition to go through the Streets, *Horatius* and *Herminius* led them to a house standing near the side of the River, where they dry'd themselves and chang'd their clothes for others which they sent for from their Parents houses. After which, they all went to the first Consul, to give an account of their escape, and to desire him to inform the Senate of it. But they were follow'd with an incredible throng of people, who by this time knowing *Clelia* was she that undertook this adventurous action for the preservation of her honour, gave her a thousand praises, and extoll'd her above all the Heroes of Antiquity. When *Publicola* beheld this fair company arrive, he was surpris'd at it; for though the rumour of it was brought to him before, yet he did not believe what was told him. *Clelia*, as principal of the enterprize, went formost, and as soon as she saw *Publicola*, My Lord (said she to him) if that which my companions and I have done seem unreasonable to you, I conjure you to lay the blame only upon me, for they have done no more but followed me; and if the Senate conceive me culpable, I am ready to undergo such punishment as shall seem good to them to inflict upon me; for I dread neither pains nor death, I fear nothing but infamy. After this *Valeria* beginning to speak, inform'd *Publicola* of the violence intended by *Sextus*, and omitted nothing that might serve to justify the action which they had done. Your fact is so glorious (answer'd *Publicola*, speaking to *Clelia*) that were it unjust, it would nevertheless deserve to be eternally commended; nothing undoubtedly being more heroical, than to preserve one's honour with the hazard of death. But since you have acted for yours, you must suffer *Rome* to act also for hers, and therefore I enjoin you all to stay here till the Senate have deliberated upon the action which you have done.

Then *Publicola* leaving them to the charge of *Domitia*, gave order that the Senate should be extraordinarily assembled. In the mean time *Clelia*, *Sulpitia*, *Octavius*, *Racilia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Artemidorus*, *Themistus*, *Merigenes*, *Emilius*, *Spurius*, *Acrisius*, *Sicinus*, *Damon*, and all the relations of these fair virgins, came to visit them, every one making a complement to them according to their humor or inclination, and all extolling *Clelia* with a kind of contest. *Horatius* was extreme joyful in this occasion, and found such pleasure in the glory of his Mistress, that he had not greater when he perform'd that grand action of the *Sublician* Bridge. He fanci'd that *Clelia's* leaping into *Tyber* as he had done, was a happy preface to him; and it was some delight to him, to think that *Clelia* fled from a place where *Aronces* was. But if his own thoughts gave him hope, the looks and words of *Clelia* gave him none at all: but on the contrary having spoken a moment with her apart, he found her mind still firmer to her old resolution. At least, Madam (said he to her) do not make me unhappy before the time, leave Fortune to act as she pleases, and act your self as you are minded; but do not forbid me to hope that perhaps you will one day find your self forc'd by destiny not to hate me. All humane prudence can foresee nothing, three days ago you would not have believ'd you could have attempted to cross the *Tyber* without a Boat, and nevertheless you have done it with an heroical magnanimity. 'Tis true (answer'd she) none can foresee their own actions; but such as are prudent,

prudent, cannot and ought not to change their sentiments. Nevertheless (reply'd he) 'tis frequently requisite to conform our selves to matters according to the time. As for such Wisdom (answer'd *Clelia*) I renounce it with all my heart: that which is just once, is always so; I never cease to love that which I love; and even the infidelity and death of *Aronces* shall never cause my heart to change. I say more (added she) for supposing what is absolutely impossible, that I could cease to love *Aronces*, and have such an affection for you as you desire, you would not be the happier for it; for a pure sentiment of honour would hinder me from expressing any thing of it, and I should die a thousand times rather than do any thing that might make me liable to the reproach, that I lov'd twice in my life. But, *Horatius*, matters are not in these terms; and I speak to you as I do, only to put you out of all hope, and so to oblige you to be hereafter contented with my esteem and friendship. Alas! Madam (said he to her) if you could but cease to love *Aronces*, I should not want much of being happy: for I conceive it not possible that a heart disengaged from all passion could resist mine. Have I not told you (answer'd she) that though I should love you (which yet can never happen) you would not be the less miserable? Ha! Madam (reply'd *Horatius*) if you lov'd me, you would be no longer Mistress of your own sentiments, but speak after another manner. But, alas! I am not yet so happy, and perhaps never shall.

Whilst *Horatius* was speaking thus to *Clelia*, *Herminius* was conversing with *Valeria*; but for his unhappiness, it was in the presence of *Emilius* and *Spurius*. *Plotina* was also importun'd by *Sicinius*, *Acrisius*, and *Damon*. As for *Octavius*, he address'd to *Hermilia*, who though she did not receive him rigorously, yet she gave him greater cause of despair than if she had been more severe: for after divers passionate expressions which he us'd to her, To testify to you that I esteem you (answer'd *Hermilia*) I will discover to you my real sentiments. I confess then, that considering things according to the course of the World in general, it would be very advantagious for me if I could love you; and the illustrious and unfortunate *Brutus* would no doubt have judg'd your affection very glorious to me; for that your Birth is noble, you have wit, courage and virtue; but, generous *Octavius*, having lost the Prince of *Pometia*, whom all the world knows I did not hate, I cannot, I ought not to love any hereafter. When a Lover is lost by his own inconstancy, I conceive in process of time another may be admitted; but when a faithful Lover is lost by death, fidelity ought to be reserv'd to his ashes, and never any thing lov'd but his Memory. These, *Octavius*, are my true sentiments; you know in what manner I have lost an illustrious Brother and an illustrious Lover, help me to lament them, and I promise you all my friendship; but desire nothing more of me. Had the Gods heard my vows, I should have miscarri'd in crossing the *Tyber*; but though I did nothing toward saving my self, the too-kind River bore me up whether I would or no. For my part (said *Plotina*, who overheard these last words) I assure you I neglected nothing to preserve my life, and certainly I must needs love honour and *Clelia* ardently, to have indanger'd my self as I did: but however, I do not wonder to see so many brave Warriors (added she) for no doubt example serves much to beget courage; at least, I know, if I had been all alone, I should not have had the power

to put my self into the *Tyber*, without other help than a pitiful plank to which I was fastned: but when I beheld my sister courageously leap into the water, without plank or hurdle, *Valeria* as resolutely follow her, and *Hermilia* hasten to do so too, I would not be the last, but left *Collatina* the honour to bring up the rear. 'Tis true (answer'd that fair Virgin) I was the slowest, but I assure you, the reason which you imagine, was not the cause of it, but rather for that I was not unwilling the generous Souldier who did us such good service, might be near me when I enter'd into the water. I perceive (said *Plotina*) neither the love of Honour nor the greatness of danger do deprive you of your judgment. I am less astonish'd at that (said *Valeria*) than to see that nothing abates your joy. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina* agreeably) that the joy which appears this day in my words is an habitual joy, wherein my heart is not much concern'd. Whilst these fair Virgins were discoursing thus together, *Domitia* told them several times, it would be best for them to betake themselves to sleep; but they had too great a desire to know what the determination of the Senate would be. And indeed it was a matter extraordinary and important enough, to make them curious and solicitous about it.

When the Senate was assembled, *Publicola* faithfully reported the business as he understood it from *Clelia* and her Companions; he highly commended the courage of these generous Virgins, and especially of *Clelia*, who attempted so daring an action. Then he added, that the people being much taken with extraordinary adventures, would declare themselves for *Clelia*; and that as he pass'd the streets, he observ'd they approv'd what this generous Lady had done. After which, it belongs to us (saith he) to consider what we have to do, both for the good of the Commonwealth, and for our own honour; for though I have a daughter amongst those who have certainly offended *Porfenna*, yet I am not backward to declare, that for preserving the Public-faith, it is requisite to remand them to him again. Some Senators less generous than *Publicola*, who had daughters or Kinswomen amongst these Hostages, decry'd it as cruelty to send these Virgins again under the power of an incens'd Prince, who was capable of putting his own Son to death. But *Publicola* answer'd, that events ought to be left to the will of the Gods, and that in all cases our duty is to be perform'd. Which advice of *Publicola* prevailing, the Senate ordain'd that these twenty fair Virgins should be sent back to *Porfenna*, to whom the true case of their escape should be manifest, thereby to oblige him to guard them more carefully: but it was however resolv'd too, that a Statue on Horse-back should be erected to *Clelia* in the high part of the Sacred street. Even *Clelius* himself though much afflicted to see *Clelia* return to the Camp, was of opinion that she should be remitted thither. But as for *Horatius* and *Herminius*, they would not deliver their minds in this occasion, being unable to determine to say any thing that might intrench upon their honour or their love.

When the Assembly was broke up, *Publicola* return'd to his own house, follow'd by *Horatius* and *Herminius*; as he was entering in, he saw *Amilcar* amongst these fair Romans, who came from the Camp, and inform'd him that *Porfenna* being exasperated by *Tarquin*, *Tullia*, and *Sextus*, was in a high indignation at the action of *Clelia*, that the next day he would send Embassadors to redemand the Hostages, and that if they

they were refus'd to him, he had sworn to break the Peace and destroy *Rome*. *Amilcar* added, that *Por-senna* imagin'd *Clelia* did this action only out of fear lest she should be forc'd to tell what she knew concerning the pretended Crime of *Aronces*, and that all things therefore deserved to be carefully examin'd. He added too, that it was a very great unhappiness for *Aronces* that *Mutius* was absent. *Amilcar* spoke this to *Publicola* in the presence of these twenty fair Virgins who with much impatience expected that the first Consul should inform them of the deliberation of the Senate. But they were astonish'd to hear two such different results; for *Publicola* first told them what honour the Senate had done to *Clelia*; and then (which increas'd their wonder) that it behov'd them to resolve to return to the Camp the next day. At the first News *Clelia* cast down her eyes out of modesty; but at the second, she blusht out of indignation; nevertheless, having consider'd the Publick-interest which caus'd the Senate to act so, she recollected her self, and beginning to speak, We must obey, my Companions (said she looking upon them) and if I find my self in danger of a new unhappiness, instead of flight I will have recourse to death, and never ingage you to follow me. *Clelia* spoke this with so resolute and generous an aspect,

that all who beheld her, judg'd she deserv'd greater honour than the Senate had decreed to her. *Horatius*'s affection receiv'd new flames hereby; for if beauty produces love, 'tis only virtue which preserves and augments it long after its production. However because *Clelia* was willing to avoid *Horatius*, and perceiv'd her Companions and her self needed rest, they retir'd into the several Apartments which were prepar'd for them; for, being they were to depart early the next morning, to return to the Camp, they would not separate themselves: wherefore though the house *Publicola* now dwelt in, was not so stately as that which formerly he so generously destroy'd, nevertheless, these fair Virgins were well enough accommodated in it. But before they retir'd, *Clelia* inquir'd of *Amilcar* concerning *Aronces*, and understood by his answer that he had none but unwelcome News to tell her of him; so that she withdrew with *Valeria* in the greatest melancholy in the world. Come (said she to her) let us go prepare our selves to dye, and perhaps to see the unfortunate *Aronces* put to death. After which, she went into the Chamber which was provided for her, leaving *Amilcar* speaking to *Plotina* and *Cesonia*; but she went with so deep a sadness upon her countenance, that it excited grief in all that beheld it.

The End of the Second Book of the Fifth Part.

CLELIA

THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
JAN 10 1964
MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

RE: [Illegible]

THIRD

CLELIA:

The Fifth and last Part.

BOOK III.



IOVERS scarce ever forbear to speak of their passion to their Mistresses when they find opportunity for it; wherefore *Clelia* was no sooner retir'd, but *Amilcar* seeing himself alone with *Plotina* and *Cesonia*, us'd such discourse to them as sufficiently manifested the sentiments of his heart. I know well (said he to *Plotina*) I am requir'd by reason to leave you, but for my consolation I will go pass the evening with *Cesonia*, that I may speak of you, and that with a person who loves you. For my part (said she to him) I am so weary by having watch'd so long and pass'd over the *Tyber* without a Boat, that I dare not promise you the like; for how melancholy soever all my companions are, I believe they are so sleepy, that should I desire to speak of you, I should find none to hear me. But dispense with me at this time, even for thinking on you; for sleep has the privilege to make us forget every thing, without a crime. However (said *Amilcar*) permit *Cesonia* to tell me all which I desire to know concerning you. I consent to it (answer'd she as she was going away) but take heed your curiosity give you not more trouble than pleasure; and besides it is not incident to persons addicted to jollity to have great adventures; but all extraordinary events are reserved for the melancholick. As soon as *Plotina* had said this, she follow'd her companions, and *Amilcar* went with *Cesonia*. When he came into the Chamber of this amiable Lady, he pray'd her she would please to relate to him all she knew of the adventures of *Plotina's* life. As for her birth (said he) I know it already; but that which I earnestly desire of you, is the History of her heart; that is, in one word (added he) I would know by whom *Plotina* has been lov'd, and whether she ever lov'd any person much. Being *Plotina* has permitted me to content your curiosity (answer'd *Cesonia*) I will do it, and the rather because I have no great number of events to relate to you, and I am well inform'd of all that has pass'd in *Plotina's* heart. And so *Cesonia* giving order for none to disturb her, began in these terms to speak to *Amilcar*, who dispos'd himself to hear with extraordinary attention.

The History of *Plotina*.

WHEREAS you know already how *Plotina* believ'd her self Niece of that wise Friend of *Clelius* (whose name is *Rutilius*) and accounted his Wife, *Ersilia*, her Aunt; I need only tell you that my Mother's house (for my Father was deceas'd) was next to that of *Rutilius*, and that there was a great friendship between *Ersilia* and she to whom I owe my life.

I will not detain you with describing the manners, customs, or gallantry of *Ardea*, being I conceive you may easily judge there cannot but be very commendable people in the place where *Plotina* could become such as you see her. For it must be said to her glory, she owes none of her perfections to *Rome*. Besides, I remember *Plotina* related my adventures to you heretofore; and so I doubt not but she told you, our City was built by *Danae*, though some conceive it was a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe* that founded it: but this last opinion has no other ground, but that as *Ulysses* was very eloquent, and *Circe* well skill'd in the knowledge of all the Vertues of Herbs, so they speak more politely at *Ardea* than in any other City, and better understand the good or bad qualities of all Plants. I know also she told you that since the shower of gold *Jupiter* made use of, such women as affect glory accept nothing from a gallant in which there is gold; and that for magnificence, elegance of manners and gallantry, it exceeds all other places in *Italy*; and that Poetry and Painture are more in request and famous there. This being suppos'd, I am to tell you, that *Plotina* has always been so amiable, that as soon as she was six years old, her wit was spoken of with admiration. She us'd to speak a thousand surprising and ingenious things, and that with all the graces of childhood, and with so charming an air, that it was not possible to see her without loving her. Though I was two years elder, I could not live without seeing her; all her answers were pleasant, innocent and witty, every thing in them was natural, and she spoke nothing but of her self. She had a quick fancy and a sprightly wit, she danc'd gracefully even before she learnt; and whatever she did, it was becoming and pleasing. As she was one day in a Temple, where the whole History of *Danae* is admirably represented, and beheld the golden shower falling into the Tower where *Danae* was inclos'd, she ask'd what the meaning of it was. *Herfilia* telling her that *Jupiter* being become amorous of *Danae* transform'd himself into that precious rain for her sake, that so he might get to see her; she said this invention did not please her. Because (added she) it would have been a better course, for *Jupiter* to have employ'd his gold to corrupt those that guarded *Danae*; and then he might have appear'd with the more grace before his Mistress. Another time, observing one *Cupid* represented with a Torch in his hand, and another with a Bow, she was ask'd which of the two she lov'd best: at first she said, she lov'd neither one nor other, as all children use to do. But when she was press'd to tell which of them she thought to be the most dangerous, she answer'd immediately, I fear him that burns more than him that wounds; for I have heard a shot with an Arrow may be cur'd, but if my heart were reduc'd into ashes, I believe there would be no remedy for it.

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it. I could tell you a hundred more pleasant things of *Plotina's* childhood if I would, but 'tis best not to insist upon them. Yet I cannot but tell you something of a conversation which we had together when she was about twelve or thirteen years of age, and how impatient she was to be no longer treated as a child by them which discours'd with her. For my part, my dear *Cesonia* (said she to me one day as we return'd from a great Feast) I am so weary of being a little Girl, that I wish I could have bought the two years by which you exceed me, with the ten last of my life. I assure you (said I to her) I account your place better than mine; and in reference to years, 'tis better to be preceded than to precede others: for you will infallibly be fifteen years old if you live, and I am pass'd being thirteen any longer. For my part (answer'd she with a pretty discontent) I was a thousand times more happy when I was but six, for I did not care then in what manner I was treated. I play'd with a thousand little trifles, and provided I were not hungry, sleepy, chidden, or too much instructed to have a good carriage, I was the merriest person in the World. But now I am thirteen years of age, and to my unhappiness have my reason of seventeen years at least. I am displeas'd almost with every thing, and I see scarce any people whom I do not hate. But wherefore do you hate them? (said I to her) all the World commends you, caresses you, and speaks to you. 'Tis true (answer'd she) but all the World commends, caresses, and speaks to me as to a child. So that I had rather a thousand times, be neither commended nor caressed, nor that any person would speak to me. But, I beseech you (said I to her) what are really your discontents? In the first place (answer'd she) all men I meet with are nothing but Fortune-tellers concerning me, foretelling the future, but speaking not the least word of the present. All the Girls which are but sixteen years old, scarce take any notice of me at all. As soon as I come into any place with *Herfilia*, they speak of giving me some edibles to employ me with, and think I would be displeas'd if I did not eat; and as for men, they, as I told you, do nothing but make predictions of me; though these are the most civil, for the others, minding their affairs, look upon me as a little child, to whom they know not what to say. But who are these Fortune-tellers? (said I to her, laughing, and pretending not to understand her.) All men which I know and which you know (answer'd she:) yesterday *Turnus*, only seeing me enter into your house, cry'd, Ha! she will be a dangerous Lass one day. *Periander* the other day said in my presence, I would certainly be very handsome, when I became a little more fatter and taller. *Lycastes* added, I would shortly be of a handsome stature; *Martius*, that when I came to have my Neck longer, I would be much more charming; *Livius*, that as soon as I knew I was handsome, I would be infinitely more amiable; and my Mother also, speaking of me to her particular Friends, says sometimes, I shall one day be witty if I will: so that all my charms are in the future. But if these Prognostications (added she) speak true, and that I prove terrible, hereafter, unless they be dead of age before, I will make them all dye of love, and so ill treat them, that I will be fully reveng'd on them for the little care they have at present to please me. If I be not deceiv'd (said I to her) 'twill one day be in your power to revenge your self. Well (answer'd she hastily) do not you make Predictions of me too as well as the rest. Thereupon I

laught heartily at the choler I had put *Plotina* into unawares; for indeed she never lov'd that kind of commendation which regarded only the time to come. You may judge by what I tell you that *Plotina* had a forward wit, and was already very agreeable. But in a little time she made it appear sufficiently, and most of those that had made such advantageous predictions were in a condition to speak to her only of the present time, and of the torments her beauty caus'd them to suffer.

This passage (said *Amilcar* interrupting her) puts me into the greatest fear in the world; for I am ready to dye out of conceit that you are going to tell me *Plotina* has been lov'd by many more deserving persons than my self; and I am afraid too, you will inform me she has lov'd some one of my Rivals more than she loves me.

Do not fear so much as you pretend (answer'd *Cesonia*) lest I tell you *Plotina* has had more worthy Lovers than your self; and for the rest, you may judge what you ought to believe of it, when I come to the end of my relation. I shall therefore proceed to tell you (added she) that the merit of *Plotina* soon made a great report, and she saw all those makers of predictions speak to her only of the time present. Yet it must be said to the honour of *Plotina* that she did not suffer her self to be dazzled with the applause of the World, but with very great modesty receiv'd the first praises that were given her. And indeed she was very debonair without folly, pleasant without extravagance, young without imprudence, witty without pride, and handsome without affectation. Then it was that I began to converse with her as with a true Friend; I first intrusted little trifling secrets to her, and perceiving she us'd them discreetly, I imparted to her the greatest secrets I had in my heart. Whereby our friendship became so great and intimate, that in speaking of us people were many times pleas'd to mention us by the name of the two Friends. At that time there were very many worthy persons at *Ardea*; for besides *Turnus*, *Periander*, and divers others, there were three of undoubted merit. The first was named *Martius*, the second *Lycastes*, and the third *Clerantus*. This last has a noble, but very sweet and civil aspect, though sometimes his air seem a little cold and careless. He has brown hair, a very handsome head, somewhat a long visage, a pale complexion, black and small eyes, but nevertheless his looks are very ingenious, and even his silence speaks him such; for in discourse, he hears, like one who admirably well understands that which is spoken to him, and who could speak more than he does. All his deportments are such as become a man of his quality, and his mind is perfectly fram'd for converse with the world: he loves ingenious composures and their Authors; he has a melancholy aspect, and nevertheless loves all pleasures. His Soul is naturally passionate; and though the outside of his person and his mind speak him one of those faithful Lovers which the world so rarely affords, yet he is always a serious wanton, or if you will, a tolerable inconstant; for no doubt some are not such. However he maintains confidently that he is faithful, because he says he never deserted any woman who gave him not cause of complaint. He is one of those who account it no infidelity to make little affections occasionally by the by, which arise in their heart during their greater passions. But this is constantly true, where he loves, he loves ardently, he minds nothing but his passion, he is very inclinable to jealousy,

jealousie, he resents the least displeasing things with a strange vehemence; and, in fine, is acquainted with the greatest delights and the extremest rigours of love. As for *Martius*, he was a man who lov'd very passionately, was incapable of relinquishing one Mistress to love another, but whose affections could only abate by time. He was very handsome, infinitely ingenious, and endu'd with a pleasing kind of wit. And then for *Lycastes*, he was a very agreeable person, but he was naturally so inconstant, that it was reckon'd amongst the wonders of Love, if any one could engage him to love constantly once in his life. Being we were known to all the virtuoso's of *Ardea*, and there were few in the City more consider'd than *Plotina*, and I, we were present at all the Gallant Feasts which were made. One was made at that time in honour of *Circe*, who is termed Goddess in *Homer*, in which were represented divers of those prodigious transformations which are attributed to her, and in which *Plotina* appear'd so charming, that her beauty and debonarity made the discourse of all persons. That day she made two remarkable conquests, which caus'd her to be call'd for some time after the new *Circe*. For she who sometimes wrought such extraordinary changes by the virtue of simples whose proprieties she so admirably understood, never did any more deserving wonder. But to manifest this, you must know, that till that time *Lycastes* had made publick profession of being inconstant, and that *Martius* had formerly been very amorous of a very fair Lady by whom he was also lov'd; yet afterwards according to the general course of the world, it was believ'd this passion was grown so temperate, that it could be call'd love no longer without doing him a favour. So that when she was dead, he appear'd very much afflicted first, but suffer'd himself to be comforted by time and his Friends; and indeed it was thought he lamented her rather like a Friend than a Lover. 'Tis true, after her death he had not appear'd amorous; yea, he seem'd very indifferent; but at length on the day of this famous Feast of *Circe*, *Lycastes* and *Martius* ceas'd to be what they had been before; that is, the first learnt to love constantly, and the other ceas'd to be insensible, and began to love again. But such beginnings of love being usually not so discernible as to be known the first moment they attack the heart, *Lycastes* and *Martius* did not believe they could be very amorous of *Plotina*, and their Friends perceiv'd it before themselves. Now *Plotina* being of a free and merry humor, these two Lovers were sufficiently at a loss for an occasion to give her seriously to understand they lov'd her, when they perceiv'd it: for she so handsomely put off all that they said to her, that it might seem their love was nothing but a piece of Gallantry, in which their hearts were unconcern'd. But at length they found that they lov'd ardently. For their passion began to manifest it self by jealousie; they could no longer endure one another but with trouble, they minded nothing but *Plotina* and how to please her. They frequented none but her, abandon'd all their acquaintances, and in brief had nothing but their passions in their heads. On the other side, *Plotina* having always been averse to Marriage, and now unwilling to commit a criminal Gallantry, did certainly all she could to deprive these two Lovers utterly of hope: but this rigour augmented their love in stead of diminishing it. Wherefore *Plotina* being loth to trouble her self longer to no purpose, left them to follow their own inclinations, without

being kind or favourable, or considering one more than the other. Yet one day she gave *Lycastes* a severe check in the presence of *Martius*, *Perfander*, and *Lucia* (who is a very amiable Lady) for the profess'd it absolutely impossible for her to love a Lover that has been inconstant. If any of those rambling Lovers (answer'd *Lycastes*) should become a faithful adorer of you, wherefore would you not love him, provided he have otherwise desert? Because (reply'd she hastily) that which has hapned once may happen a hundred times, and nothing would be more insupportable to me than to be abandon'd by a man to whom I had given permission to love me. Therefore, not to venture that mischief, 'tis best avoid giving it to any: for the world is so full of inconstant Lovers who dissemble fidelity, that it is easie to be mistaken. *Plotina* spoke this with an air that intimated to *Lycastes*, it would be a hard matter for him to win her heart. Nevertheless, he found he had so well shaken off his old inconstancy, and that he should love *Plotina* faithfully, that he hop'd time would mollifie her. For my part, I confess my inclination then led me to favour *Lycastes*; and thought *Martius* was a very worthy, handsome, and agreeable person, yet I was more concern'd for his Rival. But I perceiv'd one day *Plotina* was not of the same mind, but had a little more inclination for *Martius* than for *Lycastes*. However, she carefully conceal'd it; but for all her care, not only I, but *Lucia*, *Lycastes*'s Kinswoman and Friend perceiv'd it too. This person had formerly seem'd an intimate friend of *Martius*'s Mistress, she saw the beginning, progress, and end of this love, in which she had an interest, which I shall tell you presently. As we were both one day with *Plotina*, we hapned unwittingly to speak of the power of inclination. For my part (said *Plotina*) I do not believe it so powerful as 'tis reported, at least I am perswaded I never yet lov'd any thing without reason. You believe this (answer'd *Lucia* smiling) and yet at the same time I am speaking to you, your inclination prepossesses your reason, to the disadvantage of one of my friends. Perhaps, 'tis yours (reply'd she) which is, prepossess'd. If you will let *Cesonia* be judge (said *Lucia*) I will explain myself more clearly. I assure you (said I to them both) I am very equitable. 'Tis a great vanity in you to believe your self so (answer'd *Plotina*) for I know nothing more difficult than to please others and ones self too, and 'tis observable that such as speak best of Justice are usually most unjust. But I beseech you, why do you accuse me of suffering my self to be prepossessed by my inclination? Is it not true (said *Lucia*) that I have heard you say a hundred times, you could never endure the affection of a man that has been inconstant? I confess it (answer'd she) and 'tis for that reason I am not mov'd with the merit of your Kinsman, and never shall be. But wherefore (said *Lucia*) will you suffer *Martius* more favourably? I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I do not treat *Martius* much better than *Lycastes*: but if I did, I could maintain it were out of reason and not through inclination; for *Martius* has never been inconstant. *Martius* never inconstant? (reply'd *Lucia* hastily) Ha! *Plotina*, you are but badly skill'd in inconstancy, if you believe as you say; for I maintain on the contrary, that that inconstancy, which *Martius* may be reproacht with, is more criminal than that whereof *Lycastes* has been accus'd before he lov'd you. But I do not remember (said I

then to *Lucia*) I ever heard it said that *Martius* lov'd any person but *Plotina*, since the death of *Lyfimira*, of whom he was so amorous, and who was indeed infinitely amiable. 'Tis true (answer'd *Lucia*) but after *Martius* had lov'd that amiable person five or six years, and receiv'd a thousand testimonies of innocent affection from her, he came by degrees to have only so luke-warm an amity for her, that she is dead with grief, although he was not perfidious to her, but preserv'd his formalities to her. Perhaps (reply'd *Plotina*) that person as lovely as she was, had some bad humor, which caus'd the Love in *Martius*'s heart to be extinguish'd: but though it were not so, yet I should not conclude that *Martius* ought to be call'd inconstant; for 'tis so ordinary to see time abate Love, that I still make a great difference between *Lycastes* and *Martius*. For my part (said I) I confess I term all changing, inconstancy; and 'tis a mistake not to call any inconstant but such as love several persons. For is not that luke-warmness which comes after an ardent Love, a kind of inconstancy? and is it not sufficient to deserve the name of inconstant, if we cease to love that which we once affected? I know not very well whether you have reason and I am mistaken (answer'd *Plotina*) but I know well, I do not regard *Martius* and *Lycastes* alike. That's it (reply'd *Lucia*) you are unjust in. Should you say (added she) *Martius* is more ingenious, deserving, and agreeable, I should be patient; but to treat *Lycastes* ill for inconstancy, and to suffer *Martius*, who ceas'd to love one of the most charming persons in the world, is a thing which I cannot approve. But *Lycastes* (said *Plotina*) has forsaken a hundred. I grant it (answer'd *Lucia*) but should he have forsaken a thousand, he would be less culpable than *Martius* who has deserted but one. For *Lycastes* never did more than begin to love, till now; his heart no sooner inclin'd on one side, but it was sway'd to the other by some new inclination; wherefore having promis'd scarce anything, nor lov'd long enough to cause himself to be lov'd, his inconstancy seems to be free from a Crime, though it may be refer'd to levity. But as for *Martius*, he lov'd, divers years together, he was lov'd again, and that ardently, and possess'd her heart whom he lov'd. A thousand respects ought to have fastned the eyes of his affection; and nevertheless, without cause, reason, or pretext, his passion has ceas'd to be passionate; that which formerly delighted him no longer affects him, his Mistress is scarce his friend; and so changing his sentiments without any extrinsecal cause, he becomes in my opinion, the most criminal of all inconstants. But, perhaps you will except, that he was not lov'd correspondently as he lov'd; to prove what the passion of that unfortunate Beauty was, read, I beseech you, an Elegy, which that charming person made under feigned names, during a short absence of this *Martius* whom you would excuse. And that you may judge her more passionate, know, that after *Martius* had given a thousand testimonies of Love for several years, and receiv'd as many from that incomparable person, he came by degrees to have an unequal Love (if I may so speak) that is, to do things sometimes which denoted a violent passion, and sometimes others which might make him suspected of having almost an indifference in his sentiments. Yet he lov'd her all this while, and sometimes even unto fury; but after all, there were times in which his passion lay hid, and wherein he was willing to find

occasion to complain. During one of those intervals of his Love and his absence, the Elegy I am going to repeat to you was made.

ELEGY.

Hence, dismal melancholy from my breast,
Which hast too long my quiet dispossess.
Those pangs I feel, I can no longer bear:
My pleasures past but cause my present fear.
And my afflicted Soul, since hope is gone,
Sees and presages nought but griefs to come;
Griefs, which distract me, and continue still
To murder daily what they cannot kill.
Love! cruel Love! the source of all my tears;
Unhappy they in whom thy power appears.
But happy he, in whose untroubled breast
No storms of Love disturb his Halcyon rest;
Not blest with pleasures, yet secure from woe,
And jealousy and rage that with it go.
We should not then by dear experience see,
What fits of heat and cold in Love there be;
How near the brink of death and dire despair,
Th' imagin'd sweets of Love and pleasure are:
Nor those eternal torments should we know,
Which who least merits most shall undergo.
'Tis true, a sad and cold indifference
Makes us behold the World with negligence;
That without love there no desires can be,
Without desires too, no felicitie.
That even with fortune we are drunk; and cloy'd
With plenty, which by surfeit is enjoy'd.
But 'tis a poor and despicable grief,
So light, from tears it seeks for no relief.
Slight cares, which the wild notes of birds allay,
And purling streams that o'er the pebbles play.
But yet that jewel liberty is kept,
And the lull'd Soul of too quick sense bereft.
The headlong passions bush'd in careless dreams,
Fall from the force of their too fierce extremes.
Then 'tis the pleasure of the day's our own,
The glorious Sun, and all he shines upon.
But yet is this a life depriv'd of love;
And can the Soul a greater torment prove,
Than not to love, or not belov'd to be,
And all its passions circumscrib'd to see
Within it self? without the joy to know
The price of sighs and tears that gently flow;
Of amorous regards and thousand charms
That change to pleasures, griefs most fierce alarms?
Ev'n sorrows have their pleasures, tears their time
Of joy: Vain Fools, that think sweet love a crime.
A constant love will still a vertue be.
Then let us Daphnis still affect, though he
All cool and temperate, with equal fires,
Meets not my flames; my more refin'd desires
Feed on those pleasures which my love inspires.
Wretch that I am! but is it just my love
On swifter measure than his passion move?
Suffering such ills his careless heart can ne'er
Resent, that heart which ought those ills to share:
Whom duty binds for me alone to live,
And no just cause for my complaints to give.
He that a thousand solemn Oaths hath sworn,
He knew no bliss, but only to adore;
That time and age should find him still the same,
His heart for ever burning in my flame;

Not

Nor should his passion ever know an end,
 Or any else to love so well pretend:
 Yet this ingrate my absence can support,
 Whilst my weak spirit makes its last effort,
 To bear his want; would he my sorrows weigh,
 Obdurate as he is, he could not stay.
 But judging Elismena's heart by his,
 He ne'er can understand her miseries.
 Insensible, he never feels my woe;
 Though yet, methinks, he cannot chuse but know
 The griefs I bear; careless of my complaint,
 Perhaps he makes a Court to some new Saint.
 His absence shows he must inconstant be;
 That day, kind powers, let me never see.
 Obliging fate first end my days, before
 I hear the perjurd Daphnis loves no more.
 Away fond jealousy; he cannot prove
 A faithless lover to a faithful love.
 An amorous heart can ne'er forego its chains;
 Since for his sake I suffer amorous pains.
 Daphnis, my causeless jealousy forgive.
 Daphnis for me, and I for him do live.
 Our faith shall late posterity approve,
 And ours shall be the measure of their love.
 Yet (spight of hope) suspicion and despair,
 By turns my hearts divided Empire share.
 But still those chagrins, doubts, despair, and fears,
 Injurious words, hard thoughts, and sighs and tears
 Are loves effects, and with one voice they cry,
 Daphnis, for thee, Daphnis, for thee I dye.

As soon as Lucia had done repeating these Verses to Plotina, Ha! Lucia (said this amiable Virgin) if you think you have hurt *Martius* by repeating these Verses to me, you are mistaken; for, I find them so dear and passionate, that I am perswaded he that could inspire a very excellent person with such amorous sentiments, must needs be such himself, and one that knows how to love; for such Verses as these would never have been made for an indifferent. How? *Plotina* (cry'd *Lucia*) can you reason in this manner? and esteem a man, who has been capable of changing his sentiments, and having only a faint and languishing affection for a rare person whom he ardently lov'd, and by whom he was always dearly affected? For a person, I say, who had absolutely given him her heart, and who (as you may see by the Verses I have recited to you) had the most tender sentiments in the world for this inconstant Lover? Be it how it will (said *Plotina*) I cannot place a Lover who ceases to have an ardent love, in the rank of inconstants. If you account him not in that rank (answer'd *Lucia*) then you must reckon him amongst the perfidious; for as I conceive, 'tis perfidiousness to cease to love a person who always loves you with the same ardency. For my part (said I) I am perswaded all change may be term'd inconstancy; and though a man become not servant to another Mistress, yet if he cease to love the first without cause, he is inconstant. I know not very well (reply'd *Plotina*) whether according to exact reason, that which you say be inconstancy; but I know the custome of the world calls such a man as *Lycastes* unconstant, who has lov'd several Mistresses one after another, and sometimes several together; but such a one as *Martius* is not so term'd, who has only diminish'd his diligences. But would you like well (said *Lucia*) that *Martius* should cease to love, after you had married him? I should not

(answer'd she) but I conceive the Lovers who cease to be such after they have married their Mistresses, are not always in fault; for indeed most women, when they are married, are negligent, refractory, and perverse towards their husbands, and many times too guilty of levity and causeless jealousy. So that it is not to be wonder'd, if the husband finding them so different from what they were before marriage, change their sentiments towards them. Flatter your self, *Plotina*, flatter your self (said *Lucia* with some earnestness) 'tis the custome of all fair and young persons to believe their charms will have more power than those of others; but let me tell you once more; *Martius* is an inconstant person, and more dangerous than *Lycastes*. In truth, *Lucia* (answer'd *Plotina*) I do not much fear either of them, for marriage is so much fear'd by me, that I hope that thought will help me to defend my heart against the merit of these two Rivals, and I dare say too, against any light inclination I have for *Martius*.

Thus you see what *Plotina's* sentiments were; and how she defended *Martius* to the disadvantage of *Lycastes*. In the mean time they both lov'd her extremely passionately; nevertheless, they durst not declare it openly to her: but without having such design, they did this office one for another, although there was now as great a secret hatred between them as there had been formerly friendship. For it hapned one day that these two Lovers were in a garden amongst many other persons of Quality, and both of them by the instinct of their affections endeavour'd to approach to *Plotina*: but *Lucia* meeting them fell into discourse with *Martius*, that so she might oblige *Lycastes* whose friend she was. On the other side a Kinswoman of *Martius* observing the cunning of *Lucia*, made as if she had some important affair to speak to *Lycastes* about; so that these two Rivals were alike unhappy for more than an hour; but at length *Martius* quitting himself something rudely from the conversation of *Lucia*, came to find *Plotina* with whom I was walking and another of my Friends: but being the walk we were in was very narrow, *Martius* soon became alone with his Mistress; for I stopt to entertain that friend I mention'd, though we stay'd still in the same Walk. *Plotina* being of a very pleasant humor, at first fell to tell *Martius* several divertising things she had observ'd in the company. For my part (said he maliciously to her) I have seen nothing more remarkable, than *Lycastes* so employ'd in speaking to a friend of mine in a place where the amiable *Plotina* is present. But perhaps (answer'd she smiling) *Lycastes* does not talk to your Friend, but your Friend to *Lycastes*. Be it how it will (reply'd *Martius*) if he lov'd you as much as he would have you believe, he would be as incivil to the Lady who entertains him, as I was but now to *Lucia* who held me in discourse. But to speak truth (added he) profess'd inconstants, such as *Lycastes*, have no violent affections. But who told you *Lycastes* is in love with me? (demanded *Plotina*) I have not perceiv'd it. Being I know no person whatsoever (answer'd *Martius*) who does not or has not lov'd you; I suppose a man who is accusom'd to love, out of inconstancy only, cannot fail but love the most charming person in the World. And moreover, amiable *Plotina* (added he) the eyes of a Rival, and a constant Rival, discover things much better than those of other people. I assure you (reply'd she making as if she did not hear *Martius*)

I have not perceiv'd that *Lycastes* loves me more than the other Ladies he converses with. However (answer'd *Martius*) I know if he does love, he will not love you very long, for it is not possible for him to love the same person any considerable time: and I remember I have heard he once writ to a Lady in the Country to desire a private conference with her; but when the answer arriv'd, and permission to go see and speak with her in private was granted him, he had no longer any thing to say to her, because he had chang'd his sentiments towards her. Ha! *Martius* (cry'd *Plotina*, blushing, as if she had been angry it could be believ'd that any one could not love her long) that which you say can never come to pass.

*I ne'er inspire but an immortal love,
And such, (if any) will Lycastes prove.*

Then I am very miserable, Madam (answer'd *Martius*) by being out of all hope ever to be cur'd of the ill which torments me. But where had you those two Verses which denounce to me not only that I shall love you as long as I live, but always have not one but a thousand Rivals as dangerous as *Lycastes*? I assure you (reply'd she) they came into my mind without thinking of them, and I spoke them unawares; for I would have you know (added she, minding to turn the discourse into rallery) I do not at all pretend to Poetry; but to speak truth, I could not allow you to believe that I cannot keep a heart when I have conquer'd it. And besides (continued she smiling) I take so little care in conquering them, that I am something jealous of my power. After this, she stood still and call'd me; so *Martius* could discourse with her no longer, but was oblig'd to go and entertain himself with other Ladies. By this time *Lycastes*, having disengag'd himself from her that talkt with him, came to us, and that so opportunely, that *Plotina* going to pass over a little Bridge which lay cross a Brook, gave him her hand, and so he continued leading her afterwards. Being a person infinitely ingenious, and subtle to prejudice a Rival, I know not (said he to *Plotina* looking upon her) whether the conversation you have had with *Martius*, was very divertising, but he talkt with you in a place, where what passion soever he has for you, he ought rather to have sigh'd out of grief than love; for I have been told, that the first time the fair and charming person whom he destroy'd declar'd she was very willing he should love her, it was in this very place, where perhaps he entertain'd you with the love he has for you. I know not whether *Martius* loves me or no (answer'd *Plotina*) but I know how to make my self so much respected as that none dare speak any thing to me but what I am willing to hear. What? Madam (cry'd he) can you eternally hinder such as adore you from declaring it to you? No, no, (added he) if *Martius* has not yet told you he loves you, he ought to have done it. But I confess to you, that to prove to you, that he knows how to love, it behov'd him to entertain you only with sad discourse in this place. I beseech you (said *Plotina*) tell me in what place of the World you have had opportunity to speak of Love, and have not done it? you, I say, who are accus'd of having made a thousand declarations of love! But, Madam (answer'd he) I have lov'd only women that did not love me; but as for *Martius*, he has been lov'd again, and lov'd constantly, and the abatement of his affection has caus'd the death of the person whom he lov'd so much. As for what you say (reply'd *Plotina*)

that you have never been lov'd again, it is not much to be wonder'd at, for you do not give your Mistresses leisure to love you. Ha! As for you, amiable *Plotina* (cry'd he) I promise to give you all the leisure you can desire; for I perceive I shall love you as long as I live. If it be so (answer'd she smiling) I shall not be much displeas'd, because it will give me occasion to revenge all those that you have deserted, and to manifest that there may be eternal rigour as well as eternal love. *Plotina* spoke this with a certain deriding air, which sensibly afflicted *Lycastes*, so that he could speak to her no more all the rest of the day, because she joyn'd and continued with the rest of the company. After that time *Martius* and *Lycastes* neglected nothing which they thought fit to do, to please *Plotina*; yet they continu'd a civil respect one towards another, because they knew she desir'd it, and nevertheless us'd all artifices to their mutual disadvantage. *Lycastes* knowing *Lucia* had several Letters of *Martius* to his first Mistress, and from her to him, importun'd her to shew them to *Plotina*, as she had the Elegy before. And accordingly *Lucia* going to visit her one afternoon, and finding her alone, acted so cunningly that she made her curious to see the Letters she pretended to have. I will shew you them (said *Lucia* to *Plotina*) but if you profit no better by them than by the Elegy which you have seen already, no doubt I shall repent of it. For is there any thing more ignoble, than after the death of a person infinitely amiable, and infinitely vertuous, to see the most secret testimonies of her affection become publick through his negligence who receiv'd them? I confess (said *Plotina*) if people could always think of being liable to this danger, they would never write any thing but what might be seen by all the World; but the mischief, at the time such obliging Letters are pen'd, they have so good an opinion of them to whom they are written, that they fear not the falling out of such a misadventure. There are some women no doubt who write all that they think, through the reason you mention (answer'd *Lucia*) but there are others, who out of natural imprudence and the desire to have flattering and courting Letters, write not to one alone but to many men, and spend one half of their lives in writing Love-letters, and the other in receiving those of their gallants. There are some too that know how to disguise their hands several ways, and others who never write in their own, that so they may deny all when they please. As for these women (said *Plotina*) I allow that their Letters be shewn to all the World, for certainly they are not worthy to be discreetly dealt withal. But as for a vertuous person, in whose heart is nothing but an innocent affection, 'tis inhumanity to publish such things of theirs as may be ill interpreted. Yet this comes to pass so frequently, that I think to refrain from writing any thing too kind, 'tis best to forbear to love; for prudence is not much listened to by such as love, and distrust is so contrary to perfect love, that scarce any thing which is not criminal can be refus'd to a person that is lov'd. I believe also, that the more an affection is innocent, the more the Letters are obliging; for they that rely on their own innocence, write with more liberty: therefore to avoid being expos'd to such a great unhappiness, and to forbear writing, it is requisite for me (as I said before) to keep my self from loving. But that I may be confirm'd in this sentiment (added she) shew me in what manner *Martius* writ to *Lyfimira*, and how *Lyfimira* writ to *Martius*. I will

Madam

Madam (said Lucia) and the better to manifest to you how deceitful or inconstant men are; I will shew you Letters written at divers times, from *Martius* to *Lysimira*. See here then a Letter which *Martius* writ to *Lysimira* some time after she had permitted him to love her, and he had requested some slight favour of her which she refus'd him, at which he seem'd angry, and left her rudely. And so *Lucia* read to *Plotina* that which I am going to read to you, for I kept copies of all *Martius*'s Letters, because they appear'd to me very amorous.

Martius to Lysimira.

I Do not defer, Madam, to acknowledge, repent of, and beseech your pardon for my fault, till you reproach me for it. I have offended, I confess, I am culpable, I cannot plead any thing in excuse of my capricio, but excess of love. For who am I, Madam, that I should not be contented that the divine *Lysimira* knows I love her, though she give me no testimony of an affection equal to my own? Have I deserv'd the other kindnesses you have had for me? would not a thousand persons of greater merit than I be satisfied with the condition you permit me to enjoy? Alas! I cannot deny it: But, I beseech you Madam, be not offended with me, and add not more rigorous and cruel punishments to those I cause to my self. If ever person lov'd more tenderly, more respectfully and more ardently than I, I am willing that you refuse the pardon to me which I desire of you: but since that cannot be, grant it me, Madam, and believe I shall with eternal fidelity own the command you have laid upon me to be faithful. Yet I cannot divine wherefore you recommended it more to me the other day than at any time before; but can you divine that I am more so this day, than ever I was in my life? when you tell me your secret, I will tell you mine. But, alas! when shall I have the joy to speak to you? I know I shall this day have the honour to see you, but in a place where I can do nothing less than entertain you with my love. Pity me therefore, Madam, pity me, and imagine how great a torment it would be to you, if you were oblig'd to hide the most violent and innocent passion in the World.

I confess (said *Plotina*) *Martius*'s Letter is very amorous, and 'tis hard to conceive how a man that writ in this manner, could cease to love without cause. See this other Letter (answer'd *Lucia*) for 'tis something more passionate than the first: and accordingly *Plotina* read this following.

Martius to Lysimira.

HOW I love you, Madam! what an amiable person you are! and from how

great pains has your Letter of this morning deliver'd me! What can I do to repay you as much joy as it has given me? Tell me, Madam; for if no more but dying for your service be requisite, I will not refuse it. Nothing can equal the delight of being lov'd by the most excellent person of the World; and being I love you as I do, I am sometimes extremely sorry, you cannot receive a pleasure equal to mine. But I beseech you, Madam, let this pleasure accompany me to the grave, let Fortune never ravish it from me, but make her learn there is a felicity greater than all she can give, over which she has no power. In acknowledgment of such a multiply'd goodness, Madam, there is nothing which I refuse, not even the constraining of the violent passion I have in my soul, though it be altogether innocent, if at least it be any thing displeasing to you. Let us not then afflict our selves before the time; Fortune perhaps will favour our love, and we shall not be so unhappy as you apprehend. And though we should, you know what I told you in the beginning of my passion; I am not now capable of denying, that it is the most predominant of all my faculties, and is to me in stead both of soul and life; Only love *Martius*, who will be eternally yours, in spite of all obstacles in the World; and let his great love Madam supply his want of merit: pardon him if he dares speak to you of the goodness of the divine *Lysimira*, he does not therefore esteem himself less unworthy of it; and this confidence diminishes nothing of his respect, though it infinitely augments his love.

Ha! *Lucia* (cry'd *Plotina*) I will not have *Martius* write to me; for certainly he writes too passionately and too well for me; but I beseech you shew me one of *Lysimira*'s Letters. I am going to shew something more (said *Lucia*) for I will let you see the Verses she made during *Martius*'s absence, who a little while before he departed gave her a flourishing Myrtle set in one of those earthen pots which are so admirably made at Rome. For using to entertain her melancholy near that Myrtle, to which she address'd thus.

Fair Myrtle, often water'd with my tears;
Fair Myrtle, witness of my griefs and fears;
Upon thy wounded Bark let Daphnis see
An heart more wounded than thy Bark can be.
Tell him what fears my Love-sick heart have rent;
What griefs I suffer'd since my Daphnis went;
Tell him I feel whatever torments Love,
And join'd with absence, strong desires can move.
Then if thou canst my amorous flames express,
May happy Lovers characters still bless
Thy sacred Rinde; no tears be ever known
To water thee, but what Heaven sheds alone.

These Verses are undoubtedly of a very passionate strain (said *Plotina*) but how came they to *Martius*'s hands?

hands? At the return of this Lover (answer'd *Plotina*) he found the excellent *Lyfimira* had so favourably spoken of him during his absence, that all her other Lovers were jealous of him. So that the first time that he visited her, this amiable person was attacked with railery by some of the company in his presence. Which at first she put off very pleasantly; but, truth being a thing of powerful operation, she was at length constrain'd to pretend she had forgot something in her Closet, that so the disturbance of her mind might not be observ'd in her countenance. On which occasion *Martius* desiring to speak a few words to her, follow'd her and jesting with her, as he was going, because she could not endure the railery made to her. But as he follow'd her, he took up these Verses which she had let fall unwillingly; and to getting them without her knowledge, he folded them up, and did not read them till the evening. You may imagine what joy they gave him, and the next morning he writ *Lyfimira* the following Letter.

Martius to Lyfimira.

THe jealousy of many Friends and Rivals, has no other effect, Madam, but increases my love; and my joy is great beyond expression, when I consider I possess a heart, in which so many illustrious persons esteem me happy to have a place; a heart, the most generous and noble in the world. Ah! Madam, is not this too much for *Martius*? Yet I swear to you he had rather dy than be content with less, and should infallibly dye, if any other could have as much honour as he. No, Madam, that unhappiness shall never befall me, your admirable Verses assure me of it, and I cannot forbear to give a thousand kisses to those favourable testimonies of the tenderness of your heart. Should I undertake to render you the most humble thanks I owe you, it would be impossible for me. I shall only tell you, or to speak better, I shall swear to you, that I will eternally love the divine *Lyfimira*, but so as she desires and deserves to be lov'd. Moreover, to return you two Verses in stead of your own, which I account for a hundred thousand, be pleas'd to know that whilst my journey lasted, I said a hundred and a hundred times.

*'Tis a weak love which absence can deface;
Mine is immutable by time or place.*

Ha! *Lucia* (cri'd *Plotina*) I can no longer believe *Martius* loves me, because whatever you say, I cannot think he has ceas'd to love *Lyfimira*, as dead as she is. Yet you see him very pleasant in your presence (answer'd *Lucia*) had but he been unfaithful only to the ashes of *Lyfimira*, the practice of vulgar Lovers might be alledg'd to excuse him. But, in fine, after a thousand Letters more obliging than those I have shew'd you, his love could insensibly abate, though he continu'd civil to her. But certainly by becoming happy he absolutely ceas'd to be a Lover; and since the loss of *Lyfimira*, which notwithstanding he sensibly

regretted, then, you see your eyes have afforded him sufficient consolation. In good earnest, *Lucia* (said *Plotina*) you are a cruel person, and I will be reveng'd upon *Lycastes* for all the mischief which you do to *Martius*. You will be unjust if you do so (answer'd *Lucia*.) Believe me (reply'd *Plotina* smiling) injustice is something agreeable in certain occasions. However, I declare to you (added she) I will see no more of those Letters, for they would force me either to love or hate *Martius*, and I am resolv'd to do neither. There is no great resemblance between those two passions (added *Lucia*.) I grant it (answer'd *Plotina*) but yet I feel my mind capable of both. That you may avoid both (reply'd *Lucia*, smiling) love the poor *Lycastes*, who adores you, and have only indifference for *Martius*, who has too much merit to be hated; and too little constancy, to be lov'd. As for *Lycastes* (answer'd *Plotina*) I declare to you that I can neither love nor hate him; for he is too agreeable a person to cause hatred, and too inconstant to excite my love. If it be so (said *Lucia*) infallibly you will love *Martius*. I should be very sorry then (answer'd *Plotina*) for I desire to love nothing but honour, my friends, and my self. They that love themselves well (reply'd *Lucia*) sometimes love others too for their own sakes. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I am persuaded that such as understand their own interests well, affect no person in the way of love; but as for friendship, our lives would be irksome without it. 'Tis so difficult to have Friends at your age (reply'd *Lucia*) that you are very prone to have disguis'd Lovers, and be of the humor of those women who are not offended but with appearances, and admit of love under the name of friendship. For my part (said *Plotina*) I am not oblig'd to examine the hearts of my Friends so narrowly, provided they tell me nothing that displeases me. But I am not gone so far yet (added she) and but hitherto I have had only acquaintances, and would not yet make choice of Friends. Nevertheless I perceive my heart inclin'd to have some; and if my reason did not oppose it, I should have one already. However (said *Lucia*) take heed of the disguised Lovers I speak of, for there is nothing more agreeable or more dangerous than a lover that resembles a Friend. I shall endeavour to make use of your Counsels (answer'd *Plotina*.)

Thus you see, *Amilcar*, how the mind of this amiable Virgin stood affected towards her two Lovers. The next day after this conversation, *Martius* hapning to be at a Walking where *Plotina* was, and from which *Lycastes* was absent, found an opportunity to speak to her a little more openly of his love than he had done. At first *Plotina* rejected him with sufficient rigour; No, no, *Martius* (said she to him) do not conceive that your merit shall hinder me from forbidding you to speak to me of your pretended passion; for if you love me not, you do me an injury to tell me so; and if you do, I have such a respect for you, as not to cherish you in a fruitless hope. But, do you think, Madam (answer'd he) 'tis in your power to extinguish the passion you have excited in me, or so much as to hinder me from hoping? Love is far more capricious than you imagine (added he) it entertains hope against reason; and you attempt in vain to keep me from believing that one day you will love me, whether you will or no. Yes, Madam, the greatness of my passion, and my perseverance will infallibly mollify your heart. There is much boldness in your words (reply'd *Plotina*;) I assure you, Madam (answer'd he)

he) there is more love than boldness, since I trust only in the greatness of my passion. But, *Martius* (said *Plotina*) think you I can ever love a man that could cease to love a very amiable person, by whom he was ardently lov'd? Who told you, Madam (said he) I ever ceas'd to love the charming person whom I have lost? All the World (answer'd she) and besides, I gather it by my own observance; for if you had not ceas'd to love her, you would love nothing but your grief. Ha! Madam (cri'd *Martius* sighing) why will you force me to reveal a secret to you which I had resolv'd never to discover? I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I have no intention to force you to tell me any thing of private concernment. Yet you force me to it (repli'd *Martius*) by reproaching me that I have ceas'd to love the person whom I have lost, thereby to have a pretext to forbid me to love you. Nevertheless it is certain, if I had not lov'd her beyond the grave, perhaps I should not have been your Lover. But, Madam, believe me upon my word, without obliging me to give you a particular account of things. *Plotina* being then sufficiently curious to know what *Martius* meant, treated him so fiercely, that he became constrain'd to tell her more than he was otherwise willing to do. I beseech you charming *Plotina* (said he to her) hearken to an unhappy person who adores you. Yet I find much regret to relate what I am going to inform you of; for I must renew all my sorrows, and cannot avoid bringing my self into danger of being suspected of vanity and little discretion. Know then, that I was undoubtedly lov'd by *Lyfimira*, who was one of the most amiable persons in the World; and I can swear to you, I have not ceas'd to love her a moment; 'tis true, after our affection was ratifi'd by a thousand Oaths, I chang'd my deportment towards her, because decency and her self requir'd it: but as for my heart, it continu'd immutable. Nevertheless (such was my unhappiness) *Lyfimira* believ'd *Lucia* had formerly not hated me, and did not hate me still; so that by degrees she came to be possess'd with a secret jealousy which destroy'd her. How? (interrupted *Plotina*) has *Lucia*, whom I know, lov'd you, and does she love you still? At present (answer'd *Martius*) I believe *Lucia* hates me, but at that time *Lyfimira* believ'd she did not, and fear'd I lov'd her, though 'tis most certain my affection to her was no more but a certain civility which a sincere man may dispense with where he thinks he is not hated. In the mean time *Lyfimira* being willing to dissemble her discontent, and keep me from conversing with *Lucia* alone, chose rather to see her every day though she hated her, than not to see her and be in fear lest I visited her in private; so that she became inseparable from *Lucia*. I will not stay to tell you, Madam, how great discontents the poor *Lyfimira* endur'd, without communicating any thing to me (for she had a great mind, and car'd not to complain) and how great disquiets I caus'd her innocently by the civility I shew'd to *Lucia*, who as you know, has a very commendable Wit. 'Tis sufficient to signify to you, that *Lyfimira* by little and little became very languishing and melancholy. At which I was much afflicted, and enquiring the cause of her, I understood her mind was as sick as her body. I entreated her, I begg'd her to let me know the cause of her discontent; but she would never tell it me. The Gods are witnesses, I omitted nothing I believ'd might please, cure or comfort her. I did one thing too of no small difficulty; for having at length understood by an intimate friend of *Lyfimira* the true cause of her sadness, I never saw

Lucia but when I could not avoid it, and I gave her all the assurances of my affection I could express. But (to her own unhappiness) she doubted the sincerity of my Oaths, and fell into a sickness which shortly after ended her days; at her death she persisted in her jealousy to her last breath, and left me written with her own hand in the Tablets which her Friend gave me after her decease, the sad words which I am going to recite to you.

'I have liv'd enough *Martius*; since I have testifi'd to you that I lov'd you more than my life; But if I have had any power over you, use your utmost endeavours to marry *Plotina* when time shall have dry'd up your tears. She is the only person whom I can suffer to succeed me in your heart. Do not refuse me this last favour which I desire of you. And if you cannot win her affection whom I have nam'd to you, love nothing but my memory, I conjure you.

But, *Martius* (said *Plotina*) can this which you speak be true? I will let you see it, Madam, when you please (answer'd *Martius* sighing) I assure my self (added he) you conceive well the unfortunate *Lyfimira* design'd principally to hinder me from loving *Lucia*, by commanding me to use my utmost endeavours to marry you; for she did not know you intimately. But she needed not to fear it; for considering *Lucia* as the cause (though innocent) of *Lyfimira*'s death, I went no more to visit her after I had lost that amiable person, whom I regretted with a sensibility of heart which I am not able to express. Indeed I resolv'd never to love any person more; and though she had commanded me to do what I could to marry you, yet I made a determination to be faithful to her ashes, spend the rest of my days with very great indifference. But (as destiny is inevitable) after time had diminish'd my grief, your beauty, the charms of your mind, and a thousand agreeable qualities which all the World admires in you, dispos'd my heart to obey *Lyfimira*; so that finding my duty conjoyn'd with my inclination, I have lov'd you, and I love you both for the sake of *Lyfimira* and your own. And judge now, charming *Plotina*, whether I am an unfaithful Lover; for I swear to you with all the sincerity of a man of honour, that besides your self I should never have lov'd any thing but the ashes of *Lyfimira*; and unless *Lyfimira* had permitted me to love you, I should have so timely oppos'd the passion I have for you, that perhaps it would not have overpower'd my reason. Moreover, one unhappiness there befel me which afflicted me sensibly; for amidst the disorder whereinto *Lyfimira*'s death had brought my reason, I was rob'd of a Casket, in which *Lyfimira* and I had put all that we had written to one another, because she durst not keep my Letters: and for my part, I have ever believ'd *Lucia* caus'd it to be stoln from me, that so I might be depriv'd of everything which should put me in remembrance of *Lyfimira*. I express'd so great sorrow for this loss, that my intimate Friends know well that I am not an unfaithful person. *Martius* related this with so passionate an air; and so like a man that spoke truth; that the novelty of this adventure made a sufficient impression upon *Plotina*'s mind. She call'd to mind then all that *Lucia* had said to her against *Martius*, and in favour of *Lycastes*; so that not doubting but that it proceeded from the secret inclination she always had for *Martius*, *Plotina* became a little less severe to this Lover. Nevertheless she did not permit him to love her, but yet did not so absolutely forbid him as to make him despair of obtaining her permission one day. And accordingly he us'd

So much care to please *Plotina*, that she suffer'd him sometimes to tell her something of the sentiments he had for her; which yet was always in such a manner as engag'd her to nothing; for being of a merry humor, she easily evades all difficulties. Now after her conversation with *Martius*, *Lucia* became wholly out of her favour; and whereas she conceal'd nothing from me which befel him, she told me all she had learnt from *Martius*, and I perceiv'd by the air with which she spoke, that this Lover was happier than he thought. Not that *Plotina* had a great passion in her heart, but he had always the advantage to be better thought of than any of his Rivals: and therefore she told me he was her first Friend. In the mean time *Lycastes* was very unhappy, and if *Lucia* had not comforted him, and continually encourag'd him with hope, I believe he would have cur'd himself. But this person designing to serve *Lycastes*, chiefly that she might prejudice *Martius*, omitted nothing to bring her purpose to pass; for though *Plotina* lov'd her no longer, yet out of prudence she continu'd to visit her. *Martius* became more chearful as he became more happy; so that he took care every day only to give *Plotina* new divertisements. Nevertheless, he was sometimes discontented to see he made no more progress in the heart of this fair person: but the unhappiness of *Lycastes* was a very efficacious consolation to him. About this time divers pleasant things fell out; but because I do not love long narrations, I will shorten this as much as I can. Yet, I must not omit to tell you, that *Plotina* and *Martius* having laid a Wager, my Friend lost, and gave *Martius* a very pretty Seal, which he receiv'd with joy; but how careful soever he was to keep it, he dropt it once as he was walking in a Meadow with some Ladies; but it was his happiness that I found it again and restor'd it to him. Some days after he lost the Writing-Tablets which I gave him, and which had been *Plotina's*; but he was so happy as that *Plotina* found them and return'd them to him; but she sent him these Verses with them which had reference to a conversation they had together the day before, in which *Plotina* maintain'd that a lost friendship might be reviv'd, but never a lost Love for the same person. The Verses were these,

*'Tis true, good fortune is your constant friend,
And what you lose, still back again doth send.
Howe'er 'tis fit henceforth more care you show;
Remember that Plotina told you so.
For if an Heart in Love's Realm goes astray,
Poor Heart, 'tis lost for ever and a day.*

Martius answer'd to this gallantly, with very much wit; but because I do not well remember either his Verses or his Letter, I will not attempt to repeat them to you. Shortly after, being these Verses were not made any secret, they made *Lycastes* so jealous, that he quarrell'd with *Martius*; and that in so high a degree, that it came to a Duel. So they fought, and were both wounded; *Martius*, but slightly, but *Lycastes* so dangerously, that it was presently judg'd he would die. Whereupon, though he had been the Challenger, *Martius* was forc'd to flee from *Ardea*, and that without bidding adieu to *Plotina*, who would not grant him a private conference. So that he was fain to be contented with writing to her, and receiving only an Answer of some Lines. Some days after his departure, *Lycastes* dy'd without being lamented by any

of his Mistresses excepting *Plotina*, who pitied him, and was very sorry he dy'd, chiefly because his death banish'd *Martius*. During his absence, he writ very diligently to *Plotina*: but being *Lucia* knew that in love, absence is the fittest time to prejudice a Lover, especially when it is long, and the Mistress is very young, and loves mirth and pleasures, she did not despair of being able at length to ruine *Martius* in the heart of *Plotina*. Now it hapned that a Brother of hers returning from a long Voyage, and having seen *Martius* for some time in the place which he chose for his retreat, she oblig'd him to gratifie her by committing a wickedness. He was young, and of no very good nature; he did not love *Martius* neither, he delighted to cause disturbances, he did not hate lying, and had lov'd *Plotina* a little from his Childhood: Wherefore *Lucia* having plotted with him what he should say concerning *Martius*, he came to make me his first visit; and being told I sat for my picture that day to give it to *Plotina*, he came to the place where I was; but because it was at the house of no ordinary Painter, and the Conversation which was made there chang'd *Plotina's* mind toward *Martius*, I must tell you something concerning that excellent man.

His reputation (said *Amilcar*) has no doubt arriv'd at me; for if I am not deceiv'd, he is a man that makes pictures in black and white Crayon, and in little, and his name is *Nelanthus*. 'Tis the very same (answer'd *Cesonia*.) But is it possible for such pictures (said *Amilcar*) to be as like & as lively as those that are drawn in colours? I assure you (answer'd *Cesonia*) a Looking-glass does not more exactly represent those, it reflects, than the Crayons of this excellent man; for he dives into the very hearts of people, to animate their pictures. He makes their minds and humors visible, he expresses even the least motions of their souls in their eyes, the smallest observable Action does not escape him; he preserves too the perfect resemblance of the cloathing, with his black and white he makes brown hair distinguishable from fair, lively colors from pale complexions; and, in fine, all his portraits are inimitable: he knows so well how to dispose light and shadows, and so perfectly represents the air and life with his Pencils, that all the skilful in Painture are amaz'd at his work. The heads he makes are so round (or rising) that the eyes are mistaken in them, and they are drawn with a certain softness which so admirably imitates Nature, that he cannot be sufficiently commended. As for his person, *Nelanthus* is tall, well proportioned, and of a good presence; he speaks well of every thing, he delights those he draws with the variety of his discourse; he loves ingenuity extreamly, and has written the precepts of his Art very commendably. Moreover, he makes very agreeable and exquisite Verses, when he draws a person that pleases him, and whom he would commend; but which is strange, at the same time he makes his admirable Crayons, which deserve to be admir'd by all the world, he talks with the same jollity and freedom of mind, as if he had nothing to do but to divert the company; and nevertheless there is nothing more handsome and exact than that which he is doing. And therefore he has drawn all the persons of high quality, illustrious and learned in *Italy*. And this is the man at whose house I was one day with *Plotina* to sit for my picture, when *Lucia's* Brother I told you of came to find me. Being it is an usual custom to make questions to a man who comes from a long voyage, I set my self to enquire divers things of *Celius* (for so is *Lucia's* Brother call'd) but *Plotina* having a secret design,

sign, made mockery of my demands, and counsell'd *Celins* not to answer me at all; or if he did, not to tell me the truth. For indeed (said she to him) me thinks there is nothing more troublesome than to be oblig'd to give an account of your Travels, to every one that you meet. For is there any thing more tedious than to meet such people as desire to know even the least Circumstances of the Country which you have seen, who expect you should know the difference between the Pismires of *Egypt* (so fam'd for bigness) and the Pismires of *Italy*, and who raising questions upon questions know not wherefore they would know that which they enquire of. But for my part, who care neither for the Elephants of *Asia*, the Pismires of *Egypt*, nor the Crocodiles of *Nilus*; I will only ask *Celins* whether the women of *Italy* are as lovely as those he has seen elsewhere; and whether the honest men of this Country do not equal those of other. Being to speak to the two most charming persons in the world (answer'd *Celins*) I have not liberty to say there are any elsewhere that equal them; but if I were to speak in another place, having first excepted you, I would freely acknowledge that the *Greek* Ladies have something very attractive, and that their glances are so amiable, that his heart cannot see them much without loving them, unless the heart be otherwise pre-engag'd. Then you have lov'd some *Greek* beauty? (reply'd I.) Having been so long absent (answer'd he) 'tis easie to imagine that I cannot but have lov'd in some place of the world; for certainly people become amorous more easily in other Countries than in their own; for such as are absent, are always free from business; and idleness is a great preparative to love. Yet I know some Absents (reply'd I looking upon *Plotina*) who I dare swear are not amorous in the place of their banishment. In truth (said she, blushing) that is not to be spoken so affirmatively; for few know how to deport themselves in absence as they ought. And yet I know nothing more obliging than to do as I mean. But to speak truth, I do not find many persons but who accustom themselves to dispense with seeing such as they love best. Which nevertheless is that which would displease me most of any thing in the world (added she) for as many as I esteem, I am confident time could not accustom me to want patiently the sight of a person whom I lov'd much, but I should be always more sad and carelessly dress'd, desire his presence every moment, have no delight in those very places where others find most, and every day would encrease my melancholy. For all this, we usually see, two days after a Lover is out of his Mistress's sight, he is comforted, he decks himself as formerly, he walks, converses, diverts himself, every day less remembers the person he loves, and is no longer afflicted than while he is writing to her. I confess (answer'd *Celins*) most men do thus; but you must confess too that most women comfort themselves as speedily as men. I confess it sincerely (said *Plotina*) but according to the humor I am of, if I were so unhappy as to love one of those contented or comforted Absents (if I may so speak) and knew it, I should so well comfort my self with his loss, that perhaps I should in time render him incapable of Consolation; for most of such absent persons speak at their return, as if they had been all the while the most miserable men in the world. 'Tis true (said *Nelanthus* then continuing his work too) most

part of Travellers are great Lyars; for one day I saw an absent Lover who oblig'd me to copy in little, a great picture of his Mistress whom he left at *Volaterra*, whence he was. And being he took some pleasure in seeing me work, he came very frequently to visit me; and I remember one day among the rest, I beheld him very merry. He related sundry diversions to me, at which he had been present in the preceeding days; he sung, he made pleasant Verses upon a picture which I had drawn, as I did also in my turn, and feign'd my self an *African* to divert him and my self; after which, he remembring it was the day on which to write to *Volaterra*, he ask'd me what he should write about. When he had half-done his Letter, one came to seek him to go to a walking appointment; whereupon he left his Letter half-finish'd, and went to walk with certain Ladies, without minding the finishing of his Letter, though he could not have the like opportunity till four days after. When he was gone I took the Letter which he had begun, and withal, I confess I read it. But I was surpriz'd to find that he was writing to his Mistress, as the most sad, melancholy and afflicted man in the world by reason of his absence. For he told her, he avoided the world, took pleasure in nothing, and led the most irksom life that ever was. And which was rare, at his return from the walk he came to my house again, and without thinking of his Letter, desir'd me to lay aside the picture I had begun, and the next morning to begin that of one of the Ladies he had been walking with that afternoon. And therefore ever since, I have not given much credit to the Letters of absent persons. For my part (said *Celins*) I never yet saw an absent person long melancholy. Yet I know one (answer'd I) whom you cannot have seen very chearful; for being he is banisht about an unhappy affair, I imagine you must have found him sad. I perceive (reply'd *Celins*) you mean *Martius*; but since they report (added he maliciously) his heart is a Conquest which the amiable *Plotina* has rejected, I shall not fear to say that I have seen a fair person in the place where he is who boasts of being greatly lov'd by him. I say, who boasts, because she is a woman, that easily enough publishes the Conquests which she makes. They who boast so easily of taking hearts (said *Plotina* blushing) seem not to understand the art of conquering them. Be it how it will (answer'd he) she shew'd some very pleasant Letters, and I stole one from her without her perceiving it. *Martius* writes so well (reply'd *Plotina*) that I have a great curiosity to see some of his Letters, especially concerning love, for I have not seen any. *Celins* seeing *Plotina's* mind so dispos'd as he desir'd, shew'd her accordingly a Love-Letter of *Martius* which *Lucia* had given him, for she had a hundred in her keeping which had no names to them. So that *Plotina* knowing *Martius's* his hand and stile, believ'd he was inconstant, and did not suspect *Lucia* of this guile of *Celins*. Wherefore being of quick repentment, and high-minded, she regretted this adventure more than you can imagine. But she repented it with indignation; and in stead of complaining to *Martius* of his inconstancy, she took a resolution to do all she could to drive him out of her heart. And the next day she answer'd only in these few words to a very obliging Letter he had writ to her.

XXXX 2

Plotina

Plotina to Martius.

They who divert themselves very well in the places wherein they reside, need not seek pleasures elsewhere. Therefore for your own conveniency and mine, forbear to give your self the trouble of writing to me any more; but forget not, I conjure you, that I told you heretofore,

(astray,
That when an heart in love's Realm goes
That heart is lost for ever and a day.

You may judge how extreemly this Letter surpriz'd Martius, who was really very faithful. Not but that there was a fair person in the place where he resided, who gave pretext to the lie of Celius; for she was one of those gossiping women who have a thousand little inventions to force virtuous men to say more to them than they would, and than they think. Martius nevertheless writ several times again to Plotina, but she answer'd him no more. And therefore I often told her she was unjust to condemn Martius upon the bare report of a man who was a kind of Lover, and who besides was Brother to Lucia, who sought only to prejudice Martius. I believe perhaps more than you (answer'd Plotina) Martius is not so culpable, as I make semblance to believe: but to speak truth, being I should be loth to have a great passion in my soul, now my reason is a little stronger than it was, I seek my self to accuse Martius, and to improve my anger. I thought heretofore (continued she blushing) it was possible to be lov'd by a virtuous man without loving him more than was convenient; but I have now undeceiv'd my self, and I find that unless I take care, I should come perhaps to love Martius more than he lov'd me. Therefore to avoid so great an unhappiness, I conjure you never to tell me any thing that may serve to justify Martius. He is absent, I may suspect him of inconstancy, I am sensible of my honour, I love liberty and joy; so that there needs not much more to cure me. Plotina spoke this with a certain fierce and angry air, which made me believe she would have more difficulty to drive Martius out of her heart than she thought. However, I did as she desir'd, and spoke no more to her concerning Martius.

After this, many alterations hapned in Plotina's fortune (which I will not detain you with relating) both by reason of his absence whose Daughter she believ'd her self, and by the death of her whom she took to be her Mother. But at length, when I chang'd my condition, Plotina came to live with me, a little before Tarquin came to besiege Ardea. This adventure so amaz'd our City, that I cannot represent to you how great a terror there was at first amongst the people. But for that the inhabitants of Ardea are very courageous, they soon took heart again, and resolv'd to make a stout defence. As things were in this posture, Martius making use of this occasion, and knowing an attempt was to be made to bring a supply into the City, he put himself in the head of those that guarded it, and did such brave exploits, that it may be said 'twas he alone that procur'd the entrance of the Convoy into Ardea. As soon as he came thither, he went to the Go-

vernors of the City, and with much eloquence and boldness told them he was come to desire to die for his Country. This Action seem'd so noble, that in spite of Lycastes Relations, Martius had liberty to stay in Ardea, where there was great need of such persons as he. Whereupon he address'd again to Plotina, but found not such reception as formerly. At that time Horatius had brought Clelia to Ardea, and all the world was so charm'd with her beauty and virtue, that though she was very melancholy, she caus'd her self to be ador'd. Plotina and I were the two persons to whom she testifi'd most goodness, she made us privy to all her unhappiness, and we promis'd to serve her in every thing we could, though Horatius guarded her very carefully. Martius in the mean time was in despair, because he could not regain Plotina's heart, though he sufficiently manifest his innocency. For Celius himself, who was not over-valiant, fearing to be treated like Lycastes, and being at feud with his Sister, justifi'd him whom he had accus'd; for his love for Plotina was one of those young peoples affections who believe their honour lost unless they counterfeit themselves Lovers. Nevertheless though Plotina perceiv'd well enough that Martius was innocent, her heart was not affected towards him as it had been. But wherefore, Madam, (said he to her one day) do you not restore me that beginning of affection you had for me before? Because I will not, and cannot (answer'd she.) As for my esteem, I give it you entire again; but that kind of affection full of I know not what disquieting tenderness, I cannot recal into my heart if I would. Anger expell'd it thence, and my reason being become more strong, will hinder it from returning. Ah! unjust person that you are! (cry'd Martius) you cause me to undergo the most cruel adventure that ever was, and Lycimira's death was not more grievous to me. She dy'd loving me, she commanded me to love you, she took nothing from me; I cannot but commend her constancy, her memory is still dear to me: but as for you, I lose you without any fault of mine. I see you more amiable than ever, but I see you without hope of being lov'd. Yet if I had never had hope, I should be patient; but you have confess'd your self, you have had some kindness for me. I confess it again (answer'd Plotina) and if I had had less, perhaps I should have had it still; but to speak truth, after I found my heart so near engag'd that I should have been no longer Mistress of it, if I had continu'd but a little longer to love you, I am beholding to my anger which has cur'd me. But, Madam, that anger was ill grounded (reply'd he.) But, Martius, (excepted she) we are not bound to love all those that have not betray'd us. 'Tis true (answer'd he) but I conceive they that have begun to love any person, ought always to love him. If I had promis'd you so (reply'd Plotina) I would have kept my word; but I never acknowledg'd to you that I lov'd you till now I lov'd you no longer, and resolve not to do so. Ha! Madam (cry'd he) you carry your cruelty too far, and I believe never any adventure was like mine. In good earnest (said Plotina) nothing prejudices you in my heart but your merit, and the tenderness which I have had for you: and I confess to you ingenuously, you are the only man I have seen whom I have judg'd worthy of my affection. But I assure you at the same time, I was so much sham'd to understand my own weakness, when I believ'd you lov'd another, that I am not resolv'd to return ever into the like condition. But in acknowledgment of the affection you have had for me as far as I can, I assure you

you also that I am resolv'd to defend my heart as long as I live, & therefore never to marry, for to marry and not love those we marry, is in my judgment the most foolish and mischievous thing in the world; and to assure ones self of the affection of any one, is the greatest rashness possible. Therefore Liberty is the safest course; and if you believe me, my example will be of use to you. Besides, 'tis very just that you be faithful to the Ashes of *Lyfmiria*. Alas! (answer'd *Martius*) 'tis easie for an indifferent person to advise indifference. But how comes it that having not hated me before, you hate me now? If I hated you (reply'd she) I could love you again; but, *Martius*, I esteem you, and I can have a certain solid friendship for you, which may engage my mind, but not much more my heart. Ah! Madam, I desire not that friendship (answer'd *Martius*) and I like hatred a thousand times better. 'Tis in vain that you would be hated (reply'd *Plotina*) for I esteem you too much. How? Madam, (said he hastily) is it an equal impossibility for me to obtain your hatred and your love? Yes, (answer'd *Plotina*) and as I love my self too much to love you, I esteem you too much to hate you. But to discover the bottom of my heart to you, know, I have the greatest Obligation to you in the world, for that you will be the cause that I shall without difficulty resist the affection of all those who perhaps may hereafter have a design to please me; for after the danger whereto you have expos'd my Liberty, I shall provide so timely for it, that it will be no more in hazard. What? Madam, (cry'd the afflicted *Martius*) will you deprive me of hope for ever? Ah! Madam, (added he) you do not know your self well, and perhaps your heart will do me justice even against your will. No, no, *Martius*, (answer'd she with a very serious air) you will never see me engag'd in an affection of that nature; I love joy, quiet and glory, and I will preserve them as long as I live. After this, say no more to me, for I shall not answer you. *Martius* would have disobey'd her, but she hindred him from speaking; and from thenceforward so carefully avoided to give him occasion to entertain her apart, that he could not find any. He knew well she spoke her mind, and when she shun'd him, she told him smilingly that she fear'd him; so that he was an hundred times more miserable. For it was true, that at that time *Plotina* more countenanced *Damon*, *Sicinius* and *Acrisius*, who were become amorous of her, though she neither lov'd nor esteem'd them, than she did *Martius*, for whom she had a very great esteem. And this was matter of no small joy to *Lucia*. But wherefore do you not shun *Acrisius*? (said I to her one day.) Because he is too great a talker (answer'd she) and so I cannot fear that he will ever please me. Why then do not you decline *Sicinius*? (reply'd I.) Because he speaks so little (added she) that I cannot apprehend he is likely to persuade me; and as for *Damon*, I have as little reason to fear that he will cause me to change my sentiments towards him. But how comes it (said I) that you heretofore so much resisted those that endeavour'd to divert you from following the inclination you had for *Martius*, and now you have more reason to love him, you love him no longer? Because at that time (answer'd she) my inclination was strong, and my reason weak; but anger having cur'd me of my pre-conceiv'd opinion, I have taken a wife resolution to spend all my life in liberty. I will indeed entertain a certain free friendship (added she) which shall not perplex, but divert me no less than love:

but as for great affections, I will not admit of any at all, for they cannot be entertain'd without disquiet. The way you intend to take (said I to her) is perhaps as dangerous as that you would avoid: for many of those friendships of gallantry approach very easily to wantonness, if heed be not taken to them. You shall see (said she) I know how to avoid so dangerous an extream, and understand better than you think, the bounds of all the several sorts of friendship that can be had. But wherefore have you not one of these kinds (said I) for the poor *Martius*, for whom I now intercede? Ah! *Cesonia*, (answer'd she smiling) do you not know there is a Proverb which says,

*That in the Seas of love, on the same self,
No dextrous Saylor twice ere splits himself?*

You speak so little seriously (reply'd I) that I care not to speak any more to you. In good earnest (answer'd she) I declare clearly what I think, and profess that I will have no kind of affection as long as I live, which may disturb my quiet. When I began to have an inclination for *Martius*, I was so young that I wanted strength to oppose it, but at present I am assur'd I shall defend my heart better. For, in fine, I am so resolv'd to love my self, and consequently to love quiet, liberty and glory, (as I said at another time) that I will never love any of those people who cannot be lov'd without hazarding those three things which undoubtedly are the most agreeable in the world. But could not you marry *Martius*? (said I.) If I would marry any one (answer'd she) I confess *Martius* might oblige me thereto; but, *Cesonia*, I have so great an aversion from marriage, that I cannot consider him as one that is to be my husband: and I am so resolv'd never to marry, that I believe nothing can make me change my sentiments. For I judge nothing better, than to resolve to live free; and when I consider all the consequences, which almost infallibly attend a wedded life, they make me to tremble. Not but that I conceive there may be some marriage happy; but, *Cesonia*, where shall we find two persons, who have wit, constancy, goodness enough one for another, and a sufficient resemblance of natures to live always well together? Some there may be, but they are few; and I do not think my self fortunate enough to meet with so great a felicity. 'Tis therefore more easie for me to take a resolution to live in liberty. As she was speaking this, by a strange chance, all her Lovers came one after another to see me, and were together in my Chamber. So that *Plotina* being in her jolly humor, told me smilingly, that she had a desire to undeceive all persons, and make a publick Declaration of her sentiments. And thereupon in a very delightful way of raillery, she told them all she had absolutely resolv'd not to love any person much, and never to marry at all; and that the most which could be hop'd from her, was to please her, to obtain her esteem, and to have some part in a kind of calm friendship which she was resolv'd to have as long as she liv'd. For in truth (said she) I will never run the venture of meeting with indiscreet, unfaithful, capricious, lukewarm, unequal and deceitful Lovers, nor bring my self in danger of having a jealous, covetous, prodigal, humorsome, imperious, furly, foolish, or little virtuous Husband, nor consequently of having deformed, vicious, ingrateful and wicked Children; and I incomparably prefer to spend my whole life with the liberty of having such Friends of either Sex as I please. For I find that if I should marry, I should

should be so good a Wife that I should thereby be miserable. All *Plotina's* Lovers oppos'd her sentiments, and especially *Martius*; but she answer'd them so well, that they knew not what more to say to her. And so she continu'd firm in her resolution.

But now, there being no great pleasure in living in a besieged City, three or four of *Plotina's* friends and mine resolv'd together with us to make use of *Clelia's* occasion to go out of *Ardea*; for *Horatius* would not stay there, out of a belief that *Tarquin* would take the City. So that *Plotina*, without considering what grief she should cause *Martius*, employ'd him to manage this affair, and to bring it to pass that, we might be guarded by the same convoy which attended on *Clelia*. The conversation of *Plotina* and *Martius* was very extraordinary, and I know not how *Plotina* was able to be so inflexible as she was. For he us'd all imaginable blandishments and endearing expressions to move her heart, but she continu'd inalterable in her sentiments; and all he could draw from her, was, that he should never see her love any person more than himself, and that she would never marry as long as she liv'd. And indeed if the poor *Martius* had liv'd, I declare to you, that you would have had less interest in *Plotina's* heart; but you must know that when we went out of *Ardea* with *Clelia*, this generous Lover, notwithstanding his regret, came himself to conduct us; and departed himself with so heroical and passionate an air, that *Plotina* esteem'd him much the more for it. Now being it was fear'd that we should be sooner discover'd by the enemies if we had any considerable number of people with us, *Horatius*, *Martius* and eight of their Friends took upon themselves alone the charge of conducting us. But, such was our ill fortune, we met with *Hellius*, one of the Ministers of *Tarquin's* cruelty, who came in the head of a Party of twenty to set upon *Horatius*, *Martius* and their Friends.

How? (interrupted *Amilcar*) was *Martius* amongst those whom *Hellius* fought with, when *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* (from whom *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and I parted that morning) arriv'd and carri'd away *Clelia* who was at the foot of a Tree with you? Yes (answer'd *Cesonia*) and the unfortunate *Martius* was slain by *Hellius* in the beginning of the Fight, though he was very valiant. And indeed 'twas his courage occasion'd his death; for he charg'd with too great violence into the midst of those who came to take *Plotina* and her Friends. I will not tell you the particular passages of this encounter, for you have understood from the mouth of *Aronces* how *Horatius* and *Hellius* perceiving others were carrying away *Clelia*, joyn'd together to recover her; and how *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* resisted so many enemies at the same time. Yes, generous *Cesonia* (answer'd *Amilcar*) I know all that pass'd in that great occasion. I know what *Clelia* did, putting her self courageously before those that would assault her three protectors, I know how terrible a Combate it was, in what manner *Aronces* fought with *Horatius*, and how the generous *Herminius* defended both his life and liberty, and spoke to *Hellius*, and with what generosity *Aronces* assisted the wounded *Horatius*, whom he found by night in a Wood: but I know in what manner *Plotina* lamented *Martius* when you were taken, and carried to *Tarquin*. Do not enquire so much of her grief (reply'd *Cesonia*) for perhaps you will think it too violent; for in good earnest, no greater affliction can be resent-
ed by any than was by *Plotina* for the death of *Martius*.

But at length (constitution prevailing) she comforted her self with the thought, that perhaps if *Martius* had liv'd, she might have had the weakness as not to be able to defend her heart; and since that (you know) your converse has reviv'd joy in her soul.

Cesonia having done speaking, *Amilcar* thank'd her, for having related to him that which he had so long desir'd to know. Not but that I am almost troubled (added he) that *Plotina* could never begin again to love *Martius*; for if ever I should unwittingly incur her displeasure, and she should deprive me of her friendship, I see she would never restore it to me again any more than she did to *Martius*. In my opinion (answer'd *Cesonia*) you are so little accusom'd to be ill-treated, that you do not fear so much as you pretend, that you could not make your peace with *Plotina* if you should happen to be out of her favour. On the contrary (reply'd *Amilcar*) I have scarce ever been very happy, and I am not so now; *Plotina* has certainly only a tenderness of friendship for me. But is it possible (said *Cesonia*) that *Amilcar* has been almost perpetually ill-treated? Since I am not capable of false boasting, (answer'd he) I confess sincerely, I have seldom been much lov'd. I have many times had the advantage to be acceptable even to those women who have ill-treated me: but my merry and jovial humor has done me more injury in serious gallantry than I can express to you. However, since it has caus'd me as much delight as the favours of my Mistresses could have done, I do not complain of my destiny. Yet I would know (said *Cesonia*) whether any very intelligent person has ill-treated you? I lov'd one in *Greece* (answer'd he) who is one of the most amiable Women in the World. She is brown then (reply'd *Cesonia*) being she is a *Greek*. That consequence is not always infallible (answer'd *Amilcar*.) but it is true the amiable *Nerinha* I speak of has hair of the goodliest black that ever was seen; a black shining and bright, which becomes her admirably well. She is of a very handsome tallness, and well proportion'd; her Eyes are black, sparkling, full of fire and spirit; and though she has no wantonness in her looks, but on the contrary has a very modest air, yet when she smiles, she has an amiable aspect which pleases infinitely. *Nerinha's* visage is oval and of good symmetry, her mould handsome, her cheeks agreeable, her nose well shap'd, and she has an air of beauty which renders her very graceful and lovely; and though her complexion is of no extraordinary whiteness, yet her beauty is lively and capable to excite love. But besides all this, *Nerinha* is infinitely ingenious, and of so clear a perception as keeps her from speaking things at random. She is gentle, civil, good and obliging, she is serious and debonaire together without inequality; and though she is perfectly virtuous and even severe, yet she converses gallantly with her Friends, and sufficiently loves all reasonable diversions. She is a good friend and very generous, very regular in all her actions, and very careful to satisfy all the duties of civility and friendship. She never jests dangerously, she blames no person; and having a mind naturally sociable, she never speaks that of another which she would not have spoken of her self. *Nerinha* has a very sweet and pleasing voice, she sings very agreeably, though she does not much care for it. She speaks exactly, writes handsomely, and in brief is so charming, that though she would not accept my heart, yet she shall have my esteem and friendship as long as she lives. Perhaps (said *Cesonia*) she had had neither the one
nor

nor the other, if she had accepted your affection. I am not of your opinion (answer'd *Amilcar*) but I confess to the glory of *Nerinha*, I am always her Friend though she would not have me for her Lover. There are so few people amiable (said *Cesonia*) that methinks such as are so, ought to be always lov'd. It has been a complaint in all past ages (answer'd he) and will be in all to come, that there are not virtuous people enough: And yet I believe the number is almost equal in all times. I am not of your opinion (reply'd *Cesonia*) for I think there never were fewer than at present, of such as make reckoning of persons of merit. No, believe me (said *Amilcar*) the World is not yet so poor of virtuous people as they report, and there is also more liberality and gallant generosity than is imagin'd. For during the time I was at *Syracusa*, there hapned many things to a young Lady of that plate, which prove that which I say. Know then that this person is of noble birth, but her fortune is sufficiently bad; her heart is generous, she makes profession of being good, and without ostentation of wit has gain'd a greater reputation than she sought; know, I say, this person has had divers adventures which prove that virtue is yet in request. For (not to reckon up the number of Friends she has) many presents were made to her after a particular manner; and because it was known that she delighted more to give than to receive, an unusual contrivance was practis'd. For one morning while she was yet asleep, a crafty man deceiv'd the slave that open'd the gate to him without telling who sent him, and left a compleat furniture for a Chamber (the most agreeable and gallant that could be seen) in her Court; and though great search was made to find out the author of this liberality, yet he could not be discover'd. Yet the person who receiv'd it imagin'd she knew by whom she was thus oblig'd, but one of her friends so perswaded her that it was forbidden her to conjecture, that she was forc'd to suppress her gratitude and confine it within her heart, without daring to publish the glory of her Benefactor. To this same Lady a great Princess of a very remote Country (who is both illustrious, of a great beauty, wit, and heart) has writt'n divers times very eloquently in a language which is not natural to her, and sent her a Bracelet of her Hair which is the goodliest in the World, with a clasp of Diamonds the richest that ere was seen. The chief Vestal has also made her several agreeable presents after a very ingenious and obliging manner; so have the generous *Amalthea*, the Princess *Elismonda*, a noble stranger, and divers of her Friends of either Sex. 'Tis true, all these liberalities do not make her Fortüne; but her humor is such that she likes them better than if they were of another nature. I have known as much as this (answer'd *Cesonia*) but four or five persons make no great number in a great Country. After this, *Amilcar* and *Cesonia* talkt very sadly of the pitiful condition in which the twenty fair Roman Ladies were, who were to be sent back to *Porfenna*. Yet there was nothing to be fear'd from that King but only in respect of *Clelia*, who he believ'd escap'd from his Camp only because she knew something of the pretended conspiracy of *Aronces* and *Mutius*. But the next morning it hapned that *Publicola* was inform'd that a certain man had met *Mutius* very melancholy upon the way to *Praneste*, and therefore he believ'd that this despairing Lover, knowing that the great Festival of Fortune was to be celebrated within two days, was gone to that famous Temple,

to see whether the Lots were more favourable to him; for 'tis reported that on that day the Decisions were more infallible than on any other of all the year. Wherefore he determin'd to request *Amilcar* to go thither, who accordingly accepted of this Commission. Yet he did not depart till after he had seen *Clelia* and all her companions gone, to be reconducted to the Camp; but to the end the people might not tumult at so sad a spectacle, they were caus'd to pass through the most unfrequented streets that was possible. No doubt they were very sad in the bottom of their hearts, especially *Clelia*; but their sadness was discreet, and *Clelia* amongst the rest testifi'd an admirable constancy. All their Lovers follow'd them as far as they could; but at length it behov'd them to take leave. *Horatius* would have gone to present them to *Porfenna*, thinking to speak something which might conduce to their safety; but *Publicola* thought not convenient, and made choice of a Kinsman of *Clelia*, who was more advanc'd in years, and was both prudent and resolute. So these fair Virgins took the way towards the Camp, and *Amilcar* that towards *Praneste*. As he was going thither he met with *Theonor* and *Emilius* the Lovers of *Terentia* and *Aureliia*, who had at length resolv'd to refer their fortunes to the Lots of the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* being a person known to all *Porfenna*'s Court, they were very joyful to light upon him, and he (being no lover of solitariness) was as well satisfi'd to meet with such agreeable company. Their first discourse was a melancholy reflection upon the misfortunes of *Aronces* and *Clelia*; but as the most generous easily enough turn away their minds from the unhappineses of others, they came by degrees to talk of matters indifferent. *Theonor* set himself to extol *Hetruria* above all other Countries, *Emilius* to commend *Greece* where he had liv'd a long time, and *Amilcar* to praise and disparage all the Countries he had seen. For as there is no beauty so perfect (said he) in which something is not to be desir'd, so there is no Country but has its defects. In a place where the Climate is temperate, the people are light and inconstant; in another, the people have much wit, and are accus'd of little fidelity: in one Country many times we find Sciences and Vices, in another innocent and rusticity. In one place nothing is to be seen but Cottages, in another nothing but Palaces. So that as a hundred Beauties are requisite to make up a perfect one, so you must select the excellencies of a hundred Countries to form one accomplish'd. You must take the mildness of the Climate of one, the Rivers and Seas of another, the Flowers and Fruits of another, yea the very Birds and Butter-flies; you must fetch the Sciences and Arts from one place, Valour from another, Honesty from amongst people of less nimble Wits, and exact justice from Heaven (for in truth there is not much to be found upon earth.)

Amilcar, no doubt, has reason (said *Theonor*) but however I dare affirm *Hetruria* has almost every thing that can be found elsewhere. The Climate is gentle, mens manners good, ignorance begins to be banish'd from it, and excellent Arts to be carefully promoted. As for excellent Arts (answer'd *Amilcar*) I much doubt whether you can prove that they flourish as much in *Hetruria* as in *Greece*; for I confess with sincerity to the shame of my Country, that *Africa* possesses them but imperfectly, and the proud *Carthage* yields in this to the least Cities of *Greece*. Then you have not seen that stately Tomb which *Porfenna* is building

building (said *Theanor*?) I have heard of it (answer'd *Amilcar*) but whatever has been told me of it, I have not fanci'd it to be an extraordinary piece. Yet it is such (repli'd *Theanor*) that I question whether the Labyrinth of *Crete* and the Pyramids of *Egypt* excel it; for, in fine, it is a Master-piece of Architecture. All the stateliness which the imagination can conceive, is seen in it. This proud Tomb is above three hundred foot on each side; the form of it is square, the stones are of a prodigious greatness, and admirably well polished. In the base of this Monument is a Labyrinth greater and more intricate than that of *Crete*, for it is impossible to expedite your self out of it, unless he that built it give you one of his servants to guide you; and there are so many turnings and windings, and so many places which go one into another, of which all the ornaments are uniform, that 'tis impossible to find the right way. Upon this spacious base of above twelve hundred feet square, stand five great Pyramids one at each corner and the fifth in the midst. They are triangular, and are sixty feet broad at the base, and a hundred and fifty high. Upon the point of every of these Pyramids is plac'd a Copper-Globe of prodigious greatness, contriv'd so artificially, that the wind entering into it at several holes which are seen in it, makes a sufficiently agreeable harmony, which is heard at a good distance. Upon the top of each Globe is a kind of Obelisk, and upon it is seen another harmonious Globe like the former, according as the wind moves that which makes the harmony; and upon this Globe appear four other Pyramids of a hundred feet in height. But do not think I am at the end of my description; for these four Pyramids support a great terrass, upon which stand five other Pyramids as high as all the rest of the Tomb, so that the points of them seeming to touch the Skie, make a very magnificent spectacle. 'Tis true (said *Emilius*) this Tomb is the stateliest thing in the World, and 'tis true also that the gallant house of the illustrious *Cleonymus* will be the goodliest place of the earth when it shall be finish'd. As for *Cleonymus* (answer'd *Amilcar*) I know he is a man of extraordinary merit, whose birth is very noble, whose employments are the most considerable in *Hetruria*, whose heart is perfectly great, virtue sublime, and capacity infinite. But I confess I have not given too much credit to all that *Lucilius* and *Theomenas* told me once concerning the fair house you speak of. Nevertheless 'tis true (reply'd *Theanor*) that there is nothing handsomer in the world. As they were discoursing thus, they arriv'd at a place where they were to refresh their horses, so that they were constrain'd to stay there. This place was so wild, the prospect of it so bounded and little agreeable, and the reception so incommodious, that having taken but a slight repast, they went to seat themselves on certain stones which were at the foot of a steep mountain near that place. They were no sooner there, but *Amilcar* beginning to speak, I beseech you, *Theanor*, (said he) fill my imagination with handsome ideas, by the description of the goodly house of *Cleonymus*: for my eyes are so little delighted with what they behold, that I have great need of your help: besides, I love nothing more than the representation of handsome objects, and I assure you I shall be much oblig'd to you for it. For the generous *Melintha* being friend to *Cleonymus*, I interest myself already in every thing which relates to him, I shall tell you then that *Valterra* (said *Theanor*) — But *Volterra* (interrupted

Amilcar) is, as I conceive, a great city sufficiently remote from *Clusium*. You say true (answer'd *Theanor*) but I said *Valterra*, and not *Volterra*: 'Tis true, these two names are near alike, and *Valterra* bears a name resembling that of that famous City you speak of, (which was founded by the Tyrrhenians, as well as *Areffa* and *Clusium*) because this City has so many waters about it, that there is no gate or place in which there are not fountains; so that the conformity of the waters has occasion'd the resemblance of the names. But to proceed: when you require the description of *Valterra*, you demand a thing of greater difficulty than you imagine; because this place has so many surprising beauties, that they cannot be conceiv'd without being seen, nor represented well after having admir'd them. It was begun and finish'd by a man who does nothing but what is great, and the vast extent of whose mind is not capable of framing small designs: by a man, I say, who devoting his whole life to the service of his King, will have even his pleasures serve to the embellishment and glory of his country. But though he employ in the building of *Valterra* only such hours as are necessary to recreate his mind from great cares, to which the welfare of the State engages him; yet at the same time he is making a thing which one would believe could not but take up his whole life. For it is not to be imagin'd that *Valterra* is one of those places which are embellish'd almost by Nature alone; but 'tis no hyperbole to say *Cleonymus* has absolutely chang'd it, and there is no part of it to which he has not added some new grace. He has divided a River into a thousand fountains, he has re-united a thousand fountains into torrents, and he has so judiciously contriv'd every thing which he has done at *Valterra*, that the judgment of him cannot be sufficiently extoll'd, who knew so well how to intermingle the beauties of Art with those of Nature, and so industriously to diversify all the ornaments of so goodly a place. 'Tis true, this handsome Desert being design'd for the habitation of one of the fairest persons in the world, ought to be such as it is, to be worthy of her; for you must know, the prudent *Artemira* wife of the illustrious *Cleonymus* has one of those grand Beauties which continually encrease admiration: and that which I esteem most, is, her virtue redoubles the price of her beauty; for, as wanton a person as you are, I am confident you will grant that these two things suit admirably well together. I confess it (answer'd *Amilcar*) therefore tell me a little more particularly what you know of the fair *Artemira*. Ha! *Amilcar* (reply'd *Theanor*) I tremble only in thinking that I have undertaken to describe Gardens and Fountains to you; judge then what I should do if I should undertake to tell you all the Grand qualities, and all the virtues of one of the most accomplish'd persons in the World. Be contented therefore if I perform my promise to describe *Valterra*. But before I tell you, what it is at present, I must relate a little adventure to you, which is necessary that you know, to understand the description I am to make.

Know then, that a fair and young person, Kinswoman to the King of *Hetruria* and much lov'd by him, sometimes hapned to excite love in a man of Quality, of a violent and imperious humor; who judging that he could never be favour'd, resolv'd to carry his Mistress away by force. Which accordingly he did one day as she was walking in a Grove; and diverting her self by causing a Squirrel to follow her from tree

tree to tree, which she had kept from a little one, and which lov'd her with more ardour than a Dog can have for his Master, though the Dog is an Emblem of Fidelity amongst all Nations. This violent act much surpris'd the whole Court, and especially an honourable person of *Clusium*, whose name was *Cleoranthus*, and from whom the illustrious *Cleonymus* who built *Valterra* is descended; for you must know, he was very amorous of her, though he durst not declare it by reason of the King. But in this unexpected occasion, he could not hide his sentiments. Wherefore suddenly gathering together some of his Dependants, he went to seek this stolt Lady. The King also sent out most of his Court to the same purpose, and went himself; but this search was made unprofitable, and *Cleoranthus* had been as unhappy as the rest, if the Chance which guided him to a Cottage of Shepherds had not shew'd him the little Squirrel which his Mistress lov'd so much, and which stuck to her in spite of her Ravishers. At first he believ'd it was another; but the little Animal knowing him, skipt down from the window where it was with that nimbleness which is natural to it. Whereby *Cleoranthus*, believing his Mistress might be there, or at least had pass'd by that way, askt a young Shepherdess where she was to whom this pretty Animal belong'd. He had no sooner made this question, but he who had carry'd away that fair Virgin (coming from enquiring the way he was to take, because he had fail'd to meet his guide) appear'd with his Sword in his hand, follow'd by six of his Attendants; and at the same time four men, who had stay'd to guard that fair person, issu'd out of the Cottage with their Swords drawn too. But *Cleoranthus*, instead of being terrifi'd by so many enemies, became thereby more fierce and courageous. And so he attack'd his Rival with such valour, that notwithstanding the inequality of number, he slew his enemy, and three others, and put the rest to flight. After which, to compleat his happiness, he understood by one of those he wounded who lay upon the place, the secret of a great Conspiracy against the Prince. Thus *Cleoranthus* deliver'd his Mistress, and saved all *Hetruria* by his valour. But which was remarkable, at the end of the fight, the Squirrel made him a thousand caresses, and would not part from him. Wherefore when the King was inform'd of all the Circumstances of the business, and of *Cleoranthus* passion for this fair person (whom notwithstanding he restor'd into his power without signifying any thing of his love) was so mov'd with his Virtue, that he suppress'd the inclination himself had for her, and caus'd her to marry him. But to eternize the memory of this generous action, as *Hector*, *Aeneas*, and many others since, caus'd Lyons, Roses, Doves, and divers other things agreeing either to their valour, merit, virtue or fortune, to be painted upon their shields, he order'd that *Cleoranthus* and his Descendants should bear a Squirrel for their Arms. And accordingly they of this Family bear a Squirrel in their shields to this day. I desire your pardon for having amus'd you with speaking of this adventure; but you will see in the sequel of my discourse, that I have not related it altogether impertinently. I am next to tell you that *Valterra* is situated half a days journey from *Clusium*, that the way between them is very pleasant, and that to encrease the surprize, the beauty of it is not perceiv'd till you arrive at the fore Court, which is stately, fair and spacious. It hath four great Pavilions at the four Corners, with other Courts on the two sides. The two faces which

stand upon the stately Moats of *Valterra*, end in three great Archades of Architecture, through which are discover'd two large low Wings of Building, which have been built for Offices to the House, and two Gardens which lie on the side of those two Wings. When you are in the fore Court, you behold the front of the Palace, which is built upon a Mountain of Architecture (if I may so speak) for the Perroon which takes up the whole breadth of the second Court, has four seats, and rises above twenty steps. So that this gives much Majesty to the Structure. Which before I describe to you, I must lead you back again into the fore Court, and tell you, that after you have pass'd through it, you come to the Bank of the Moats which are large, handsome; and the water of them clear as Crystal, and arises from a Spring. These Moats are beset with Rails on both sides; and near the Bridge which lies over them, are seen the Muzzles of Lyons casting out water into three Scalop Basins, which shed it one into another till it fall into the Moats. When you have pass'd the Bridge, and come into the midst of a little half Moon adorn'd with Rails, you may see that the second Court, which is very large and handsom, has a terrass on two sides rais'd three steps, upon which are plac'd two spirting Fountains, which make a very handsom shew in that place. For when you are at the end of the Bridge, there is nothing more stately and magnificent than to see those handsome Moats full of water, the second Court the Balustrades, the spirting Fountains, and that great and magnificent Perroon which crosses the whole Court, rising so Majestically, and upon which is seen in the middle of the Palace a great Porch of three stately Arches supported by six Pillars, which suffer the sight to penetrate through the whole thickness of the Palace by three other Arches opposite to the three first, and three other likewise opposite to the second; so that the Skie appearing at several overtures, this sight is the more agreeable. In the midst of the Porch are seen two very handsome Statues of young Children taming Lyons, to imitate that innocence achieves every thing; and the Arms of *Cleonymus*, such as I have represented them to you by relating the glorious adventure of one of his Ancestors. The Cupolo which arises in the midst of the Building is very magnificent, and so are the Busts, and the carv'd works wherewith this Palace is adorn'd in divers places. But when you have ascended the Perroon, and are arriv'd at the Porch, you find it handsomer than you imagin'd; for the proportion of it is exact and noble, it is supported by twelve pillars of a very handsome order of Architecture. From thence you behold with pleasure the two fair Courts you pass'd through: but, which is a greater grace, you enter upon an even pavement into the goodliest Hall that ever was. For its greatness astonishes the imagination, its height surprises, and its beauty is so great, that it takes away the boldness to commend it. The Cupolo is supported by sixteen stately Arches, whereof six are open; namely, three towards the Porch, and three toward the Gardens, which are admirable. But how rare soever they are, I must stay you a little in the Hall, and at least shew you the first apartment of this proud Fabrick. I must also tell you that for the glory of this great design, *Cleonymus* has been so happy as to find an excellent man capable to execute his great intentions, and happily to invent whatever might serve to the embellishment of so goodly a place. He I speak of, is call'd *Meleander*, and is the same that painted the

Cabinet of the generous *Melintha*. He was born with a great wit, an exquisite fancy, and an admirable judgment. His Ideas are noble and natural, there is grandeur in his designs, and reason always in what he makes. Therefore he was chosen by *Cleonymus* to paint this proud Hall, and all the several apartments of his Palace; and also to use his inventions and counsels for all such things as might embellish *Valterra*. But since his aim is always to work for the glory of him that employs him, see what the design of the Hall is, of which I will unfold to you the hidden sense after I have given you the description. The Sun is represented there in his Palace with all the Ornaments Poets attribute him; the whole Base of the Picture is encompass'd with a great Serpent representing the year; upon this Serpent move the months, the weeks and the days; every season is accompani'd with the months, weeks and days which agree to it; and all the Stars are seen there, which the Sun visits in making his course. But in the midst of this proud Palace of the Sun (the Architecture of which is admirable, and the Pillars resemble precious stones, and the Basis and Chapters gold) is seen upon a proud arch a Throne of Gold rais'd several steps, upon which the Hours, daughters of the Sun mount and descend. They are represented like young fair persons, habited in different and light dresses. This luminous God is clothed with a cloak of cloath of Gold, he is crown'd with an immortal Laurel, he leans with one hand upon his harp, and with the other he makes a sign to *Aurora* as if he commanded something; for his eyes are turn'd towards her. This fair harbinger of the Sun has a garland of Flowers and Pearls upon her head; she has wings painted with fine colours; with one hand she scatters flowers in divers places, and with the other she holds a torch, which she makes use of to illuminate a New Star by the command of the Sun. This new Star is plac'd in the midst of the Heaven in form of a Squirrel, three higher stars give it their most favorable influences. *Saturn* bearing his fickle encompasseth it with his Serpent beset with Stars, which denotes the eternity of its glory. *Jupiter* sitting upon his Eagle with a very noble action and Majestical air gives it a Crown of gold, to signify the Authority which it is to have. *Mars* on the other side with his fierce aspect gives it a Helmet and a Lyon. Below the Sun appears the Season which represents Summer, crown'd with ears of Corn, her Complexion is a little Sun-burnt, her hair is gilded, her air is very agreeable; she carelessly sits and leans upon such fruits as are suitable to her, and near her are seen several instruments necessary to Agriculture. She holds a sheaf of Wheat in her hand, and is supported by a swarthy man who represents the South Wind. About her stand the Moneths which belong to her, represented by young persons crown'd with flowers and fruits; they have Wings, their Attires are different, and they present fruits to this lovely Season, as well as the weeks and days which are represented by little children who seem to move along as they play near her. In another place *Mercury* appearing with all the marks that particularize him, lifting up his arm wherewith he holds his Caduce, seems as if he would give all his eloquence and knowledge to the New Star I mention'd, he looks upon it so favourably. About this God are seen several instruments necessary for excellent Arts, and likewise divers little Cupids denoting the various inclination which Nature gives. The Moon, not being able to behold her Brother, appears

through the shadow of a Cloud, and about her is seen a great hunting equipage, as dogs, bugles, bows, arrows, and divers other things, and in many places little *Genii* agreeably represented; this fair Star regards the new Star as favorably as *Mercury*. On another side *Venus* follow'd by Sports and Laughter appears lying upon a bed of Roses; and near her are seen divers things which agree to her, and which are always inseparable from pleasures. She holds a golden Apple in her hand, seeming to offer it to this new Star, as if she meant, that it was such amongst the Stars as her self amongst the Goddesses. Also several little *Cupids* are seen playing near her. The Spring is represented by a Young fair Girl, with a fresh and smiling air, her hair is brown and curl'd, she has a crown of flowers upon her head, her attire is green; the Months which are near her, present flowers to her, *Zephyrus* flatters her, and the weeks and days busie themselves in embellishing her. Autumn is figur'd by a good lusty man, crown'd with Vine-leaves, he lies amongst fruits which are proper to him, and leans upon a Tyger, the Moneths which accompany him offer him their fruits also, they are attended likewise with their weeks and days, and the Wind of this Season is represented there also, but more fierce than the rest, and the drapery of the figure shews that he inconveniences him by his impetuous blast. On the side opposite to Summer is represented the Bow of *Iris* with all the Colours that render it so agreeable. Under this Bow appears Winter represented by a rough old man, crown'd with mists, snow, and icycles. The Moneths, weeks and days which accompany him offer him nothing but unpleasing presents, except some of those days which are very little, and offer him fire. On the side of the Bow I mentioned, are *Castor* and *Pollux*, who mount and descend upon the Horizon: but I must not forget to tell you that in all places where that famous Squirrel is represented, either in a Star, or in its natural form, there is a device added to it which is very graceful in the language in which it was made; and the sense of it is, That there is nothing so high where-to it cannot mount. But now to expound to you the hidden meaning of all these Pictures, I am to tell you that the Sun represents *Cleonymus*, who according to the amplitude of his great employments, operates and shines every where, does good to all, and labours continually for the benefit and embellishing of the Universe. By the four Seasons of the year, *Meleander* has pretended to represent the several States of *Hetruria* which are tributary, and attribute the honour to *Cleonymus* of receiving and rendring all, because he has the management of the Princes treasures. The new Star in the top of the Skie, shews that there is nothing more sublime than the glory of *Cleonymus*; and that Starry Serpent I spoke of, denotes the prudence of this Heroe: so that the Pictures of this proud Hall, satisfy together both the Eyes and the Reason, and serve at the same time both to the glory of this Heroe, and that of the excellent *Meleander*, who has so well found out the art to commend him by his Pencils more than Poetry could do. But to pass from the Hall to the anti-Chamber, upon the top of the ceiling you see *Hercules* carried into the heavens in a Chariot of gold, under which is a slain Serpent. Reason (represented by a fair young person of a sage aspect) guides him; she has a helmet on her head, and holds a sword wherewith she seems to menace: two fierce and heady horses withdraw the chariot that carries him, and by their impetuous posture intimate that they represent the Passions,

Passions, who in spite of their violence are nevertheless subjected to Reason. They have both a dusky brightness in their eyes. But there is one especially, whose mane stands erected, and who lifts up his head fiercely, whose piercing, lively and furious eyes cast a fiery glance which astonishes and surprises such as have skill in Painture. Fame is painted flying there, and seeming as if she would descend to the earth; and in a very bright part of the heaven appears *Jupiter* and the other Gods preparing to receive this Heroe, who is follow'd by Glory, putting an Oaken Garland upon his head. But what is rare in this Piece, is, that in whatever part of the chamber you stand, this *Hercules* seems to behold you as naturally in one place as in another. But I do not consider that I trouble you by not being able to represent these admirable Pieces but imperfectly. Yet I would further tell you something of the principal chamber: but to speak truth, I have seen so handsome and admirable a description of it, that I cannot but tremble to attempt it. For indeed I never saw any thing so handsome as that which a certain Virtuoso has writ upon this Subject; describing things so to the life, that you would think you beheld them with your eyes; and though he employs almost all the terms of Art, yet his discourse is clear, florid, eloquent and natural.

Oh! I beseech you, (said *Amilcar*) tell me all that you have seen in that magnificent Palace; for I never saw the handsome description you commend so much; and if I return into *Africa* shortly, (as I expect) I shall not see it in a long time. If you were to see it, (answer'd *Theano*) I would resolve not to content your curiosity; for besides that the description I shall make of it will be much less exact and ample than that, being I have the same things to describe, and Painture has certain peculiar terms which cannot be omitted, you would accuse me of a crime which I have no design to commit, and presently imagine that I intended only to copy it out, and deprive him of the commendations he has so justly merited. But however, since you desire it (continu'd he) I shall tell you, that the famous *Meleander* aiming always at the glory of his Heroe, has in the roof of this chamber represented Fidelity carry'd up by her powerful Genius into heaven. This Figure is very handsome, habited in white with a blew Robe, and has several marks which make her known: Prudence conducts her, Virtue and Reason are of each side of her admirably represented; the latter seems to personate *Apollo* shooting with his Bowe against Envy and divers other monsters which hide themselves in the thickness of the clouds. Under these Figures is *Clio*, one of the most famous Muses; she seems to bear her self up in the air with great wings display'd; scarce any thing is seen of her but her back; her Robe is of the colour of Gold, and beneath it another flying clothing of a different colour. This Muse helps to carry up Fidelity into heaven, and holds a Trumpet to publish that there is nothing whereto the fidelity of *Cleonymus* cannot attain. This Piece being in the midst of the chamber, is the principal design of the Painter; all the rest which encompasses it, suit with it, and depend of it. The most ingenious contrivance is, that this excellent Painter has by his Art made the whole roof of the chamber appear a great and stately body of building, with the goodliest ornaments that Painture and Sculpture have invented. For having drawn five large overtures, one in the midst, and the others on the four sides, five admirable Pieces are represented in

them, which perfectly embellish the room. But besides these Pieces, the Figures plac'd upon this seeming structure are the handsomest in the world. For the eight famous sisters of *Clio* are painted on the four sides of the chamber, and seem to make a concert of praises in honour of him whom Fidelity represents. But they are so exquisite, that nothing can be seen in the world more admirable. All their heads have different airs, their actions correspond with what they represent, and they have a certain aspect of divinity which excites respect. These Figures are plac'd near four base-reliefs of the colour of brass, beset with several magnificent ornaments. For in this place are seen four different Poems represented by different figures. The Satyrical is represented by a Satyre lying along; he leans upon a great Urn, and has a young child before him, who shews him three words written upon a Table which declare what he is. Below this base-relief are seen divers excellent ornaments, wherein the Squirrel and the Device are conveniently plac'd: for there is an antique Urn of *lapis Lazuli*; upon that an Eagle, upon the Eagle a Squirrel, and on both sides of the Urn very jolly *Cupids* and Garlands, which falling down upon the Eagles back, slide from thence very gracefully. The other base-reliefs are like, excepting the Poems. That which treats only of Rustical things, is represented by the God *Pan*; the Heroick, by a stately and handsome man holding a Trumpet in his hand; the Lyrick, by a fair Virgin holding a Harp. Each of these Figures has a little *Cupid* like the first, and each Poem has two Muses which accompany it: *Melpomene* and *Thalia* are near the Satyrick. The former (to whom the invention of Tragedy is attributed) has fierceness and melancholy in her eyes: her attire is suitable to her quality, and her gesture and air speak her mind employ'd about great thoughts and events: and to denote her chief subject, Trumpets, Helmets, Shields and Crowns (mingled together with a confusion more agreeable than order) are seen near her. As for the Muse design'd for Comedy, she has a pretty, scornful, chearful and smiling air. Her head is crown'd with Ivie, and her neck bare; she has rich bracelets, and a large blew robe, which is very graceful to her. She holds a Vizard in her hand, and has another at her feet which resembles a Satyre, and near her lie like Trophies all the instruments proper for Bacchanals. Near the Poem destined to country-matters, stand *Terpsichore* and *Euterpe*; one holding a kind of harp, the other a flute, on which she seems to play. The former has a noble air, the other somewhat rustick and wild: their habits are agreeable, and the variety of colours does not interrupt that union which is requisite to all good Pictures. Near these Muses are seen books, maps, hoboyes and bagpipes. The Heroick Poem has *Calliope* and *Urania* by it: the former having a book in her hand, and the latter leaning upon one of those Globes which a Disciple of the wise *Thales* invented, holds a pair of Compasses in the other hand. *Calliope* has a sage and majestic air; and *Urania* fixing her eyes upon the heavens, seems to observe the course of the Stars, and mind nothing else. *Polyhymnia* and *Erato* are plac'd near the Lyrick Poem; the first chiefly destined to Painture, has near her all the instruments requisite to that excellent Art: her habit is mix'd of several colours; she has a nobler air, and the gesture of a person studying to enterprize some great work in Painture. *Erato* has piercing eyes, & a very pleasant aspect; at her feet are seen divers Musical instruments, and a

little *Cupid* crown'd with flowers, holding before her an ancient fashion'd harp, such as they report *Orpheus* sometimes made use of to save himself. But to manifest the ingenuity of the Painter, I must tell you they have no wings, as *Clio* has who helps to conduct Fidelity into heaven; because he would intimate hereby, that they ought to stay eternally in the glorious sanctuary *Cleonymus* has given them. The Painter has also feign'd that they made two Pieces of needle-work representing their two Victories over the *Pierides* and the *Sirens*; but this is done with so much art that it cannot be sufficiently commended. Besides, all that I have related, all the ornaments which Painture and Sculpture have invented are seen in this place. For in divers places, where the order of Architecture permitted, are vizards, garlands, urns, sphinxes, and several other things. But it is remarkable that there is not one but has some Mystery, intimating the virtues or glory of *Cleonymus* to such as understand the meaning given to such various figures. So that the Painter cannot be too much commended who has so well fanci'd and finish'd so good a design, wherein appears Invention, Judgment, Boldness, and good Sense. It is manifest throughout that he is not only a great Imitator of Nature, but also understands the Art of embellishing; and that his imaginations surpass her Productions. All that is seen in these rare Pictures alike delight the Eyes and the Reason. Never were Light and Shadow so judiciously dispos'd, never was the sight deceived after a more agreeable manner. All the little Cupids are excellently done, the Head-tires of the Muses are admirable, the Draperies are perfectly well su'd, Modesty is visible even in the Figures, which the Painter has habited very negligently. The Objects which appear nearest, deceive the Eyes; the more remote surprise the Imagination: in fine, all the workmanship both of the Hall and the two Chambers, deserves more commendations than can be given it. But now not to stay to tell you of the Cabinet, or all the other apartments of this proud Palace, wherein are a thousand handsome objects, with which the famous *Meleander* has embellish'd it, either by his workmanship or a thousand ingenious inventions which cannot be express'd, I must return into the stately Hall, and describe to you the Gardens of so goodly a Place. But I must tell you first, that the face of the house on this side is very different from the former; so is the Perroon, but withal stately and commodious. The Moats are environ'd with rails too as the other; and from hence you discover so great and vast an extent of several green-plats, so many large and handsome Walks, so many spirting Fountains, and so many delightful objects which become confus'd by their distance, that you scarce know what you see, because the multitude of agreeable sights amazes the imagination, and hinders the eyes from fixing upon any at first. For curiosity being a natural sentiment, we do not so much mind that which we might easily discern, as that which we cannot distinguish; so true it is that we love to discover things to our selves. 'Tis to be observ'd that this Garden lies between two Groves which agreeably arrest the Eyes: but to describe it to you part by part, I must tell you, that when you are at the end of the Bridge, you see at a good distance towards the right hand and the left two spirting Fountains standing in two very solitary corners, and seeming to

hide themselves; and before you, great Green-plats with Fountains, a round Pond in the middle, and on either side in the nearest squares three Fountains, whose artificial water-works agreeably divert the eyes, especially one towards the left hand, where is seen a crown of fruit-bushes (if I may so speak.) The Basin of it is rustick enough, but you would say it is sufficiently adorn'd with its own agreeableness. About the round Pond I mention'd are four little Cupids holding scallop-lavers upon their heads, from which the water falls with a continual murmur into little squares environ'd with green. On each side of the Pond are seen great green squares which reach to the two Groves, and have fountains in them also. On the right hand is seen at a good distance a cullis'd-Gate leading into a rustick Orchard, and on the left a Cascade representing a kind of grate of Water, to correspond to the true grate which is opposite to it. Beyond the Pond you descend by another Perroon, and have two conduits casting forth water on the right hand. In this place at the crossing of a Walk stand four handsom Statues; but to increase the delightfulness, a little further in that Walk are two little Torrents with Jets of water at several distances one into another which look like a Balustrade of crystal running on both sides of the Walk. And nothing is more pleasant than to hear the murmurs of all these Jets of water, whose equality of delightful harmony is very apt to produce an agreeable amusement. When you are at the end of this Walk, you find a large square of water, and discover a little solitary place, above which stands a small wild Grove. Directly before you, you see a great and handsom spectacle which I shall describe to you by and by, and on the right side of the Mount which I am to describe, Vines and divers other Country objects. Beyond that great square of water you see an object perfectly surprising. For standing upon the Perroon which leads further downwards, you see a fair stream of water from which a hundred Jets issue with an equal force, and falling again into the Channel make an agreeable murmur. And a little beyond, you see another less, which may be call'd a Walk of Crystal. For there are an infinite number of Jets of water in a double rank, which crossing one another make an extreme delightful shew. Nevertheless, this is not the goodliest ornament of this place; for below this Walk of Crystal you see a long Terrass of good height, four long rows of scallop-lavers full of water, of unequal bigness, which exonerating one into another make you see a hundred torrents at once, and at length discharge themselves into a great stream of water, from whence issue fifty other Jets with violence. Next you come to see a great and large Channel made by a River which was scarce known before *Cleonymus* chose this admirable Desert for a retreat to recreate his mind from his honourable employments. It precipitates it self like a mighty torrent, and then having calmly pass'd through the whole breadth of the Garden of *Valterra*, it goes forth by a Cascade, and afterwards loses it self in the Meadows. So that in a very little space it is a River, Torrent, Channel, Cascade, and Brook. But to render this place more marvellous, you see beyond, an Abyss of water (if I may so speak) in the midst of which by the directions of *Meleander* has been plac'd a figure of *Galea* with a *Cyclops* playing on a bagpipe, and divers *Tritons* round about him; all these figures cast forth water, and make a very handsome sight. There are also other water-works in this

this place; and several spirting fountains. But which is most agreeable, all this great extent of water is cover'd with little painted and gilded Boats, and from thence you enter into the Channel. Now you must know that on the side opposite to the Cascade I mention'd, there is cut out a great Mount in a direct line, which is made in a Terrass with a Balustrade, supported by six Terms or Pillars. Between which are artificial Rocks always cover'd with water, and at the foot of these Rocks is a kind of little Chanel into which that water trickles agreeably. On the right side of these Rocks the *Tyber* is represented, as Rivers use to be, that is, half lying along and leaning upon his Urn; but he seems melancholy, as if he were discontented for being surpass'd by the River of the place, which is seen represented on the other side with a cheerful and pleasant aspect. But I must not forget to tell you that in these Channels and the abyss of water are seen Statues upon great Pedestals representing the several parts of the world, having in them the most precious things of the Countrys which they represent, which they carry as it were to pay tribute; to denote that the whole earth has contributed to embellish this place. But the better to enjoy the sight and admire so many handsome objects at once, you must ascend up the Mount by two stately Perroons made like an Amphitheatre, which have also six very goodly fountains of different forms. About the midst, at the Base of the Balustrade are seen two great Lyons, which by *Meleander's* contrivance shew after a particular manner the Arms of *Cleonymus*; for the Squirrel is seen between the paws of the Lyons, but so that 'tis manifest these cruel Animals have nothing but gentleness and kindness for it. When you come to the end of the Mount a large green round of water surprises you, in the midst of which arises as by miracle a Jet of water fifty feet high, of so prodigious and extraordinary a greatness, that it would seem a thick pillar of Crystal, if the motion did not convince the eyes. And to denote that it is the last piece of this great and excellent workmanship, there is plac'd beyond it a handsome statue of *Hercules* resting himself after all his Labours which are represented in sculpture upon the Pedestal. In this place seats are built to behold so many rare things the more commodiously, which appear so much the more excellent, for that from thence also divers plain and rustick objects are seen. For on both sides you see two rude prospects and a little Temple amongst the Trees. This Mount has Walks on each side, and grass in the middle, and from thence you have a fairer sight of the building than from any other place, with the two back-wings which belong to it, the two Garden-plats which are on both sides, the vast compass of the great Garden between the two Groves, all the divers spirting Fountains, the Channels, the Squares of Water, the Cascades, and those too which are on the side of the Garden for Flowers, which is before one of the Wings. Hence also is discovered a thing which has been happily invented by the famous *Meleander*; for whereas *Cleonymus* has several ancient rarities, and especially two Figures of Stone, which are said to have serv'd for the Sepulture of the first Kings of *Libya*; in a little irregular corner of ground he has caus'd two Pyramids to be built, in imitation of those which are near *Memphis*; to the end to place in them all such kind of rarities as he possesses. So that the sight of these Pyramids together with that of so many excellent and different objects takes away all thought of regretting that

this place has not one of those prospects in which Rivers and Seas are discover'd, and in which the eyes are oftner wearied than diverted. For every thing that is seen in this admirable Defart is agreeable, the eyes cannot stray but with delight. Nevertheless, you must not imagine that I have describ'd all the Beauties of this place to you; for I am confident I have omitted very many; and besides, to speak truth, *Valterra* is but in its infancie (if I may so speak) and there will be so much difference between what it is now, and what it will be one day, as there is between a fair Virgin when she is but twelve years old and when she is eighteen. And yet 'tis hard to imagine that any thing can be added to it; and when any one walks there, he so forgets himself that he cannot retire. Indeed (as it is fit to return to the source of things) in this Garden one cannot but think with pleasure on the worth and virtue of him that has render'd it such as it is, who in his great employments has display'd all the grand Qualities of his wit and courage; and who by his justice, humanity, and magnificence has found the art to oblige the happy and miserable, and to be the Protector of all virtuous persons, ill-treated by fortune, as well as of the Sciences and excellent Arts.

Ha! *Theanor* (said *Amilcar* perceiving he had done speaking) I am infinitely oblig'd to you for having so well describ'd *Valterra*; I confess, I am charm'd with it; the beauties of the Vally of *Tempe* are not comparable to those you have describ'd, the Country of *Elis* has nothing that approaches them; *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Thebes*, *Carthage*, *Babylon*, and *Rome* have nothing so admirable; nor does all the Earth afford a more excellent place. But how rare soever it be, I should rather chuse to have the mind and capacity of *Cleonymus* than his fair House.

After this, *Emilius* having confirm'd that which *Theanor* had related, they went to Horse again. But because they had stay'd a very long time in that place they were overtaken by night. So that in the midst of a thick Wood *Amilcar* unawares separated himself from *Theanor* and *Emilius*. He stray'd two or three miles; but at length the Moon rising, he found the right way again, and saw he was not far from *Præneste* which he perceiv'd upon the top of a hill. Which hill has this particularity, that being environ'd with divers others less high, all their tops seem to form a kind of a Crown, which makes a very handsome sight; and therefore some affirm that this place was heretofore call'd *Stephane* which signifies a Crown; and others *Polystephane* which signifies in *Greek* many Crowns; for *Præneste* was of a *Greek* foundation, and built (as the inhabitants pretend) by a son of *Ulysses* and *Circe*: but others ascribe its foundation to another cause. But be it how it will, *Amilcar* arriving there observ'd the hope of Peace began to revive commerce; for there was an infinite number of strangers there, and all places appointed for the lodging of such as came to consult the Lots were so full, that he could not be entertain'd there. So he went to the Quarters of *Telantius*, who receiv'd him very civilly, and there he found one of the most intimate Friends of the illustrious *Amalthea*, whose name was *Cleontus* son of the sage *Timantus*, and who by his virtue and a thousand excellent Qualities deserv'd the esteem of all that knew him. And therefore *Amilcar* was very joyful to see him and embrace him. I did not think (said *Telantius*, observing in what manner they convers'd together) two persons of so contrary humors,

humors, could have been such pleasant company together. No, no (answer'd *Amilcar*) do not deceive your self by appearances: *Cleontus* has indeed a serious air, a wise, and sufficiently melancholy deportment; but for all this seeming coldness, if you consider his eyes well, you will oftentimes see a judicious smile there, which will convince you that he does not hate mirth in another so much as you believe. I know well (added he) he is more Philosopher than I, he passes better with solitude, he would Sacrifice all the pleasures of the world for glory, and will have Reason be absolute Mistress of his life. But for all this he complies with such a friend as I; and though he suffers not folly in his own heart, yet he suffers it in that of a Friend, provided it be innocent and agreeable; in a word, it may be said *Cleontus* is capable of being whatever he pleases. He would be very apt to be extremely amorous if he pleas'd, he would be ambitious if he were minded, he is learned because he would be so, he makes Verses as well as *Anacreon*, he is able to make Laws of Friendship; and, in fine, I know nothing which he could not discharge with applause. But wisdom (added *Amilcar*) is his Master-piece. He might be even as violent as *Timantus*, though he appears always serene, but he likes better to preserve an even and an equal temper, which indeed is very amiable. You see (answer'd *Cleontus* smiling) that to verifie what you say, I hear my own praises quietly; but to divert you from them, I will inform you that the charming Niece of *Amalthea* is married, and I was at a little Feast which preceded her Nuptials, and was the most jovial one in the world. I beseech you (said *Amilcar*) make me understand all that you know of that charming person. She has married (answer'd *Cleontus*) a man of high Quality, who is tall, well proportion'd, and has a very good aspect; he is call'd *Perianthus*; he began to go to the War in the fourteenth year of his age, so that though he is yet but two and twenty, he has serv'd eight Campaigns already with honor. In the first encounter he was present at, he was wounded and taken prisoner; but this did not discourage him, but on the contrary, he lov'd glory the better. But it is not to be wonder'd that he is courageous, of a brave genius, and mov'd with a great number of excellent Qualities, for he is son of a man whose reputation for Valour and Gallantry is known over all the World; and in fine, that fair *Clarissa* could not have a better match. I am very glad to understand this agreeable news (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to speak freely, I cannot believe that a Marriage-Feast could have been agreeable; therefore you will do me a pleasure to tell me the manner of that you speak of. I will content your curiosity (answer'd *Cleontus*) Imagine then, that there was a Galeot painted, gilded, and adorn'd with Streamers, in which there was an Anti-chamber and a Chamber curiously painted and gilded. The pavement of the Chamber of the Poope was white blew, the Tapistry green and silver. The Company was in these three places, and the Musick was towards the Prow. We departed from the City about evening, and went to a fair House belonging to the Young Prince of *Syracusa*; where we arriv'd a little before night. There we were entertain'd with a sumptuous feast, in which was both order and abundance; after which we walk'd in the Gardens by the noise of fountains which was mix'd with Musick and Discourse, and for a happy presage of this Love, it thunder'd and lightned as long as the Company was upon the way

returning home: and which was remarkable, as soon as we were arriv'd, there follow'd a terrible rain; so that it may be said Heaven had a kind respect for us. The great commendation of this Feast was, it had nothing at all of Ceremony, no more than the Marriage-day. For this second Feast was made with such order and magnificence in the stately Palace of *Amalthea*, that never was any seen better contriv'd. Since that admirable Lady had the ordering of it (answer'd *Amilcar*) I believe all that you say; for she can never do any thing-but what is worthy to be admir'd. But I admire her chiefly for the choice of her friends, for certainly the sentiments of people are best known thereby; and according to the humor I am of, I should more glory in being the friend of *Amalthea*, than the Favorite of a great King, that had no exquisite judgment.

After this *Amilcar* inquir'd concerning *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*, and then of *Mutius* who was the occasion of this journey. As for *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* (answer'd *Telantus*) they are in perfect health; but they have not consulted the Lots yet, because 'tis the custom to Sacrifice first. And as for *Anacreon*, he was made an Ode since he came hither, which is without doubt a very excellent one; the subject of it, is, That riches avail nothing against death. But, for *Mutius*, I can give you no information concerning him: not that 'tis impossible that he may be here without my knowing it; for so great a number of people have arriv'd within these two days, that he may easily be here and I not know so much. But if he is (added he) I shall soon know it; for to morrow all that would know their Destinies write their names; and so I promise you to give you an account in a little time. After this, *Telantus* thank'd *Amilcar* for having given him the knowledge of *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*; for since Fortune first drew unhappy persons to *Praneste*, there never arriv'd any here, whose conversation has been more charming; so that *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* have already been visited by all the Virtuoso's of the City. *Amilcar* then having a new impatience to see these two amiable persons, motion'd to *Telantus* to go thither after supper; and he not opposing the proposal, they went together to visit them. By the way, they met with *Anacreon*, who joyn'd himself with them: but when *Amilcar* enter'd into *Berelisa*'s chamber, he was much surpris'd to see so fair and great a company there; for there were eight or ten very amiable women, and almost as many men of quality, whose air and physiognomy spoke them ingenious, and in a corner an old *Thascan* Soothsayer, who was entertaining himself amongst this great company. *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were very joyful to see *Amilcar*, and testifi'd as much to him in words extreme obliging. Their looks no doubt at first askt him news of *Artemidorus*; but their mouths enquir'd of the generous action of *Clelia*, of which they had already heard some confus'd report. *Amilcar* satisfi'd their curiosity; and to content them absolutely, he employ'd his discourse so, as that he many times nam'd *Artemidorus*, and that in such a way, as gave them to understand that he was in better health than when they left *Rome*; he also found means to deliver a Letter of that Prince to *Berelisa* without being observ'd. But after this, *Amilcar* a little more exactly consider'd all this fair company than he had done: 'Tis certainly my good fortune which brought me hither (said he) and I account it so much the better (added he) because I find more than I expected.

expected. For I imagin'd, none but unfortunate people with melancholy faces were to be found at *Præfeste*; and yet I see fair persons here, who have bright and sparkling eyes, and agreeable aspects; and men who have not the countenances of the unhappy. If all unfortunate persons had pale complexions, sunk eyes, and a melancholy air (answer'd *Anacreon*) not only this company which appears to you so fair, would not be such, but all the world would seem terrible. For they who have no infelicities make themselves some; and from the greatest Kings in the world to the most miserable slaves, all complain and murmur against Fortune: 'tis in vain that she makes presents to men; they turn her favours into poyson, they have that within themselves which destroys their felicity, and seeking it always without, they take no care to find it in their own hearts. Yet methinks (said *Amilcar*) all that is needful to make men happy is in the Universe: but 'tis certainly (added he) their extravagant desires transposing the order of things, cause them to be disgusted with what they enjoy, and to wish that which they have not. That which you see is true (answer'd *Telanius*) but yet something further must be added to it: for the cause that there are so few people happy, is, because men make desires to themselves which Nature alone does not give them. What I say to you (added he) I say to my self, and against my self; since 'tis true that almost all men do not busie themselves only in seeking such things as they have need of, and are fit for them, but chiefly such as they believe the opinion of the world requires them to seek. So that without confining themselves to follow Reason alone, they desire to content that famous Chimera call'd Opinion, and mind more what will be said of them if they do not advance themselves above their Ancestors, than their own quiet. How many men are there which would be contented with the patrimony of their fathers, if they did not think that their relations, their neighbours, and all that knew them, would esteem them less in an indifferent than in a high fortune? and nevertheless these people who seek so much to content the opinion of others, desire a thing impossible. For Opinion is the most mutable thing in the world; and if you would know how different the opinions of men are, it needs only to oblige all that are present to make Wishes; and I am confident, if all those that compose this company, speak sincerely, you will observe so great a diversity of opinions amongst them, that you know it is sufficiently difficult to be capable of happiness. But seeing there is so great a variety of sentiments (said *Berelisa*) how then can there be any certain opinion which is establish'd in the world, and thenceforth holds the place of a Law? 'Tis because the multitude of men (answer'd *Amilcar*) is so great, that there cannot be so great a number of contrary opinions as of men. So that such as resemble one another being united, there results from them a certain general opinion in every Nation, which prevails over the rest. But this does not hinder but that even they who compose this opinion have opinions in a manner peculiar to themselves. For my part (said *Clidamira*) I do not believe that if all the company were oblig'd to wish something, you would find so great a diversity of wishes as you imagine: for I am perswaded all the Ladies would wish for great beauty, and almost all the men to reign in some part of the world, and to be Kings. I do not agree to what you say (answer'd *Amilcar*) for as for my part, I speak sincerely, I would not be a King; and I

should account it more noble to wish to be worthy to be one; besides, I know Royalty has a thousand consequences enemies to liberty, which would strangely disgust me. For it must be had in mind, that Kings can never do any thing but what will be known, that the least of their actions is publick, that they can scarce ever discern those who love their condition from such as love their persons, that they seldom know the truth unless they divine it; that ceremony attends them every where; that they are always encompassed with self-interested flatterers; that they never have any great pleasures but openly, which to prudent persons are many times great troubles: not to reckon the cares requir'd to the well-governing of a State, or the shame there is in governing it ill. But, which chiefly makes me averse to be a King, is the thought, that it would never be permitted me to be idle. And yet an idle life has something so sweet in it, that I could never resolve to renounce idleness, as I ought to do, to reign with glory. For if an idle Gallant were a King, and enjoy'd the same idleness, he would be a good-for-nothing, unworthy of his dignity. Wonder not then, amiable *Clidamira*, if I am not of your mind. For my part (said *Anacreon*) if I may advise, every one of us shall wish something according to our inclinations, and we will leave *Amilcar* the liberty to condemn or approve the wishes we shall make; and after every one has declar'd their wishes, he shall tell his own. I account this proposal of *Anacreon* a very agreeable motion (said *Berelisa*.) After which, all the company having approv'd it, *Amilcar* said he would do as he was desir'd; and turning himself towards a man of quality of *Tarquinius*, who was next him towards his right hand, he ask'd him what he wish'd. To be as rich as I would (answer'd he) for we have no desires but we may satisfy with riches. You should have added, (answer'd *Amilcar*) to be rich without being covetous: for without this circumstance, your wish, in stead of rendering you happy, would render you the slave of your treasures. For my part (said *Clidamira*) I am in haste to tell that I would wish to be without contradiction the handsomest person in the world. You ought withal to have wish'd to be always such (answer'd *Amilcar*) for I think there is nothing more difficult than for a person that has been perfectly a Fair, to inure her self to bear contentedly the decay of her beauty: and besides, you wish a thing impossible, when you wish to be without contradiction the handsomest person in the world; for every body judges of beauty according to their particular fancy; so that none can be universally acknowledg'd for the handsomest person in the world: moreover, amiable *Clidamira*, you would have a reign of too few years: for the greatest beauty passes very swiftly away; and I account you more happy, to be infinitely charming, than to be infinitely handsome. You see (added he, smiling) I believe your words more than my own eyes; for if I gave credit to them, I should tell you that you enjoy what you wish'd, and are the handsomest person in the world. However it be (said she) if you please, ask *Berelisa* what she wishes. To be very well lov'd, and not to love at all, or not much (answer'd she, beholding *Clidamira*.) Ha! charming *Berelisa* (answer'd *Amilcar*) you make the most unjust wish in the world: for what pleasure would you have in being lov'd, if you did not love? consider therefore, I beseech you, and make a more equitable wish. For my part (said a man of condition of *Valterra*, who had a pale countenance and a languishing air) I

I should wish to be always in most perfect health. Your wish is assuredly very good (answer'd *Amilcar*) for health is the beginning of all pleasures : but when it is alone, 'tis a benefit we are not too sensible of, and sometimes serves only to cause us more ardently to wish all the other pleasures which we cannot enjoy. For my part (said one of his friends who was next him, and had the meen of a brave man) I should like well enough to be one of those subduers of Monsters, like *Hercules*, who run through all the world with their swords in their hands, destroy Gyants, fight with Lyons, deliver ravish'd Ladies, conquer Cities, relieve Kingdoms, and who though they travel without train or equipage, never have need of any thing. This is no doubt sufficiently pleasant (answer'd *Amilcar*) and if *Herminius* were here, he would be of this sentiment ; for he loves to do good to all the world ; and he hates injustice so much, that he would take great delight in causing equity to reign every where, without having need of anything besides himself. But having well thought upon it, I find it sufficiently difficult ; and he is not a subduer of Monsters that desires it, for all Monsters will not always suffer themselves to be subdu'd. As for me (said a Lady who had a very agreeable countenance and a melancholy air) I should wish to be always with persons whom I love, and never to see others. I perceive, Madam (said *Amilcar* to her) you cannot but have a tender heart, and I assure my self you would not have been sorry that these Verses had been made for you.

*Let me my lovely Iris sighs but hear,
And circumscribe all my desires in her ;
Let me in gentle peace with her abide,
I care for nought the Sun surveys beside.*

I confess it (answer'd she) for I know nothing so sweet as always to see what we love, and nothing so troublesome as scarce ever to see those who sensibly affect our hearts. I cannot say (reply'd *Amilcar*) but your wish is very agreeable ; however, a little variety does very well. For my part (said *Anacreon*) I will include a thousand wishes in one, and wish to be sensible of all pleasures without exception, since without this life has no sweetness, the source of all pleasures being in the heart of those that receive them. For in vain should an excellent Musician sing, if his hearers have not delicate ears to understand him well. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I think it would have been better to desire to enjoy all pleasures, than to wish to be barely sensible or capable of them ; but every one wishes according to his fancy. As for me (added *Telantus*) I am constrain'd to confess that I am sensible only of glory and pleasure, and between the two, if my Reason is for one, my heart is for the other ; therefore not being able to determine my self, I would only desire nothing. This wish is very Philosophical (answer'd *Amilcar*) and one would think it were the most reasonable in the world ; because he that desires nothing has need of nothing. But after having well consider'd it, I conclude that a man that should desire nothing, would pass his life in such excessive tranquillity, that it something approach near insensibility. Therefore this wish shall never be mine. As for me (said a person of the Country roughly, who had a quick imagination and a rude briskness) I should wish to have the best wit in the world. Alas ! (answer'd *Amilcar* hastily) you know not well what you de-

fire, when you wish to be a fine wit, there is nothing more decry'd in the world at present, and I had rather be a slave than a rare wit. They that are such with judgment, conceal it ; they who have not wherewith to support this Quality, are so impertinent in it, that except such as laugh at them, no body desires their conversation. Not but that I consent with all my heart thereto if you are desirous to be such (added *Amilcar*, looking upon him who made this wish) and it is only requisite that you tell us what kind of fine wit you would be ; for there some of the first order, others secondary ; some of the Court, others of the City and the Country, and some fine wits too among the meaner people. Speak then if you please, to the end I may understand your wish, and know a little more precisely whether I ought to approve or condemn it. For being I am at this time Censor of the wishes of the Company, it behoves me to acquit my self punctually of the Office. *Amilcar* spoke this with a certain serious air which caus'd all that heard him to laugh, and which so struck the poor wit out of countenance, that he answer'd so softly as no body scarce heard his answer. Wherefore *Amilcar* turning towards a man of *Perusia* of a handsome personage, ask'd him what he wish'd ? Not to be in love (answer'd he.) Believe me (reply'd *Amilcar* roughly) you had better wish to be dead ; for to speak truth, to live without Love is a very uncomfortable life. I believe that which you say (answer'd another man of *Clusium*) and I know it by experience ; and therefore I would with all my heart be always amorous. But I have endeavour'd it these four years unprofitably, and I have su'd above a hundred times to a person whom I once lov'd ;

*Give me my Love and my desires again,
And I therewith my pleasures shall regain.*

But he that is amorous (reply'd the other) cannot spend one day without discontent. But he that loves nothing (said the man of *Clusium*) is incapable of any sensible pleasure. Be it how it will (said *Amilcar*) I account the last with more reasonable than the other ; because the first overthrows the order of the World ; and opposes Nature which inspires Love into all the Universe. But to proceed (added *Amilcar*, addressing to a handsome Lady of *Praneste*) What is your wish ? To have many true Friends (answer'd she) for I imagine there is nothing so sweet. You should have desir'd (said *Amilcar*) that there were such, and then that you had them : therefore, if you believe me, desire rather to have many Lovers ; for with those eyes of yours it will be easier for you to have Lovers than friends. But when we have Lovers (answer'd she) they forsake us. But when we believe we have Friends (reply'd *Amilcar*) we find oftentimes that we have not ; but to speak truth (added he) there is deceit in every thing. As for what concerns me (said another Lady) I would wish to see that which is in the hearts of all the world. No doubt there would be pleasure enough (answer'd *Amilcar*) in penetrating into the hearts of such as have an outside of wisdom, and a thousand follies hidden in their Souls ; of those hypocrites who make semblance of having virtue, and make use of it only to hide their vices ; of those coy Gossips in appearance who are unfaithful to their husbands ; of those deceitful Friends, who intend to destroy those they Careless most ; and of those Wantons

Wantons who have a thousand little Loves at a time : but withal you would see so many follies, wickednesses, frauds, and treacheries, that I think it better to wish to know ones own heart well than those of others. For my part (said a man with a fierce aspect) I should wish to be the most valiant man in the world; And I to be the most eloquent (added another.) Eloquence and Valour (answer'd *Amilcar*) are two excellent things; but 'tis good to wish at the same time to know how they ought to be us'd; for to speak truth, they are a strange sort of people who understand nothing but killing of men; and I am much of the sentiment of those of *Agrirentum*, who have a Proverbial saying amongst them, That Valour is like salt, good for nothing by it self, and yet good for almost all things. But as for Eloquence, it is not less necessary to know the right use of it: for an Eloquent person who declaims always in conversation is very troublesome; and as often as any one wishes Eloquence, he ought to remember to wish judgment with it. As for me (said a *Greek* who was present) I should much desire to write such excellent things as I might believe would descend to Posterity, and that with glory; and I am assur'd, if *Anacreon* who hears me would speak truth, he would confess that the thought of being one day translated into various Languages and commended in several Ages, is infinitely sweet to him. I assure you (answer'd *Anacreon* smiling) if you knew that pleasure by experience, you would not account it so great as you imagine; for at the same instant that I think perhaps my Works will live a long time, I think perhaps I shall not, but shall infallibly live less than they. So that this chagrin strangely troubles the pleasure of this pretended immortality. *Anacreon* is very equitable in speaking as he does (said *Amilcar*) for those pleasures are properly the pleasures of fancy; not but that I know well 'tis almost a general weakness to affect to have our names live; but to speak truth, upon a serious consideration 'tis but a folly: for cannot we judge by what is said of those that have written before us, what will be said after us of those that write at this time? 'Tis true, they are sometimes commended, but yet they are blam'd at least as much as they are prais'd. They are robb'd, and ill translated, and besides, though it were not so, what concernment can we take in things which shall happen when we are no longer concern'd amongst the living? Believe me then, let us be contented with present pleasures, let us enjoy our glory whilst we live, let us seek to obtain the praises of such as are alive, and let us not care for being commended by people not yet in being, whom we know not and never can know. No doubt there are a thousand agreeable things in the Odes of *Anacreon*, which will not be understood two thousand years hence, because Manners, Customs, and Gallantry will be chang'd with the Ages. Nevertheless, I allow that people may by the by comfort themselves in some manner against Death, which the thought of having some privilege above the Vulgar, and leaving a name which does not die with them; but let us not account this amongst the most exquisite pleasures, nor so affirmatively ascribe to our selves an imaginary immortality, which perhaps posterity will not give us: for I assure you, every one does not live in this manner who desires it, and many people think they write for immortality, whose works will die. As for me (said a very amiable Virgin who was sister to that Lady of *Præneste* who had spoken before) I am

confident my wish will please all the Company. Tell it quickly then (said *Amilcar*.) 'Tis to be invisible (answer'd she.) Ha! Madam (reply'd *Amilcar*) this is the first time no doubt that so fair a person as you made this wish. In good earnest (added she) I know nothing more agreeable than this. But what would you do with your invisibility? (said *Amilcar* smiling.) I would make use of it (answer'd she) to know the secrets of all the World, and especially to know truly what they who do not love me speak of me. As for my part (reply'd *Amilcar*) I have no curiosity to know what my Enemies say, for I easily imagine it. But I confess to you, I should be ravish'd to know that my Friends spoke of me in the same manner when I am not with them as when I am. For experience has taught me, there are few people but upon some occasions make railery upon their Friends, or at least endure to hear it made in their presence. Yet this is very culpable (answer'd *Berelisa*.) But when we have Friends (said *Clidamira*) who have certain natural defects which cannot be conceal'd (as deformity, or the like) what ought we to do? Never speak of them (answer'd *Berelisa*.) But if others speak of them (reply'd *Clidamira*) 'tis necessary to agree with them. When we cannot contradict them (answer'd *Berelisa*) we must blame them of injustice in accusing vertuous persons of defects not in their power to amend, rather than to commend them for a thousand good Qualities they are indu'd with: and thereupon we ought to take occasion to praise them, and exaggerate all that is commendable in them; for there is nothing more unworthy and unjust than to upbraid any one with his natural defects. However it be (said *Amilcar*) let us return to invisibility, of which various uses may be made. One might thereby be present at all the Councils of Kings, and Master of the secrets of all the world; and nothing besides the thoughts alone could escape the knowledge of an invisible person. It would be good in affairs of State and War, but chiefly in Gallantry; for we might deceive all Husbands, Mothers, Aunts, and Rivals: but being by ill hap, this wish is one of the most difficult wishes in the world to be accomplish'd, let us see what the remainder of the Company wishes. For my part (said a man of *Ardea*, who was very rich and ingenious) I would wish to have no Envyers. You would then (answer'd *Amilcar*) have no virtue, be poor, deformed, and miserable; for whoever has good fortune, merit, and virtue, has Envyers infallibly. As for me (said an amiable person, who sat next *Berelisa*) I should wish more to be an accomplish'd man than an accomplish'd woman. As for this wish (answer'd *Amilcar*) I find nothing to say against it; for though women are infinitely more amiable than men, and I love them a thousand times better, yet, I judge, Madam, that you have wish'd very judiciously: for were there no other reason than that which allows us to use Courtship and Gallantry, and forbids it you, I should account your wish very just. For my part (added another Lady) I should like well of immortality. I am wholly of your mind (answer'd *Amilcar*) and this wish is the best of all; for it would be great pleasure to see the whole Universe continually change, being unalterable ones self. But to speak truth, this happiness appears so impossible, that I have not the power to wish it; and all that I can say, is, that this immortality is to be prefer'd to that of Writings. You have reason (reply'd a man who had the whole air

of a profess'd Scholar of which the world is full) therefore without wishing immortality which belongs to the Gods alone, I should wish only to be very learned, and to be able to understand all Nature. For there would be great pleasure in a perfect knowledge of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in penetrating into the Centre of the Earth, there to the production of gold, in knowing the Qualities and Virtues of Minerals, Plants, Herbs, and being skill'd even in the knowledge of the least Cockles in the Sea, and the least Flies upon the Earth: great trees, shrubs, monsters, domestick Animals, Seas, Rivers, Brooks and Fountains, and to be ignorant of none of all Natures operations. That which you say is admirable (answer'd *Amilcar*) but though this wish is one of the best that can be made, yet it ought not to be abus'd. For I once knew a man, who understood as well as possible the situation and course of the Stars, who admirably knew Simples, who discours'd very well of the nature of Winds, who had observ'd that the salt of *Agrigentum* contrary to the manner of all other salt of the world, hardens in the Water, and melts in the Sun; that there are Pismires in certain Countries like Elephants; who discours'd very well of the Rainbow, who knew even the particularities of the love of Crocodiles; and who for all this, was a sottish man, his mind was always in Heaven, or the Abyss of the Earth, or the bottom of the Sea, to find out the secrets of Nature, and never was where it ought to be. He knew a hundred thousand things which were not necessary, but knew not that his wife was a wanton; and in fine, he was ignorant in morality and the art of living decently in the world; which is a thousand times more necessary to be known than the love of Crocodiles. All the Company having laugh'd at what *Amilcar* said, some time pass'd without any wishing; but at length a very accomplish'd man of *Ceres* said his wish was more reasonable than that of all the rest, since he wish'd nothing but to be lov'd by that which he lov'd. This wish is very reasonable (answer'd *Amilcar*) but being you seem sufficiently worthy to be lov'd, you might rather have made another wish, and left it to your merit to cause you to obtain that which you desire. As for me (said a sprightly young person) I would wish to be able to live without sleep, for 'tis a great loss of time. I confess it (answer'd *Amilcar*) but however, though all the World sleeps every day, yet they have time enough to be weary, and therefore sleep, if you will take my Counsel. But that you may sleep with pleasure (added he smiling) and have delightful Dreams, suffer an accomplish'd man who does not displease you, to say to you every day, I love you, and no doubt you will find no cause to complain of sleep more. For my part (said a man of good years) I should greatly desire to be a wise Law-giver, like *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Zamolxis*, and divers others. This wish is something commendable (answer'd *Amilcar*) but I confess, if I were a great and illustrious Maker of Laws, I should have great regret in foreseeing that infallibly they would be ill observ'd; for there is such a great perverseness amongst men, that as soon as a Law is made, all that ought to follow it, seek only how to infringe it with impunity. And besides, to speak truth, I account it more glorious to obey the Law than to have made it; for it is much easier to command in such occasions than to obey; and moreover 'tis a general maxime, that good actions are worth more than good words. After this, there remain'd only *Amilcar* and the

old *Tuscan* Soothsayer who had wishes to make. But this venerable old man would make no wish at all, and said men were too blind to know what good was fit for them: after which he continu'd to hear attentively what was said in the Company. It was then requir'd of *Amilcar* to make his wish as others had done. I will (answer'd he) but I must first see whether all the Company have wish'd: and so he taking writing-Tables, he set down on one side all the wishes of the Ladies, and on the other all those of the men, in this manner.

The Wishes of the Ladies.

To be the handsomest Person in the world.
To be extremely lov'd, and not love at all, or very little.
To be always with Persons one loves, and to converse with no others.
To see what is in the hearts of all the World.
To be invisible.
To be an accomplish'd man in stead of being an accomplish'd woman.
To be immortal.
To be able to live without sleep.

The Wishes of the Men.

To be a King.
To be as rich as one would.
To be always in health.
To be a subduer of Monsters like Hercules, and a Deliverer of Kingdoms and ravish'd Ladies.
To be sensible of all pleasures without exception.
To desire nothing.
To be the best Wit in the World.
Not to be amorous.
To be always in love.
To be the most valiant man in the World.
To be the most eloquent.
To be the author of ingenious composures which may descend to posterity.
To have no Enviars.
To be very Learned.
To be lov'd by whom we love.
To be a wise Law-giver.

When *Amilcar* had writ down all these Wishes, he first counted them, and then the whole company, and found there was none but himself to wish: wherefore being much urg'd to speak, he answer'd, that it was not a thing to be done with precipitation: for since (said he) the business is to make a Wish, I will make

make one so great, that imagination cannot go beyond it, for to think to desire one thing which may suffice to render a man happy, is a strange mistake. Therefore to make a handsome Wish, I will make a handsome story, and tell you in particular how I would be if I were master of my Destiny and events. Assuredly (said *Clidamira*) he is going to wish to be lov'd by an hundred thousand fair persons at once. Pardon me, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) I am not; and I declare to you, that I renounce my debonair humor for an hour only, and am going to speak sincerely to you, and in the greatest earnestness in the world. Know then, that for a more noble reason than that I mention'd at the beginning of this conversation, though I could dispose my lot as I pleas'd, I would not be born a King: for I account it no great glory to do no more but succeed a father, and I think it is something more sweet for a man to be the builder of his own grandeur, and to owe nothing but to himself. You would then be a conqueror (reply'd *Clidamira*) which many times signifies an Usurper. By no means (said *Amilcar*) and I have at present a greater fancy than that: but I beseech you suffer me to speak, my friend, and then let the company judge of my Wish. Know then, I would be neither King nor conquering Usurper; but as for birth, I would be of a Royal race, and that the changes which arrive successively in the world, had my family, and left me scarce any other advantage besides nobility of blood; I would be also descended of vertuous Parents, and be indu'd with great vertue my self. I confess too I would be a handsome personage, have a noble air, a happy physiognomy, and a very high aspect. As for Wit, I would have an infinite portion, but especially of that of the chief order, capable of great things, of governing Nations, counselling Kings, and knowing all the interests of Monarchies, the means to manage great Wars, and the art of grand Negotiations, of penetrating into the secrets of all hearts; and above all, I would have the faculty of perswading, which is almost the most necessary of all, for one that is in the highest employments. I would also in the beginning of my life go to the War, and give proofs of my courage: and to raise my self a reputation on the sudden, I would have Fortune by some extraordinary way cause me to be between two Armies ready to joyn Battel; and that for the first essays of my address and eloquence, I had the pleasure to cause these two enemy-Armies to lay down their Arms, and the glory to establish peace between two great Princes. In the next place, I would wish there were a Kingdom which were the sanctuary of the Sciences and excellent Arts, in which there were a great and excellent Minister, who by a thousand glorious actions had merited the admiration of all the earth, to the end that being lov'd and esteem'd by him, I might of a sudden come to be consider'd in that great state. Moreover, I should take an extreme pleasure (if the Gods pleas'd that he di'd before me) that he left me to the King his Master as a faithful servant, and capable of assisting him to support the burden of affairs; and, to complete my happiness, I would that that King at his death left me the government of the young Prince which were to succeed him, together with that of the whole State. But to signalize my Government the more, I would have a great War to manage; and that shortly after the death of the King, there were divers Cities taken, and many Battels won. Yet I would not have Fortune always favourable to me, and have none but easie successes, and without

obstacles. On the contrary, I would see my Victories on a sudden interrupted by some great Insurrection of the people: I would, I say, that the Commotion beginning in the heart of the State, I saw almost the whole Kingdom risen against me, and had a foreign and a civil War to manage at once. But in making this Wish, I would at the same time perfectly understand the art to yield sometimes to the Tempest, thereby to save the Ship from perishing; and be able to re-establish a general calm, and cause the young Prince I serv'd to reign with glory, without employing that bloody policy which is always follow'd with terror and dread. But after I had calm'd this great storm within the State, I would win a thousand new advantages over the foreign enemies, take many important Cities, and gain divers Battels; and then to crown all these grand actions with the most heroick action that ever was, I would after so many happy successes form the design of a Peace upon the field of Victory. But the more agreeably to surprise all the earth, I would make a great secret of this important negotiation, which should pass only between my self and the Minister of the King against whom the War was; and at length, when the Nations durst scarce hope a Peace, they should understand it was made. But for the conclusion of this peace, I would not be unwilling to be a while in some small Island conferring with the Minister of the enemies; to the end I might in that place see Nations, Princes and Kings await with ardency the resolutions which should be taken in that little corner of earth. Moreover, I would corroborate this Peace by a happy Marriage of the young King I serv'd, and a fair Princess daughter of the enemy-King; that so thenceforth I might see peace, plenty and pleasures return together, establish safety both on Land and Sea, reconcile to the interests of the State some illustrious Heroe whom Fortune had separated from them, and finally render the whole world happy. And to accomplish my own felicity, I would not marry at all, but I would there were a State in the world where the Prince reign'd by the election of the greatest and the wisest; and that I were advanc'd to that place, to reign there all the rest of my life. But I would also that that Sovereignty had some kind of authority over all others, and that I had power then to continue peace amongst all the Kings of the world. Thus not being born a King, I should reign innocently, and boast of having enjoy'd glory in all the different manners it can be possess.

Ah! *Amilcar* (cry'd the old sage Soothsayer, who had scarce spoken before) it belongs to you only to wish; I think you are inspir'd by heaven: for having consulted the Lots, to know what will be the destiny of *Rome* now *Tarquin* is expell'd thence, I have found that it will one day be subject to a man of the same name with one of the first ancestors of *Romulus*, to such a man as you desire to be, who shall be descended from the ancient Kings of *Sicily*. But this will not come to pass till a long time after *Rome* shall have been a triumphant Commonwealth, and shall have been once again govern'd by Sovereigns, amongst which many Heroes shall be counted. This man spoke thus with such Majestie, that himself seem'd really inspir'd, and his discourse made such an impression upon the minds of all that heard him, that they doubted not but what he said would one day be accomplish'd; and all the company confess'd that it was not possible to wish any thing more great and glorious, and that all their own wishes together deserv'd not to be compar'd to the destiny of that great man.

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But whilst they were speaking thus, the old Soothsayer sat down again in his place, and return'd to his ordinary silence, without concerning himself longer in what the company discours'd of, which soon after broke up and retir'd. The next morning *Amilcar* went to the Temple of Fortune, of which he admir'd the beauty and magnificence. In divers parts of this Temple, this Goddess was seen represented in many various manners; and all round about it were seen great Tables in which all the events she uses to cause were pourtray'd, sometimes advancing the little, and depressing the great. In one place destroying Empires, in another founding Kingdoms, and appearing always very powerful and capricious. *Amilcar* guided by an old Priest, saw also a certain place at the bottom of the Temple, where through a door of graves he was shew'd a statue of *Jupiter* in his childhood sitting with *Juno* between the arms of Fortune, to which marry'd women paid great devotion. He was told that heretofore a man of great virtue was inspir'd to go break a huge stone, which after long deferring he did, though all the world laugh'd at him; and that he had no sooner touch'd the stone, but miraculously a great breach was made in it, at which issued forth the famous Lots which decide the Destinies of men. He was also told, that at the same time there was an Olive-tree from whence issu'd forth abundance of honey; from which Omens the Soothsayers foretold that these Lots would become very famous. It was added too, that the Soothsayers caus'd a Coffer to be made of that Olive-tree, wherein to inclose the Lots, which were nothing but a great number of little Oaken Tablets, ingrav'd with several distinct words in ancient Characters. But I beseech you (said *Amilcar* to him he convers'd with) what course do they take to consult these Lots? First, a Sacrifice is offer'd to Fortune (said he who instructed *Amilcar*) to request her to forget all the reproaches the persons have spoken against her; for it is presuppos'd men are so unjust, that there is not one, even of those to whom she gives most of the favours which are in her power, but sometimes in his life complains of her. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) there is no Deity towards whom respect is so often lost, as this; and for my part, I confess, I have utter'd reproaches against her in four or five Languages, both in Verse and in Prose, and so I have great need of the Sacrifice you speak of. But what further is to be done, to consult the Lots? I have already told you (answer'd the other) that they are kept in a Coffer made of the Sacred Olive-tree I mention'd, and I shall add that this Coffer is plac'd at the feet of that Statue of Fortune which embraces young *Jupiter*, and that after the person has signify'd what he desires to know, a young Boy draws at a venture several of these Tablets upon which the distinct words are written. After which, the Child having placed them in a row, the Soothsayer who is to unfold the Lots, reads them, and there finds the fence which he unfolds; but with such exactness that it is miraculous.

Amilcar having thank'd him that had so well instructed him, observ'd that the Temple was divided by a great Balustrade or Rail; on one side of which were all the men, and on the other all the women, and at the upper end stood two Priests who writ the names of such as intended to consult the Lots concerning their Fortune. Now whereas *Telantus* had promis'd *Amilcar* to give him an account whether *Mutius* would cause his name to be written, he did not stay

to behold the men, but only the Ladies to whom he might speak any thing over the Balustrade, it not being forbidden to speak in this Temple when the Sacrifice was not in hand. Wherefore he set himself to consider the number of fair Strangers whom he saw in that place: and being he stood somewhat near him who inquir'd and writ down the names, he could hear those which they pronounc'd; so that after having heard a very great number, he beheld a lovely Woman who arrested his eyes agreeably; and thereupon giving her ear, he heard that she was nam'd *Aretaphile*; and that she said she was of the Principality of *Elis*; for they are oblig'd to tell what Countrey they are of. Being desirous then to have some conversation with her, he observ'd she went and plac'd her self by the Balustrade about ten paces from him; and so he chang'd his station and went to salute her very civilly. I beseech you, Madam (said he to her in Greek) be pleas'd to give me liberty to ask you news of the Princess *Elismonda*, and I desire you tell me whether she be still as fair as she was on the day she gave the prizes at the *Olympick Games*. That Princess is still so young (answer'd *Aretaphile*) that her beauty cannot be diminished; and so I can assure you, she was never more fair and charming, and when I came away she was at a fair house belonging to the Prince of *Elis*, which is call'd the Valley of Cupids. After this *Amilcar* obtain'd the permission of this fair person to go and visit her. But when he turn'd his head, he was much astonish'd to see *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Emilius*, and *Spurius* entering into the Temple; for when he departed from *Rome*, they made no account to go to *Præneste*. He approacht towards them, and understood that *Lucilius* was sent by *Porfenna* to consult the Lots of *Præneste* concerning the present state of affairs; and he learnt by *Herminius*, that *Emilius*, *Spurius*, and himself being upon the point to have a Quarrel, *Publicola* had hinder'd them from fighting, and engag'd them to come to this place, declaring to them nevertheless, that he left *Valeria* absolute Mistress of her own destiny, and that he was so confident she would chuse equitably, that he believ'd the Gods would approve his choice and make their will known. After this these New-comers went to cause their names to be written; but at the same time *Amilcar* beheld a man of a good personage and in mourning attire enter into the Temple, and observ'd that *Clidamira* chang'd colour thereat, and *Berolisa* seem'd amaz'd to see him. In effect it was *Moleonius*, who having pass'd through *Rome* to see the Prince *Artemidorus* was come to *Præneste*, and accordingly caus'd his name to be written. Next, *Amilcar* beheld the jealous *Damon* with *Acrisus*; for *Sicinius* would not consult the Lots at *Præneste*. But at length when this great number of Strangers of both Sexes had caus'd their names to be written, a Sacrifice was offer'd by way of preparation to know the secrets of Fate the next day. As they were going out of the Temple, *Telantus* advertis'd *Amilcar* that the wicked *Tullia* had sent a man with great sums of money to corrupt him that was to expound the Lots, and cause him to give *Lucilius* such an answer as might persuade *Porfenna* to put *Aronces* and *Clelia* to death; but he assur'd him at the same time that nothing was to be fear'd, and that he to whom the address was made was a man of the most firm probity in the world. *Amilcar* trembled at this wickedness of *Tullia*, but he hop'd to draw advantage from it. He acquainted *Herminius* with the matter, and having understood by

Telantus

Telantus that *Marinus* did not present himself at the Temple, he went to the lodgings of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, where *Meleontus* arriv'd a moment after, for he did not think fit to accost them as they were going out of the Temple. As soon as he enter'd, *Berelisa* askt him for whom he wore mourning. For the Prince of *Leontium*, Madam (answer'd he.) How (reply'd *Clidamira* wholly surpris'd) is the Prince of *Leontium* dead? He is certainly (said *Meleontus*) but with so great regret for not having well enough treated *Artemidorus* and the Princess *Lysone*, that he commanded me at his death to come and testify his last sentiments to them. And accordingly I came to *Rome* to obey him, and to conjure the Prince *Artemidorus* to go and take possession of his Principality, to forget all things past, and to be my Protector. As he is very generous (added he) he has granted me all I desir'd of him, and charg'd me with two Letters which I deliver to you. In speaking this *Meleontus* gave one Letter of *Artemidorus* to *Clidamira*, and another to *Berelisa*. They both blusht as they receiv'd them, and could not refrain from beholding one another with an air a little jealous. But *Berelisa's* doubts excited by jealousy were soon dispell'd; for the Letter of the Prince *Artemidorus* was conceiv'd in these terms.

Artemidorus to Berelisa.

THough the Prince my Brother had ill-treated me, I am notwithstanding much affected with his death: but now, Madam, that the Gods have given me power to testify to you how much I love you, I declare to you that I will not reign at *Leontium* but with you, and no other shall ever reign in my heart. I have writ to *Clidamira* in such a strain as will cure you of all your unjust jealousies. However, I desire you to promote *Meleontus's* interest with her; he has so well departed himself since the prince's death, that he deserves that you and I forget all the mischief he has done us. I beseech you, return to *Rome* as soon as you can; that when we have seen what will be the destiny of *Arónces*, I may go and cause you to be acknowledged princess of *Leontium*.

As *Berelisa* read this Letter, joy diffus'd it self from her eyes over all her countenance; and *Clidamira*, as she read hers, could not contain from blushing with choler; for it was almost in these words.

Artemidorus to Clidamira.

YOU have reason, Madam, to have made choice of *Meleontus* for the object of your affection; therefore I will do him what service I can to gain your favour towards him. I have understood from his mouth what I knew before, that he is not so unacceptable to you but that he may hope to be happy if I protect him.

I do so, Madam, and desire of you for him all the favours he is worthy of. I have formerly complain'd of it, and now I rejoyce at it; but there arrive so many other changes, that this ought not to surprize you. His fortune is sufficiently good, to render yours happy. Do not therefore resist his affection and my requests; but believe I can never be more oblig'd to you than I shall be, if you reward his affection in the manner I desire.

Clidamira made as if she read this Letter over again, but in truth, she only took time to calm the trouble of her mind, and to deliberate what she should do. During which she concluded that *Berelisa* was going to be Princess of *Leontium*, and that *Artemidorus* being fully perswaded that she had had a beginning of Courtship with *Meleontus*, no longer believ'd that it was only for his sake, as she had endeavour'd to perswade him. Wherefore, considering that if she rejected *Meleontus* she would be without all support, and being an admirable dissembler, she recollected her self suddenly, and beholding *Meleontus* with an aspect something confus'd but not at all rude, The Prince speaks so obligingly of you (said she to him) that it is manifest he will obtain what he desires; but however we shall speak of it at a little more leisure. In the mean time *Herminius* and *Amilcar* were speaking to *Berelisa*, who shew'd them *Artemidorus's* Letter, as being her dearest Friends at *Rome*. So that they were very joyful to see that Fortune had at length done justice to her merit. But after *Meleontus*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* were gone away, *Clidamira* not being able to suppress her sentiments, I imagine (said she to *Berelisa*) you care no longer for consulting the Lots of *Praneste*, and the Prince's Letter has given you whatever you account agreeable to your desires. 'Tis true (answer'd *Berelisa*) *Artemidorus's* Letter is such as I could desire, but I conceive that which you have received ought not to displease you; for, to give you what you made choice of, is as I conceive to do all that can be acceptable to you. Being you are yet but my sister in Law (reply'd *Clidamira*) and not Princess of *Leontium*, I must once in my life speak plainly to you, before I be oblig'd to bear you a respect which will not allow me to offend you. — But, no (added she) the manifestation of my anger will but augment your joy, and therefore I change my mind, and will never more speak to you of *Artemidorus*, whom I will endeavor to hate, or at least not to love longer. As I can never cease to consider you as the wife of my Brother (said *Berelisa*) I will answer you without passion. Joy wonderfully sweetens the mind (answer'd *Clidamira*) and you have not been always so gentle when you were discontented. But however (added she, as she was going from her into a Closet in the same Chamber) if I cannot be contented, I will at least make such shew of being so, that perhaps you who are really so, shall not seem so much. *Berelisa* smil'd at *Clidamira's* passion, and went into the Chamber which was assign'd to her.

The next morning *Amilcar* diligently enquir'd for *Marinus*, and could learn no tidings of him; only he understood that there was an unknown person who had sent to desire the favour that his name might not be written amongst the rest, but to be heard last, when the

the whole Ceremony of the multitude was finish'd; which could not be done in one day, there being too great a number of people this year in *Praneste*. At break of day the Temple of Fortune was open, and two hours were by favour allotted for such as would cause their names to be written in order to consulting the Lots, during which the Temple was fill'd with people to hear a kind of Hymn sung by a very excellent voice to the glory of Fortune. Whilst this was doing, a certain noise was heard about the Gate. *Amilcar* who had an universal curiosity turn'd his head and beheld a little Machine painted, gilded, and cover'd with a kind of little Canopy. It was surrounded with Curtains, and carried by two slaves. Upon the top of this Canopy was the Pourtraict of a young and handsome man. He had a round Visage, blew eyes, neat, and agreeable, a carnation, and fresh Complexion, and a cheerful and sprightly aspect. At the bottom of this Pourtraict were seen these Verses:

*Youthful and fair, this Picture courts your eye.
Youthful and fair as this, so once was I.
But envious Fate (by whose severe decree,
No happiness can great and lasting be)
So chang'd both face and body, there remains
Of both but one dire Magazine of pains.
A thousand ills my vexed limbs distort,
But I unmov'd sustain their rude effort.
And though confin'd in this sad place I lie,
Yet round the spacious Globe my name doth flie.*

The novelty of this Machine having surpriz'd all the Assembly, two Priests at the Gates of the Temple would have hindred the slaves that carried it, from passing; and requir'd him that was within it to descend and enter into the Temple. But a moment after, the Curtains were seen to open a little, and a voice something shrill but impetuous was heard to speak thus, No, no (said this Unknown) do not go about to cause me to descend, for 'tis in vain; and as people of high quality are seen to enter in Chariots into the Courts of Kings Palaces, so I have the privilege to enter into the Chambers of Queens and Temples; for that you may know me well, I am the prime sick person in the World, and he alone that has been able to reconcile pain with joy. The Unknown spoke this with so fierce a tone, that he silenc'd the Priests, and they suffer'd the Machine to enter, which drew the eyes of the whole Assembly. But indeed a moment after, it was minded no more; because there appear'd a person so infinitely fair, that she attracted the general view. It was known by the livery of the slaves who follow'd her that she was the Wife of him that was in the Machine. She was young, admirably fair, and of a good stature; her name was *Lyriana*, she was of very noble Birth, and Fortune having been adverse to her Parents, she was in her infancy led by them into the remotest parts of *Libya*; from whence she return'd so fair and charming, that scarce any could be compar'd to her without doing her injury. *Lyriana* was tall and well proportion'd, but of that tallness which does not affright, but only adds to the grace of the person. She had a very clear and smooth Complexion, her hair was of a bright and agreeable chestnut, her Nose was well shap'd, and her Mouth well cut, she had a Noble, sweet, sprightly, and Majestical air; and to render her beauty

more perfect and charming, she had the handsomest Eyes in the world, for they were black, sparkling, sweet, passionate, and full of spirit; their brightness had something I know not what, which cannot be express'd; a sweet melancholy sometimes appear'd in them amongst all her charms, yet mirth was visible in them at times, with all the attractives which joy can inspire. As for her mind, it seem'd made correspondent to her beauty; she spoke with a good grace naturally, and without affectation. Yet her beauty though transcendent, made her not vain and proud: but joyning the charms of her vertue to those of her beauty and Wit, it might be said she deserv'd all the admiration which was had of her when she enter'd into the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* was charm'd as soon as he beheld her, carefully inquir'd of those next him the name of this fair person, who was so advantageously spoken of to him. As for him that has married her (added he) I ask no news of him, for I do not doubt but he in the Machine is the famous *Scarnus*, who from a very goodly person in his youth, has been so chang'd by sicknesses that he cannot be known for the same man, and who by the pleasantness of his humor and the firmness of his mind makes health to himself in spite of Nature, and preserves a joy which has render'd him capable of writing a thousand sprightly and divertising Composures, which serve for the pleasure of the illustrious *Cleonymus* and all accomplish'd persons; and lastly, whose conversation is sought by a great number of Honorable people who frequent his house. 'Tis the very same (answer'd one of those *Amilcar* was talking to) he lives at *Clusium*, where all illustrious Strangers go to visit him, as well as all the Persons of Quality of that Court. But, which is remarkable, he is never at a loss for subjects to divert himself and others. And whether he commends or blames, he always does it pleasantly, and with as much facility as wit. He confirms what you say of his merry humor (reply'd *Amilcar*) by coming in his Machine into the Temple of Fortune: but to speak truth, I am very desirous to know what he will consult the Lots about. After this *Amilcar* beheld the slaves who carried the Machine, set it down before the Priest who writ the names. And then a slave drawing a curtain which hid *Scarnus*, it was seen that he did not at all resemble his Picture; and nevertheless, through all the alteration that had befallen him, he seem'd still to have a certain laughing air which promis'd Wit. But, in fine, having caus'd his own name to be writ, and that of the fair *Lyriana*, he pull'd down his Curtain, and was carried away again in his Machine; for the two hours were just by this time expir'd; so that it behov'd all the multitude to go forth of the Temple, to the end the Answers might be render'd with more secrecy. The names of those which were written being to be drawn at a venture, it hapned that *Porfenna's* name was drawn first, to consult the Lots; and the order being so, that the explication of the Lot was deliver'd only to such as were concern'd in the business, this explication was deliver'd seal'd to *Lucilina* after all the Tablets which the child drew and ranked at a venture had been well consider'd.

Next, the names of *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were drawn; and the old Soothsayer who had been present at the conversation of Wishes, and expounded the Lots of *Praneste* this year, spoke these very words to *Clidamira*:

You shall be happier by your indifferent humor than any other thing: for being you have never known how to love with steadfastness, therefore you have no reason to expect to be lov'd constantly: but such as determine themselves to none, are always moderately afflicted, and never to be much pited.

Clidamira had some indignation at this Answer, but a moment after her own humor appeas'd her, and caus'd her to say that it was all one to her whether she ow'd her contentment to her indifference or to any thing else. As for *Berelisa*, the Soothsayer spoke to her after another sort.

I have scarce any thing to speak to you (said he to her) for 'tis easie for you to foresee your destiny: your Constancy is ready to be crown'd, and you are going to reign in one of the most delightful Cities of the world, and in one of the most generous hearts that ever was.

In the next place, *Theanor* and *Emilius* (whose names were written together) ask'd what their destiny was to be. He who gave answers, said to them,

Marry them who love you, though you love not them; and beware of marrying them whom you love, being they do not love you: for according to all appearances, you will at length love those which have lov'd you so long time, and perhaps you will not always love those you do, if they can never love you.

Theanor and *Emilius* were amaz'd, and seem'd alike dejected at this Answer; and so they retir'd with sufficient sadness, and made way for several others who follow'd them. After which, that famous Lyar (whom *Berelisa*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon* knew, and whose Lyes had occasion'd a long conversation at *Rome* amongst divers ingenious persons) presented himself, and ask'd whether it were possible there could be one man in the world who were always veracions. But as if the Gods had been offended, the Sooth-sayer having observ'd the Lots according to custom, answer'd him in these terms:

Rash man, who seekest to excuse thy self with the faults of others, know, that for the punishment of thy continual Lyes, thou shalt not be believ'd even when thou speakest truth. This is all which the Lots of Præneste can answer thee, which will not so dishonour all men, as to make it credible that sincere truth is scarce found upon earth.

Next, *Herminius*, *Emilius* and *Spurius* enquiring of their Destinies, receiv'd such an Answer:

The first-lov'd ought always to be the last-lov'd, unless he have render'd himself unworthy of being so: should it be otherwise, there

*would be five persons unhappy, and in the former manner but three. Moreover, it shall come to pass that *Emilius* shall be satisfied with his own vertue, *Spurius* cur'd by his anger, and *Mutius* comforted with his glory.*

This answer caus'd a very sensible joy to *Herminius*, and much afflicted *Emilius* and *Spurius*; and this latter beginning to speak, The Lots of Præneste have given a true decision (said he fiercely) for I begin already to resent such a horrible indignation, that I doubt not but hatred will cure me of my love. Which said, he went away with a very incensed aspect. But *Herminius*, who always lov'd *Emilius*, spoke to him with much generosity. You see (said he to him) the will of the Gods cannot be withstood. 'Tis true (answer'd *Emilius*) and I see too that I must be always miserable; and not being able to find a remedy in hatred as *Spurius* does, since generosity obliges me not to hate my Rival or my Mistress, I must seek one in death. You will do better (reply'd *Herminius*) to seek it in the amity of a generous Friend, and in that of a faithful Friend, who is extremely sorry he cannot be happy but by rendring you miserable. Whilst these two Rivals were discoursing in this manner, *Meleontus* desiring to know whether he should be happy, receiv'd this answer:

Whoso would always have ambition and love together, it is absolutely impossible for him ever to be happy; for it is not in the power of Fortune to content a Lover and an Ambitious man in one single person.

After this the multitude of Strangers which were at Præneste continu'd enquiring what they desir'd to know. But for that *Amilcar* was not concern'd there longer, after he had congratulated with *Herminius* for the happy answer he receiv'd, he went to entertain himself with that Lady of *Elis* whom he had spok'n to the preceding day, and who was walking in a place beset with great Trees before the Temple of Fortune, expecting till she should be call'd to go signify what she desir'd: for the order was, that there should be none in the Temple at that time but they to whom answers were given, all the rest in the mean time attended in that place, whom a young Priest came to the door of the Temple to call according to the order of their names. Wherefore *Amilcar* addresting to *Aretophile*, askt her if he might presume to enquire the cause which brought her to Præneste, adding that he believ'd it fit to do in this place as those do who go to the Spaws, who scruple not to pretend maladies however which carri'd them thither. I assure you (said she to him) I never yet had any secret which I could not tell, and it will be easie for me to satisfy you. Know then, that being one at the Valley of *Cupids* with the Princess *Elismonda*—Hold, I beseech you (cry'd *Amilcar*) and let me not pass from the Valley of *Cupids* without making some stay there. Tell me therefore I conjure you whether this place deserves so fair a name, and whereto it is called so. No doubt it deserves it (answer'd she) but it has not always born this name; for it was sometimes call'd *Telisangis*; but a great Prince having caus'd a stately Palace to be built there to give to his Mistress, it was from thence call'd the Valley of *Cupids*; because Love

was

was in effect the occasion that it was built. This circumstance seems so extraordinary (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I cannot but conjure you to make me the description of a place which seems to have been consecrated to love, and where a second Mother of *Cupids* is seen; for according to the reports of the Princess *Elismonda*, she is a person fit to produce such. I will content you (said *Aretaphile*) though I am not very good at making the description of a handsome place. Know then that the Valley of *Cupids* is a place of such particular beauty, that it may with truth be said that it has a thousand charms which cannot be found elsewhere. Yet its situation is wild and solitary; but though Nature have not given it the like advantage with places which have prospects of a vast extent, and lie near great Rivers, yet it has a thousand graces which render it an infinitely delightful habitation. This Valley is very fertile, and the place which I am going to describe to you, is perfectly magnificent and agreeable. It is situated upon the brow of a Hill which to make the first Court of this house. The ways which lead to this Palace are admirably fair, for a Royal Forest is to be pass'd through, the great and handsome Walks of which make the goodliest and most solitary Walks in the World; especially in a certain place where the Trees seem to reach up to Heaven, they are handsome, straight, and so thick set with verdant leaves that their shade is infinitely agreeable. As you arrive at the Valley of *Cupids* you find a very fair fore-court which has a face of rustick edifices on the right hand, and a balustrade on the left, from whence is discover'd an agreeable Valley. From thence you pass into another Court which has the same Balustrade on the left hand and a Walk of Trees on the right. From this place you see the stately front of the Palace which is of a particular structure; the middle advances towards the Court, as well as the two sides of this building, all the Windows whereof are great arches which make a goodly sight; and on the side of the terrass'd Garden, the face of which resembles that of the Court, are seen two *Cupids* without fillets which seem to consider all the beauties of the prospect. But to return to the Court from whence I have led aside your fancy, I must tell you that you ascend from it by a proud pereroon up to a great and magnificent terrace with a Balustrade which runs quite round the Palace, all the apartments of which are stately, and the stair-case which is in the midst of the building is of very great magnificence. There are great Halls pav'd with black and white Marble, very fair Chambers and delightful Cabinets; in one and the same apartment there are convenient places both for heat and cold, conversation and study. For there is a Cabinet from whence is seen not only a pleasant Valley environ'd with little Hills which rather arrest the sight than bound it, but also a great Garden, the squares of which are divided by rivulets which cross one another, so that the midst of the Garden instead of being adorn'd with a Statue, like most others, has a Bridge in it made in fashion of a Cross, which makes the loveliest sight in the World. The rivulet opposite to the building continues between two handsome Groves of equal greatness, which makes an admirable shew. For the Groves being green from the bottom to the top, and reflecting in that amiable rivulet, whose banks are cover'd with grass, there is nothing seen but verdure and water, which renders the place so fit to muse in, that the most indifferent cannot refrain from it. But besides all this, on the right and left

side of these two lovely Groves are seen two Meadows surrounded with Brooks and border'd with Willows, which make an admirable object. Beyond which is seen on the right hand a Town among the Trees, and on the left a Village, little Hills of unequal height, other Meadows and a little corner of a plain. But I should be too tedious to you if I should describe to you all the various beauties of this place, and therefore I shall omit them, and tell you that the admirable person which inhabits this rare Desert is become infinitely more amiable and charming than she was when she gave the prizes at the *Olympick Games*, for she has improv'd in fatness, and has a clearer complexion, and her mind also is more embellish'd; so that 'tis not possible even for the most averse from love to see her now without loving her; and therefore the Prince of *Elis* who is a person undoubtedly worthy of all sorts of happiness, loves her always very constantly. Ha! Madam (cry'd *Amilcar*) if I knew as well how to describe to my Mistress the torments which I endure, as you describe the Valley of *Cupids*, I should be less unhappy than I am. But being I believe you relate all things alike well, tell me I beseech you, what has brought you hither. I will satisfy you (answer'd *Aretaphile*) Know then I was one day at the Valley of *Cupids* with some Ladies my Friends, who had a curiosity to see that house; and as such diversions use not to be without the company of some virtuous persons to conduct the Ladies, there were two very accomplish'd men in ours, though they were not much known to me, but came attending one of the Ladies. You must know also that they lov'd two Virgins which were of this company; but for that they would do like discreet Lovers, they talk'd as much to me as to their Mistresses. But I cannot tell you how it came to pass, but I pleas'd them well enough that day. As for this particular (said *Amilcar*) you may dispense with it, for I see in your eyes wherewith you touch'd their hearts; and if mine were as it us'd to be, and were not resolv'd to be constant, it would be yours already. Since 'tis so (answer'd *Aretaphile* smiling) I will only tell you that without designing it, I caus'd these two Lovers to prove unfaithful; yet I did not perceive it at that time, but some days after all the Town came and told me two men had forsaken their Mistresses and lov'd me. Wherefore making more narrow observation, I saw it was true, and found my self incumbred at the same time with the love of two men whom I did not affect, and the hatred of two Virgins whom I did not hate. Yet I thought then, that there needed only a little of my severity to return these unfaithful Lovers back again to their Mistresses. But being (as I conceive) they did not forsake them but only because they were two of those good persons whose excessive gentleness cloy's rather than diverts, my severity augmented their Love. Since that, I confess without vanity, I have been lov'd by divers others; But I must acknowledge, never by any man whom I could believe worthy of my love. Yet I confess too that I saw a passenger at *Syracusa* whom I could love, and whom I judge perfectly worthy to be lov'd. But he has not lov'd me, and never will; for according to all probabilities, we shall never see one another again as long as we live. Ah! Madam (said *Amilcar*) may I not presume to ask you what manner of person it was whom you could love? I will content you (answer'd she) for I assure you I always take delight in speaking of him. Know then, the illustrious *Cleander* (so is he call'd that pleases me) is of one of the

the most illustrious families of the Kingdom where he lives, which has maintain'd it self most gloriously in repute, either by the great actions of such as have been descended of it, or by illustrious alliances. He is tall, and of a good proportion, he has also been admirably handsome in his first youth, and at present he has an extraordinary good aspect, and perfectly the air of a man of high Quality, such as he is. And though he has receiv'd a wound with an arrow under his eye in a very dangerous occasion, yet he is very little alter'd by it. He has flaxen hair, blew eyes, the form of his visage is agreeable, and all the lineaments regular enough; he has a certain serious air, accompani'd with a sweetness perfectly noble, which causes a good opinion of him at first sight. His looks are sometimes very passionate when he pleases, and there are handsomer eyes than his which are not so proper for a certain mute language which love alone has the privilege to teach. Moreover, *Cleander's* very silence is so ingenious, that never any person seem'd so much with speaking so little. And indeed he has a great Wit, which being facile and easie, he complies with the most ignorant and tedious without appearing such himself. So that they who have not a very discerning judgment, would suspect him not able to do much hurt with it. But this facility is an effect of the highest prudence and understanding in the world. He has the most free and civil deportment that ever was, yet his civility does not hinder him from preserving a high and noble way of carriage which renders him more agreeable to others and more worthy of his condition. All his Gestures have a certain gallant air which pleases infinitely, so that having a Soul by Nature perfectly passionate, he is very apt both to be sensible of and to excite great passions; for he knows all the violence, delicacy, and Mystery of Loves better than Vulgar Lovers. But to pass from agreeable to Heroical Qualities, he is Honorable, sincere, generous, and as good a friend as is possible to be; and whoso has oblig'd him to promise his friendship, may be assur'd he will never fail in it. Moreover, his heart is fill'd with the most true and solid glory in the World. So that in occasions where it is to be obtain'd, or that which he has already gotten is to be upheld, this man whom I have represented to you so gentle, so facile, and so complacent, is the most fierce and resolute in the World. As for his courage, he has as much as any man; so that this being joyn'd to his wit and other accomplishments, makes it apparent that there is no employment how great soever of which he is not capable and worthy; and he gives cause to believe that if there be any man in the world who would not alter his deportment towards his Friends in an extraordinary advancement of fortune, it is certainly himself. His conversation is not only agreeable, but charming; for he enters into the sentiments of those to whom he speaks without any affectation, and conforms thereto with address; by which means he insensibly insinuates into the hearts of people; and such a person as sometimes believ'd he was only an acquaintance, has found soon after that he had a great interest in his affection. He is courteous even in the least concerns, and his gentleness, pity, and gratitude extend even to the smallest Animals. For he loves to observe their natures, goodness, and agreeableness, and industry; he admires that rational instinct which guides them so accurately, he is delighted with their kindness, he has compassion of those that are miserable; because whatever suffers, excites his pity. He is

alike fit for the conversation of Ladies and men, and he writes so admirably well, and in so elegant and gallant a strain, and so much becoming a man of Quality, that his Letters cause such as see them to wish they could write the like. In fine, his merit is so great that the charming *Clarissa* niece of the admirable *Amalthea* (whose name you cannot but know) minding to use railery with him and to disparage his conversation, could only reproach him that he sometimes lov'd to recount things past rather than to speak of things present. Thus I have given you such an account as I could of this illustrious Friend of *Amalthea*, whom I could have lov'd, if he had lov'd me. However, having affairs in *Sicily*, and a brother who after several adventures is come to live at *Praneste*, I took a journey to see him, and I am resolv'd to demand, Whether I shall never be lov'd but by people whom I cannot love. *Aretaphile* spoke this so gracefully, that if at the same moment one had not call'd her to go know what she desir'd to understand, *Amilcar* could scarce have contain'd from speaking some kind of blandishments to her, though he had resolv'd to love *Plotina* eternally. But *Aretaphile* left him and went to inquire her Destiny of him who perform'd the Ceremony and expounded the Lots, who said to her,

Thank the Gods, Daughter; for if you were lov'd by one whom you could love, you would be the most miserable person in the World; because you would always love more than you would be lov'd again. Therefore prepare your self to love nothing but liberty if you desire to be happy.

Anacreon was call'd next, and askt Fortune whether he should live always in joy. The Soothsayer having consider'd the several Tablets, answer'd him. And accordingly the event verifi'd the prediction of the Lots, for *Anacreon* dy'd afterward at a Feast, where he was choak'd by the grain of a Grape. After *Anacreon*, *Scarnus* was caus'd to enter with his Machine, who with an air serious and mocking together, askt if there were any means for him to become such a person as his Picture, and to resemble his Picture once again. Being the Priests were oblig'd to answer to all Questions, the Lots were drawn, and the old Soothsayer interpreting them, answer'd him in these terms:

You know not what you ask when you desire to become again what you have been. Which if you were, you would be young and handsome, you would dance well, you would be an excellent Painter, you would be active and agreeable, but withal, you would be nothing but a Gallant waton, who had only made Sonnets upon Iris or Clymene, and your Reputation would be circumscrib'd in the number of your Friends. But by the change hapned in your person, your mind being excited to make amends for the loss of your beauty, is become such as you now enjoy, and has now so exalted you above the common sort of men, that you are the Phoenix of your Species. Your Works please the whole World by their ingenious mirth and elegancy. Desire therefore only to be such as you are, and be contented that the

Gods in giving you Lyriana have given you a thousand times more than they have taken from you, even though you had been more amiable than Paris.

After this *Scaurus* retir'd, saying, the Lots of *Praneste* taught him nothing, and he knew before all that they told him. Then the fair *Lyriana* was call'd, who would propound no Question though her name was written. For having well consider'd (said she to the Priest) If it be decreed for me to be happy, I shall be so infallibly; and if any infelicity is to befall me, I will not know it before it happen. What you say is so well reason'd (answer'd the sage Soothsayer) that I doubt not but you will always be as happy as you deserve to be. Next came *Amilcar's* turn, who demanded, whether he should dye in *Africk* or in *Italy*; and the Soothsayer answer'd him,

In Italy.

Whereupon he was very joyful, imagining that the voyage which he design'd to make into *Africk* would not be long. After this, *Acrisius* asks whether he should ever possess *Plotina*: and the Soothsayer having consider'd the Tablets, told him,

Such as speak too much, never persuade.

Then *Damon* the constant *Pythagorean* propos'd two questions. One, whether his Mistress would always slight him; and the other, what he should become first of all when he dy'd. But after the Child had drawn the Tablets, the Soothsayer expounded them in this sort.

Your Mistress will always do you justice; you shall dye but once, and you shall be as all other men are when they depart this life; for the Disciples of Pythagoras have no particular privilege.

Damon seem'd so offended with this answer, that he said aloud as he went forth of the Temple, *Amilcar* had brib'd the Soothsayer, and the Lots of *Praneste* were nothing but a cheat. *Amilcar* laugh'd at his choler, and made pleasant railery upon the discontent which *Damon* resent'd, for that it was told him he should dye but once. Yet he went to supper with *Damon*, who invit'd him, for he was so scrupulous an observer of all the Documents of *Pythagoras*, that he would not go to bed with a sentiment of hatred in his heart towards his Rival; at least he profess'd so. *Herminius*, *Anacreon*, *Theonor*, and *Emilius* were present at this entertainment. *Amilcar* was very jovial this evening; yet now and then he seem'd a little pensive. An hour after the repast, he began to be indispos'd, but in so violent a manner that he dy'd the next day, but with admirable constancy, sending commendations to all his Friends, and particularly to *Plotina*. He encharg'd *Herminius* with many generous expressions to all those he had lov'd, and a thousand dear commendations unto his Mistress. And thus dy'd the agreeable *Amilcar*, regretted by all who had known him. *Herminius*, and a Lady that was his Friend, and another Person of Quality undertook to gather together all the ingenious Compositions which he had written; and some time after he erected a monument for him, whereon was engrav'd an Epitaph made upon this Illustrious Deceased, by a Lady who was Friend to *Amilcar* and *Herminius*.

EPITAPH.

THis Tomb the fam'd *Amilcar* doth enshrine,
Who to a sprightly Genius Art did joyn;
Whose lofty Soul to unfathom'd heights could fly,
Yet fall as low as complacence can lie.
But what's most strange, he that rare talent got
To please, he pleas'd even those who lov'd him not.

All such as had only seen him at the Temple of Fortune, regretted him with a sensible sorrow. *Anacreon* lamented him (though he did not think himself capable of grief) and profess'd he never knew a more agreeable Wit in any place of the World. *Acrisius* too (as much his Rival as he was) seem'd mov'd with his loss. But as for *Damon*, he was so unhappy as to be suspected of having caus'd him to be poyson'd. But however, *Amilcar* dy'd and confirm'd the credit of the Lots of *Praneste*, which told him he should not dye in *Africk*, and which he constru'd to his own advantage. Yet it was but a bare suspicion: for the Friends of *Amilcar* did not judge fit rashly to search into such a business as this, which should it have been true, would have nothing profited the illustrious Deceased. But whilst things pass'd thus at *Praneste*, and *Amilcar* and *Lucilius* were expecting to see whether he that desir'd to consult his fortune in private were *Mutius* or no, *Aronces* was very unhappy in his prison, and in a desperate condition; *Sextus* was much discontented for having fail'd of his design to carry *Clelia* away, and studi'd only to find ways for a second attempt; *Tullia* was contriving to destroy *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Tarquin* only to find means to recover his Throne, *Galeria* and the Princess of the *Leontines* how to serve *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Artemidorus* thought only of his happiness and to protect *Aronces*, *Zenocratus* of nothing but his jealousy, *Themistus* of returning as soon as *Aronces* should be out of danger, *Publicola* of assuring the Peace, and *Horatius* of his love. In the mean time the prudent Roman who went to conduct the twenty fair Roman Ladies to *Porfenna*, being on the way to the Camp, saw himself attack'd by *Sextus*, who with a hundred Horse attempted a second time to carry away *Clelia*. The convoy of these fair Virgins consisted of fifty men, so that the number was very unequal. Besides, he who commanded them being an old man could not encourage his Party by his own example with the same ardour as *Sextus* did, whose courage too was augmented by his love. Yet this Prince was disguis'd, for the enterprize was made with *Tullia's* consent, who in giving satisfaction to *Sextus* intended to persuade *Porfenna* that the Friends of *Aronces* had convey'd away this fair Lady for fear she should bear witness against *Aronces*; and consequently by this artifice to hasten the ruine of this great Prince. And indeed *Sextus* had the success he desir'd at first; for whilst those fifty Romans were fighting against his men, he caus'd him to be slain who drove the Chariot in which *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and *Plotina* were, and then ordering a man design'd for that purpose to take his place, he made the Chariot be driven into the way leading to *Tarquinius*, himself with twenty others guarding it, whilst the rest of his followers detain'd the Romans in fight to amuse them. And this design succeeded accordingly; for the Romans seeing the whole body of Chariots stop, did not miss that in which *Clelia* was. *Sextus* now believing nothing

nothing could obstruct his happiness, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* were forc'd to cry out; but their cries were not heard. But though *Sextus* was sufficiently disguis'd, yet *Clelia* did not doubt but that it was he who carri'd her away. Wherefore courageously resolving upon death, she only devis'd how to effect it, so to prevent all the unhappinesses which she had cause to fear. On the other side the fight was sufficiently sharp in the place where the rest of the Roman Ladies were, who were so terrifi'd that they did not perceive *Clelia* was carri'd away. In the mean time the wife Roman who conducted the Hostages having sent to Rome to desire succour, it hapned that he who was sent thither met *Horatius* standing at the Gate with *Octavius*. Who being advertis'd of the business sent to give notice of it to the Consuls; but themselves not waiting for the succour which they presum'd would be sent, immediately took Horse and speeded to the place where the fight was. But as they were going thither, they beheld upon a little hill the Chariot in which *Clelia* was guarded by *Sextus*, who was by this time a good distance off. Wherefore imagining that this might be the Chariot that carried the Persons they lov'd, they went first to the Chariots which were stop'd, where not finding what they sought, they hastned to the place of the fight; but in stead of staying there, I beseech you (said *Horatius* to four or five Romans who were nearest him) come help us to deliver the Daughters of *Clelius*, she of *Publicola*, and the sister of *Brutus* out of the hands of their Ravishers. At these words these Romans without delay follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius*, and left their Companions sufficiently employ'd in sustaining the charge of the *Tarquinius*. But though *Horatius*, *Octavius*, with these five Romans rid with full speed, they could not have overtaken *Sextus* if it had not by good hap fell out that in the haste this violent Prince made his Party to march, they mistook one way for another. So that being engag'd in a place where great Trees had been by chance beat down, which obstructed the passage, he was necessitated to return back again and come towards them who pursu'd him. Nevertheless, when he saw they were few in number, he was not much dejected, but leaving four of his men to guard the Chariot, he came up to them which pursu'd him with a resolution which his confidence in the inequality of number made something Heroical. *Clelia* and her companions lookt out with great grief and small hope upon those who came to succour them. But their sentiments were very confus'd, when they knew *Horatius* and *Octavius*; for in what danger soever *Clelia* was, death would have been sweeter to her than to have an obligation to *Horatius*; and on the other side, seeing her Brother in so eminent a jeopardy, she could not but resent great inquietude. *Hermilia* (as indifferent as she was to all things) was troubled at it; and *Valeria* and *Plotina* without much deliberating, made Vows for their Protectors. *Horatius* beholding *Sextus* disguis'd, did not doubt but it was he who was the Ringleader of the enterprise. Wherefore approaching him with his sword drawn, Who are you? (cry'd he) I am come to punish you for your villany. And with these words he made such a pass upon him, that if he had not avoided it by retiring back, he had been slain by the first blow. But immediately this valiant Roman saw himself engag'd in the midst of half *Sextus's* party, whilst *Octavius* encountred the rest with incredible Valour. It was not long before two of those who

follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius* were slain, so that there were but five left against a number three times as great. 'Tis true, *Horatius* kill'd two, and *Octavius* wounded three of them; but one of *Sextus's* followers who aim'd only to make his Master victor by what way soever it were, endeavour'd chiefly to kill or at least to wound the horses of *Horatius* and *Octavius*. So that in a little time these two courageous persons not doubting such a baseness, and minding only the assailing of their enemies and their own defence, perceiv'd that their horses fail'd them, and saw themselves dismounted and consequently in great danger, especially *Horatius*, whose sword was broken by the fall of his horse. However, in this condition he did prodigious things; and *Octavius* having disentangled himself disputed both his life and his liberty. But fifteen or sixteen horsemen against two on foot being a number too unequal (for the three others who remain'd fled, when they saw them fall) they were at length over-power'd. Yet they were wounded but very slightly; but the sword of *Horatius* being broken off at the hilt, he was taken prisoner by *Sextus*. So that *Octavius* being now all alone, was no longer able to resist the force of the enemies, but was disarm'd and taken as well as *Horatius*. *Sextus* being over-joy'd with his victory took his Vizard off his face, and shew'd himself to them he had overcome, as it were insulting the more over their misfortune. Ah, Villain! (cri'd *Horatius* when he knew him) is it possible that I am overcome by thee! However, do not hope to enjoy thy Victory (added he) the Gods are too just; and these stones shall sooner be chang'd into Soldiers than heaven will permit thee to be master of the destiny of *Horatius* and so many vertuous persons. *Sextus* smil'd at this speech of *Horatius* without answering to it, and inhumanely caus'd this generous Heroe to be ty'd behind one of his men, treating *Octavius* a little better because he was *Clelia's* brother: after which he began to proceed on his way.

The grief of *Clelia* and her companions was now so vehement, that they were not able to complain; but *Sextus* had scarce time to think that he was going to have the joy to put *Horatius* into the power of *Tarquinius* and *Tullia*, that he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that this carrying her away would hasten the death of *Aronces*, but he beheld this Prince at the entrance of a little Wood through which he was to pass, and beheld him in the head of ten men of quality, amongst which was *Tellanus*, *Plotina's* Lover. This sight so surpriz'd him, that he caus'd his men to make a halt. On the other side when *Horatius* (who was extremely dejected for having been overcome in the sight of *Clelia*) saw *Aronces*; he was strangely abash'd to be seen in this condition, by a Rival whom he was so jealous of. Nevertheless a sentiment of love caus'd him to wish that he might deliver *Clelia*; but the same love at the same time caus'd him to desire death, as imagining nothing could be more advantageous to him. *Clelia* (who believ'd *Aronces* in prison) was much surpriz'd to see him; and tearing he might have the same destiny with *Horatius*, she had such confus'd sentiments that she could not tell what to hope or wish. As for *Aronces*, he was not astonish'd to meet *Sextus* or see *Clelia*; for he had broke prison only to deliver her, upon notice given him by one of his Guards that *Sextus* design'd to carry her away when the Senate sent her back to the Camp. But he was strangely surpriz'd to see *Horatius* prisoner to *Sextus*. After this great and generous Heroe had beheld *Clelia* at a good

distance, as if to receive addition to his valour by a favourable glance, he went up to those who guarded *Horatius* as he was bound; (for *Sextus* retir'd from the first rank to give orders to his men) and fiercely accosting them, Ha, traitors! (said he to them) do you thus treat the bravest man in the world? In speaking which, he kill'd one of them, and wounded two; and then causing his Rival to be unbound, commanded his Squire to give him a sword and a horse, which was led in hand; and speaking to him, Come, *Horatius* (said he) come help me to deliver *Clelia*; for since I see *Porfenna* has resolv'd upon my death, I know none but your self in the world (when I am dead) worthy to serve her, and capable to defend her. Ha! *Aronces* (cri'd *Horatius*) 'tis worse to be deliver'd by you than to be overcome by *Sextus*. After which *Aronces* espying *Octavius*, let him also at liberty in spite of the resistance of *Sextus*, who being return'd from his astonishment, and having given orders to his men, fought like a desperate Tyger. But *Aronces* being animated by the love he had for *Clelia*, the hatred he had for *Sextus*, the esteem he had for *Horatius*, and the desire to surpass him, perform'd such prodigious things in this occasion, that *Horatius* and *Octavius* were astonish'd, though they were two of the most courageous men in the world. Yet they seconded him as vigorously as they could; but being they were both wounded sufficiently with the former fall of their horses, they were not able to shew all their courage: for *Horatius* right arm was half out of joint, and *Octavius* was so wounded in the knee that he could scarce keep himself steadfast upon his horse. So that *Aronces* almost alone sustain'd the brunt of this sharp fight. *Telanus* also highly signaliz'd himself. But this Combat became yet more dangerous to *Aronces*; for they who had stay'd behind fighting with the *Romans* to amuse them, believing *Sextus* was got at a good distance, retreated and follow'd him; and when they beheld *Sextus* engag'd with *Aronces*, they joyn'd with him. But for that the *Romans* had slain some, and some had given over the encounter, this re-enforcement (though very considerable) rather augmented *Aronces* courage, who judging that to defeat his enemies at a blow it was requisite to kill *Sextus*, he open'd his way to him by killing such of his men as would have withstood him; and then there began a furious Combat between these two Rivals. *Aronces* at first wounded *Sextus*, who discharging a great blow at him, might perhaps have slain or dangerously wounded him, if he had not warded it off with addresses, and if without losing time he had not discharg'd another at him upon the head, which was so weighty that it amaz'd him. In the mean time all *Sextus*'s men taking care only to defend him, *Aronces* was continually assail'd by many together; but he so well quitted himself of so many enemies, and kill'd so many, that being seconded by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, *Telanus*, and all the rest who had follow'd him, *Sextus* perceiv'd he had not many more men than *Aronces*; wherefore feeling himself wounded, despairing to overcome, and much fearing to fall into the power of *Porfenna* or the *Romans* after this action of his, he resolv'd upon flight, knowing that he had a very swift horse. And accordingly beginning to give ground as he fought, on a sudden he turn'd about and fled with all his men after him into the Wood and by-ways which were known to himself but not to *Aronces*. Who having lost sight of him was recall'd by love from the pursuit to *Clelia* notwithstanding the ardent desire he had to kill *Sextus*. But

for that *Horatius* knew this wood better than *Aronces*, he took a way into it, being follow'd by *Octavius* and *Telanus*, and hoping to intercept *Sextus* by a short turn; during which *Aronces* going directly to *Clelia*'s Chariot, was receiv'd with a thousand testimonies of kindness by her and her companions, who gave him a thousand praises. That which I have done, Madam (said he to *Clelia*) is so small a matter, that it is not fit to lose the moments which are precious to us in commending me more than I deserve. Therefore it is requisite that I conduct you to *Rome*, and after that go and satisfy the King my Father that I have not broke my prison as a parricide who would avoid the punishment he deserves, but as an unfortunate and faithful Lover, who would defend the person he adores. How? my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*) are you come forth of prison only to succour me? and may I believe you are constant to me? I beseech you (added she) tell me what course you took to do it. I was advertis'd by a trusty soldier of my guards (repl'd he) that *Sextus* design'd to carry you away. Whereupon I brib'd some, broke through the rest, and having found *Telanus* and a Squire, they in a moment got together these which follow'd me, and I came happily enough to do you perhaps the last service of my life; for as I told you, Madam, it behoves me to return to prison, as soon as I have conducted you to *Rome*. Ah! my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*) this generosity is extreme cruel; but to imitate you in some sort, do not carry me back to *Rome*, but lead me to the Camp, to the end I may serve to justify you. No, no Madam (said he to her) it does not belong to me to return the Hostages to the King, to whom perhaps they would no longer be inviolable. Therefore 'tis absolutely necessary that I conduct you to *Rome*, from whence the Consuls will remit you hither if they please: but if you will take my counsel, Madam, do not return hither though it should be resolv'd to remand you; and all the favour I desire of you, if I die, is, that you would believe that I have never lov'd any but your self, that I have lov'd you more than any other person in the world can love, and that I shall regret you alone at my death.

As *Aronces* was speaking this, *Horatius*, *Octavius* and *Telanus* came to them, without having found *Sextus*. After which taking the way towards *Rome*, they met those the Consuls sent to the succour of the Hostages coming to seek *Clelia* and her companions. *Aronces* understood by them that the rest of the fair *Romans* were carri'd back into the City till it were known what this adventure was, and who had committed this violent and unjust attempt. However he would conduct *Clelia* till within two hundred paces of *Rome*. Upon the way there was a discourse between *Horatius* and him which was not heard by any other person, and wherein it appear'd both of them constrain'd themselves and that *Horatius* was much dejected for owing his life so often to his Rival: but at length *Aronces* being oblig'd to depart, he took leave of *Clelia* and her companions, after a manner which mov'd the hearts of all that beheld it; for there appear'd an heroic resolution in his countenance, though his eyes withal discover'd an extreme sadness, which manifestly proceeded from love. As for *Clelia*, never was seen so sad a person as she in this occasion; but her melancholy was accompani'd with so much discretion, that it caus'd the greater compassion. *Plotina* desir'd *Telanus* to dissuade *Aronces* from returning into prison; but he answer'd her, that the Prince was too great a Lover of glory, to leave himself under the suspicion of being culpable.

culpable. *Aronces* and *Horatius* parted with civility, Remember (said the Prince of *Hetruria* to him) what you have promis'd me, I will not fail (answer'd *Horatius*) but do you remember also that in some occasions one may be excusable in being ingrateful. *Aronces* embrac'd *Octavius* with much dearness, and having once again bid *Clelia* adieu with the most passionate air in the World, he took the way to the Camp, where all things were in strange confusion. For *Porfenna* understanding *Aronces* had broke prison, became absolutely confirm'd in his opinion that he was culpable, and had conspir'd against his life. Wherefore out of this prejudice, he said there needed no other proofs, and commanded some to pursue and bring him back, that he might cause him to be punish'd as a parricide, there being no necessity of more evidence. Moreover, that wife *Roman* who was encharged with the conduct of the Hostages, having sent to advertise him that he could not bring them to the Camp that day, because *Clelia* was carry'd away, he believ'd *Aronces* was he that had done it; so that assembling all his conjectures together, he fram'd an immutable purpose in his mind to destroy both *Aronces* and *Clelia* if he could get them into his power. Neither *Galerita* nor the Princess of the *Leontines*, nor any of *Aronces* friends could make any thing appear probable to him contrary to these two surmises; for they knew nothing of the truth. So there was an universal consternation in the minds of all; for the flight of *Aronces* caus'd a very bad effect amongst the Soldiers who were most affectionate to him.

On the other side *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were in their quarter impatiently expecting what would happen from the correspondence they had in *Rome*, the carrying away of *Clelia*, *Porfenna*'s accusation of *Aronces*, and the design of bribing him who expounded the Lots of *Præneste*; and in whatever cases, their forces had order to be ready to march, if it were requisite.

But if there were a tumult in the Camp, there was a greater at *Rome*; for some said, the Hostages ought not to be return'd more, because it was probable *Porfenna* knew of *Sextus* attempt, and that certainly he would have had *Clelia* in his power without appearing to have broken the publick faith. *Publicola* nevertheless persisted still firm in his opinion, and so much the more, because *Horatius* and *Octavius* could not go abroad this day by reason of their wounds; for perhaps love would have oblig'd them to oppose it. On the other side, *Clelia*, with the consent of her companions demanded that they might return to *Porfenna*, to the end to accuse *Sextus* and justifie *Aronces* as much as she could; for her jealousy was now much diminish'd. At the same time, also the intelligence which *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had in *Rome* was discover'd, and one was seiz'd on who had promis'd to deliver the gate *Nevia* to the *Tarquinians*. So that all this together caus'd so great a disorder in the City, that the Senate was assembled extraordinarily, to advise what was fitting to be done. The result of their debate was, to send back the Hostages with a strong guard, to acquaint *Porfenna* with *Sextus* enterprise to carry away *Clelia*, and that of *Tarquin* upon *Rome* after a treaty of peace.

But whilst all was in confusion both at *Rome* and the Camp, and the infamous and criminal *Sextus* was retir'd to *Tarquinia* wounded and desperate for having fail'd of his attempt, the generous *Aronces* overwhelm'd with discontents was going to re-enter into his prison. Upon the way he met some of those who made shew of going to seek him and take him, but they

sought him only to advertise him of *Porfenna*'s fury; but whatever they could say to him, he would not alter his purpose; he also desir'd *Telannus* to leave him, for fear he might incur *Porfenna*'s displeasure; but *Telannus* would not. When he came to the Camp, he went directly to his Prison, and finding no guards there he sent *Telannus* to the King his Father to desire them again, and to conjure him to permit him to see him, to the end to give an account of his action. But *Porfenna* was so incens'd, that instead of bearing *Telannus*, he caus'd him to be arrested and carried to the same prison where *Aronces* was, whither also he speedily dispatcht guards; for in his fury, he believ'd the Prince his Son return'd only because he saw he could not escape apprehending; or that perhaps he had oblig'd some of those whom he sent after him, to say he return'd of his own accord. So that he was fully resolv'd to punish *Aronces*.

The next day *Galerita* follow'd by the Princess of the *Leontines*, the charming *Herfilia*, and the generous *Melintha* enter'd into his Tent to intercede with him for *Aronces*. But before the Queen of *Hetruria* could speak any thing to him, word was brought to the King that the *Romans* had sent the Hostages back. Whereupon being surpris'd to see that after what had hapned, these twenty fair Virgins were remanded to him, he seem'd sufficiently perplex'd, though he wish'd to have *Clelia* in his power, to the end to make use of her to convince *Aronces*.

The Senate (said he roughly) relies much upon the Publick Faith, in sending back to me a person who has at least been privy to a conspiracy made against my life. Ah my Lord (cry'd *Galerita*) the prince most assuredly is not culpable. You shall see that, Madam (said he to her) you shall see that. In the mean time (added he with a grim air) let the Hostages be brought hither. This Order being given, the *Roman* who conducted them, and who was nam'd *Celius*, enter'd in the head of these twenty fair *Romans*. But because entrance was not prohibited, the Prince *Artemidorus*, *Themistius*, *Theomenes*, *Zenocrates*, divers Officers, and many others enter'd at the same time. The sight of these fair Virgins whom he would not see when they were in his Camp, surpriz'd *Porfenna*. They enter'd with a good grace, they saluted him with a civility perfectly noble, and carrying a modest confidence in their countenances, they forc'd him to behold them less fiercely than he would. Yet he strove against this first sentiment which he could not restrain, and recalling his fury, Which of you (said he to them, without hearing *Celius* who was beginning to speak) was so rash as to contrive that unjust design of violating the Law of Nations, by departing out of my power without my permission, and rather to endanger perishing in the *Tyber* than stay in the Camp? That generous design (answer'd *Valeria* readily, being unwilling all *Porfenna*'s choler should fall upon *Clelia*) is so glorious, that all my Companions and my self will have part in it. No, no, too generous Friend (said *Clelia* beholding *Valeria*) it is not fit that you should unjustly expose your self to the indignation of a great King. Therefore, my Lord (added she, addressing to *Porfenna*) understand the truth from my mouth, and know, that that glorious design belongs to me alone, and I us'd all means I could to perswade my Companions to it, who knowing the just ground I had to undertake it, were so generous as to hazard their own lives for the preservation of my honour. You ought rather to say (reply'd *Porfenna*) that the fear of being compel'd

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by force to accuse a Criminal whom you love, oblig'd you to fly. Ah! my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*, without being daunted or transported) did I believe the Prince your son capable of so horrid a Crime as that you accuse him of, I should hate rather than love him; for my parents have taught me to hate vice, even upon the Throne. But, my Lord, I went out of your Camp for no other cause but for that I was advertis'd *Sextus* design'd to carry me away. So that believing nothing ought to be so dear to me as the preservation of my honour, I slighted death which seem'd so assur'd, and attempted to pass the *Tyber*. But to confirm that which I speak, you need only admit the trouble to hear what *Celins* has order to say to you from the Senate. *Clelia* spoke this with so noble an air, that *Porfenna* was astonish'd at her great Beauty, Wit and Confidence. Wherefore fearing his heart might become inclinable to pity, if she spoke more, he commanded *Celins* to discharge his Commission. My Lord (said this wife *Roman*) I have order from the Senate to render the Hostages to your Majesty, and to tell you that whilst *Rome* keeps her word so exactly, those whom you protect against her, outrage you with all the injustice imaginable. For *Sextus* yesterday attempted to have carri'd away *Clelia*, and with a hundred Horse attack'd those that guarded her under my command. At first he appear'd disguis'd, but afterwards he made himself known. *Horatius* came to succour this virtuous Lady and three of her Companions whom he had got into his power; but the valour of *Horatius* and *Octavius* *Clelia's* Brother was forc'd to give way to number, so that they were taken prisoners; and if the valiant and generous *Aronces* had not arriv'd to their relief, *Clelia*, *Horatius* and *Octavius* would have continued under the power of that unjust Prince. But to let you see that he is not the sole person of the *Tarquins* who outrages you, there is discover'd a Conspiracy of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* in *Rome*, the principal Plotters of which we have in custody, whom the Senate is willing to refer to your justice. All which you say (answer'd *Porfenna*) surprises and confounds me; but should all which you say, be true, it would not justify *Aronces*; and if *Clelia* would declare the truth she might accuse and convict him. If he were culpable (answer'd *Clelia*) and his crime were come to my knowledge, I would not accuse him, though I saw certain death before me. But, my Lord, my hatred would accuse him, and I should so abhor him, that all I could do would be to forbear hurting him. However, my Lord, suffer me to tell you for your own honour, that the Prince cannot be culpable, and you cannot without injustice treat him as a criminal. I know well (added she) that you hate him because he does me the honour to love me; but, my Lord, this hatred is unjust (if I may presume to speak so.) I knew not that he was the Son of a King when he began to love me, nor did he know it himself; and since we have known it, I never led him to disobey you. No doubt he has not been able to cease to love me, nor I to take away an affection from him which I gave him by the command of my Father. But, my Lord, fear nothing from this innocent passion, and be assur'd it can never induce to Criminal actions. I am not indeed Daughter of a King; but, my Lord, I am a *Roman*, and daughter of a *Roman* who prefers virtue above all things. Beware therefore, I conjure you, to blemish your glory by an injustice. I do not ask of you to reign in *Hetruria* (continu'd she) I only desire you would please to give the Prince time

to justify himself. I have been accusom'd to misfortunes, I shall know how to live as I have done; and if the Gods shall so please, I shall know how to die too with sufficient courage. *Porfenna* beheld *Clelia* attentively whilst she was speaking, and being unable to hinder himself from admiring her, Would to the Gods (cry'd this offended Prince) you could have as well perswaded me of the innocence of *Aronces* as of your own. For I confess (added he) I find something of such grandeur in what I have now heard, and in what you have done, that to imitate the generosity of the *Romans*, I will send you back again to *Rome*, and oblige you to ask some reward of me for the daring action you have done; for, excepting the life and liberty of *Aronces*, I promise you whatever you shall demand of me. Since 'tis so, my Lord (answer'd she) I desire only the favour of you, that you will take time to examine well the virtue of the Prince, and the wickedness of *Tullia*, and that you will send back all the Hostages as well as my self. I grant you that which you demand of me (reply'd *Porfenna*) and if my Son were worthy of you, nothing could hinder you from being one day Queen of *Hetruria*; so charm'd I am with your courage and virtue. After this, *Porfenna* spoke many things to *Celins*, that he might understand more clearly the enterprise of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* against *Rome*. Which done, he caus'd the goodliest Horse he had to be given to *Clelia*, to testify that he judg'd she had the courage of a Heroe; for it was a custome of the Kings of *Hetruria* to make the like present to such as had signaliz'd themselves by some heroical action.

But after these fair *Romans* were departed, *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Theanor*, *Emilius* the old Soothsayer who expounded the Lots at *Præneste*, and *Celer* (who had been prisoner so long at *Tarquinius*) arriv'd. As soon as they came into the Tent, *Mutius* approach'd, and addressing to the King of *Hetruria* and shewing him the hand which he had so courageously suffer'd to burn in his presence, Is it possible my Lord (said he to him) that a man whom you saw so stout as to endure the fire unmov'd in your presence, should be the complice of a Parricide? No, no, my Lord (added he) true *Romans* are not capable of committing such crimes as that. I would have destroy'd you for the good of my Country, but I should never have done it to promote your Son to the Throne. Be pleas'd therefore to command those who pretend I treated with them by *Aronces* order, to be brought into my sight, to the end I may cover them with confusion; and if it be needful I will put my hand a second time into the fire without fearing to be burnt, to attest this truth. Moreover, let not my departure from *Rome* be interpreted flight, my particular unhappineses caus'd me to go to *Præneste*, there to consult the Gods secretly; and though they have not been favourable to me, and I had resolv'd to go hide my discontent in some remote place from *Rome*; yet I no sooner heard by *Herminius* that the Prince your Son was accus'd and my self too, but I came hither for his justification and my own; and if you please to hear *Celer* who has escap'd out of the prison of *Tarquinius* where *Tullia* kept him, he will inform you of sundry things more which justify *Aronces*. And what can you inform me of? said (*Porfenna* hastily to *Celer*.) My Lord, I shall inform you (answer'd he) that they which depose against the Prince were prisoners with me, and to obtain their liberty, promis'd *Tullia* to bear that false witness. They told me so themselves when they endeavor'd

to persuade me on the behalf of *Tullia*, to help to destroy *Aronces*; and I was sometimes threaten'd with death, and sometimes promis'd my liberty, to bring me to what they desir'd; and if they were present, I assure my self they would not dare to contradict me. But, my Lord, if this sage Soothsayer whose honesty you know, speak to you, he will tell you things more important. 'Tis true, my Lord (said the Soothsayer who had dwelt long at *Clusnum*) that *Tullia* sent a man to me at *Praneste* on the day of the great Festival of Fortune, to offer me considerable rewards if I would betray the Gods, and render a false answer to *Lucilius*, who came to consult them on your behalf. But being I am incapable of committing an impiety, I deliver'd it seal'd up to *Lucilius*, as it was found in the Lots of the most redoubtable of all the Deities. And to make good what I alledge against *Tullia*, I have caus'd him to be arrested who would have suborn'd my fidelity. *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Emilius*, *Theon*, and *Mutius*, having confirm'd that which this sage Soothsayer said, *Porfenna* took the seal'd-up answer which *Lucilius* brought him, and having open'd it with a countenance which manifested the agitation of his mind, he found these words.

Thy son is innocent; thou canst not destroy him without thy own destruction; his love is well-pleasing to the Gods; and if thou hinderest him from being happy, thou shalt always be unfortunate.

Porfenna was much mov'd at this answer, but would not express it yet; and commanded some persons to go forthwith to the Quarters of *Tullia* to require those men of her who were to maintain before *Mutius* that *Aronces* was a partaker in his design to kill him. But he had scarce given this Order, when word was brought him that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were discamp'd, and had set men at work to break the bridge, which serv'd for the communication of the Quarters, to the end they might not be follow'd so speedily; because though *Porfenna* had another, yet it was very remote from the road to *Tarquiniæ*. And to compleat the discovery of all these wickednesses, two men were brought to him whom *Tullia* had commanded to be first stab'd, and then cast into the *Tyber*. But being she had been but ill-obey'd in the tumult caus'd by sudden discamping, and they to whom the order was given pity'd them, they were permitted to fly whither they could. But not knowing whither to fly either towards *Rome* or the Camp, the remorse of their Crimes brought them to seek their safety in the clemency of *Porfenna*. And so causing themselves to be presented to him, they cast themselves at his feet, lay'd open the accursed contrivance of *Tullia*, and implor'd his pity to pardon two unhappy persons, who to avoid perpetual imprisonment had promis'd to commit a crime.

Aronces being now fully justifi'd, *Porfenna* was so confounded for his own injustice, that he commanded some to go and fetch the Prince immediately. Who accordingly coming, follow'd by *Tellus* and a great number of Officers, *Porfenna* went to him as soon as he saw him, and embracing him with tenderness, The Gods and men have justifi'd you (said he to him) and 'tis I at present who am the Criminal. But, my Son, I will shortly make you satisfaction, and I have so ill us'd my Authority that I will resign it into your hands. In the mean time, go forthwith in the head of the Cavalry and endeavor to overtake the Forces of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for in stead of their Protector I am become their mortal Enemy, and at your return you shall know my intentions. *Aronces* answer'd *Porfenna* with

as much respect as if he had not been injured by him; and obeying him at the same hour, he went forth with *Artemidorus*, *Themistus*, *Mutius*, *Herminius*, *Theon*, and all the rest to summon the Troops together; and left *Porfenna* with *Galerita*, the Princess of the *Luontines*, *Horfilia*, *Melintha*, and the sage Soothsayer who confirm'd him in his good sentiments. But now all the Camp beholding *Aronces* at liberty and in the head of the Troops, testifi'd an inconceivable joy. The Prince wishing ardently to overtake *Tarquin's* Forces, made such diligence that though the distance were great, he came upon them in disorder, they having not gone very fast, because they were retarded by their baggage. Whereupon *Aronces* charging vigorously upon them, cut them in pieces, and put them into such disorder, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* (fearing to fall into the power of *Porfenna*, and that he should deliver them up to the Romans) forsook their Forces, left *Titus* to command them, and fled away by unfrequented ways, and went to seek Sanctuary with the Tyrant of *Cuma*, where they were ill enough receiv'd, and in process of time dy'd very miserable, as well as the infamous *Sextus*. But the Prince *Titus* soon saw the rest of his Troops cut in pieces, and he was known by *Aronces* who could have slain him, if he would; but this generous Prince considering him as a Friend and a virtuous Prince, favour'd his retreat, which he made only with five others. And so seeing there were no more enemies to overcome, nor any hope of taking *Tarquin* or *Tullia*, *Aronces* return'd to the Camp; but upon the way he met *Octavius* in the head of two hundred Roman horse, who understanding that *Tarquin* was pursu'd, was going to help *Aronces* to overcome him. As soon as *Aronces* beheld him, he went civilly to him; and having in two words told him what had pass'd, he separated himself at some distance from all the rest, and addressing to him, conjur'd him to be still favourable to him, and to sweeten the mind of *Clelia* as much as he could. Whereby falling to speak of *Clelia*, as they were crossing a Wood they unawares left the great way in which the Troops march'd, and took a by-path which led them away from them. And out of respect there was none follow'd them but one of the Squires of *Aronces*. They had scarce gone a quarter of an hour, but *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Horatius*, and a noise of the clashing of swords. Whereupon hastning through the trees towards the place whence the voice came, he saw ten or twelve men dead whom his redoubtable Rival had slain, and saw him encompass'd by ten or twelve more who endeavor'd either to take or kill him. He had no more but the Truncheon of a sword in his hand, his Shield was broken, and he would have infallibly been taken if *Aronces* had not arriv'd. For as *Horatius* had seiz'd one of the mens swords to wrest it from him, another was going to thrust his through his body, when *Aronces* beholding him in this condition, resolv'd to rescue him. What a cry'd he as he advanc'd with his sword drawn towards those who attack'd *Horatius* are there still any *Tarquiniens*, who dare attack a Roman, after *Tarquin* is defeated and overcome, and fled? And so the Prince, *Octavius* and his Squire made such a fierce charge upon those that were ready to destroy *Horatius*, that they chang'd their design of killing him into that of defending themselves. But *Horatius* knowing the voice of *Aronces*, seem'd more afflicted to see that he was once more his deliverer, than he had been daunted at the danger he was lately in. Nor was it long before he beheld *Aronces* kill one of his enemies,

enemies, wound two, and sustain the effort of the rest. Whereupon taking new heart, he leapt to the ground to take a sword of one of the slain, and remounting his horse, set himself to defend *Aronces*; but there was no need; for having slain one, and *Octavius* wounded some others, the rest betook themselves to flight. After which *Aronces* civilly accosted his Rival whilst his Squire was redressing something about the bridle of his horse. You know (said he to him, preventing him from speaking) when I saw you last, I oblig'd you in the secret conversation we had together, to promise me that if I dy'd you would never force *Clelia* to marry you, that you would make use of nothing but entreaties; and if you could not move her, not to cease to protect her all your life against such as would constrain her. You promis'd this in consideration of the small service I had then done you; and I promis'd you again that I would never marry *Clelia*, till I had offer'd you to win her by a Combate with you. I acquit my self of my word (added *Aronces*) for though I am not certain whether I am likely to be happy, yet there have lately fallen out so many changes in my fortune, that I have some ground to hope it; wherefore before we go to the Camp, I will hide my self in the Wood we are to pass through, and satisfy you if you desire it. But, my Lord (answer'd *Horatius*) what would you say of me, if owing my life and liberty more than once to you, I should draw my sword against you the same moment that you have employ'd yours in my defence? I would say (reply'd *Aronces*) that a Rival is not so oblig'd to gratitude as other persons are. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Horatius* hastily) I should not be satisfi'd of that, and therefore 'tis best that I yield a felicity to you which you alone can merit, and the Gods themselves have decreed to you; nor was I going but to seek my death in helping you to overcome *Tarquin*, when I met those that assaulted me. But to complete your happiness (added he) know, that as I beheld *Clelia* enter into *Rome*, she spoke so rigorously to me, that I am convinc'd nothing but death can comfort me. That which you say is so worthy of your courage (answer'd *Aronces*) that if you will be my friend, I shall with joy be yours as long as I live. Alas! my Lord (reply'd *Horatius*) I know not my own Will, but for fear my virtue abandon me, permit me to leave you and return to *Rome*. And accordingly *Horatius* departing from *Aronces* went to relate to the Romans the Victory of his Rival. *Clelia* in the mean time had been receiv'd there in triumph with all her companions. But *Horatius* (to carry his generosity further) went to *Clelius* and shew'd him the answer the Lots of *Præneste* had given him; for he had sent one of his Friends thither, who brought it him back, and which was so exact that nothing could be more clear; for it was in these terms. *Clelius* says *Clelia* to *Aronces*, the Gods decree so, and you cannot pretend to her without displeasing them. *Aronces* being by this time return'd to the Camp, was receiv'd with joy by *Porfenna*, *Galerita*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, all the Army and the whole Court. And (to accomplish his felicity) the King of *Hetruria* told him, that to testify to *Rome* that he desir'd to hasten the peace, he would discamp the next day, and send Ambassadors to demand *Clelia* of the Senate. *Aronces* thank'd with a joy surpassing all expression. And accordingly the King of *Hetruria* made good his word, discamping the day following, and sending to demand *Clelia* of the Senate for the Prince his Son, to the end the might be the confirmer of the peace. The Senate receiv'd this proposition with joy, and requir'd *Clelia*

of *Clelius*, who after he understood the truth of all things, deliver'd her to them with the consent of *Horatius*. Whereupon without further delay, the Princess of the *Leontines* went to fetch *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* to conduct them to *Clusium* where the ceremony was to be accomplish'd, and whither *Clelia* went too accompany'd by *Octavius*, *Hermionus*, *Zenocrates*, *Anacreon* and his particular Friends. As for *Clelia*, she was accompany'd by *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* who were return'd from *Præneste*, and *Valeria*: for *Plotina* was so afflicted for the death of *Amilcar*, that she fell sick upon it, and could not go thither. As soon as *Porfenna* and all this noble and fair company were arriv'd at *Clusium*, the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia* were celebrated in the the proud Temple of *Juno the Queen* with incredible magnificence. But to the astonishment of all the spectators, as *Aronces* and *Clelia* were upon their knees before that famous Statue of *Juno*, *Porfenna* plac'd his Scepter upon the Altar, as resigning his authority to the Gods from whom he held it; and *Galerita* put a Crown of Flowers upon *Clelia*'s head, as declaring her Queen. After which the Priest taking the Scepter presented it to *Aronces*, who modestly refus'd it: Nor would he accept the Sovereign Power which *Porfenna* hereby resign'd to him. So that by this great action he made himself compleatly worthy of all the felicity he enjoy'd by the possession of the most virtuous person that ever was. In the midst of this publick joy, *Amilcar* had the honour to be much regretted; *Anacreon* made Verses upon this happy Marriage; and after eight intire days were spent in feasting and rejoycing, *Themistius*, *Merigenes* and their Friend went to seek *Lindamira*, *Artemidorus* return'd to *Leontium* to make *Berelisa* his Princess there, and to cause *Lysimira* to marry *Zenocrates*, who recover'd the Principality of *Herbesa* which had belong'd to his Ancestors. As for *Clidamira*, though she was assur'd to marry *Meleontus*, yet she was not so well contented as she seem'd; *Theanor* and *Amilius* obey'd the Gods, and were happy; the other Lover went to travel to cure himself of his passion. And as for *Hermionus*, at his return to *Rome*, *Publicola* gave him *Valeria*, notwithstanding all the obstacles which oppos'd his happiness. *Hermilia* had a great friendship for *Octavius*, and *Octavius* for her, but married not: *Collatina* dy'd with sorrow for the the misfortunes of *Titus*, and *Plotina* declar'd to all her Lovers that she would never marry. It was known that the Prince who persecuted *Clorandus* was dead; and *Horatius* as unhappy as he was, nevertheless was so generous as to take care to cause *Clelia*'s Statue to be erected according to the Vote of the Senate in the upper part of the sacred street, near his own, having this sad consolation, to see that the tokens of their glory were at least in the same place. But in acknowledgment of his generosity, *Aronces* and *Clelia* sent to offer him their friendship, so that after so many misfortunes these two illustrious persons saw themselves as happy as they had been unfortunate, and saw nothing that could equal their felicity besides their virtue. *Clelia* had a Statue at *Rome*; *Porfenna* also caus'd one to be made for her before the stately Tomb which he had built, and *Anacreon* put these Verses upon the pedestal of the Statue.

Tyber, although a God, amazed stood
At that great Soul that durst attempt his flood,
And cry'd, This sure must some new Venus be,
Born from my waves as she was from the Sea.
Thy form and courage Fame alike shall blow,
Till *Rome* so stand, and Tyber cease to flow.

THE END.



